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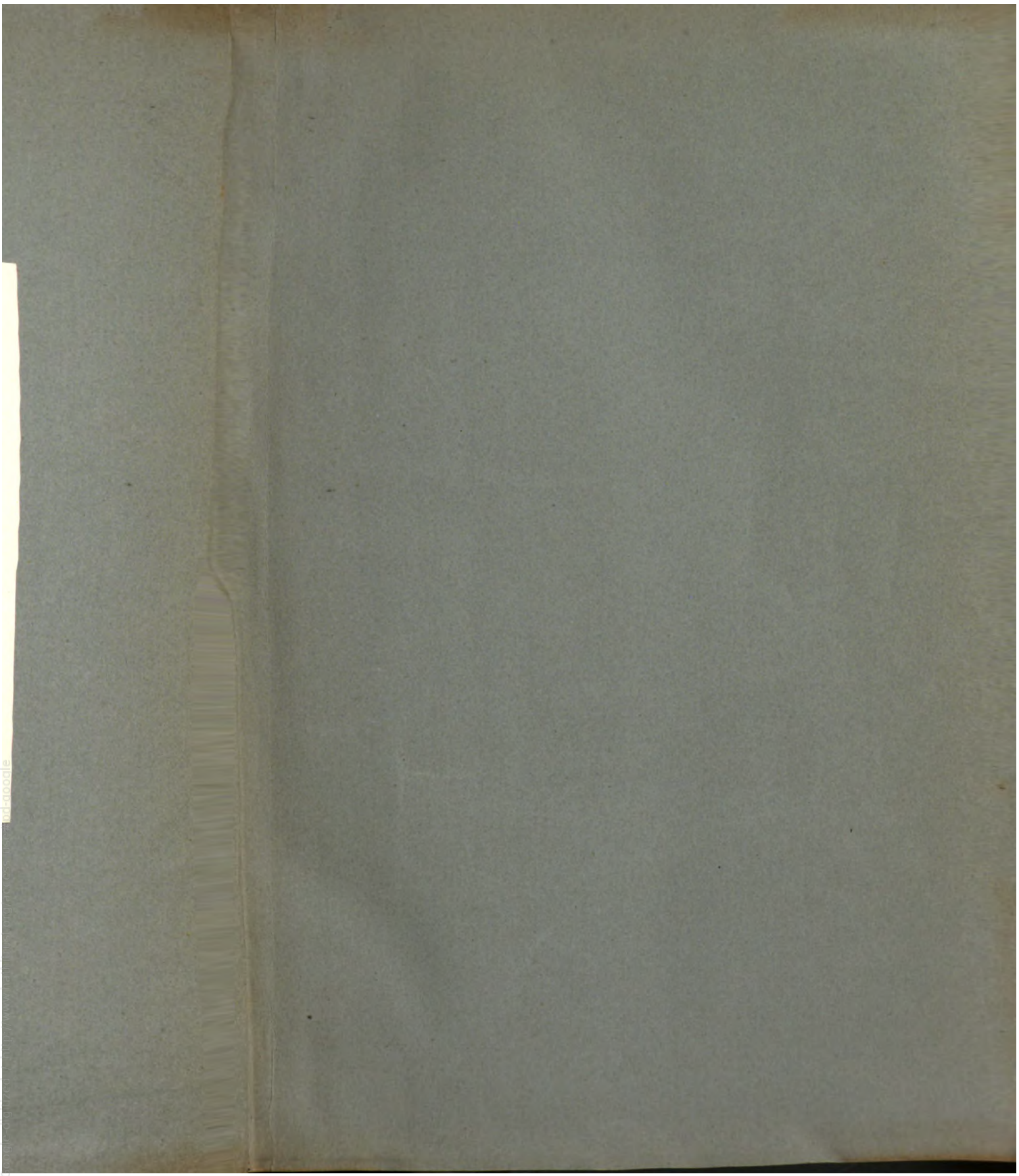
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CONTENTS OF VOLUME LXXI.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1885.

ADIRONDACKS.—See "Ampersand."

AIX-LES-BAINS..... 391

"AMERICA," THE STORY OF THE. With Illustration.....*General Benjamin F. Butler* 304

AMPERSAND.....*Henry J. Van Dyke, Jun.* 217

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece..... 217
Ampersand Lake..... 218
Bartlett's Village..... 219
Trouting..... 221
Making a Portage..... 222
On the Trail..... 223
Heart of the Adirondacks..... 225
View east from Ampersand..... 226

ARITHMETICIAN, AN OLD.....*Mary E. Wilkins* 611

ARTILLERY.—See "Defense of our Sea-ports."

ART STUDY, AN..... 938

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Study of Murillo for his Picture of St. Elizabeth of Hungary..... 938
St. Elizabeth of Hungary cleansing the Head of a leprous Beggar..... 941

AUNT POWELL'S WILL.....*Robert J. Burdette* 278

BACK-YARD STUDIES.....*William Hamilton Gibson* 684

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece..... 684
"Only look at what is to be seen"..... 685
Crane's-bill and Vetch..... 687
Wood-sorrel expelling its Seed..... 689
A Silhouette..... 690

BARYE, ANTOINE LOUIS.....*Theodore Child* 585

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The Tiger Hunt"..... 488
Tiger devouring a Crocodile..... 585
Head of the Lion of the Tuileries (right side).. 586
Head of the Lion of the Tuileries (front view). 587
Moullin's Bust of Barye..... 588
Barye at the Age of Thirty-five..... 589
"The Tiger Hunt" (right side of group)..... 591
"Lion and Boa-constrictor"..... 593
"Standing Bear"..... 594
"Lion and Serpent"..... 595
The grand Prize of 1865..... 597
"The Seine"..... 598
"Tiger and Hare"..... 599
"Tiger rolling on its Back"..... 601
"Two young Bears fighting"..... 602
"Panther devouring a Gazelle"..... 603

BEER, A GLASS OF.....*G. Pomeroy Keese* 666

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Hop-vine..... 667
Stripping the Vines..... 669
Hop-picking..... 671
The Malting Floor..... 673
Boiling the Beer..... 675
The Mash-tub..... 676
Cooling: the Lake of Beer..... 677
Cooling: the Beer-fall..... 678
The Fermenting Cellar..... 679
Filling the Kegs..... 681

BIRDS, DECORATIVE SENTIMENT IN.....*J. C. Beard* 405

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Motmot..... 407
Illuminated Nest of the Baya..... 409
The Hammer-head and its Nest..... 411
Nest of the Golden Robin..... 413
Gardener-birds..... 414
Nest of the Weaver-bird..... 415
Play-house of the Collar-bird..... 416

BOGOTA, SANTA FE DE.....*Lieutenant H. R. Lemly* 47

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Santa Fe de Bogota..... 47
Section of Mountain Ranges..... 48
Sabana of Bogota..... 49
Natural Bridge of Pandi..... 50
Patio or Inner Court of Bogota House..... 51
Dr. Rafael Nunez, President..... 52
Plaza and Statue of Bolivar..... 53
Falls of Tequendama..... 54
Monument in the Plaza of Los Martires..... 55
A Glass of Aguardiente..... 56
La Mantilla..... 57

BUFFALO, THE CITY OF.....*Jane Meade Welch* 193

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Old Fort Erie..... 193
The City of Buffalo..... 195
Among the Elevators..... 197
The Coal Docks..... 198
Along the Wharves..... 199
Light-house at Entrance of Harbor..... 200
Joseph Ellicott..... 201
Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument..... 202
A Reminder of Holland..... 203
New Library Building of the Young Men's Asso'n 204
In the Crèche..... 205
The City Hall..... 206
Landing at Falconwood..... 207
On the Canal..... 208
Delaware Avenue..... 209
The State Insane Asylum..... 211
The Market..... 211
Dining in the Crèche..... 213
Lake in the Park..... 215

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CAPITAL, A MODEL STATE.....*George Parsons Lathrop* 715

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Capitol 715
Centre Congregational Church 717
George Williamson Smith..... 718
Trinity College..... 718
Joseph R. Hawley..... 719
Stairway in the Capitol..... 720
Bust of Samuel Clemens 721
Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument..... 722
Samuel Clemens's House 724
Samuel Clemens's Library..... 725
Charles Dudley Warner's House..... 726
Charles Dudley Warner 727
Corner of one End of Music-room in Charles Dudley Warner's House 728
Harriet Beecher Stowe 729
William B. Franklin..... 730

CAPTAIN OF THE "HEATHER BELL," THE.....*H. H.* 873

CAVALRY COLUMN, ACROSS COUNTRY WITH A.....*Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum* 605

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Ford 604
The Herd 605
Taps 606
Breaking Camp 607
A Halt 608

CHESS-BOARD, THE SIRDAR'S. With Diagrams.....*Mrs. E. W. Latimer* 359

COW-BOYS, MONTANA, A DAY'S "DRIVE" WITH.....*Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum* 188

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Cow-boy..... 189
Through the Cañon 191
A refractory Steer..... 192

DEFENSE OF OUR SEA-PORTS, THE.....*Henry P. Wells* 927

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Krupp's 71-ton Gun 927
The Sims Torpedo and End View of Fish Torpedo 928
Fixed Torpedo..... 929
Comparative Dimensions of Foreign and United States Projectiles..... 932
Powder for Krupp's heavier Guns 933
Powder for 100-ton English Gun 933
Powder for United States 8-inch rifle and 15-inch smooth-bore Gun 933
Diagrams of Guns..... 934
Comparative Penetration..... 935
12-inch rifled Mortar..... 936

DOORGA, A PRIEST OF.....*Phil Robinson* 734

DRUZES, A LUNCH WITH THE.....*James M. Ludlow* 427

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Old Bridge at Banias 427
A Druze Village on Mount Hermon..... 428
Demanding our Boots..... 430

EARTHQUAKES ARE CAUSED, HOW.....*Richard A. Proctor* 139

EAST ANGELS.....*Constance Fenimore Woolson* 102, 284, 451, 522, 691, 901

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

DRAWER FOR JUNE 159
DRAWER FOR JULY 320
DRAWER FOR AUGUST..... 483
DRAWER FOR SEPTEMBER..... 644
DRAWER FOR OCTOBER 807
DRAWER FOR NOVEMBER..... 957

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

Newspaper Pictures of Life, 147. Henry Irving, 148. General Simeon De Witt's Pepper-box, 149. An unscrupulous Interviewer, 150. Lincoln and Grant, 151. Authors' Readings in New York and International Copyright, 308. Poe and Willis, 309. Costa Rican Accomplishments, 310. Reminiscences of Lincoln, 311. The Afghan Frontier, 312. Two recent Books on London Society, 473. Victor Hugo, 474. The Bartholdi Statue, 475. The Statue of the Pilgrim in Central Park, 476. The Reception of the Bartholdi Statue, 634. The Celebration of the Fourth, 635. The proposed Summer Garden on the Battery, 636. Women in Politics, 636. Not General De Witt's Pepper-box, 637. Some unpublished Letters from Thomas Carlyle on the Subject of Slavery in America, 797. General Grant, 800. The Emancipation of Niagara, 801. The historic Importance of the Individual, 957. The professional Swagger of Newspapers, 958. The Revision of American History, 959. General Grant's Monument, 961. The wise Conservatism, 961.

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

UNITED STATES.—Adjournment of United States Senate, 158. Appointments by President Cleveland: Ministers, Great Britain, 158, France, 158, Germany, 158, Turkey, 158, Mexico, 158, Italy, 158, Netherlands, 158, Portugal, 158, Denmark, 158, Austria, 319, Russia, 319, Switzerland, 319, Hayti, 319, Bolivia, 319, China, 482, Italy, 482, Belgium, 643, Liberia, 968; Consul at Glasgow, 806; Assistant Secretary of State, 158; Assistant Secretary of Treasury, 158; Assistant Secretary of Interior, 158; First Assistant Postmaster-General, 158, 643; Treasurer of United States, 319; First Auditor of Treasury, 319; Assistant Treasurer of United States, 482; Register of the Treasury, 482; Postmaster, New York, 158; Pension Commissioner, 158; Commissioner of Patents, 158; Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 158; Commissioner of Railroads, 158; Collector, Surveyor, and Naval Officer of New York, 643; General Appraiser of Merchandise, 643; Governor of Alaska, 319; Governor of Montana, 643. Anti-polygamy Law declared constitutional, 158. Woman Suffrage in Rhode Island, 158. Proclamation by President Cleveland for Removal of Fences from Public Lands, 806. Ex-Governor J. H. Berry elected United States Senator from Arkansas, 158; General John A. Logan elected United States Senator from Illinois, 319; H. W. Blair re-elected United States Senator from New Hampshire, 482. George P. Wetmore elected Governor of Rhode Island, 158; Henry Lloyd becomes Governor of Maryland, 158; Minor Officers of New Hampshire elected by Legislature, 482. State Conventions: Ohio Greenback and Republican, 482; Ohio Prohibition, 643; Virginia Republican, 643; Virginia Democratic, 806; Iowa Democratic, 967; Mississippi Democratic, 967; Ohio Democratic, 967; Pennsylvania Democratic, 967; Iowa Republican, 967; New York Prohibition, 967; Massachusetts Prohibition, 967. Mormon Protest, 319. United States Debt Reduction, 319, 482. New York Legislature Adjournment, 319; Extra Session, 319; Field Civil Code defeated, 319; Veto of new Census Bill, 482. Illinois Civil Rights Bill, 482. Robert E. Odlum jumped from East River Bridge and was killed, 319. Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty received in New York, 643. Funeral of General U. S. Grant, 806. Yacht Race between the Genesta and Puritan, 968. Chinese Miners massacred at Rock Springs, Wyoming, 968. Elephant "Jumbo" killed, 968.

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA. Great Britain: Threatened War with Russia—Reserves and Militia called out by the Queen, 158; General Komaroff attacks the Afghans, 158; War Credit voted by Parliament, 319; The new Afghan Boundary, 968; Mr. Gladstone's Announcement of Agreement, 482; Defeat and Resignation of the Gladstone Ministry, 482; Lord Salisbury appointed Premier, 482; Names of Salisbury Cabinet, 643; Vote of Thanks to the Army and Navy, 806; Prince and Princess of Wales Tour, 319; Medical Mission to Spain, 319; Wedding of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, 806. Canada and British America: The Riel Rebellion—Battleford burned and Massacre at Frog Lake, 158; Capture of Riel, 319; Surrender of Chief Poundmaker to General Middleton, 482. Russia and England (see "Great Britain"): Russia and Greek Church in Baltic Provinces, 968. France: The Troubles in Tonquin, 158; Riot in Paris, 158; Change of Cabinet, 158; Scrutin de Liste Bill, 482; The Pantheon secularized, 482; Treaty of Peace with China, 482. Africa: Raid by the King of

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EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.—Continued.

Dahomey, 806. South and Central America: President Barrios, of Guatemala, killed in Battle, 158; Aspinwall burned by Insurgents, 158; Panama Rebellion ended, 319; Rebel Assault on the City of Cartagena, 482; End of Venezuela Revolution, 806; Prestan, the Destroyer of Colon, hanged, 968. Egypt: British Troops defeat Arabs near Suakin, 158; General Wolseley's Farewell Address, 319; El Mahdi's Defeat at Kassala, 806; Osman Digna killed, 968. China: Corean Difficulty settled, 319; Massacre of Christians by Black Flags, 806; Massacres in Quinhon, 968. Germany: Temporalities of the Catholic Clergy, 319; Prince Bismarck on bimetallic Standard, 482. Seizure of Roumelia by Bulgaria, 968. Greece: New Ministry, 319. The new King of Anam, 968.

Disasters: 158, 319, 482, 644, 806, 968.—Music Hall, Buffalo, burned, 158; Coal-dust Explosion at McAllister, 158; Gas Explosion in Chilean Mines, 158; Steamer Orestes sunk in Collision, 158; Explosion at Martinello, 158; Thirty Lives lost in Sea of Azof (Steamer Marinpol), 158; Collapse of eight Houses in New York, 158; Volcanic Eruption in Java, 319; Fire at Vicksburg, 319; Snow-slide near Homestake Mine, Colorado, 319; Burning of Japanese Village Exhibition and Humphrey's Hall, London, 319; Tenement-house Fire in New York, 319; Collapse of Factory in Brooklyn, 319; Avalanche on Border of Lake Van, Armenia, 319; Iceland Avalanche, 319; Suffocated in burning Building, 482; Bark Georges Jeanne sunk by Steamer City of Rome, 482; Collapse of House, Jersey City, 482; Earthquakes in Vale of Cashmere, 482; Durham Explosion, 482; Paso de Cuarenta destroyed by Water-spout, 482; Accident in Court-house, Thiers, 482; Tunnel Accident, Chattanooga, 482; Sinking of Steamer Speke Hall, 482; Colliery Accident, Manchester, England, 644; Burley Pit Explosion, Apedale, England, 644; Cashmere Earthquakes, 644; Steamer Italia lost, 644; Powder-mill Explosion, Lucca, Italy, 644; Fire-damp Explosion at Dudweiler, Prussia, 644; Loss of a Steam-yacht on Lake Minnetonka, 644; Steamer Cheerful sunk in Collision, 806; Terrific Storm in Italy, 806; Collapse of Buildings in Cologne, 806; Earthquakes in Asiatic Russia, 806; Bark Napoleon lost, 806; Fire at Las Vegas Hot Springs, 806; Accident in Coal Mine near Wilkesbarre, 806; British Ship Haddingtonshire wrecked, 968; Corvette Augusta wrecked, 968; Pilgrims drowned in the Gulf of Aden, 968; Cyclone at Savannah and Charleston, 968; Floods in China, 968; Steamer Hanoverian wrecked, 968; Washington Court House, Ohio, destroyed by Tornado, 968; Steamer Auckland lost in Collision, 968; Collision between Steamers Drenda and Dolphin, 968.

Obituary: 158, 319, 482, 644, 806, 968.—Alden, Joseph, 968; Apgar, E. K., 806; Benedict, Sir Julius, 482; Cairns, Earl, 158; Cheney, John, 968; Clark, Edward D., 158; Clinton, George W., 968; Converse, Ex-Governor Julius, 806; Courbet, Admiral, 482; Cowan, Ex-Senator Edgar, 968; De Neuville, Alphonse, 482; Emma, Queen Dowager of the Sandwich Islands, 319; England, Isaac W., 319; Fenton, Ex-Governor Reuben E., 968; Frederick Charles Nicholas, Prince, 482; Frelinghuysen, F. T., 482; Garrison, Commodore Cornelius K., 319; Gilbert, Dr. Rufus H., 644; Gorringe, Henry H., 644; Grant, Ex-President U. S., 806; Guy, William Augustus, 968; Gwin, Ex-Senator William M., 968; Hiller, Ferdinand, 319; Hincks, Sir Francis, 806; Houghton, Lord, 806; Hugo, Victor, 482; Jackson, Mrs. Helen Hunt, 806; Livingston, Rear-Admiral John W., 968; Lord, Scott, 968; Mace, "Dan," 319; The Mahdi, 806; Manteuffel, Baron Von, 482; Marshall, James W., 806; Marston, Rear-Admiral John, 158; McDowell, Brigadier-General Irwin, 319; McQuade, General James, 158; Meissner, Alfred, 482; Merrick, Richard T., 644; Milnes, Richard Monckton, Lord Houghton, 806; Montefiore, Sir Moses, 806; Morrell, Hon. D. J., 968; Nachtigal, Dr. Gustavus, 319; Nichols, Colonel George Ward, 968; Orloff, Prince, 158; Phillips, Moro, 806; Pond, William A., 806; Prime, Rev. Dr. S. I., 806; Rénier, Charles Alfonse, 482; Richards, Brinley, 319; Rutter, James Henry, 482; Sartorius, Sir George Rose, 158; Selden, Ex-Judge Henry E., 968; Stafford, Major Aaron, 968; Stager, General Anson, 158; Storrs, Emery A., 968; Tempest, Lord Ernest Vane, 806; Thompson, Jacob, 158; Tyng, Rev. Dr. Stephen H., 968; Walker, Gilbert C., 319; Warner, Susan, 158; Whedon, Rev. D. D., 482; White, Richard Grant, 158; Williams, Rev. Dr. William R., 158; Winston, Frederick S., 158; Withington, Rev. Leonard, 319; Zeigler, John Q. A., 644.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

Adrian Vidal (W. E. Norris), 643. Adventures of Timias Terrystone, The (Oliver B. Bunce), 643. Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute (Theodore F. Rodenbrugh), 481. Aldrich, Thomas Bailey (Marjorie Daw and other Stories), 478. Annals of a Sportsman (Ivan Tourguéneff), 643. Archipelago, A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern (Henry O. Forbes), 805. At Love's Extremes (Maurice Thompson), 643. At the Red Glove (illustrated by C. S. Reinhart), 477. Bancroft, George (History of the United States of America from the Discovery of the Continent, Vols. V. and VI.), 154. Beaconsfield, Home Letters Written by the late Earl of, 481. Bigelow, John (The Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden), 803. Browning, Robert (Ferishtah's Fancies), 156. By Shore and Ledge (Bret Harte), 643. Carleton, Will (City Ballads), 804. Carriston's Gift, and other Tales (Hugh Conway), 643. Central Asia, Russian (Henry Lansdell), 965. Cerebral Localization in Relation to Insanity (J. M. Carnochan, M.D.), 316. Cholera (Alfred Stellé), 804. Christian Church during the Middle Ages, History of the (Philip Smith), 967. City Ballads (Will Carleton), 804. Colonel Enderby's Wife (Lucas Mallet), 643. Congo, The, and the Founding of its Free State (Henry M. Stanley), 639. Congressional Government (Woodrow Wilson), 314. Constitutional and Political History of the United States (Dr. H. Von Holst), 966. Conway, Hugh (Carriston's Gift, and other Tales), 643. Cradock, Charles Egbert (Down the Ravine), 805. Democratic Government (Albert Stickney), 315. Dictionary of the English Language, A (Rev. James Stormonth), 152. Diet for the Sick (Mrs. Mary F. Henderson), 642. Down the Ravine (Charles Egbert Cradock), 805. English Language, A Dictionary of the (Rev. James Stormonth), 152. Ferishtah's Fancies (Robert Browning), 156. Fireside Travels (James Russell Lowell), 479. Fly-rods and Fly-tackle (H. P. Wells), 157. French Revolution, The (Hippolyte Adolphe Taine), 963. Greek Statesmen, Lives of (George W. Cox), 480. Gustavus Adolphus, History of (John L. Stevens), 155. Hamilton, Alexander, The Works of (Henry Cabot Lodge), 962. Hard Knot, A (Charles Gibbon), 643. Harte, Bret (The Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Stories), 479. Harte, Bret (By Shore and Ledge), 643. Hatton, Joseph (John Needham's Double), 643. Hay, Mary Cecil (Lester's Secret), 318. Hayne, Paul Hamilton, Poems of, 156. Heart's Delight (Charles Gibbon), 643. Herat, Russians at the Gates of (Charles Marvin), 313. History of the Christian Church during the Middle Ages (Philip Smith), 967. History of Gustavus Adolphus (John L. Stevens), 155. History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War, Vol. II. (John Bach McMaster), 640. History of the United States of America from the Discovery of the Continent, Vols. V. and VI. (George Bancroft), 154. History of the United States, The Constitutional and Political (Dr. H. Von Holst), 966. History of the United States under the Constitution (James Schouler), 967. Home Influence (Grace Aguilar), 643. Howells, W. D. (Venetian Life), 479. Human Race at the North Pole, The Cradle of the (William F. Warren), 479. John Needham's Double (Joseph Hatton), 643. Kentucky: a Pioneer Commonwealth (N. S. Shaler), 153. Lester's Secret (Mary Cecil Hay), 318. Louisa (Katharine S. Macquoid), 478. Lowell, James Russell (Fireside Travels), 479. Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Stories, The (Bret Harte), 479. Macquoid, Kath. S. (Louisa), 478. Malmesbury, Earl of (Memoirs of an Ex-Minister), 641. Marjorie Daw, and other Stories (Thomas Bailey Aldrich), 478. Marsh Island, A (Sarah Orne Jewett), 477. Marvin, Charles (The Russians at the Gates of Herat), 313. Maryland, the History of a Palatinate (William Hand Brown), 153. Matilda, Princess of England (Sophie Cottin), 643. McMaster, John Bach (A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War, Vol. II.), 640. Memoirs of an Ex-Minister (Earl of Malmesbury), 641. Mignon; or, Bootles' Baby (J. S. Winter), 478. Missy (Author of Rutledge), 643. Mrs. Butler's Ward (F. Mabel Robinson), 643. My Summer in a Garden (Charles Dudley Warner), 479. Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago (Henry D. Forbes), 805. Norris, W. E. (Adrian Vidal), 643. Paradise Found: The Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole (William F. Warren), 479. Poets of the Church, The (Edwin T. Hatfield), 156. Praise Songs of Israel (John De Witt), 804. Professor, The (Charlotte Brontë), 643. Revolution, The French (Hippolyte Adolphe Taine), 963. Russia Under the Tsars (Stepniak), 480. Russian Revolt, The: Its Causes, Conditions, and Prospects (Edmund Noble), 480. Russian Central Asia: Including Kuldja, Bokhara, Khiva, and Merv (Henry Lansdell), 965. Russians at the Gates of Herat, The (Charles Marvin), 313. Second Life, A (Mrs. Alexander), 643. School Officers and Teachers, The Power and Authority of, 157. Schouler, James (History of the United States under the Constitution),

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EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.—Continued.

967. She's All the World to Me (T. Hall Caine), 643. Society in London, 318. Sportsman, Annals of a (Ivan Tourguéneff), 643. Stanley, Henry M. (The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State), 639. Stellé, Alfred (Cholera), 804. Stormonth, Rev. James (A Dictionary of the English Language), 152. Sylvan Holt's Daughter (Holme Lee), 643. Tales from Many Sources, 479. Taylor, Henry, Autobiography of, 317. That Terrible Man (W. E. Norris), 317. Tilden, Samuel J., The Writings and Speeches of (John Bigelow), 803. Timias Terrystone, The Adventures of (Oliver B. Bunce), 643. Tinted Venus, The (F. Anstey), 643. Tourguéneff, Ivan (Annals of a Sportsman), 643. Trajan: The History of a Sentimental Young Man (Henry F. Keenan), 155. United States of America, History of the, Vols. V. and VI. (George Bancroft), 154. United States, The Constitutional and Political History of (Dr. H. Von Holst), 966. United States under the Constitution, History of the (James Schouler), 967. Upon a Cast (Charlotte Dunning), 643. Venetian Life (W. D. Howells), 479. Von Holst, H. (The Constitutional and Political History of the United States), 966. Wake Robin (John Burroughs), 479. Warner, Charles Dudley (My Summer in a Garden), 479. Waters of Hercules, The, 643. Wells, H. P. (Fly-rods and Fly-tackle), 157. Wyllard's Weird (M. E. Braddon), 155.

ELDER BROWN'S BACKSLIDE.....*H. S. Edwards* 394

ENGLISH IN THE SCHOOLS.....*Professor A. S. Hill* 122

FAMILISTÈRE AT GUISE, FRANCE, THE. With Portrait of Jean Baptist André Godin.....*Edward Howland* 912

FRONTISPIECES. Paolo and Francesca, 2; Pandora, 164; A Love Song, 326; The Tiger Hunt, 488; Then Ecod your Worship must not tell the Story of Old Grouse in the Gun-room, 650; The Otter Hunt, 812.

FULLER, MARGARET.....*Rebecca B. Spring* 146

GEORGIAN AT THE OPERA, A.....*Mary Tucker Magill* 135

GERMANS, A NIGHT WITH THE.....*Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum* 60

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Skirmishers in Pursuit..... 61
Artillery Outpost: A quiet Game..... 62
The Evening Prayer..... 63
The Fire-guard..... 65
A Vidette..... 67

GRANT, GENERAL, REMINISCENCES OF. With Portrait, 585*.....*Horace Porter* 587*

GUATEMALA.....*P. Frenzeny* 886

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Landing at San José..... 887
A Central American Hotel..... 888
In the rainy Season..... 889
On the Road to the Capital..... 891
View of Guatemala..... 893
Market-place, Guatemala..... 894
Yniensi Gate, Guatemala..... 895
Fort of San José..... 896
On a Coffee Plantation..... 897
Diagrams..... 898
Church of San Francesca, Guatemala la Antigua 899
Justo Rufino Barrios..... 900

GUISE, FRANCE, THE FAMILISTÈRE AT.—See "Familistère at Guise."

HARTFORD.—See "Capital, A Model State."

HEBRIDES, AN OTTER HUNT IN THE. With Illustration, 812.....*Robert D. Somers* 909

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S LOVE AFFAIR. With Illustration.....*E. C. Grenville-Murray* 227

HOUGHTON, LORD, SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF.....*John Bigelow* 952

INDIA, THE MOHAMMADANS IN.—See "Mohammadans in India."

INDIAN JOURNEY, AN.....*Lucy C. Lillie* 813

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Death of the Indian Chief Alexander..... 815
Evening Primrose..... 816
Miss Dolly Nash..... 817
Wild Parsley..... 818
Chiccory..... 819
Old Roadway with Orchard..... 821
Fort Phœnix..... 823
Twilight: Salt Mills at Dartmouth..... 824
"Marshy Bends"..... 825
Sign at the Old Inn, Middleborough..... 826
Old Inn, Middleborough..... 827
Tail-piece..... 828

INDIAN SUMMER.....*William D. Howells* 261, 433, 616, 780, 854

INDUSTRIES, AMERICAN, SERIES OF: "A Silk Dress" (*R. R. Bowker*), 240; "A Glass of Beer" (*G. Pomeroy Keese*), 666.

JUTLAND AND VIERLANDE.—See "Wild-Goose Chase."

KANSAS RANCH, LADIES' DAY AT A.—See "Ranch."

KNOXVILLE IN THE OLDEN TIME.....*Edmund Kirke* 68

ILLUSTRATIONS.

John Sevier..... 69
Rescue of Sevier..... 71
"The Cherokees are coming"..... 74

LABRADOR.....*C. H. Farnham* 489, 651

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Map of the St. Lawrence Coast..... 490
Haying on the Coast of Labrador..... 491
Unloading Cattle..... 492
A solitary Camp..... 493
Kippering Salmon..... 494
Spreading Cod-fish on the Rocks, Magpie Bay. 496
Watching for Fish..... 497
A "County Court-house"..... 499
Almost Swamped..... 501
Drying Nets..... 502
A Labrador Home..... 653
Netting Seals..... 654
A Seal-oil Furnace..... 655
Winter-quarters..... 657
Dog Teams fighting..... 658
Little Mecatina..... 659
Drying Nets at Sea..... 660
Château Bay..... 661
Wharf at Henley Harbor..... 662
Peat Huts..... 663
Canoeing among Icebergs..... 664
Stop of Herring..... 665

LAND POLICY, OUR PUBLIC.....*Veeder B. Paine* 741

LONG ISLAND.—See "New England Colony in New York."

LOVE SONG, A. Frontispiece..... 326

MEXICAN POLITICS.....*T. S. Van Dyke* 761

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Porfirio Diaz..... 763
Salvator Diaz Miron..... 765
Guillermo Prieto..... 767

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MOHAMMADANS IN INDIA, THE.....*F. Marion Crawford* 165

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece..... 165
Tomb in old Delhi..... 167
Sandstone Doorway, Multân..... 169
Section of Kutab Minar, Delhi..... 171
Palace in Agra..... 173
Rani Sepre Mosque, Ahmedabad..... 175
Detail of Rani Sepre Mosque..... 177
Balcony in Ahmedabad..... 179

MONTANA COW-BOYS, A DAY'S "DRIVE" WITH.—See "Cow-boys."

MURILLO'S ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY CLEANSING THE HEAD OF A LEPROUS BEGGAR..... 941

MURRAY, THE HOUSE OF.....*F. Espinasse* 503

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Old House in Fleet Street..... 503
John Murray I. 505
John Murray II. as a Child..... 507
John Murray II. as a young Man..... 509
Silver Urn presented to John Murray II. by Lord Byron..... 511
William Gifford, Editor of London "Quarterly" 513
The new House, No. 50 Albemarle Street..... 515
Drawing-room, No. 50 Albemarle Street..... 517
The annual Murray Trade Dinner..... 518
Mr. Murray's Library at Newstead, Wimbledon. 519
John Murray III. 520

NEW ENGLAND COLONY IN NEW YORK, A.....*A. A. Hayes* 350

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Village of Southampton..... 351
Peconic Bay..... 351
The Windmill Cottage..... 352
Glimpse of Water Mill..... 353
Doorway, Easthampton..... 354
King of the Montauks..... 357
Tail-piece..... 358

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, THE.—See "Stock Exchange."

OHIO, THE EARLIEST SETTLEMENT IN.....*Alfred Mathews* 552

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Rufus Putnam..... 553
Powder-horn of Israel Putnam..... 553
Manasseh Cutler..... 555
General Rufus Putnam's Land-office..... 556
Site of Marietta in 1788..... 557
Fort Harmar, built in 1785..... 558
Campus Martius, the first Home of the Pioneers 559
Return Jonathan Meigs, Jun..... 560
Arthur St. Clair..... 561
The Muskingum Academy..... 562
General Rufus Putnam's House..... 562
Abraham Whipple..... 563
Marietta College..... 564
Ephraim Cutler..... 565
The old Ichabod Frye House..... 565

OPERA, A GEORGIAN AT THE.....*Mary Tucker Magill* 135

OTTAWA, A TRIP ON THE.....*Agnes Fraser Sandham* 327

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Parliament Buildings..... 329
Waiting..... 330
Islands below Thurso..... 332
The Ferry..... 335
Oka..... 337
Trappist Fathers at Work..... 339
Divine Office in the Field..... 340
Tom Moore's House..... 341
Steering a Raft through the Rapids..... 342

OTTER HUNT IN THE HEBRIDES, AN. With Illustration, 812.....*Robert D. Somers* 909

OTTER HUNT, THE. Frontispiece..... 812

PANDORA. Frontispiece..... 164

PANDORA, A MODERN. With Three Illustrations.....*Charles Ledyard Norton* 417

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA. Frontispiece..... 2

"PATAGONIA, THE."—See "Secret of the Sea."

"PAWNEE" PANIC, THE.....*Rev. John E. Edwards* 403

PRIEST OF DOORGA, A.....*Phil Robinson* 734

PUBLIC LAND POLICY, OUR.....*Veeder B. Paine* 741

PURITAN INDEED, A. With Illustration.....*Mary Gray Morrison* 769

RAILWAYS, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN..... 375

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Booking Office, English Railway Station..... 375
Third-class..... 376
The Wild Irishman..... 377
An American Passenger-coach..... 378
First-class at Night..... 379
Claiming Luggage at an English Railway Station..... 381
Baggage Checks not wanted..... 382
The Guard..... 383
An English Signal-box..... 384
The interlocking Switches at Clapham Junction, England..... 385
An English Railway Station..... 386
A Train passing through an American City.... 387
A Penny a Mile..... 389

RANCH, LADIES' DAY AT THE.....*Alice Wellington Rollins* 3

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Buffalo-grass..... 4
Kansas Daisies..... 5
Indian Picture Writing outside of the Cave.... 6, 7
"Columbus"..... 8
Entrance to the Cave..... 9
A Kansas House..... 10
Old Ewe and Lambs..... 11
A Kansas Barn..... 12
Kansas Thistle..... 13
Sensitive Rose..... 14
Kansas Millet..... 15
Tail-piece..... 17

RED GLOVE, AT THE..... 32

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece..... 32
"'What does this mean?' he said at last"..... 34
"Madame, I thank you"..... 43

REICHSTAG, SOCIAL DEMOCRATS IN THE.—See "Social Democrats."

SEA, A SECRET OF THE.....*Brander Matthews* 78

SEA-PORTS, THE DEFENSE OF OUR.—See "Defense of our Sea-ports."

SCHOOLS, ENGLISH IN THE.....*Professor A. S. Hill* 122

SECRET OF THE SEA, A.....*Brander Matthews* 78

SEWAGE DISPOSAL IN CITIES.....*J. S. Billings, M.D.* 577

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SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. Illustrated.....*Oliver Goldsmith* 747, 919
SILK DRESS, A.....*R. R. Bowker* 240

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mulberry Leaf, Silk Moth Eggs, Silk Worm, and Cocoons 245
A Hand-reel 247
Assorting Cocoons 249
Gassing-machine 250
In the Dyeing-room 251
Making the Warp 253
Jacquard Card and Piece of Pattern 254
The Jacquard Loom 255
Hooking through the Harness 257
Diagram of Ribbon Loom 259

SINGULAR CASE OF MR. SAMUEL SPOOLIN, THE.....*F. Anstey* 942
SIRDAR'S CHESS-BOARD, THE. With Diagrams.....*Mrs. E. W. Latimer* 359
SOCIAL DEMOCRATS IN THE REICHSTAG.....*Edwin A. Curley* 343

ILLUSTRATIONS.

August Bebel 344
Wilhelm Liebknecht 345
Baron von Vollmar 346
Ignatz Auer 347
Wilhelm Hasenclever 348
Louis Viereck 349

SOCIAL PALACE.—See "Familistère at Guise, France."
SOUTH, IMPRESSIONS OF THE.....*Charles Dudley Warner* 546
STOCK EXCHANGE, THE NEW YORK.....*R. Wheatley* 829

ILLUSTRATIONS.

President J. Edward Simmons 829
The New York Stock Exchange 830
The Bond Room 831
Treasurer D. C. Hayes 832
On New Street 833
Secretary George W. Ely 834
Jacob Little 835
Chairman James Mitchell 836
Interior of New York Stock Exchange 837
W. E. Connor 838
W. H. Vanderbilt 839
C. J. Osborne 840
Cyrus W. Field 841
Addison Cammack 842
Russell Sage 843
Christmas Carnival in the New York Stock Exchange 845
Brayton Ives 847
The Ticker 849
S. V. White 850
Jay Gould 852

SUMMER'S DECAY. Illustration..... 885
SYRIA.—See "Druzes, A Lunch with the."
"THEN ECOD YOUR WORSHIP MUST NOT TELL THE STORY OF OLD GROUSE IN THE GUN-ROOM." Frontispiece..... 650
THURINGIA.—See "Germans, A Night with the."
TIGER HUNT, THE. Frontispiece..... 488
WATTS EXHIBITION, THE.....*F. D. Millet* 96
"WHEN HALF-GODS GO, THE GODS ARRIVE." With Illustration...*Julian Hawthorne* 566
WILD-GOOSE CHASE, A.....*F. D. Millet* 18

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Bergedorf, from the Dike 18
Gardeners in Vierlande 19
Going to Market 20
Flower Girls of Vierlande 21
A Vierlande Interior 23
A friendly Call 25
A Rope-walk 26
A Vierlande Farm-house 27
Brick and Stucco Work 28
Interior of Church in Vierlande 29
Corner of Grave-yard in Vierlande 31

WORDSWORTH'S INTRODUCTION TO "MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS." Illustration. 391

POETRY.

ALCYONE.....*Frances L. Mace* 908
AT END.....*Louise Chandler Moulton* 17
BEES THAT SOAR FOR BLOOM, ETC.....*Wordsworth* 390
"DIMIDIUM FACTI".....*R. D. Blackmore* 683
FROM AFAR.....*Charles W. Coleman, Jun.* 77
HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.....*Harriet Prescott Spofford* 277
JUNE CRICKET, THE.....*Joel Benton* 46
JUNE DAYS.....*Robert Burns Wilson* 134
JUNE ROSE, TO A. With One Illustration.....*Austin Dobson* 59
LOVE SONG, A. With Illustration, 326.....*Austin Dobson* 374
MESSAGE OF THE ROSE, THE.....*Margaret Deland* 746
MIDSUMMER ON MOUNT DESERT. With Illustrations.....*Frances L. Mace* 181
MOUNT DESERT, MIDSUMMER ON. With Illustrations.....*Frances L. Mace* 181
ROSE, THE WILD.....*Eliza Scudder* 373
STRENGTH OF THE HILLS, THE.....*Louise Chandler Moulton* 576
SUMMER COMPANIONS.....*A. F.* 584
SUMMER'S DECAY. With Illustration.....*Nora Perry* 884
TO NIGHT.....*Louise Chandler Moulton* 937
TRUMPET BLOWS, THE.....*D. H. R. Goodale* 121
WHEN DAY MEETS NIGHT.....*Charles W. Coleman, Jun.* 779
WHEN EVENING COMETH ON.....*Robert Burns Wilson* 713
WORDSWORTH'S INTRODUCTION TO "MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS"..... 391
With Illustration.

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PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.—From the painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.

"*Quali colombe, dal disio chiamate,*
Con l' ali, aperte e ferme al dolce nido
Volan per l' aer, dal voler portate."
—DANTE'S INFERNO, V.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXI. JUNE, 1885. No. CCCCXXI.

LADIES' DAY AT THE RANCH.

"To river pastures of his flocks and herds
Admetus rode, where sweet-breathed cattle grazed;
Heifers and goats and kids and foolish sheep
Dotted cool, spacious meadows with bent heads,
And necks' soft wool broken in yellow flakes,
Nibbling, sharp-toothed, the rich, thick-growing blades."

THERE was once a firm. It was in its way quite an ideal firm. Consisting as it did of a Millionaire blissfully indifferent to the manner in which his millions were being spent, a Man of Leisure with nothing to do but to travel, for the best interests of the "concern," between New York and Carneiro, and an Enthusiast who desired nothing but the privilege of doing all the work, I can not see that it lacked any element desirable in firms. For some time the Enthusiast was indulged in his passion for living and laboring at the ranch, for the Millionaire had a yacht, and the Man of Leisure had a family. The prairie was not supposed to be adapted to the yacht, and seemed equally unattractive to people who required schools, libraries, and the opera. But summer came, when school was not, and society palled.

Some of them were too young to be carried to Europe, and others were too old to start for California. Mount Desert was too crowded, and Montclair too lonely. They went to the Adirondacks last year, and were going to the Great Lakes next year. They know all about Newport and Nonquitt, and not enough about Tadousac. Where were they to go?

"Why not go out to the ranch?"

It was, of course, the young gentleman of the family who made the suggestion. He was gazed at.

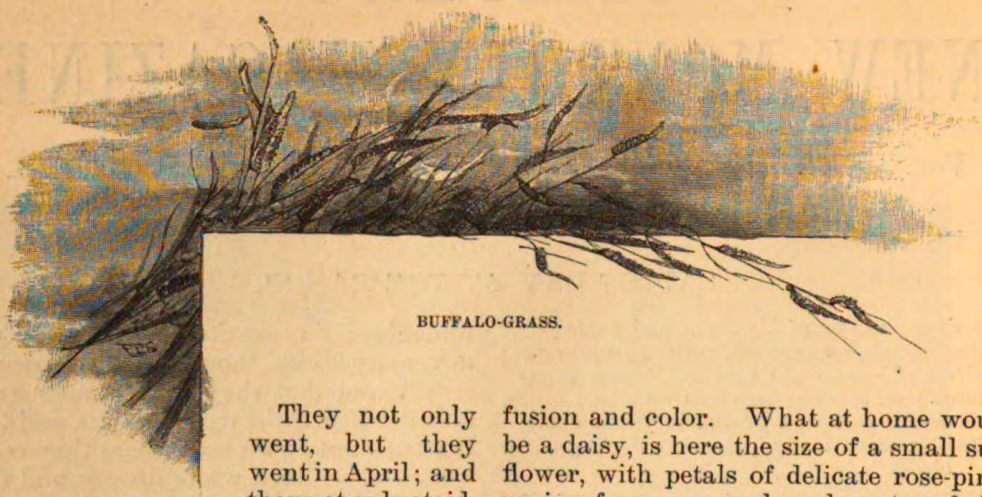
Was he quite crazy? Did he remember that to live on a ranch meant to do without fish? Had he forgotten that they would be not only twelve miles from a lemon, but a thousand miles from a strawberry? Was he, perhaps, aware that it was hot in Kansas, and that there were undoubtedly mosquitoes? that there was never any breeze, though always too much wind? and that they would suffer from an utter dearth of trees and ice, and that it would not be a place where they could wear embroidered white dresses, and that the only things of which there would be a sufficient supply would be rattlesnakes and cyclones? A—— was also sure that there were no sunflowers, though this afterward proved to be a mistake. To all of which the young gentleman replied, stolidly, "Well, what is the use of having a ranch if you are never going to see it?"

The family reflected. After all, the Enthusiast had always said that life at the ranch was not only profitable but delightful. It was barely possible that he might be telling the truth. He was put upon his honor, and the following facts were elicited:

There were no mosquitoes, and occasionally it was cool. Sometimes the thermometer stood at 100° in the shade—or would if there were any shade—but in the rarer air they would not realize it. They would live through the cyclones, and forget all about the strawberries. Besides, there were melons. They could buy saddle-horses for from thirty to sixty dollars apiece, feed them all summer on the prairie, and sell them in the fall probably at a profit. Some of them didn't care for mountains, and so they would like it, and the rest of them didn't care for the sea, and so *they* would like it. The shooting was prime, and there were fifty acres of sunflowers. Moreover, there was a new ram, pure Atwood breed, and if they did not consider a mere journey of two days and three nights worth undertaking for the pleasure of seeing that ram alone, it was quite hopeless to think of presenting any farther attraction, and they were unworthy of possessing even a pecuniary interest in a ranch.

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BUFFALO-GRASS.

They not only went, but they went in April; and they not only staid, but they staid till November. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, it is sufficiently evident that ranch life was delightful.

Early as they had arrived, the flowers had come before them, and the barbaric splendor of the scenes in *Aïda* and *L'Africaine* seemed repeated as the glorious panorama of blossoming prairie unrolled day after day. Can you picture to yourself ten acres of portulaca? or whole hillsides curtained with what seems a superb variety of wistaria, except that it grows on a stalk instead of hanging from a vine? Do you know how it feels not to be able to step without crushing a flower, so that the little prairie-dogs, sitting contentedly with their intimate friends the owls on the little heaps of earth thrown up around their holes, have every appearance of having planted their own front yards with the choicest floral varieties? Think of driving into a great field of sunflowers, the horses trampling down the tall stalks, that spring up again behind the carriage, so that one outside the field would never know that a carriage-load of people were anywhere in it; or riding through a "grove" of them, the blossoms towering out of reach as you sit on horseback, and a tall hedge of them grown up as a barrier between you and your companion! Not a daisy, or a buttercup, or a clover, or a dandelion, will you see all summer; but new flowers too exquisite for belief; the great white prickly poppies, and the sensitive rose, with its leaves delicate as a maiden-hair fern, and its blossom a countless mass of crimson stamens tipped with gold, and faintly fragrant. Even familiar flowers are unfamiliar in size and profusion and color. What at home would be a daisy, is here the size of a small sunflower, with petals of delicate rose-pink, raying from a cone-shaped centre of rich maroon shot with gold. A—— had brought with her numerous packages of seeds and slips, nobly bent on having ribbon flower beds and mosaic *parterres* about the house; but she sat on the steps and threw them broadcast, never knowing, in the profusion of flowers that would have been there anyway, whether hers ever came up or not. And how beautiful were the grasses—the most useful one the most beautiful of all; the delicate little "buffalo-grass," for which the prairie is famous, waving its tiny curled sickle of feathery daintiness as if its beauty were its only excuse for being, yet bravely "curing" itself into dry hay as it stands, when the autumn winds begin to blow, that the happy flocks may "nibble, sharp-toothed, the rich, thick-growing blades" all through the winter, without their being gathered into barns.

They raised their vases too. Bric-à-brac does not flourish in rooms whose doors and windows are open all day long to a Kansas breeze; so, when something was necessary for holding flowers, they would wander out over the prairie with a hammer, pick up a round stone, perhaps the size of a thimble, perhaps as big as a large bowl, crack it open, pour out the fine sand within it, and find a cavity as perfect as if hollowed out with an instrument, and as smooth as if lined with porcelain.

"My mother says that sand is splendid for cleaning knives," observed a small herder one day, watching their operations. Not eliciting any decided enthusiasm, he continued:

"I'm going to Chicago next week! Chicago's an awful big city."

"But not so big as New York, where we live, you know."

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"Oh, I know all about York! it's down by the ocean. I've never seen an ocean, but I've heard one."

"Where?"

"In a shell."

"But we've been across the ocean! 'way over on the other side of it."

"Ho! that ain't nothin'. My mother was *born* over there. In Ireland."

Nor did they miss the flowers after dark; for then the prairie fires lit up the scene with rare magnificence of color. Not the deadly autumn fires, bringing with them, when the grass is dry, fear and desolation, but the fires set purposely in safe places in the spring, that the young grass may come up greener. There is nothing terrible in the sight; there are no falling buildings, and you hear no hissing, crackling flames. The low grass burns so quietly and steadily that the effect is simply that of great lighted cities in the distance.

"I suppose some of those fires must be in the next county," remarked A—— one evening.

"All our own fires on our own property, I can assure you," answered the proud Enthusiast.

It was long before they could accustom themselves to this magnificent scale of things; to realizing that they were living on ten thousand acres of their own; to the thought of caring for ten thousand sheep; to driving all the afternoon on their own "lawn," and making excursions for the day on their own property. Once, when they had ridden late and far, and had quite lost their way, they stopped at one of the adobe huts—wonderfully picturesque with flowers blossoming on the roof, and near by the "Kansas stable," with its one horse only sheltered as to its head—to ask their way. "And what property are we on now?" asked Admetus.

"The Monte Carneiro Ranch, sir."

"Thank you; good-day!" and Admetus rode on, to hide his smile at having to be told that he was on his own land. The sense of ownership was not slow to develop, however, and even the Baby became so imbued with the size of the ranch as to say sometimes, when they were driving fifteen or twenty miles from home, "Papa, I suppose you'll be cutting this grass pretty soon?"

In the middle of the summer came Colonel Higginson's article in the *Harper* on the Indian hieroglyphics, with illustrations to prove the similarity between the famous Dighton rock and many found at the West.

"They say that there are Indian hieroglyphics on our rocks at the Cave," remarked the Enthusiast, carelessly.

"Why *haven't* you told us before?"

"Because my enthusiasm is limited to sheep; but you can investigate, if you like."

Whereupon an imperative order was sent to the stable for "ponies for six, *immediately* after luncheon."

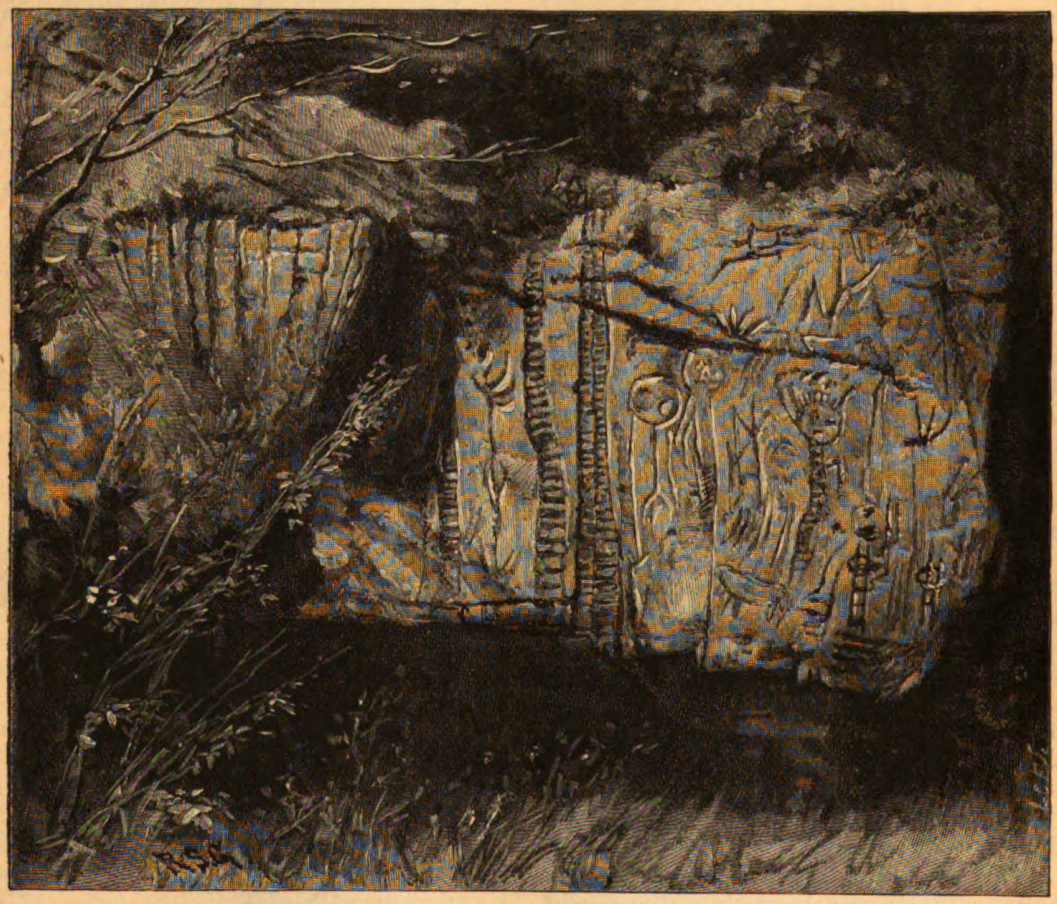
Many and many a time they had been to the Cave, which was quite the *pièce de résistance* of their excursions. It was no mere cavern in the side of a hill, but a cave so high that they could ride into it, with



KANSAS DAISIES.

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two entrances on different sides, and a charming little oriel-window shaded by trees. Curiously enough, they had never happened to dismount and explore the opposite exit, but it was on the outer wall just beyond this that the hieroglyphics were said to be.



INDIAN PICTURE WRITING OUTSIDE OF THE CAVE.

Truly it was a strange sensation, in that lonely spot, as they came out of the second entrance and crept carefully along the steep bluff overgrown with underbrush, to look up at the natural wall of rock towering above them, and see, clearly outlined on the space where it must have been singularly difficult to work at all, the crude and curious efforts of Indian drawing, and the full-length, life-size figure of a recumbent Indian chief.

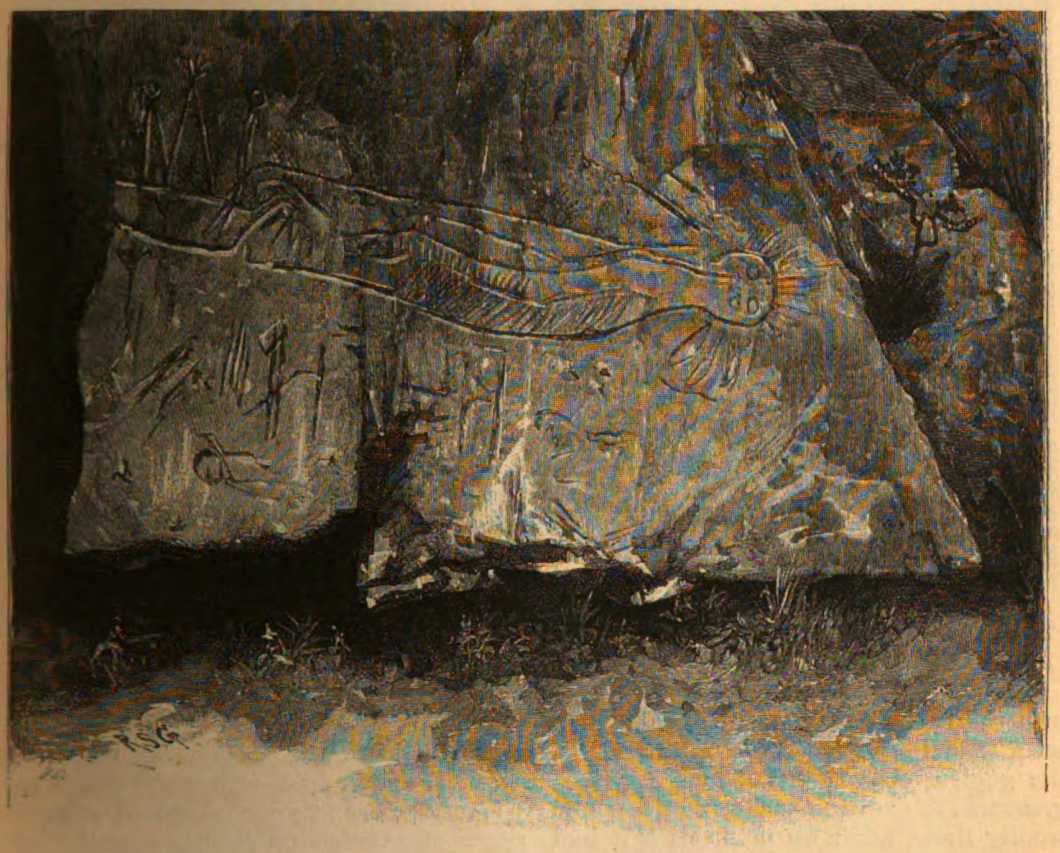
There were many resources besides the never-failing ponies: hammocks and piazzas, lawn tennis, a piano, and a billiard-room. Of the ladies, one was musical, and gave them long evenings of delicious restfulness; one was artistic, and preserved for them in the amber of her brush the delicate hue and fragile texture of the flowers that else they could have carried away with them only in memory; and one was literary, and kept them in the latest books and freshest magazines from New York; while one was a "reserve fund," drawn upon in every emergency. Then, for culture, there was the Professor, the genial, absorbed Professor, filling even the least scientific with something of his own enthusiasm for the splendid fossils of the region, the superb impressions of leaves, and the fossil shells picked up two thousand miles from either ocean. Who of them will ever forget the day when the first and only nautilus was found, just as they had decided that there were only clam shells; or the finding of the shark's tooth?

For those who sought in nature "no

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charm unborrowed from the eye," there was fun enough in collecting the "freaks," the queer shapes into which accident had moulded the soft rock—shoes, boots, stock-

To see the sheep go in and out, night and morning, was a never-failing amusement. Sometimes the ladies wandered down to the corrals at sunset to see the



INDIAN PICTURE WRITING OUTSIDE OF THE CAVE.

ings, match-safes, and trinkets. Once a perfect sheep's head, even to the eyes, was picked up, like a curious bass-relief, not twenty feet from the front door.

By this time I can conceive of the gentle reader's saying, "I thought it was a sheep ranch?" in the tone of voice employed by Miss Betsy Trotwood when she asked, "Why do you call it a *Rookery*? I don't see any rooks." Sheep there were, indeed; thousands of them, objects of unfailing concern to the gentlemen and delight to the ladies.

"What is that stone wall?" asked, one afternoon, a lady sitting on the piazza with her opera-glass.

"That stone wall, madam," answered a Harvard graduate, politely, "is the sheep coming in to the corral."

herds come in, and you would have supposed them to be waiting for a Fourth-of-July procession with banners, from the eagerness with which they exclaimed, "Oh, here they come! there they are!" as the first faint tinkling of the bells was heard in the distance. If two herds appeared at once from opposite directions, the one with lambs had the "right of way," and Sly, the sheep-dog—not the only commander who has controlled troops by sitting down in front of them—would hold the other herd in check till the lambs were safely housed. The lambs born on the prairie during the day frisked back at night to the corral beside their mothers, a lamb four hours old being able to walk a mile.

When shearing-time came, they went

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"COLUMBUS."

into the sheds expecting to see the thick wool fall in locks beneath the shears, like the golden curls of their own darlings: great was the amazement to see the whole woolly fleece taken off much as if it had been an overcoat, looking still, if it were rolled up in a ball, like a veritable sheep, and often quite as large as the shorn and diminished creature that had once been part of it. One very hot day they braved the heat themselves for the sake of going out on the prairie to see how sheep keep cool. Instead of scattering along the creek, seeking singly the shade of the bushes or the tall trees only to be found near the creek, they huddle together in the middle of the sunny field more closely than ever, hang their heads in the shadow of each other's bodies, and remain motionless for hours. Not a single head is to be seen as you approach the herd; only a broad level field of woolly backs, supported by a small forest of little legs.

"Like a banyan-tree," remarked Admetus.

A large part of the satisfaction of these simple pleasures was the charm of finding that they could be happy with such simple pleasures. To discover that you can not only live without the opera, but that you are really better amused than you ever were with the opera at your command, gives a sense of satisfaction with yourself very potent in the element of content. Yet they were not without their social excitements and their adventures. One Harvard graduate attracts another, and within a radius of thirty miles quite a colony of personal friends has formed itself, whose gatherings for little dinners or dances, tennis or whist, are most enjoyable. A hundred guests were entertained at Monte Carneiro alone "in the season"; ranch friends from all over the county, Eastern friends "stopping over" on their way to Colorado, or California, or Japan, and some who had learned even then that to "see the ranch" was really quite worth the trouble of two days and three nights in a Pullman car.

They thought little of driving or riding fifteen miles to a "neighbor's" for luncheon—always provided, however, that they knew the way. To find the way for yourself to a new ranch across the prairie, or to drive anywhere after dark, is a feat only attempted by the unwary. "Love will

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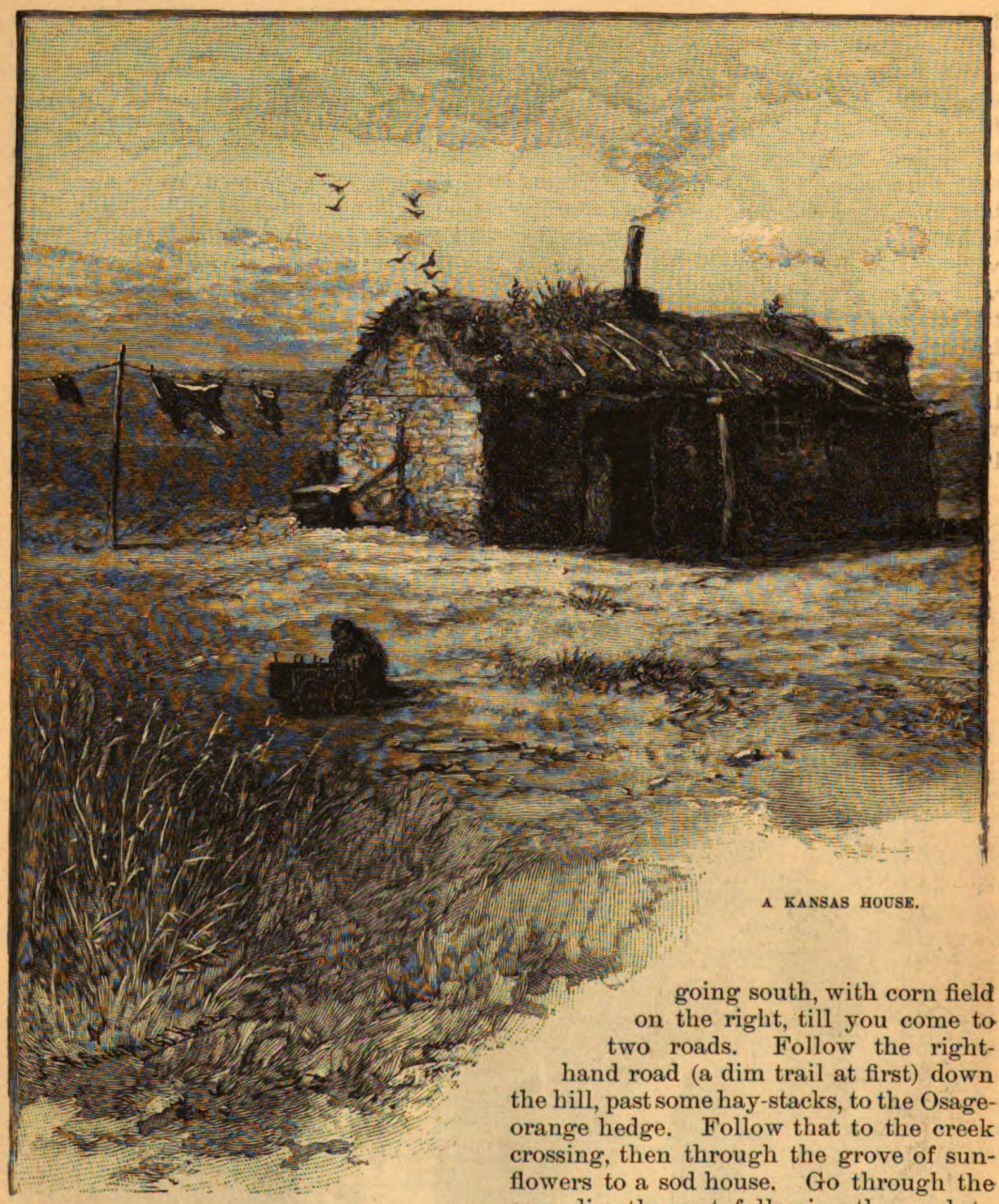
find out a way" through bolts and bars and parental interdiction; but Love itself would be baffled on the prairie, where the whole universe stretches in endless invitation, and where there is absolutely "nothing to hinder" from going in any direction that you please. "Foller a kind of a blind trail, one mile east and two mile south," is the kind of direction usually given in the vernacular; and so closely does one cultivate the powers of observation in a country where a bush may be a feature of the landscape, and a tall sunflower a landmark, that I am tempted to copy *verbatim* the written directions sent by a friend by which we were to find our way to her hospitable home:

"Cross the river at the Howards'; turn to the right, and follow a dim trail till you come to the ploughed ground, which you follow to the top of the hill. Follow the road on the west side of a corn field, and then a dim trail across the prairie to a wire fence. After you leave the wire fence, go up a little hill and down a little hill, then up another till you reach a road leading to the right, which angles across a section and leads into a road going south to Dr. Read's frame house with a wall of sod about it. Through his door-yard, and then through some corn. Leave the road after driving through the corn, and angle to the right to the corner of another corn field. Take the road to the west of this



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE.

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A KANSAS HOUSE.

corn, and go south, up a hill, then turn to the right and follow a *plain* road west; afterward south, past Mr. Dever's homestead, a frame house on the right with a stone house unroofed. South, past a corn field and ploughed land on the right. The road turns to the right, toward the west, for a little way, then south, then a short distance east, and you reach the guide-post, which is near a thrifty-looking farm owned by Mr. Bryant; a frame house, corn field, wheat stacks, and melon patch. At the guide-post take the road going south, with corn field on the right, till you come to two roads. Follow the right-hand road (a dim trail at first) down the hill, past some hay-stacks, to the Osage-orange hedge. Follow that to the creek crossing, then through the grove of sunflowers to a sod house. Go through the corn directly west, following the creek to the crossing near our house."

The distance was sixteen miles, but we took the letter with us, and found the way without the slightest difficulty, though a little puzzled at first by finding that "at the Howards'" meant anywhere within three miles of the Howards'.

As for adventures, some of them were thrilling. First, there was the rattlesnake under the piazza, its presence announced by the innocent Baby, who complained of it as disturbing his play, and "*whistlin' wid its tail.*" Then Admetus lost his way upon the prairie after dark,

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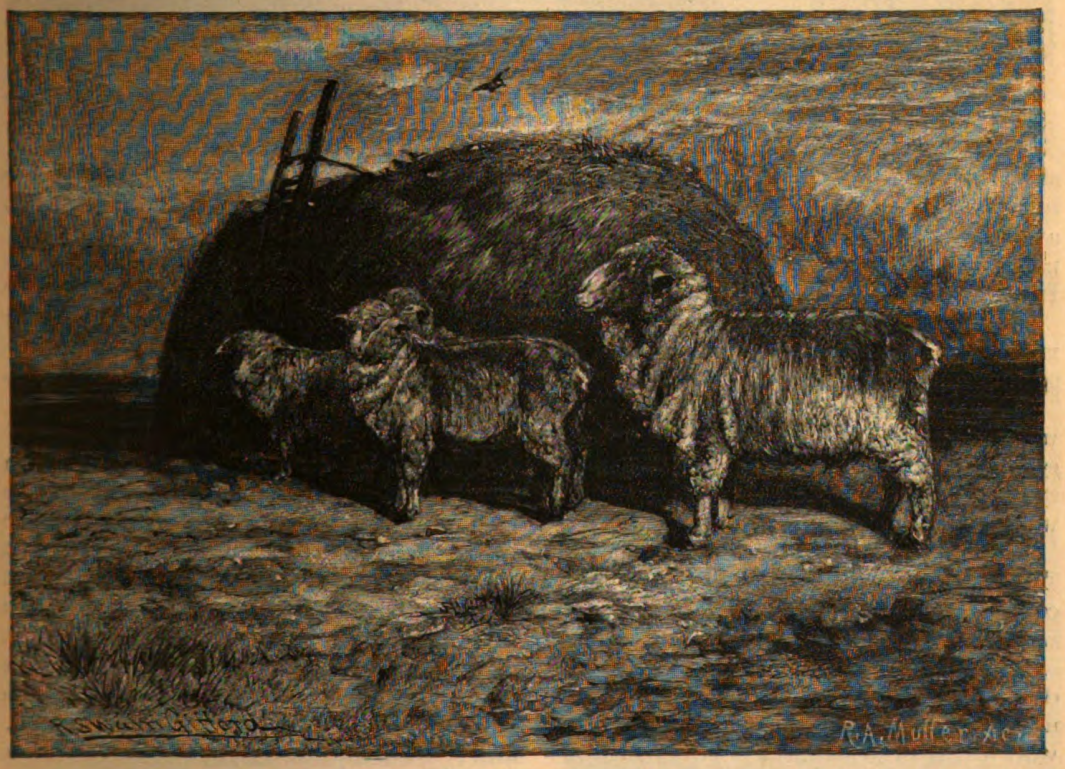
and after two or three hours of riding in a circle, found on hastening to a friendly lighted window for information that by accident he had ridden up to his own front door. The Enthusiast had once ridden seven miles with his wife to make an afternoon call, only to find on their return that the creek had risen mysteriously so that it would be impossible to cross. A herd of sheep with the herder and a friend were waiting quietly at the same spot, within five minutes' walk of the house, *if they could only cross.* "You stay with the sheep," said E——, to his friend, "and C—— and I will ride down to find a better crossing." *They rode five miles,* and of course by the time they had retraced the five on the other bank it was too dark for their friend to attempt the same course. There was nothing to do but camp out for the night, with the bright windows of home shining just across the creek. Ropes were thrown over, supper and blankets slung across to the sufferers, and in the morning the creek had fallen again.

Then there were the grasshoppers. If you are quite sure that they are not intending to "'light," a flight of grasshoppers is a beautiful thing to see. All day they floated over us; millions upon millions upon millions of airy little creatures, with their white gauzy wings spread to the light, mounting steadily toward the sun, as it seemed. It was like a snow-storm in sunshine, if you can picture such a thing, with the flakes rising instead of falling.

The most terrible experience came with the least warning. It had been a lovely day, and the ladies were dressing for a tea at Elk Horn Ranch, four miles away, when some one exclaimed, "What a curious cloud!"

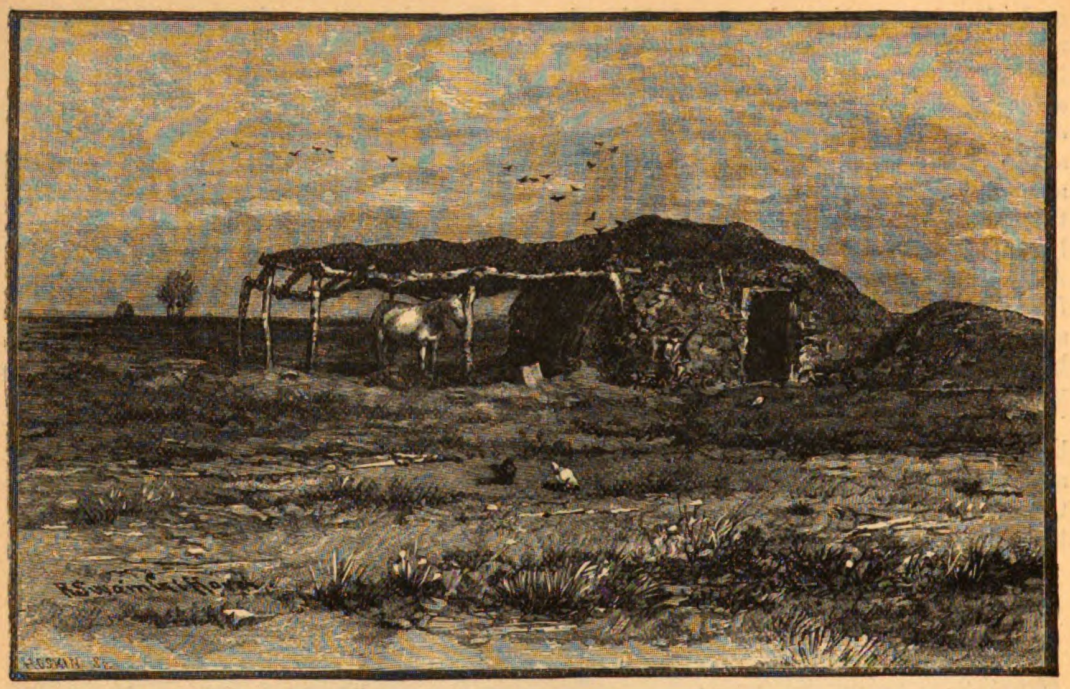
A perfectly cylindrical cloud, seemingly not more than two feet in diameter, reached perpendicularly from the sky to the earth. The ladies grew a little anxious, as it did not change its aspect, but the Enthusiast, who had lived through one cyclone, and knew the signs, said, carelessly, as he sauntered up the avenue:

"Oh, you need not fear anything in that



OLD EWE AND LAMBS.

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A KANSAS BARN.

shape!—that is only a rain-cloud; no wind in that. A cyclone is spiral; very wide at the top, and tapering down to a mere point, as if it were boring into the earth. It's a horrid thing to see."

As he spoke, the cloud in question, as if mocking his depreciation of its power, began assuming the very shape described.

"It *is* a cyclone!" he said, quietly, but with whitening cheek. "You had better get your things. It is twenty-five miles away, but if the wind should change, it would be upon us in five minutes."

He shouted to the men at the corrals. Those who were busy in the wool-house came to the door, glanced at the sky, but went quietly back again. As one of them expressed it later, "If it was a-comin', I don't believe the spring-house would save us, and if it wasn't comin', we might as well finish the work."

The "things" which they were to secure received the usual foolish interpretations. A—— ran for a shawl to wrap Baby in, before she secured Baby himself; F—— ran to her chamber for a pocket-book with a precious fifty cents in it; some one wondered if she would not have time to change her boots, it was such a pity to wet her new ones running through the grass, for the rain was now falling heavily. The Enthusiast himself put on his best coat, laid out for the "tea," and insisted that his wife should add to her incomplete toilet the touches of lace and jewels. "Why, my dear, you may never see your things again," was his explanation; but whether he hoped to rescue the things that were put on, or whether he was anxious for the family to be found beautifully dressed in case they were buried beneath the ruins, was not at all clear.

It had been previously arranged that in case of cyclone they were to run to the spring-house. To the feminine mind the cellar presented greater attractions; but the very strength and size of the great stone house would make it a terrible mass of ruins if it were blown over, and if it came in the path of the cyclone, its walls would be but a shaving before it. The small spring-house was built into a hill, and it was confidently hoped that cyclones would blow over it, instead of blowing it over.

A marked precursor of a cyclone is the appearance of the sky. It is not darkly terrible; it may even be of a clear and perfect blue, and the clouds may be dazzlingly white; but they shape themselves into immense cobble-stones, till the heavens look like an inverted pavement; what adds to the strangeness of this appearance is the apparent weight of the distinct, oval,

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egg-shaped clouds; it is impossible to conceive of them as ever dissipating in gentle rain, or even hail; if they fall, you feel that each one will fall heavily, crushing with terrible cruelty everything beneath it.

For an hour they watched and waited. Then the water-spout began to fade, and the cobble-stones disappeared. The horses were ordered, and the ladies finished their toilets, while the Baby was heard to murmur, in a tone of disappointment, "Papa, you *said* you were going to take me to the spring-house."

And at last they saw a genuine prairie fire.

"What are your precautions against fire?" Admetus had asked a few days before.

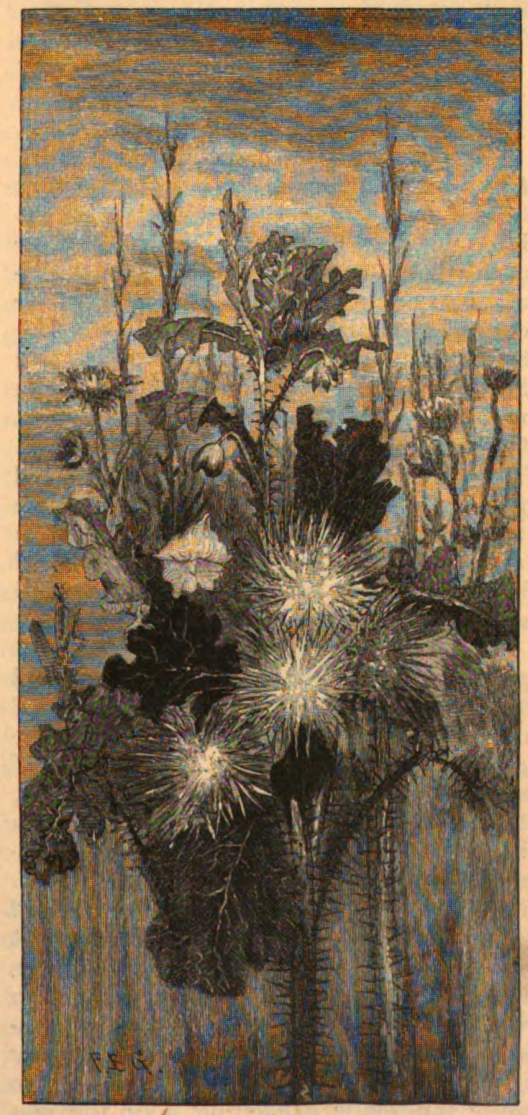
"Such as will delight your homœopathic soul," answered the Enthusiast. "A can of kerosene and a bundle of matches to set back fires with, though the fire-guards of ploughed ground that you have seen all round the ranch are the ounce of prevention, better than any cure. Then we always keep a hogshead full of water at the stable, ready for carting to the spot."

"A hogshead of water! What good can a hogshead of water do against a prairie fire?"

"Oh, we don't put it on with a hose, I assure you. My imagination gasps at the conception of managing a prairie fire with a hose. We dip old blankets and old clothes in it, or boughs of trees if we can get them, and beat the fire down with them."

The illustration followed soon. All day smoke had been drifting over Carneiro, and at night-fall the scouts reported that the whole force had better be put on. The "whole force" at the moment consisted of about twenty men who had just come in to supper, and who started at once in wagons and on horseback. Ponies were ordered after dinner for the entire household, even the ladies riding far enough to have a view of the exciting scene. There were no tumbling walls or blazing buildings, and there was no fear of lives being lost in upper stories; but there were miles upon miles, acres upon acres, of low grass burning like a sea of fire, while in the twilight shadows could be seen men galloping fiercely on swift ponies, while the slow wagons crept painfully, lest the precious water should be spilled, from every homestead, each with its one pitiful hogshead. It seemed incredible that such a mass of flame could ever be put out by such a handful of workers; and it was only, indeed, by each man's laboring steadily at his own arc of the great circle, trusting blindly that others were at work on the other side, as of course they always were, that the lurid scene darkened down at last.

As the season advanced, interest in the great crops almost overshadowed that in the "stock." The wild flowers had faded away, and no wonder, poor things! In their innocent joy at being admired—for none but sheep-men had ever visited the ranch before the ladies came, and what sheep-man ever stopped to look at a flower?—they had crowded close up to the



KANSAS THISTLE.

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SENSITIVE ROSE.

front door, and sprung up under the very horses' feet, vying with each other for the honor of being worn at a lady's belt, or painted on a panel, or pressed in a herbarium to be sent to the cultured East, or chosen to adorn an æsthetic parlor. But they had had quite enough of it, and had grown shy and sensitive. We can not believe that they will ever bloom at Carneiro in just such profusion again. They have crept away to more deserted places, and mayhap the day will come when they will only bloom for us in stately greenhouses, at a cost that shall insure for their loveliness respect as well as admiration.

But we hardly missed them, as the great grain fields took their places, and covered the land with the green shimmering of corn, the pale yellow of the wheat, the golden russet of rye, the stately rows of sorghum, like glorified cat-o'-nine-tails, the great pearly clusters of the rice-corn bending with their weight of rich loveliness, and, most beautiful of all, the golden millet. You do not know what millet is? Ah, no! but then you do not know what Kansas is. You do not know what it is to own a winding creek that would be worth its weight in gold to the commissioners of Central Park if they could buy it. You do not know what it is to have your landscape gardening done for you without a gardener.

And as the harvests were gathered in, the great labor-saving machines were as good as a circus: the "header," leaving all the stubble standing in the field, cutting off only the heads of the grain, which then walked solemnly up an inclined plane only to throw themselves from the top in despair into the wagon that rolled alongside; the "thresher," with its circular treadmill for a dozen horses, with their master on a revolving platform in the centre, from which he controlled them with his long-lashed whip; and the graceful "go-devil" rake, travelling idly over the hay fields and gathering up the hay with all the ease of a lady's carpet-sweeper.

This was the true glory of the year. At the East, people were hurrying back from the sea-shore or mountains; for them the summer was over and the harvest ended; but for us it had just begun. Some of us took the wonderful trip to Colorado—for we were only twelve hours from Denver—and some of us took to shooting prairie-chicken; but all of us were out-of-doors every day and all day long. Now began the season of the famous little duck suppers, when six or eight of us would start for a friend's ranch to spend the night, taking the precaution to eat our duck that night for fear the gentlemen *wouldn't* shoot any the next morning, but returning the next day laden with the spoils of the victors, shot in the cool gray of the misty dawn. Now it was that the Enthusiast discovered a method of rousing his rebellious comrades to the early breakfast that he himself affected: stationing himself in the billiard-room, he had only to shout, "Gentlemen, nineteen duck in the pond!" and in five minutes every man of the household, from the geological professor and the elegant young man from Chicago down to the boy who was "going to have" a gun next year, could be seen rushing down the hill in habiliments that brought back to these graduates of Harvard reminiscences of an early call to prayers.

And then it was in October that the Griffin came.

"Why, he's nothing but a gentleman!" exclaimed the Baby, who had insisted on

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going to the station, with many inquiries as to whether the expected arrival, which he took to be a flock of some rare kind of lambs, would be conveyed to the house "on legs or in wagons?"

I feel called upon to chronicle the noble zeal with which the Griffin immediately attacked his official duties. He did, indeed, wait a few moments to assuage the pangs of hunger with coffee and beefsteak; but almost immediately he remarked that it was a glorious day for sketching, and he must not lose such an opportunity. The ladies who put up the luncheon noticed that several gentlemen who had never been addicted to brush or pencil proposed to join this sketching expedition, and that the sketching materials seemed to consist largely of guns and cartridges; but the "studies" of prairie-chicken, duck, plover, and quail, "taken from life," which they brought back with them, made so valuable an addition to the next evening's dinner that no explanation was required, and no complaint made of a day of prolonged feminine solitude.

And the landscape only grew lovelier. The flowers had faded, and the great grain fields had been swept away; but the wild beautiful prairie, taking on the tawny coloring dear to the artist, with here and there a broad belt or mantle of the brilliant low red sumac, grew ever dearer. For the first time in my life I understood Emily Brontë's passion for her desolate brown moors. There is rare charm in a sense of isolation that you do not feel to be loneliness. And for the very reason that the undulating prairie offers so few salient points, the picture appeals to the eye and lingers in the mind more effectively than many a more impressive scene. The "values" count; every stroke "tells."

The identity of interests between master and men is a pleasant feature of ranch life. Occasionally, of course, there will be a disaffected laborer, who may even work up matters to a concentrated "strike"; but as a rule the men are happy and contented, proud of the ranch, and devoted to its success. They have their own cook at their own "quarters," from which, in the evening, come cheerful strains of Moody and Sankey or of native jollity, the chorus being not unfrequently,

"Oh, I'm a jolly herder,
I want you for to know!
I herd the sheep for Wellington—
For Wellington and Co."

When we asked a man who was putting "bunks" into a small house for some of the men to sleep in why he hadn't taken a larger one opposite, he replied, dryly:

"Oh, this one ain't near nice enough for the hens; so *we* took it. The hens are to have the other one."

There is something very enjoyable in the consciousness not only of controlling the movements of forty or fifty men, but of caring for all their interests, mental, physical, and moral. The men with families have separate houses, and to supply them with literature, see that their groceries are good, cure their sick children, and in fact administer everything they need, from advice to flannel, is not only an intense moral satisfaction to the ladies of the household with a taste for benevolence, but a source of much entertainment. Think, O *blasé* philanthropists, of getting up a Christmas tree for children who never saw one! A—— regarded as one of her pleasantest experiences of the summer the opportunity afforded her to make converts to homœopathy.

"You are as proud of having cured that child," remarked the Enthusiast, one day, "as if your little sugar pills had really done it some good."

"Oh no," said the lady, "I'm not proud of having cured it; I'm thankful for not having killed it. What is it, James?" as a new applicant presented himself.

"If you please, marm, I'd like some more medicine; the baby's almost well."

The delighted homœopathist, on the alert for "symptoms," proposed to change the prescription.

"Oh no, marm; I wouldn't make no change if I was you. Them other little pills was just boss."



KANSAS MILLET.

Some of us, how-

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ever, still think that she owed her converts to the fact that she never sent in any bills.

"Why, I paid that other feller fifty cents for just one pill!" exclaimed the grateful recipient of medicine for ailments described as follows: "Well, my throat's sore, and my back aches, and my stomach's gin out, and my head's bad, and I don't feel very well *myself*."

What were our deprivations? Really, at the moment, I can not recall any. We had no "set tubs," but then we had no washing-day; once a week one of the teams going every day to Ellsworth took all the washing into town, where it was excellently done at the rate of thirty-seven cents a dozen, including the embroidered white dresses. We had no gas; but were we not using a duplex burner in our New York parlors, and carrying candles to our bed-chambers as the highest tribute to æstheticism? We had no door-bell; but do you know how pleasant it is not to have one? We had no mountains; but in that rarer air we had countless mountain effects on the low-lying hills—one slope crimson with the reflected glory of a superb sunset long after the others lay in violet shadow. We had no sea; but, strangely enough, of nothing is the prairie so suggestive as of the sea; no Eastern visitor ever failed to notice and to wonder at it. It seems incredible, but you have a constant impression that the sea is tossing just out of sight; perhaps because of doors and windows thrown wide open all day long to the soft glare of utterly unshaded sunshine, only tolerable on the prairie or at the sea-shore; perhaps because of the low murmur of the wind behind the hills, like the ceaseless monotone of surf. "Papa, it's just like the Point Road," was the criticism of one of the children as we drove rapidly across a favorite section—the "Point Road" being a drive of six miles along the sea, to which he had always been accustomed in summer.

A brisk walk on a cool morning or evening up and down the long and wide piazza, roofed over only at the porch, was pronounced by the Europeans fully equal to a promenade on the Atlantic steamers, and the gentleman who had hesitated longest over the temporary parting from the yacht of his friend the Millionaire declared the scene to be fully equal to the deck of the *Peerless*, as he lay in the hammock swung gently by the cool clear breeze, with that moan of surf out of sight, the stars overhead, and the flag-staff over the porch creaking slightly in the wind like straining cordage. We had no groves, but there were plenty of trees, tall, beautiful elms, following the curves of the creeks. In other words, there were plenty of trees to *look at*, but we could always see over, or beyond, or through them, so that when, on our return trip to the East, we began to catch glimpses of prettily shaded lawns and cottages shut in by woods in the suburbs of Cincinnati, M—— expressed the feelings of us all when she said, wonderingly, "Somehow I'm not half so glad to see trees again as I thought I should be." We could not talk about the "lawn," or the "garden," or the "woods," but we soon knew the numbers of the sections by heart, so that we understood, when we asked the whereabouts of a new flower or fossil, if we were told that it had been found "over in Seven." "Ah!" said the lady of Elk Horn one day, "you really ought to come over and spend the night, just to see Twenty-one by moonlight."

But was it hot?

Certainly it was hot by the thermometer; but at the great elevation the heat was not felt to be so excessive as a lesser degree of it at home. Hardly a night did we sleep without a blanket, and there were evenings in August when it was too cool to sit on the piazza after dinner. Children play fearlessly bare-headed in the sun on the hottest days, and it is said that there has never been a case of sunstroke in Kansas. It was not a rare thing for us to drive into town in an open carriage with the thermometer at 100°, and without a particle of shade any of the way, the high wind making even parasols and broad-brimmed hats an impossibility.

As for our *menu*, I am glad of an opportunity to explain that the proverbial bacon and salt pork of the West have a *raison d'être* not suspected at the East. With chickens a dollar and a half a dozen, eggs ten cents a dozen, butter fifteen cents a pound, and quail, plover, duck, and prairie-chicken to be had for the shooting, the appetite of ranchmen becomes so satiated with what in New York would be the delicacies of the season, as to crave the stimulus of a bit of delicate bacon or a slice of rosy ham.

And now one word of warning. If you would see Kansas as we saw it, you must see it where we saw it. We refuse to be

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responsible for the Kansas seen from the car windows, in a frame of mind bordering on exasperation at the maddening slowness of a train of cars conscious of being a monopoly, and dragging its slow length along through a country so horribly level that you feel as if it would be some relief to spring to your feet and recite "Excelsior." No; you must leave the cars and the railroad and the dismal little railroad towns, and find your way to the big ranches where life and work are one long holiday. Should you choose Monte Carneiro, the Enthusiast will show you his corrals, and drive you round his corn fields; you can shoot your own quail for dinner, have a game of tennis and a *siesta* in the hammock after luncheon, and a game of billiards after dinner; then, as the little maid brings in the tray of tea, you can saunter into a parlor with great broad windows, full of rugs and *portières* and screens of Kensington embroidery, and the lady who pours your tea will afterward sing for you Schubert's "Serenade," or "I know that my Redeemer liveth." This is not the popular conception of ranch life; nor is it, I confess, the common mode of ranch life. Too many young ranchmen, eager to put all their capital into stock, think they can "manage" to live "any way" for a few years, and remain too long contented with ham and bacon in a "dug-out"; but the little knot of friends who have gathered about Ellsworth believe that to make their homes not only comfortable but luxurious, to live not only decently but æsthetically, to have not only a parlor but *portières*, is as much for their business interest as Tiffany undoubtedly considers his high rent and plate-glass windows.

Then, as your host steps out on the piazza to haul down the American flag—his only method of locking up for the night—you will catch a glimpse of the shifting lights of a train on the Union Pacific, pleasantly suggestive of a post-office, with two mails from the east and two from the west every day, a railroad station and telegraph office, within two miles. In the moonlight you can see the stablemen carefully housing for the night the choice Jersey and Swiss cattle; for our firm is quite too recently from New York to have lost its faith in blood and pedigree. Not yet has it been seriously affected by the Western passion for numbers rather than for quality, for so many "head" rather than so many "registered." Ten thousand sheep and five hundred cattle they will have, of course; but the Enthusiast insists upon "pure Atwoods," while the Millionaire and the Man of Leisure would scorn to belong to any firm that did not appreciate "registered" Jerseys.

When at last you seek the little Eastlake bedroom, it will be, I think, with the intention of leaving for the East by the earliest morning train; only, however, that you may gather together your Lares and Penates to return to Kansas as soon as possible, that you too may become an early settler before it is too late.



AT END.

AT end of Love, at end of Life,
At end of Hope, at end of Strife,
At end of all we cling to so,
The sun is setting—must we go?

At dawn of Love, at dawn of Life,
At dawn of Peace that follows Strife,
At dawn of all we long for so,
The sun is rising—let us go!

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BERGEDORF, FROM THE DIKE.

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

III.—THE DESCENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the suggestiveness of the name, a fiord may be a commonplace and unattractive inlet. The Lym-Fiord, though not without interest, has no natural features which made our first voyage on a fiord particularly memorable. The Great South Bay, on Long Island, is quite as picturesque, although its name be purely descriptive of size and location, and not inspiring to writers of poetry and fiction. Still, we thought the very fact of being on an actual fiord was of some interest in itself, and on the beautiful summer day we spent between Aalborg and Thisted we were more happy and harmonious than would be expected of three disappointed artists in search of the unpainted picturesque. The fiord was as calm as a Venetian laguna. The sails of the boats, the lazy little towns (all wharf and warehouse), the rare trees, the low hills, and the summer sky were perfectly reflected in the smooth water, except where the wake of the steamboat shivered the surface into a broad band of quivering ripplets. The fiord is so shallow that a large part of it is not navigable, and at one place the dikes of an English land-reclaiming company have inclosed a goodly extent, and the pumping works, which are to transform a great shoal into arable land, have already been built. Lögstör, Aggersund, Nykjöbing—all these names look most attractive on the map, but with the exception of an old church at the last-mentioned place there is no noteworthy architecture in any of them. On the map of Long Island, Patchogue, Mattituck, and Setauket look as though they must be picturesque relics of the pioneer period, and there is almost as much attractive antiquity in these towns as in the villages on the Lym-Fiord. The truth of the matter is that the Danes are too enterprising, and have the modern commercial spirit too highly developed, for the nation to hold a second place in general civilization. The same mental and physical characteristics which once made them the masters of northwestern Europe still distinguish them, and their energy and activity, now directed to the cultivation of the arts of peace and to the internal improvement of their country, place them among the most highly cultured people in the world. Our relations with the people were, without exception, agreeable. At railway stations and in hotels volunteer interpreters frequently helped unravel the tangle of attempted conversation, and the courtesy was offered with such grace and good feeling that, even when it was unnecessary to take assistance, we accepted it for the sake of the one who so politely tendered it.

The Lym-Fiord and its branches divide northern Jutland into several islands of irregular shape. A triweekly passenger steamer connects all the ports, and there are few towns of importance which do not have railway communication with the south. The character of this extreme end of Jutland, as we saw it from the steamer on the Lym-Fiord, varies from east to west to correspond with the difference between

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the Cattegat and the North Sea. The former, a well-sheltered, land-locked gulf, washes pleasant beaches bordered by gentle slopes and sand dunes, while the boisterous North Sea dashes its breakers at the bogs abound all over Jutland, and the cutting and stacking of peat is the only visible industry in a very large territory. The churches are the only noteworthy architectural features, and indeed it is on the



GARDENERS IN VIERLANDE.

foot of high cliffs, and a stunted, hardy vegetation clings with difficulty to the summits of wind-swept hills. Trees are scarce in all northern Jutland, although the rest of the peninsula is well wooded and fertile. North of the Lym-Fiord we saw scarcely enough trees to make a day's fire for an Adirondack sportsman. Peat churches alone that may be found specimens of the characteristic construction and ornamentation which mark a distinct artistic period in the history of Denmark. Barren, inhospitable structures they are, too, most of them. The people, like the New-Englanders, have generally erected the houses of worship on the most exposed

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GOING TO MARKET.

point in the landscape, where the winter blasts and the summer sun make it alike uncomfortable the year round. A weather-beaten stone church on a barren hill-top in Jutland is, next to the sepulchral structures of the New England coast, the most forbidding of all religious edifices.

We left the steamer at the little town of Thisted, the most northwesterly village of Jutland, and took a mail-train down the island until we came to the fiord again, where, crossing the narrow inlet by a ferry, we again took the railway through Holstebrö southward to Esbjerg. At the latter town we had a faint and forlorn hope that we might find what we were after. Our movements were accelerated now by two causes: first, the certainty that we would profit by a quick return to Hamburg, where we had found a perfectly satisfactory picturesqueness; and second, the near exhaustion of our cash, letters of credit having been useless since our departure from Copenhagen.

After the dreary hill-sides of North Jutland, the rich meadows and luxuriant foliage of Schleswig were a welcome change in the view. Even the landscapist, who was

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usually tormented by an unsatisfied longing for a gray quality of tone in the landscape, which exists only at certain hours and under certain atmospheric conditions, fairly basked in the green reflections from the brilliant sun-lit foliage, and never once complained, as was his wont, "Good for farmers, but too crude for painters." On that short railway trip our spirits rose wonderfully. This was undeniably the effect of the rapid descent from the ambitious flight in search of primitive picturesqueness. Neither of us having any idea of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulties, we never knew what we were missing in the way of historical sight-seeing as we rumbled swiftly past sightly towns and fertile farms. Whatever the *casus belli* might have been, Schleswig-Holstein certainly is a country worth fighting for and worth keeping. For a campaign, no more agreeable picnic ground could be imagined.

We reached the hotel in Hamburg at ten o'clock in the evening, and settled down there with inexpressible satisfaction at the termination of our flight, and at the eradication of the desire for exploration which had led us such a chase.

Hamburg, notwithstanding the modernization since the great fire of 1842, is more interesting and picturesque than any other sea-port of Germany, except Lübeck. The tortuous streets of the old quarter, the maze of narrow canals that intersect the town in all directions, the



FLOWER GIRLS OF VIERLANDE.

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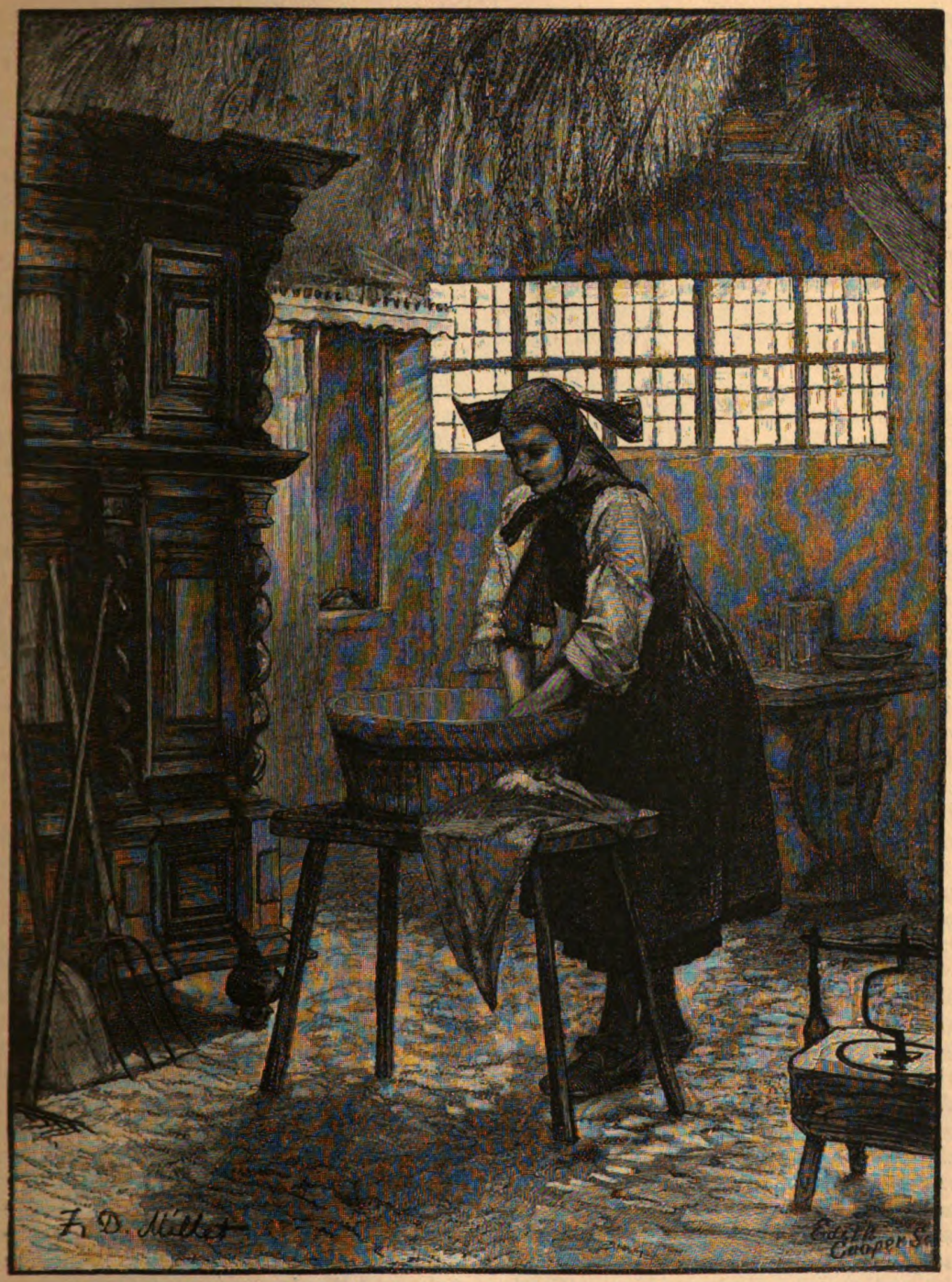
imposing rows of Hanseatic houses, give it a character which generations of modern improvement will not obliterate. In the arrangement of its parks, and of the great water basins, which add so much to the attractiveness of the town as a place of residence, the inhabitants have displayed a spirit of enterprise quite transatlantic in scope. Indeed, signs of American influence are prominent on all sides. Even the centre-board cat-boat has been imported to decorate the intermural lakes with its swan-like hull and spotless sails. The American visitor is continually surprised by the familiar look of various objects of use and luxury which the Hamburgers have readily adopted as their own.

In the market-place, where we had seen the picturesque peasantry of Vierlande on our previous visit, we readily found plenty of communicative country women, who supplied the guide-book deficiencies with voluble descriptions in Platt-Deutsch of the natural charms of their province. We had been on a wild-goose chase of some weeks' duration, and were anxious to settle down and browse awhile. We therefore followed the directions of a talkative old flower-seller, and took the train for Bergedorf, a small village a dozen miles east of Hamburg. We might have searched for the rest of the season and not found so attractive a resting-place. It is an old-time village, with its château, its church, its sixteenth-century inns, and a confused jumble of decrepit dwellings of every period, supporting each other in rows which look as if they would fall like cards if one of them were removed. A restful quiet has settled on the town. Except at morning and evening, when the peasants pass through on their way to and from the railway station, there is little or no clatter of carts. The growing activity of the near sea-port and the contagion of improvement have not yet fastened upon the village, although the railway has long since supplanted the diligence and the market wagon. In the old inn, which for two hundred and fifty years had been kept by the same family, there was an air of privacy and domestic comfort which made us hesitate before we asked whether we could be accommodated with lodgings there. Once installed, we became members of the family, and everything that belonged to the house was at our disposal.

Bergedorf is the chief town of the little province of Vierlande, which, with all its villages and farms, counts no more than 1500 inhabitants, scattered over a territory of about forty square miles. The province is made up of four great polders inclosed by dikes, which keep out the waters of the Elbe and its tributaries, which intersect the valley at this point. These polders correspond in a measure to townships, each having its village, with church and school-house, and each distinguished by different customs and peculiarities of costume. In productiveness they rival the most famous gardens of Holland. Quite distinct from the surrounding country by reason of its peculiar situation, Vierlande is looked upon by its neighbors as a semi-foreign territory, and this idea is encouraged by the remarkable dress of the Vierlanders, and their quaint language, which few of the neighboring people can well understand.

By the time we had reached Vierlande the joint *patois* which our party spoke had been so much mangled and adulterated that we could pretty well make ourselves understood anywhere, but especially in any place where good German was at a discount. We started out, therefore, to interview the Vierlanders, armed with that amount of confidence in our language which assured success at the start. The road into Vierlande leads along the top of a dike overlooking the meadows below. A mile or more beyond Bergedorf the dike loses itself among the luxuriant growth of fruit and shade trees which cover the country. Tall hedges border the road, which is now shaded by interlaced branches of the great trees which hold the banks of the dike firmly by their spreading roots. Through the openings in the hedges we got glimpses of beautiful garden plots, with great beds of tulips, dahlias, lilies-of-the-valley, and a wilderness of rose bushes. Apricot-trees were bent by the weight of the yellow fruit; the great apple-trees, with fresh smooth bark denoting perfect vigor and health, promised a harvest dangerous to their slender limbs. In this paradise of flowers and fruit we saw quaint old men solemnly stalking about, peering among the bushes, poking with their canes among the flower beds, killing insects, and frightening away voracious birds. Very Rip van Winkle-like they were in appearance. Their small-clothes were of rusty black velveteen, and their thin shanks dis-

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A VIERLANDE INTERIOR.

appeared in clumsy shoes. A long waistcoat with a profusion of silver buttons, half concealed by a shapeless long-sleeved jacket, hung over the hips. In the faces of these old men, the guardians of the harvest, we saw lines indicating prosperity and contentment. They were evidently of a different stock from the farmers beyond the dikes, who, equally hard-working but less intelligent, have remained in a state of comparative poverty. After a life of successful toil, these old men, surrounded by their families and by the visible fruits of their la-

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bor, pass their last days in comfort and peace. They want for nothing, their self-imposed task of watching the gardens is more pleasant than burdensome, and an easy-chair by the fire-place is always reserved for their use. Only a successful farmer can look forward to such a happy end.

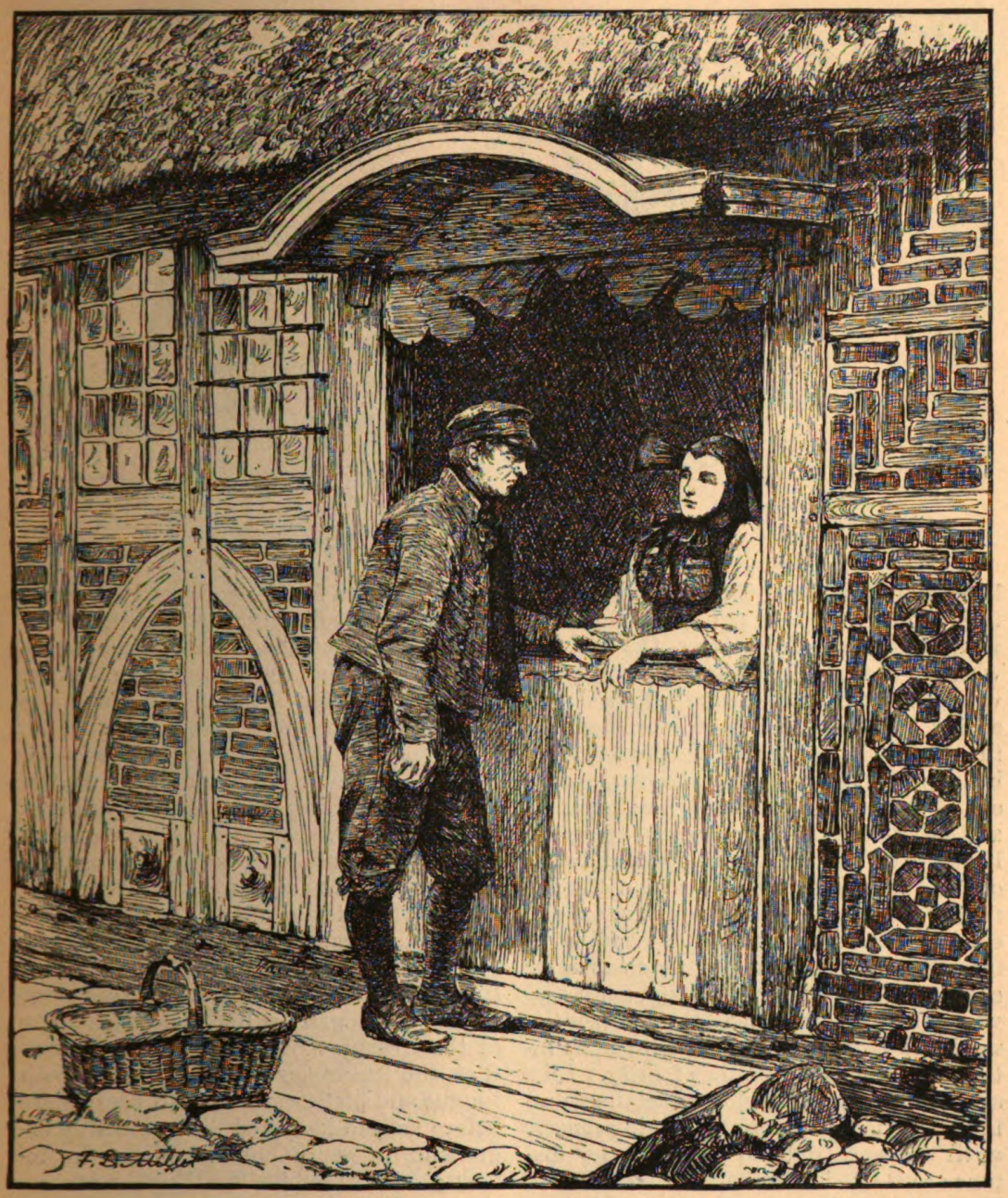
Fairly in the heart of this paradise we stopped to watch one of the old men, who, with two women, was busy at a flower bed. It was not a dramatic scene, but there was a rare charm about it, and we stood there quietly observing them, half ashamed of being spectators of a group which seemed to have been forgotten by Time in his march. Three centuries had not altered the cut of their garments nor the shape of their garden tools. At last the queer little man turned his twinkling eyes upon the three faces peering through the hedge, smiled and nodded pleasantly, and said something, which we dutifully pretended to understand. He then came up on the dike and led the way to an adjoining house, and we went in with him. The woman there greeted us as if we were old acquaintances, and we were placed at a table and beer was put before us. Then the old man quietly went away to his work again, leaving us to wonder why he had led us thither, but glad enough that the ice had been broken and the way seemed open for an acquaintance with these quaint people.

We were in a little room all oak-panelled, and lighted by a row of windows with small panes which filled one side of the room. Doors in the panelling, hung with curiously wrought iron hinges, opened into cupboards where glasses and dishes were kept. The oaken table, constructed after the pattern of two centuries ago, was worn thin with constant scrubbing, and was still damp from the morning's bath of soap and sand. The chairs we sat in soon attracted our notice, for they were of a style corresponding with the date of the table, beautiful in design, and bearing on the back a marquetry panel with figures, ornaments, and a name and date. The sight of these chairs started in the bric-à-brac collector the mania which had lain dormant since our flight from Denmark. He began to get unhappy, and to long for a chance to purchase something. As no one seemed to pay any attention to us except a poor bedridden man who occupied a berth in the wall between two rooms, so arranged that he could slide the panels on either side, and shut himself out of sight, we started to explore the house.

The building itself, though not as large and as rich architecturally as some we had seen along the dike, was, nevertheless, a typical Vierlande dwelling. A great hall or common room ran across the house, dividing it into two distinct parts. The portion next the dike was devoted to the family apartments, while the rear served as barn and farm building generally. The great common room had no floor except hard trampled earth. A huge fire-place with great closets for smoking occupied nearly all the wall against the living-rooms, and around this fire-place all the domestic labors went on. One woman washed clothes in a tub as large and as strong as a tank; another, seated beside a rude mill, made quite like the mill of the Bible, was patiently grinding something for the evening meal; a third was engaged at the dye-pot, which, like the similar utensil of our grandmothers, stood in the corner of the fire-place. Ranged against the wall on either side stood great chests, marvels of curious workmanship, inlaid with colored woods, bound with brass and beaten iron, all kept in perfect order. High oaken cabinets black with age and smoke were brushed by the hay straggling from the mow above. The rococo carving contrasted strangely with the rough and dingy partition behind. The chairs which we thought at first very unique we now found to be as common as cane-bottomed chairs in New England country houses. In various stages of decrepitude, they represented the family history for a century or more. It has always been the custom in Vierlande for a bride and bridegroom each to have a chair made for the installation of the new house. The bride's chair is lower and more delicate in shape than that of the groom, but it is of the same style, and like its mate bears the name of the possessor and the date of the marriage ceremony. These wedding chairs are preserved with great care, and are rarely if ever parted with except long after the death of the original owners. The Vierlande housewife by constant scrubbing wears the legs round and smooth, but the inlaid work is kept carefully polished.

The secret of the old man's interest was out when three or four natives came into

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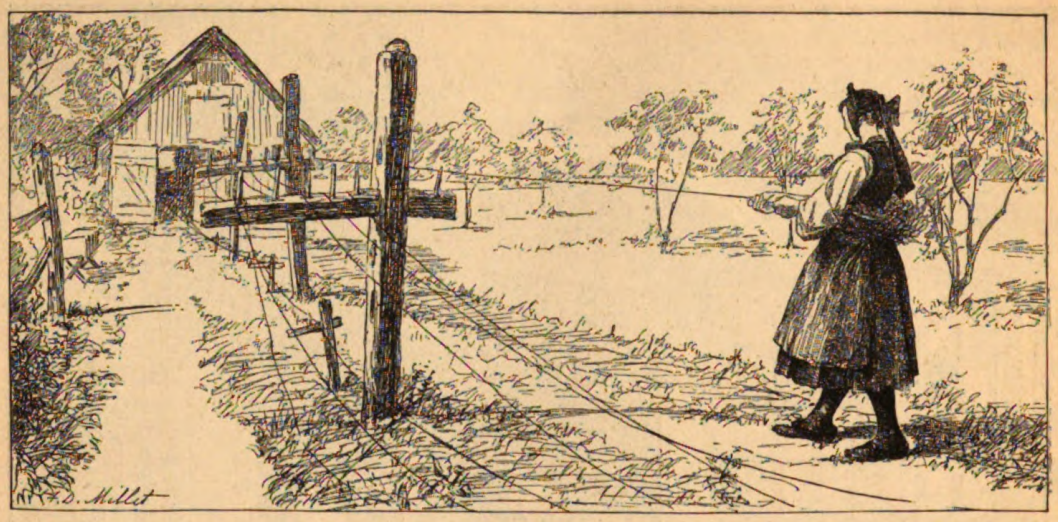


A FRIENDLY CALL.

the house and called for beer. We were in one of the inns of the district. On inquiry we found that they furnished meals, but not lodgings. The landlady said that the nearest place where we could pass the night was Bergedorf, so we were obliged to give up our half-formed plan of taking up our quarters in the interior of the province. Our extravagant orders for beer for the new-comers so won the heart of the landlady that she volunteered to show us the treasures of her house, apologizing that they were meagre enough beside the store of some of her neighbors. Before we went with her, however, we took our luncheon, and she placed before the three of us four dozen hard-boiled eggs freshly cooked.

In a cool, dark, musty-smelling room, the counterpart of a New England parlor, she spread before us the holiday dresses of

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A ROPE-WALK.

herself and family. The straw hats that look like inverted tin pans; the skull-cap with the great silken bows, the ends of which, a foot or more long, are varnished with gum-arabic and carefully shaped; the curiously pleated and embroidered apron; the heavy, short petticoat; the barbaric bodice; the stockings; shoes; silver brooches and clasps, like ancient fibulæ; kerchiefs and knick-knacks—were all piled up proudly before us, proving the diligence and skill of the sweet-faced woman whom the illness of her husband had kept in what she called comparative poverty. Leading us into the attic, she showed us chest after chest of bed-linen and clothing, spun and woven by her own hand. From under the smoky rafters she drew little precious inlaid boxes, heirlooms of her family. Like any Yankee farmer's wife she sat there and indulged in picturesque reminiscences, until we were obliged to offer the distance to Bergedorf as an excuse for haste. Her great grief was not the incurable condition of her husband, for years had dulled the edge of that sorrow, but she was mournfully eloquent over the degeneracy of the present generation, which led the young people to substitute Hamburg textiles and garments for the homespun and home-made articles of attire, of which every Vierlande woman should be proud. She spoke very good German, and we only lost the drift of her lament when the climax of her discouragement was reached, and she deplored the fact that many of the young people were discarding the Vierlande costume for the awkward garments which did not distinguish them from the Germans around them. Her pride of race was very strong, her appreciation of the superior qualities of her own people quite beyond argument or contradiction.

It was thus that we began to study the people and their surroundings. Laden with our sketching materials, we wandered like *Handwerksburschen* from house to house, and in one way or another usually managed to get acquainted with the people, see the interior of the houses, and inspect the treasures. Such a possible field for the bric-à-brac hunter and the Hebrew furniture dealer had never met our eyes. When we began to try to acquire some of the treasures ourselves, we found out that the Hamburg dealer with smooth tongue and plethoric purse had been there before us, and had used his persuasive arguments in every house. With the tenacity with which the New England farmer now clings to each piece of apocryphal Chippendale, these sentimental and shrewd peasants long since began to hold fast to their effects until they should find an eager purchaser. The Vierlanders are too wide-awake not to understand the market value of their heirlooms, as well as the selling price of their produce. Then, too, they really enjoy the luxury of possessing artistic furniture, and can afford this luxury, for richer farmers do not till the ground in Europe. The unparalleled fertility of the polders, the proximity to great markets, and the inherited industry and skill of

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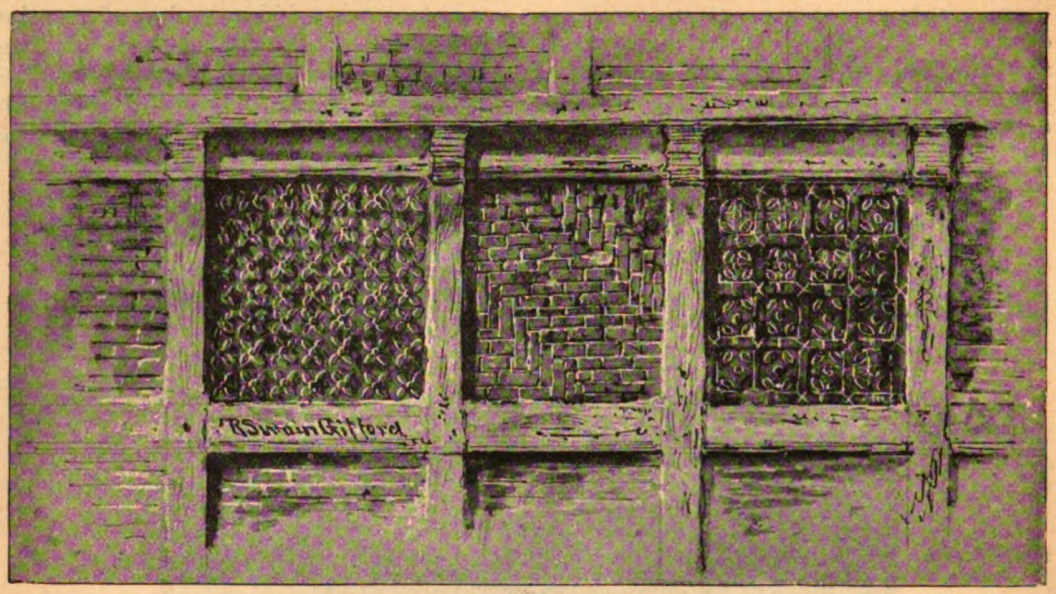
these people give them every advantage over all competitors, and secure to them a reputation which is in itself a fortune. Flowers from the Vierlande gardens decorate the tables at court festivities in St. Petersburg and Berlin, and the early vegetables from the sheltered beds under the dikes find their way to all the great Northern cities. A world by itself, Vierlande might exist within its own dikes. Rope-walks in which women spin the long cords used in tying the baskets of vegetables show to what extent this province is independent of its neighbors. The people have their own mills, their own manufactories, and depend on the outside world for little besides the luxuries and a few necessities like the metals. The society lines are as sharply drawn in this little world as in other communities where the rigid conventionalities of the Middle Ages have come down with the costume and speech of that period. When a wedding takes place between parties of different districts, the new-comer must adopt the dress and the customs of the new residence. Outside alliances are discouraged, and have been hitherto exceedingly rare.



A VIERLANDE FARM-HOUSE.

If a Garden of Eden can exist in that latitude, Vierlande certainly has superior claims to that title. Nothing lovelier can be imagined than a walk along the shady

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BRICK AND STUCCO WORK.

dikes, the air heavy with the perfume of flowers, the hum of bees and the twitter of birds making a sweet harmony of sound, enriched by the deep notes of the lowing of cattle knee-deep in the juicy grass. With the peace of nature there is the peace of a quiet-loving people. There is little of the Jan Steen spirit among them, and they appear to take their amusements, as they take their life burdens, with an equable temper and a sober head. That they have an innate love of the artistic and the beautiful is richly proved by the examples of carved, inlaid, and turned work which is so common in their furniture. In a still more conspicuous way is their taste displayed in the construction of their houses. These usually unite, as I have before said, the barn and the dwelling in one. They are built on the simple general plan of an oblong rectangle, sometimes twice the length of the width, and often measuring 75 by 150 feet in extent. The sides are always of one story, the great thatched roof stretching down from the high ridge-pole in an unbroken slope to within about ten feet of the ground. The number of stories at the end where the living-rooms are varies according to the taste of the builder, sometimes counting four or five distinct floors. The thatch is always brought down over the gable end, either as a separate roof to form a wide, protecting shelter for the end windows, or else forming a hip of the main roof. The thatch is a marvel of excellent workmanship, as true and as unbroken as a billiard table. No chimneys break the level line of the ridge or the broad expanse of the sides. Crossed boards, curiously carved, like dragons or in scroll-work, adorn the ends of the ridge-pole, and give an almost barbaric finish to the structure. The walls of the houses are of timber and brick fantastically combined, making patterns varied both by the shapes of the timbers and by the arrangement of the bricks. Every conceivable design that can be worked out with the brick in its original or its modified shape is distinctly shown by the mortar lines. One of the stories usually projects over those below, giving an opportunity for the carving of the timber ends, which is not often neglected. Neither does the great beam which supports the upper part lack for carving, for on this is often seen long inscriptions, some of which are very curious.

These imposing farm-houses, palatial in size if not in structure, are usually as neat and as fresh in the interior as the churns which dry in the sun by the buttery hatch. They are not, however, altogether as comfortable as they are imposing. Either the fear of fire or the dictates of long-established custom forbid anything like a chimney to be attached to the kitchen or the tiled stoves. The smoke

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makes its way into an upper story, and thence to the outside air through the windows or chinks in the wall, blackening the timber and brick work, and perfuming the whole house with the odor of burning peat. No one seemed able to give a satisfactory reason why chimneys were not quite as safe as and much more comfortable than this primitive method of disposing of the smoke. Considering the fact that the farm stock live under the same roof, the family rooms are surprisingly sweet and wholesome. No visitor would suspect the proximity of a herd of cattle, a drove of pigs, and a flock of fowl. Some of the richest of the farmers add spacious out-buildings, but these are used for store-barns for grain and hay, and the pleasant family relations with the animals always continue under the domestic roof.



INTERIOR OF CHURCH IN VIERLANDE.

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The churches of Vierlande do not indicate a strong religious sentiment among the people, but point rather to a lax Protestantism. They are, in comparison with the surroundings, shabby and poverty-stricken. Neither of them has any pretensions to architectural style, and they all have a dilapidated, neglected appearance. The interiors are in the highest degree unique, and even bizarre. Wall decorations there are none, unless the painting of the wooden galleries and the doors with staring red and green be called decoration. The taste and mechanical skill of the church-goers had been expended in one of the churches we visited on the elaboration and enrichment of the wood and iron work of the family pews. The whole body of this church is crowded with high narrow stalls of uncomfortable proportions. Doors, pilasters, and panels have served successive generations since the first part of last century with a field for the exercise of artistic skill in carving, inlaying, and fancy painting. The result is a perfect museum of decoration of various periods and every style. The family name and the date of ownership are all prominent features of the pew decorations. Coats of arms worked out with conscientious elaboration also furnish themes for fantastic illustration. The strangest decoration of all is the curious tree-like ornaments of wrought iron which rise from the end of every pew and at intervals along the back rail. These are very elaborate in design, evidently the *chefs-d'œuvre* of native blacksmithing. They are partly gilded and partly painted, and the reason for these prominent appendages is not at first apparent. They are, in fact, individual hat trees, and during service they are hung with the head-gear of the male portion of the congregation.

Many of the domestic interiors which we saw in the course of our wanderings would be worthy a place in almost any museum. One in particular is entirely panelled in oak, beautifully carved, and bears the date of 1687. Great panels of Dutch tiles, a stove of the same material, and a floor of the original red tiles of Low Country manufacture make the room harmonious in style and beautiful in color. A quaint old lady, who readily consented to stand as model, and put the whole household in a flurry to dress her quickly in her holiday costume, was an accessory to the furniture neither uninteresting nor insignificant. From this same old lady, who became communicative as the sketches advanced, we gleaned the only intelligent tradition of the origin of the Vierlanders.

"More than ten generations ago," she said, "my ancestors emigrated from North Holland, bringing with them all their household goods. That cabinet, those two chairs, and all those dishes were brought from Holland as long ago as the time when this polder was only a marsh where the salt sea ebbed and flowed. Our costumes are Dutch, and our language resembles the sweet speech of the Netherlanders. No, we are not Germans. We are Vierlanders, and we always shall be." She crooned away the same old mediæval melodies which old people still sing in Friesland:

"To the eastward let us wander;
To the eastward let us away;
Straight over the fresh green meadows:
There can we in peace ever stay."

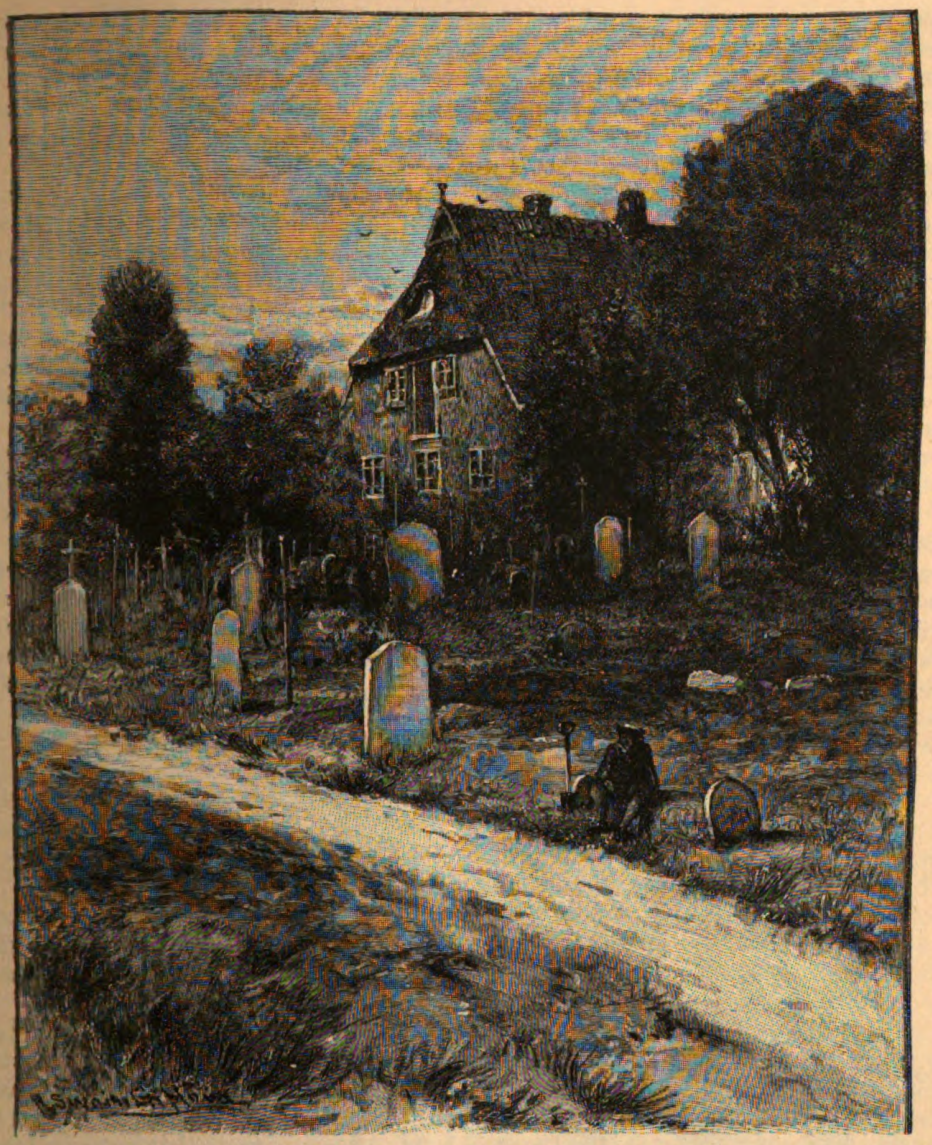
The music and the unmistakable accent of the Dutch were better proof of the accuracy of the tradition than a volume of history.

This simple-hearted old body took our interest in the Vierlanders as a personal compliment, and her motherly hospitality knew no bounds. We lingered and lingered until late in the afternoon before we started for home.

When we left the house there were signs of a storm, and the darkness was fast increasing. We knew the way just well enough to think that we were more familiar with it than we actually were. The distance to Bergedorf was like a Cape Cod league—short enough if the pedestrian be fresh and without a burden, but of discouraging length to tired legs and laden shoulders. As we went along the dike under the overarching trees the branches sighed and creaked, and as the rising wind gained strength, leaves were swept off, and with the first great drops of rain fell all around us.

In our previous walks we had taken a cross-cut through the meadows from one part of the dike to another, and when we had made this journey after dark had always cheered ourselves on the latter part of the way by speculating on the lights of Bergedorf, which twinkled hospitably under the hills in the distance. On the dark and rainy evening in question, when

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CORNER OF A GRAVE-YARD IN VIERLANDE.

we came to the spot where, as we thought, we usually went down the dike to strike the cart path which led across the meadows, we went confidently down the bank, and soon came to a path half full of water, which led off into the darkness. We splashed along this hopefully, passed groups of dripping pollarded willows, caught glimpses of dark masses of cattle crowded near the gates—on and on, until it seemed as if we had walked for two hours. We saw no lights, but we reasoned that the rain was so violent that we could not see far. The country was not large, anyway, we thought; we must come to the hills or to the river before very long. According to our former experience, we should have seen the lights of Bergedorf—nay, even been clattering along its roughly paved streets—within a half-hour after leaving the dike. At last, after we were becoming confused as to our position, a low flickering light was visible in front of us, and as we approached it with quickened pace we saw still farther away a long row of twinkling points in the horizon. Of course that must be our destination, although we could hardly understand how we could have walked so far and made so little progress.

While we were speculating on this we

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ran plump into a great gate, and before us loomed up in the obscurity the immense masses of farm buildings and huge haystacks. A chorus of dogs followed our attempts to open the gate. The door of the house opened, and the figure of a woman was seen in black silhouette against a glowing interior. We shouted our inquiries to her, and she, trying all the while to calm the angry dogs, shouted her answers back.

"Which way do we go to reach Bergedorf?"

"Along the—down! down! I say!—road—down!—to the dike.—Can't you be still, stupids?—Then along the dike to—oh, you beasts!—to the village." Then whack! whack! with a stick among the dogs.

"But we have just come from the dike," we remonstrated. "Isn't that row of lights behind the house Bergedorf?"

"No!—you ugly brutes! quiet, I say! —That's Hamburg."

We had come along a side path parallel with the river leading to this remote farmhouse, nearly half-way to the city. We retraced our steps the best we could to the dike again, and did not leave it until its ruts mingled with the muddy side streets of Bergedorf.

The storm was still continuing the next day, and the day after. On the third morning, seeing no signs of a change in the weather, we grew despondent.

"Boys," said the landscapist, "if we stay here any longer, we'll have to send to Hamburg and get some oil-colors, for water-colors are unseasonable in this district. The elements are against us."

"Oh, let's skip!" ventured the walking dictionary of slang. "Dry Vierlanders are good enough for any one, but wet ones don't suit me."

And "skip" we did, leaving the besodden meadows and the drenched gardens with less regret, now that the season of sunshine was past, and the perfect days in the flowery paradise seemed no longer possible.

AT THE RED GLOVE.



CHAPTER XXXI.

STARLIGHT.

"YOU are not coming with us," Madame Carouge said, and there was tender reproach in her eyes.

Engemann pressed her hand and whispered, "I will be with you later."

And now as he stood looking after the carriage as it drove away from the gates of the Schänzli he felt a strange mixture of relief and perplexity; at last he was free from the spell which had kept him beside the widow, he was free to think over all that had happened. But there were still several lingerers near the entrance gates, and he turned back into the gardens, for he wanted to be alone.

He found the walk beside the terrace already deserted, and going a little way across the grass which bordered it, he flung himself on a bench under the trees. Here at least he was safe from intrusion; the trees overhead increased the gloom around him, and he sighed with a pleasant sense of freedom as he leaned back against the tree trunk to which the bench was fixed, and clasped his hands behind his head.

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Engemann had lived very much alone, and he was not quick-witted; both these causes made it difficult for him to disentangle his thoughts when with others. The glow of feeling which he had experienced beside Madame Carouge had created a mental disturbance, a sort of chaos, which he longed to set in order.

His first idea was that he had gone too far with her to draw back. Well, let it be so; what did it matter now? Then, as the events of the evening passed in review before him, he started up from his seat and began to walk up and down; he frowned, and it was easy to see that he was suffering mentally. But he turned resolutely from the thought of Marie, and seated himself once more on the bench.

"I do not wish to draw back"—his thoughts went on to Madame Carouge and her tenderness. "I care quite enough for her to make her a good husband, and I believe she cares for me. If I can make her happy, that is all that is necessary to such a plain man as I am."

He must speak out plainly this evening. He wished there could have been a longer delay. Though Marie was nothing to him, yet—

"I was a fool to come here," he cried out. "This stillness makes the bitterness worse. Oh, Marie, can you be false and worldly, when you look as pure and true as an angel might? How is one to believe in anything?" The poor fellow groaned in his anguish. Marie's sweet face rose before him as he had seen it last at the Red Glove, with that look of pathetic entreaty in her soft gray eyes. "I will not believe it," cried he. "She is honest; she is true. There has been some terrible mistake. If Marie is deceitful, then no woman can be true"....

He remained dumb while a tempest of sorrow swept over him; and then came reaction. Reality asserted itself, reminded him of Marie smiling in the captain's face, and blushing with pleasure at his admiration.

"Good heavens," the young fellow said, furiously, "how could she bear it?"

It was easier now to go back to Madame Carouge. Yes, he had gone too far to delay; he had perhaps compromised her; he must marry her. And then his lower nature came to help him, called up the image of the beautiful woman who had shown him such favors and revealed sweet possibilities of love in those deep passionate eyes. Then, too, she could remove all anxiety from his life; she could give him ease and comfort, the means of travelling—a wish so near his heart that he let his thoughts go out to it gladly as to an escape from the miserable thoughts which he knew would return.

All at once he thought he heard a voice among the trees. Rudolf listened, but all was again silent. Overhead, the stars were beginning to show themselves large and luminous, shining with a pure peaceful light that calmed him. He sat gazing at them, and he felt more peaceful, less bitter toward Marie.

"I do not know why I call the poor child false," he said. "I never asked for her love; I never even said a word of love to her. Ah, but," he said, impetuously, "I did not hide what I felt for her, and she—well, her eyes told me more than she knew, if they spoke truly."

He got up again and paced up and down on the grass, angry with his own weakness; he knew that he had himself recalled the temptation. The only safety would be in putting a barrier between him and his love for Marie.

"What am I about?" his thoughts went on. "I have no right even to think of Marie; I belong to another woman. What I have to do is to marry her and make her happy." He set his teeth defiantly, and then he laughed. "One impression effaces another," he said. "I suppose people will say I am a very lucky fellow. Well, perhaps I am. She is rich and beautiful, and she loves me. I dare say I shall soon forget this evening, or think of it as a foolish dream. There! it is done with. I am due at the Hôtel Beauregard."

He said this sturdily enough, but he did not at once turn toward the entrance gate. He again paced up and down, striving for calm and for relief from the bitterness which made the duty he had set himself so distasteful.

"I should have staid with Madame Carouge," he said, angrily, "and then she would have kept me fascinated, and left me no time to think in. Well, I'll marry her as soon as she likes, and then all this folly will pass out of remembrance."

But still he kept pacing up and down.

"What is that?" He stopped. "Is any one in there?" he called out. He peered in among the trees. There was certainly a noise; it sounded like a woman sobbing. He stood still, listening with strained ears.

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"'WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?' HE SAID AT LAST."

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"Ah," he said; and as a louder sob reached him he turned into the darkness under the trees. As he advanced he made out a figure on a seat placed against the outside fence. It was a woman, for her light gown showed distinctly. His steps sounded on the twigs and dead leaves, and as the figure raised its head the sobbing ceased.

"It is a woman in trouble," Engemann said. "Poor soul—but she will get locked in. I will tell her she must not stay here."

By this time he had reached the seat, and he felt puzzled how to act. The woman kept her head turned away, as if, like the ostrich, she thought this would shield her from discovery; and indeed it was too dark to see her face, the trees formed so thick a canopy.

Engemann bent down. "Madame," he said, gently, "I beg your pardon. You do not know, perhaps, that the gardens will soon be closed for the night."

There was a sudden start, but there was no answer, and he waited. He began to distinguish better as his eyes accustomed themselves to the gloom, and he saw that she clasped her fingers tightly together.

"You are in trouble." Engemann felt strangely moved by this deep sorrow before him. "Can I be of use to you?"

"Please go away—you can not help me," came in a broken voice.

But he recognized it. The shock of his surprise struck him dumb, He stood thrilled with strong emotion, unable to believe that he had really heard Marie's voice.

"What does this mean?" he said at last; then, stooping, he took hold of her arm, drew her up from the seat, and then, too much moved to care for anything but certainty, he hurried her out of the shadow of the trees to the open space, where it was lighter. Then, as he held her by both hands, the better light showed him her pale, tear-stained face, which she sought vainly to hide from his gaze. "Mademoiselle Peyrolles," he said, severely, "what does this mean? Why are you here alone? Where is Captain Loigerot?"

As he said the name he let go her hands, and they fell straight beside her.

"I do not know; I do not care. Go away, monsieur. I wish to be alone."

She spoke sullenly, and turned to go back among the trees.

"You can not stay here alone," he said. "I will take you out of the gardens, and then, if you wish it, I will leave you, or I will take you home."

"I have no home," she said, in the same sullen voice. Then she ran back among the trees, and he heard that she was sobbing again.

Engemann stood for a moment irresolute; then he went after her. She had not gone far; he found her leaning against a tree, sobbing and quivering with anguish, for indeed it seemed to her that she had become an outcast; it did not signify what happened to her now.

Her distress softened him. "Poor child," he said, "you have lost your friends. You had better go home at once. Or shall I"—he could hardly get the words out—"shall I go and find Captain Loigerot and Madame Bobineau, and send them to you?"

She turned to him and held out her hands beseechingly. "No, no; for pity's sake, monsieur, do not tell them where I am. I will never see either of them again."

A sudden glow of hope spread over Engemann.

"Marie"—he caught her hands passionately in his—"what do you mean? Which is the truth? Are you the girl I saw just now smiling on the captain's arm? or are you really feeling this sorrow? Which is your true self? What has changed you in this short time?"

Marie drew her hands away, but she checked her tears.

"I have not changed, monsieur; indeed I always try to be true," she said, in a broken voice.

"Then why did you promise yourself to Captain Loigerot?"

Marie looked up at him in surprise; he had forgotten everything but her presence; but she remembered quite well that he was engaged to marry Madame Carouge, and that she must not betray her feelings to him.

"What could I do?—Madame Bobineau had arranged it," she said, quietly.

"Then you did not care for him?"

She longed to say Yes—this would end his questioning—but she could not. "No, monsieur; I was very unhappy."

"And yet you agreed to marry him," he said, severely. "Oh, Marie!" he went on, passionately, "you knew—you must have seen that I loved you." She started violently. "And just because that old man is rich you agreed to marry him without giving me a chance."

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"You—loved—me!" broke from her in tones of wonder. She hesitated; then she raised her eyes to his. "I was told you loved some one else, and then—"

"And then?" He had taken her hand again.

"And then nothing seemed to signify to me," the poor child said. Her face was hot with shame, though she knew the darkness hid it.

"Darling Marie," he whispered.

Marie was greatly frightened when she felt his arm round her waist, but she was very happy too. That strong arm was such a safe shield and resting-place; all trouble seemed to melt away at the touch of it.

"Darling Marie, my sweet one!" and he kissed her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CAPTAIN LEARNS THE TRUTH.

"AN irritable bachelor" is a common saying; but the fact that "a single man," as he is called, has no one with whom to share his troubles, ought to excuse the unwillingness with which he submits his back to the burden laid on it. Perhaps, too, having no legitimate "back" on which to lay the blame of disasters, he has a habit of bestowing it freely in all directions.

It is certain that by the time Captain Loigerot had reached the steep approach to the Schänzli he had considerably eased his mind by the amount of abuse, mingled with some unsavory epithets, which he, as he went along, bestowed on Madame Bobineau.

"It is indecent of her," he said, savagely, at last pulling himself up, and setting his hat firmly; "there is no other word for the conduct of an old woman who leaves a girl to run about alone in the dark. *Tonnerre!* what would have become of little Marie's character if I had not had presence of mind? Ah, that is a quality, Achille, that one makes acquaintance with when one comes suddenly on an ambush or a masked battery. *Ma foi!* when I remember— Well, well, I shall keep the girl amused with my stories one of these days, though, indeed, I—I shall not forgive her at once. No, no; she shall ask me to take pity on her. To run about alone in the dark! *Bon Dieu!* But then if the little rascal smiles at me with her sweet eyes and mouth, it will be all over with me in a moment; you must take care, Achille; you must keep a steady hand, and your eyes wide open, my friend— Hallo! stop! Who the devil— Why, Marie!" He had nearly rolled against Engemann, who was coming down the road with Marie on his arm. "*Sacré!* what have you been doing with mademoiselle, Monsieur Engemann?"

Then he stood, choked and silenced by his anger and surprise. But Marie snatched quickly at his right hand, and in spite of his resistance Engemann seized on the other.

"Pardon, monsieur," Marie said.

"Monsieur," said Engemann, "you have been badly used, and it has been my fault—"

"No, no, monsieur," Marie interrupted; "it was my fault; I was much the worst. You have been deceived. I—I can not marry you, monsieur."

"Deceived! Can not marry me!" The captain pulled his hands roughly away; he stood gasping for breath, his legs spread apart till they looked like a large inverted V. "Deceived!" he puffed out, angrily; "it is you who are deceived, mademoiselle; you have promised yourself to me with the consent of your guardian, and you are not of age; therefore you can not take back that promise."

"Listen, please to listen, monsieur."

"Do not touch me." He shook her off angrily. "You are a heartless girl."

But Marie clasped both hands round his arm. She did not feel shy of him now, for although he might perhaps part her from her lover, something told her he would not compel her to marry him if he knew that she loved Monsieur Engemann.

"Monsieur"—she looked frankly at him—"you are very angry with me, and I do not wonder; but indeed, monsieur, you should have been much more angry with me when I said I would marry you."

"Bah!" Loigerot turned away his head. It was much lighter out here on the road than it had been under the trees in the Schänzli, and Marie saw that he had turned a deep red, and his ears looked the color of a peony.

"Monsieur," she went on, "be pitiful; do not judge me too hardly; and—and, monsieur, surely you can not care for a girl who does not love you—who never could love you."

"Then why did you consent?" but he did not trust himself to look at her, and he spoke in a blustering voice over his shoulder.

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Marie looked at her lover.

"Please to go a little back," she said to him, timidly. The girl began to feel that she had wronged this good kind man. Till now love and Captain Loigerot had seemed incompatible; she now felt that she had misjudged him, that she had been altogether selfish in regard to him. "Monsieur," she said, "listen to me: I will tell you the simple truth. I have been a thoughtless girl—heartless too, if you will; but indeed I did not mean to be. I—I never thought that you cared much for me. Madame Bobineau said you wanted a wife, and that I wanted a home, and—and that if I did not consent to marry you she would give me up, and that no one else would employ me. I was miserable, and I said 'Yes.' I have been very wrong, monsieur; but—but now I should be wicked if I were to marry you."

Something in the last words struck the captain: Engemann's silence had quieted his first suspicions: he turned round and looked at Marie.

"What do you mean?" he said, crossly; for the sight of her fair imploring face made his disappointment yet keener. "Do you mean, by chance, that you have a fancy for Monsieur Engemann?"

Marie hung her head, and made no answer.

"Did Madame Bobineau know this?" he said, savagely.

Marie's courage was nearly gone: his rude manner frightened her. She wished she had not asked her lover to go away.

"Madame Bobineau told me—I cared for Monsieur Engemann," she said; "but I—I never knew he cared for me till—till just now."

Loigerot swore loudly, and Marie drew back in alarm. Engemann came forward and stood beside her.

"Monsieur, you must not be angry with Marie. You must please listen to me. I have been a big blind fool, and have caused all this trouble. Instead of judging for myself, I believed what I was told. I thought Mademoiselle Marie cared for you, and I gave up in despair. We have all been deceived, but I have been a fool as well."

The captain stood still in the middle of the road twisting his mustache, and the young pair kept silence, like culprits awaiting their sentence. Loigerot continued to pull at his mustache unmercifully, but it brought him no aid in the shape of counsel. All at once he broke into a laugh—it was hardly cheerful, it sounded so derisive.

"You call yourself a fool, do you, monsieur? It seems to me you have known how to arrange matters to your own advantage. *I* was the fool to be persuaded into thinking of a wife so much younger than myself. Mademoiselle Marie, I forgive you. It seems to me you have been as hardly used by your cousin as I have, but I am not going to forgive her in a hurry. She has behaved shamelessly. She is an old—an old—devil," said the captain, in a burst of anger, "and I am going back to tell her so. Come with me, mademoiselle."

He looked at Marie as if he were not aware of Engemann's presence, but the young man caught his hand.

"You are a trump, captain," he said: "not one in a hundred would have been so generous."

Loigerot drew his hand away roughly. "I have nothing to do with you, monsieur. I do not consider you in this affair. What I shall do is for Mademoiselle Marie, and for her alone," he said, pompously.

"I feel that," Rudolf said, "and I feel, too, that only you, monsieur, have the power to shield her from Madame Bobineau's anger."

Loigerot shrugged his shoulders. "I make no promises, but I think I have power over the old woman. But with you, monsieur, I have nothing to do—absolutely nothing."

Then he turned his back on Engemann, and offered his arm to Marie.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am at your service, if you will do me the honor to accept any help I can give you. Come."

Marie had strained her courage to the utmost while she pleaded with the captain. Now she could hardly keep back her tears, and her fingers trembled so much as she placed them on his arm that he was touched with pity.

"Courage, mademoiselle! all shall go well," he said. He pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose violently.

Rudolf Engemann thought it was wiser to follow at a little distance, so that the sight of him should not irritate the captain. His old esteem for Loigerot had come back, and he felt implicit trust in him.

"Mademoiselle," said the captain, as they walked on, "I am very angry with

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Madame Bobineau, and I promise you I shall not spare her; but she has cause to be angry with you, and be sure she will not spare you. Two wrongs will never make one right, but I may be able to quiet her; she is too wise or crafty to quarrel with me. She knows on which side her bread the honey lies."

"Oh, thank you," said Marie; "you are very good to me, and I will pray that you may be rewarded for your kindness, and that you may soon find a girl more deserving than I am."

He broke into a hearty laugh.

"Not if I know it, my beauty! In truth, I am too old. This kind of thing is too much trouble for me. I was very well before I saw you, and in future I shall let well alone. Ah, here is the bridge! We shall find Madame Bobineau at the further end of it. Courage, my little girl; remember Achille Loigerot is your friend."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"RUN TO EARTH."

MADAME BOBINEAU had grown very tired of waiting.

"It is extremely dangerous," she grumbled to herself, "to sit here in the night air; it is enough to give one rheumatism. A plague upon girls, and men too! it is inconceivable what a trouble they are. Good Lord! that at my age I should be ordered about as if I were a school-girl!"

She tried to console herself with a large pinch of snuff; then she sat shivering and grumbling. Her thoughts soon went back to Marie. What could have become of the naughty, headstrong girl? It was incredible that she could have behaved so badly, though all girls were alike untrustworthy; still, she had been better than most of them till now.

The old woman had restrained her anger before the captain; but she felt furious at what she called Marie's base ingratitude. She did not believe that the girl was still in the gardens—but here Madame Bobineau found herself pulled up short in her meditations. Where could Marie have gone? She had no friends in Berne; she could not stay out all night; she was not bad enough for that.

All at once Madame Bobineau remembered that when she asked what had become of Monsieur Engemann, Madame Riesen had said he was going to walk home. The old woman began to shake as if she had ague; her terror lifted the hair from her forehead, and she wrung her withered hands in despair at the idea that suggested itself. It was too wicked, too infamous, that two meritorious and honorable persons like Madame Carouge and Captain Loigerot should have their feelings outraged for the sake of a chit like Marie.

"Engemann is only a fool," she said, in her anger. "Those big men are always soft fools; they do what a woman tells them to do just like lambs. The forward chit has implored him to take pity on her, and—merciful Heaven! what may not have happened? I must be quick, or Madame Carouge will think I had a hand in it. She must be told directly."

She rose up quickly; she forgot her fatigue, and her promise to the captain to await his return, and she went hobbling fast down the road till at last she came to the nearest turning to the Hôtel Beauregard. The long street was as quiet as the grave; but when she reached the clock tower she saw Moritz the waiter standing outside the entrance to the hotel, looking about as if he expected some one.

"Good-evening, madame." His eyebrows rose with surprise as the old woman turned to come in.

"Madame is in her parlor," she said, more as a statement than as a question; "I can see her." Moritz bowed, and turned to lead the way, while she followed slowly. The impulse which had driven her to seek Madame Carouge was already checked by the fear that now overcame her. She knew how the widow could look and speak when she was angry, and Madame Bobineau's knees grew weak at the remembrance. She felt that she had been fool-hardy to seek an interview, and she had half resolved to tell Moritz she would not intrude on his mistress, when she heard him announce her. It was evident that Madame Carouge was at the window of her room, and retreat had become impossible.

"Madame Bobineau!" she heard the widow say in a wondering tone, and she turned the corner and met her at the open door.

The lamps were lighted, and the gold-fish, swimming in the basin of the fountain, showed brilliantly through the overhanging ferns and palms. Madame Carouge had laid aside her bonnet; her

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beautiful head was slightly thrown back as she nodded to the old woman.

"Ah, how do you do again?" She spoke languidly; then, as soon as Moritz had departed, she closed the door and the window, and turned sharply to Madame Bobineau. "What are you sighing and panting about? Has anything happened, madame?" she said. She did not even ask her to sit down.

"I will rest, if you please," and Bobineau dropped into a chair. In spite of her alarm the old woman saw that the beauty was moved out of her ordinary self-possession, and this gave her confidence. "I can go no further—pouf!—I seem to have been running about for hours trying to find that child."

"Do you mean Marie?" Madame Carouge had remained standing, but now she put her hand on the back of a chair. She looked pale, Madame Bobineau thought.

"Yes, madame. That wicked old man deceived us. He says he knows nothing of Marie. While he turned his head she ran away—he says—he missed her all at once. Now I ask you, my dear friend, is this likely? A timid girl like that would not go away alone among so many people. I want your advice. What am I to do? How am I to find her?"

"Where is Captain Loigerot?" The widow spoke severely. "He is the person to advise you. Marie was left with him. I saw her on his arm, smiling and looking as happy as possible under his admiring glances."

"You saw her?" Madame Bobineau pricked up her ears; her way was becoming easier.

"Yes. I was walking with Monsieur Engemann. We both saw her, and we both offered our congratulations to her and to the captain."

"Ah!" and then Madame Bobineau checked herself. She half closed her sly old eyes while she pictured to herself the girl's vexation; no doubt she had run away to avoid this happy pair.

Madame Carouge no longer held her head erect; doubt had seized her.

The old woman, seated at a little distance on the sofa, was roused by her silence. She watched her with the intensity of a cat sure of its prey, though in Madame Bobineau's eyes there was a glitter of fear in the tense gaze she kept on the pale, drawn face.

"Where is Monsieur Loigerot?" suddenly said Madame Carouge.

"He went back to the gardens to look for Marie. He said the child might be there still. He told me I could wait at the bridge; but, *mon Dieu!* I could wait no longer. I was too anxious, and I wanted your advice, dear madame."

Madame Carouge walked up and down several times. She dared not speak lest the terrible fear that racked her till it seemed as if she could no longer endure the pain it gave should shape itself in words. By degrees she grew quieter, and when she spoke again to Madame Bobineau, the sharp-eyed old woman was surprised at her calm tone.

"I am trying to think for you, madame, and it is not easy," she said. "First, I must tell you that you have been greatly to blame—shamefully careless. I warned you, you must remember, that you were not fit to be the guardian of such a girl, and that the Red Glove was not a fit place for her. Hush! you must not interrupt!" She fixed her eyes imperiously on Madame Bobineau, and the color came back to her own face. "Marie will be found," she said, bitterly. "I feel sure the captain will discover her and bring her home. No doubt she got tired of him and slipped away. Now listen to me. You must tell the girl that you will not urge on the marriage with Captain Loigerot at present, but that you can not keep her at the Red Glove after this disgraceful conduct. You know it is possible the captain will be very angry, and no one can wonder if he is."

"He is very fond of the child," said Madame Bobineau.

"Be quiet, will you?" and another frown silenced the old woman. "I will have your shop minded to-morrow, and you must see that child off to Lucerne. She must not stay another day in Berne. Send her back to her friends at St. Esprit. I will pay all expenses, and I will write to the Superior. You understand? Marie must not remain in Berne after to-morrow. I have your authority, I imagine, madame, for saying that the girl is bold and indiscreet, and requires training till she can conduct herself more modestly."

"How good you are!—always good, always beautiful." In her relief Madame Bobineau took a huge pinch of snuff, and brought tears into her eyes. "Yes, indeed," she whimpered, "what you say is more than true, dear lady. I have seen

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her look at that noble young man, Monsieur Engemann, in a way that, had he not been devoted to you, might have led him to notice her. She was so vain I believe she thought he admired her."

Madame Carouge made a quick step forward, and then stopped abruptly.

"Peace, you vile old woman! How dare you sit there telling what is your own shame? At the first glimpse of such behavior in the girl you should have shut the hussy up in a room and kept her on bread and water till you had sent her back to her convent. Why did you not come to me at once for advice? How do you know what has happened to-night? I am not sure that the wicked girl is fit to be admitted among those saintly sisters again."

Madame Bobineau crouched till her chin almost touched her knees. She felt as if those fierce black eyes shot lightning, and the words pelted like a storm of hail.

"Yes, yes, madame, I have been to blame," she said, feebly. "I will take her away; I will do all you say. What did you say I was to tell Marie?"

"Not a word about my advice in the matter. Tell her that she has lost her character by this misconduct, and that you can not keep her at the Red Glove. She will be glad enough to go to escape the captain's anger. I tell you that a few weeks of dull convent life, now that she has had a peep at the world, will make her thankful to marry him by-and-by. That is all I have to say. You can go now."

She stamped her foot impatiently.

At the door Madame Bobineau turned back to seek for her snuff-box. In her terror it had slipped from her hand on to the sofa, and she felt sorely in need of comfort.

Madame Carouge turned her back on her, and stood bending over her desk till the old woman had disappeared.

Meantime Marie had reached her lodging. There had been a little more talk between her and the captain as they walked up the street; but lately they had been silent, and indeed the girl was exhausted with the varied emotions she had gone through. She could not have kept up a conversation.

Engemann followed them, but he felt that it was wiser to leave Loigerot in peace. He was surprised and puzzled at all that had happened, but still he felt inclined to trust the little round man who rolled along with Marie on his arm.

When they reached the door of her lodging the captain took the girl's hand in his.

"My child," he said, "you have done well to trust me. It would—aw—it would have been better for us all if you had trusted me at the beginning. Yes, Mademoiselle Marie, it would have been much better."

Marie held his hand a moment; then, before he could stop her, she bent down and kissed it.

"Monsieur"—she was crying now—"you are too good, too kind, to me. I am very, very grateful. I shall always love you."

Loigerot patted her shoulder. "There, there," he said, "not too much of that, or I may change my mind yet, little one, and take you at your word."

He cleared his throat, and in quite another voice he said to Engemann,

"Monsieur, you can say good-night to mademoiselle."

He stood by while they shook hands. Then, when the door had closed on Marie, he looked at Rudolf from head to foot. "You are a pretty fellow, Rudolf Engemann," he said, slowly, "a very pretty fellow. *Ma foi!* you quiet ones play the deuce with the women; but you ought to look happier than you do to have won the liking of two such women—eh, *mon Dieu!* I tell you so. Now what the devil do you mean to do with the widow?" he said, sharply.

Certainly Rudolf Engemann did not look like a happy lover; he had a limp, dejected aspect as he returned the captain's humorous stare.

"Monsieur," he said, "you are right; I feel like a fool. But first of all I must beg your pardon—yes, I was very rude to you, unjust too, while you have been most generous and forbearing. Well, I had grown desperate: if I had not found Marie miserable among the trees at the Schänzli, I believe I should have gone on to the hotel, as I promised Madame Carouge, and I should have proposed to her."

The captain snapped his fingers triumphantly. "Then you have not done it? *Mon Dieu!* that is good news, good indeed;" he slapped his leg emphatically. "You are wiser than I thought. I fancied she had hooked you long ago, and

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that you had been playing fast and loose between her and my little girl." Then, as he looked at Engemann's troubled face, "*Tonnerre!* what is the matter now? You do not deserve your good fortune, my lad, if you can not enjoy it," he said.

"I tell you I was miserable and desperate," the young fellow said, moodily, "and —and although I did not propose in so many words, I have paid Madame Carouge more attention this evening than I ever did before. I even said I would call on her, and I know she is now expecting me. What am I to do?"

They had walked on side by side, and now they stood beneath the Red Glove. It seemed to point its fat thumb derisively at Engemann, and one might have fancied that his words were echoed up there from its dark perch: "What am I to do—to do?"

Rudolf looked so disconsolate that the captain forgot everything but his amusement; he stuffed his hands into his pockets, and laughed till the tears came to his eyes.

"What are you to do? That is a pretty question for a smart Don Juan like you to put to a man of my years! What are you to do? *Ma foi!* you can not keep them both."

He laughed again, till the Red Glove seemed to sway backward and forward in sympathy with his mirth.

Engemann turned impatiently away. "I suppose I had better go to Madame Carouge and tell her the truth like a man: it is the fairest way." And he plunged into the darkness under the arcade.

"Hold! stop! stop! Are you mad?" and there was the captain panting and holding on to the skirts of the young fellow's coat. "What a devil of a pace!—whew!—stop, my fine fellow!" he gasped.

It took Loigerot a few minutes to recover himself; then he put his arm into Engemann's, and led him back to the Red Glove. He opened the private door and pointed to him to go in.

"Upon my word!" he said. "I am a bachelor, but I might as well be a father, for the trouble I have had to-night among the set of you. Go upstairs quietly, my boy, and get to bed as fast as you can, and go to sleep too, if you can. You go to the widow and tell her the truth! You might as safely walk up to the mouth of cannon in action as trust yourself with her to-night."

"But my promise? I said I would see her to-night."

The captain looked at the young fellow out of his half-closed eyes. "Your promise! Pie-crust—you understand? You are as fit to see her, my young friend, as a bird is to pay a visit to a hungry cat. No, no; you leave the widow to me. She is a fine creature, and full of goodness, no doubt—they all are—but she is a widow in love, and that's the devil. Poor thing! I am sorry for her, though. But she and I are in the same boat, and we must console each other. Yes, yes; I will manage the affair. I will let her sleep over it, and to-morrow I will bring her round famously. It will be difficult," he said, pompously, "but don't you be afraid. There! there! be off! in with you! Be quiet, I tell you!"—as the young fellow began to pour out his gratitude. "I don't say I have forgiven you yet for robbing me of that pretty child. Now for the old hag," he said to himself, when Engemann had gone upstairs, "for she has made all the mischief. I must find out if she has come in yet."

He lit a cigar, and then he called gently for Madame Bobineau. It was possible that she had gone home to bed as soon as he left her. But the gas in the entrance passage was not lighted, and this was an unusual omission.

"No, she has not come in," he said, when he had stood for some time listening. He shut the door, and then he went out into the arcade to wait for the old woman.

He had not long to wait. Before she saw him, as he stood in the shadow of the arcade, he saw her crouching figure hobbling along. She was still trembling from the effect of her interview with Madame Carouge, and grumbling to herself, when all at once she looked up and perceived the captain standing at the door of her house.

"What have you done with Marie?" she said, angrily.

"Mademoiselle Peyrolles is in her lodging; and in future, Madame Bobineau, when you want to dispose of anything, be careful first to make sure that it does not belong to some one else. You have deceived me."

Madame Bobineau was tired and hungry, and angry besides. All the temper suppressed by the stronger passion of Madame Carouge flew out rebelliously. She longed to fly at the captain; she would have pulled his hair and scratched his face if the remembrance that he was her first-floor lodger had not restrained her.

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"Monsieur," she said, coldly, "it is I who have reason to complain. I trusted you with Marie, and you lost her. However, I suppose you and she have made it up; so I will say no more about it to-night, but to-morrow I must have an explanation."

"*Sacré!* you bad old woman. *You* will say no more! *you* will have an explanation! *Tonnerre!* this is excellent, on my soul. Madame Bobineau," he went on, with dignity, "Mademoiselle Marie is my friend; I shall always have a great regard for her; but she will never be anything more than a friend to me. Poor little girl! she was utterly miserable, and she left me. I found her in the dark with her lover, Monsieur Engemann; so you see, madame, if you wish to save her character, you must let the young people marry."

"Let them marry!" she shrieked. "Never! Let her marry a beggarly clerk! Never! never! Marie is under age, and I refuse my consent. I shall take her back to her convent to-morrow."

"Keep yourself quiet, you old fool," the captain said, in a low voice; "the neighbors will hear. Do you want Madame Webern to know all that has happened? Come in-doors and light the lamp."

She obeyed sullenly.

"Good-night, monsieur," she said, when the lamp was lighted. "You will have changed your mind by to-morrow."

"Stop a bit," he said, and he placed himself in front of the door of her room, his bulk filling up the narrow passage so that she could with difficulty have squeezed by him. "You had better understand me distinctly. I never change a purpose, madame, unless I find that events prevent me from carrying it out. That is not likely to happen in this case. I meant to marry your cousin, but you yourself have made this impossible."

"I!—oh, monsieur, you have been grossly imposed on. Oh, that little hussy shall pay for this!"

"Do not dare to call that poor child names. Now listen to me. I am tired, and I want to go to bed. So these are the last words I have to say." He had taken his cigar out of his mouth, and he used it to emphasize his words as he spoke. "If you say so much as one unkind word to Mademoiselle Marie I will leave your lodgings, and I will let Lenoir and every one know of your infamous conduct. How dared you tell me that Marie was fond of me and willing to marry me, when at the same time you told her she was fond of young Engemann?—and then you leave her in the gardens alone with me." He shook his cigar menacingly. "You have not many friends; you will not have one if I open my mouth, and I will do it if you disobey me. Marie has compromised herself with that young man—very well. They must be betrothed. After that send her back to her convent till he is able to marry her, for marry her he must. Now, madame, you know the position. Do you understand?"

Madame Bobineau understood very well. She longed to defy this high-handed captain, but her courage failed her. "Monsieur is very hard on me," she whimpered.

"On the contrary. And mark you, madame, if when Engemann is ready to marry your cousin, you refuse your consent"—he frowned till his mustache quivered, and he looked surprisingly fierce—"*bon;* I shall then know how to deal with you, and I shall expose the abominable conduct you have used toward me and Mademoiselle Marie to all the world."

He turned his back on her, and walked deliberately upstairs.

Madame Bobineau sat down on the lowest step, and wrung her hands in impotent fury.

"Horrid, wicked old man! I hate him!" she muttered; "but he pays me twice as much as any lodger ever paid before, and he is a friend of Madame Carouge. Oh, if he were only some one else!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW LOIGEROT MANAGED THE WIDOW.

MORITZ the waiter looked disturbed as he went about his duties this morning. The hectic flush had spread over his hollow cheeks, and there was an angry brightness in his melancholy brown eyes. Evidently something had gone wrong with the head waiter of the Beauregard. If you followed the direction of his eyes you would soon have discovered that every time he went in and out of the breakfast-room he glanced across at his mistress's parlor. Moreover, he made several needless journeys up and down stairs, so that he might get a good look at her.

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"MADAME, I THANK YOU."—[SEE PAGE 46.]

Moritz was indeed greatly troubled. Last night Madame Carouge had been superb; she had come in blooming and radiant: what could have happened to change her this morning into a pale, heavy-eyed statue, so silent and preoccupied that she seemed unable to attend to business, and had sent away her breakfast untouched?

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Moritz felt that some one had to bear the blame of this change, and he hesitated between "old Bobineau," as he termed her, and Monsieur Engemann.

When Madame Carouge came in last night she had told him she would receive Monsieur Engemann when he called, and the waiter had felt full of jealous trouble. He adored his beautiful mistress, and he felt that virtually he was master at the Beauregard; the idea that this bank clerk, some years younger than himself, was to be set over his head, was exasperating. When Engemann failed to appear, and Madame Bobineau paid that short stormy visit, which he had carefully noted, he did not know what to think.

He had heard all the chatter that Lenoir could furnish him with; and indeed by the help of Madame Riesen and of Lenoir the gossips of Berne had been living on the events of these double courtships during the past week. Moritz suspected that Engemann was playing a double game—flirting with Marie, while he intended to marry the widow—and this idea had increased his dislike of the fair young giant. Rudolf's coolness and self-possession always irritated the nervous man, whose movements were as rapid as his wits were sharp. That "such a slow-wit," as he termed Engemann, without any *savoir-faire*, should aspire to beautiful, wealthy Madame Carouge, was most audacious. That she should encourage such a dull, half-hearted lover was astounding; but at this idea Moritz always shrugged his shoulders. He knew she had had a bad time with Carouge, poor soul; she was not to be blamed if she thought that his opposite in all respects was likely to make her happy. "Women only look outside," Moritz told himself.

But what could have happened to change her so? Madame Bobineau had probably brought her a message from Engemann.

The widow had closed both door and window, but Moritz had heard fragments of the wordy battle through the key-hole of the door of communication between his own little office and his mistress's parlor. This morning, when breakfast was over and Engemann did not appear, the head waiter could do nothing but rush to the door at intervals, and stare expectantly down the street.

The morning went on, and all the early breakfasters departed. There was a lull in the house, but Madame Carouge did not take advantage of this, as she often did, to go upstairs to her room.

She sat at her desk trying to add up the same long column of figures which had occupied her all the morning. She had staid up till midnight waiting for Engemann, and then she had gone to bed heart-sick and weary; but she had not slept. She had guessed at some of the truth while Madame Bobineau told her story; but for all that she had not given up the hope of marrying Monsieur Engemann. He was not to blame, poor fellow! How could he help it if that girl had thrown herself on his protection, and asked him to deliver her from the captain? He might even have felt obliged to see her home. "The old woman has pressed her too hard," she said; "she is a commonplace tyrant without any tact, and the girl in despair has flung herself on Monsieur Engemann's protection."

The keen torment roused by this idea robbed her of sleep, but she tried to assure herself that Rudolf had gone too far with her to draw back. "He is not a man to kiss a woman's hand, and to look at her as he looked at me, if he were only trifling. No, he could not trifle with me; he is too true and simple," she repeated over and over again, but without much effect.

Matters looked worse this morning. She had risen early, and dressed herself with extra care; she sent word to Lenoir she did not want his services: she was really afraid of his keen eyes. Her hope was that Rudolf would appear earlier than usual; but he had not even come to breakfast, and he was already due at the bank. Last night she had got rid of her anger on Madame Bobineau; now, as she waited, her color began to return, and her eyes, in spite of their heavy lids, looked dangerous.

"I will not judge him," she kept on saying vehemently to herself. "It is of course very strange, but the dear fellow may have reasons. I will not say anything I may be sorry for later on."

But her color flickered at the mere sound of a footstep, and at last she gave up the figures she had tried to add up as hopeless, and seated herself on the sofa with a newspaper, but after a few minutes it lay upside down in her lap.

Presently Moritz looked in at the window. "Madame, will you see Monsieur Loigerot?"

"By all means," she said, joyfully.

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The thought came that Rudolf was too modest to plead for himself—the captain was his ambassador. "Good-morning"—she went forward and shook hands cordially, when Loigerot's bald head bowed down in the doorway. "You are early this morning, monsieur."

Then, as he still lingered in the doorway, she pointed to a chair near the sofa.

The captain came forward slowly, but he stood before her instead of sitting down.

"Pardon me, madame—aw—I have a few words to say to you privately; that is—aw—if you will condescend to listen."

He looked so absurd, so nervous, as he half closed his eyes and tugged at his mustache, that the widow could not help smiling.

"With the greatest pleasure, monsieur," she said, in her most charming way. "Will you have the goodness to shut the door?"

"She is divine to look at," he said to himself; "but I believe she's got a devil of a temper. Engemann is well out of it, and I wish I was well out of it too."

The captain felt that he understood the widow, but he also felt that he did not understand how to manage her.

"I am not sure about the pleasure, madame," he said, nervously, "but you are full of charity and sweetness—I am sure you are, and—and I want to ask you to do an act of charity. I—I—" He felt stuck here, he looked at her helplessly.

"A charity, monsieur? Is it a case of distress? Yes, indeed, monsieur, you may count on me; I am always ready to help distress. It is so sad to let others go on suffering," she said, pathetically, "when we have the means of helping them." She was disappointed; he had not come, then, on the errand she hoped.

Loigerot had gone on tugging at and twisting his mustache, and now he felt that the widow was looking keenly at him, searching him through and through. Drops started out on his forehead, and his tongue felt stiff and useless. All at once the thought of Marie's white, tear-stained face came to help him.

"You are very kind and quite right, madame, and I have a case of real distress to lay before you which you have power to help. I want you to befriend little Marie Peyrolles—to take her part against Madame Bobineau."

Madame Carouge's face grew set, and her eyes looked hard. She shook her head.

"Madame Bobineau is the child's guardian," she said, repressively. "I can not interfere." She began to feel that the ground was slipping from under her feet.

"You are right again, madame," he said, pompously, "perfectly right. Madame Bobineau is her guardian; but she is—well, I let her off easy when I say she is a bad, treacherous old woman."

Madame Carouge laughed. "No, no, monsieur; you are too hard on the poor old woman. It is easy to see that you have been misinformed. I can not, of course, speak unfavorably to you of Mademoiselle Marie, but I fear she is prejudiced against her kind old cousin; but why come to me, monsieur? surely you are Marie's best protector."

"I!" he put up both hands, then he shrugged his shoulders. "Now for it," he thought, and as the swimmer shuts his eyes and plunges into the water, he dashed on. "Pardon me, I forgot, madame: there is still something to be explained to you. That old woman has deceived the poor child as much as she has deceived me. Luckily I made a discovery last night." The widow had put her hand before her mouth to hide a yawn, but at his last words she listened attentively. "Yes, madame, a discovery which will perhaps surprise you as much as it surprised me." He raised his hand and pointed a fat forefinger at the widow. "It is not me that Mademoiselle Marie wishes to marry; it is Monsieur Rudolf Engemann, and I have given her up."

Madame Carouge rose, her eyes flashed out brightly on the captain, then she laughed, but the laugh was not natural.

"Nonsense! You have been listening to gossip, monsieur; you have got your story upside down. I think you are very ungrateful to talk of giving up the little girl after all my trouble for you. As to Monsieur Engemann," she said, derisively, "I happen to know on good authority that he—loves some one else. You have made a very foolish mistake, Captain Loigerot."

The captain reddened at the scorn in her voice.

"I have make no mistake," he said, roughly. "I saw and judged for myself."

"You saw!" she said, vehemently. "What are you talking about?"

He raised his hand. "Calm yourself, madame: you and I are older than these young people are: let us be more reasonable. I have given up my hopes. Will the 'some one else' you speak of be less gener-

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ous?" She turned angrily away and walked across the room. The captain rubbed his hands—he thought this had been a most successful manœuvre; he followed the widow as she walked. "I believe," he said, "that Monsieur Engemann has not offered himself to the 'some one else.' Ah, madame, think how young they are—they are well matched—and how they love one another." He put his hand on her arm. "Listen, madame, I will tell you."

She turned round—she was listening eagerly with half-closed eyes. "They love each other. Well, monsieur?"

Loigerot felt encouraged; he cleared his throat. "Yes, yes, madame; you should have seen them together when I found them last night—poor love-birds! I was very stern at first, mind you; I scolded them well; but I saw I must give in to the force of circumstances." Then he raised himself on tiptoe, and whispered, in what he meant for a coaxing tone, "Surely 'some one else' does not want to keep a man who loves another woman."

The captain was not very steady on tiptoe, and as he looked up earnestly at the widow, a stinging box on the ear nearly sent him off his legs.

"Take that for your pains, you chattering busybody!" said Madame Carouge, looking splendid in her fury, as she towered above the astounded man.

"*Tonnerre!*" he put one hand to his ear, and the other to where his sword used to hang. Then he drew himself up and smiled. "Madame, I thank you for the lesson." He bowed. "I am consoled. Marie is only a kitten at present, but you—aw—you have shown me what she might have grown to. Madame, I—I have the honor to take my leave."

THE END.

THE JUNE CRICKET.

IN THE MADISON SQUARE PARK.

TENTED in the short green grass,
While the moon shone in the sky,
A cricket, close to those who pass,
Uttered the old familiar cry.

Little heeded he the noise
Of the crowded city street,
But blew his flute with strident voice
Unmindful of the tramp of feet.

Hundreds briskly hurry by,
Listless to the song they pass;
No policeman stops his cry,
Or orders him, "Keep off the grass!"

I who note the steady tune
That he with such relish plays,
Wonder how this note of June
Came to take to city ways.

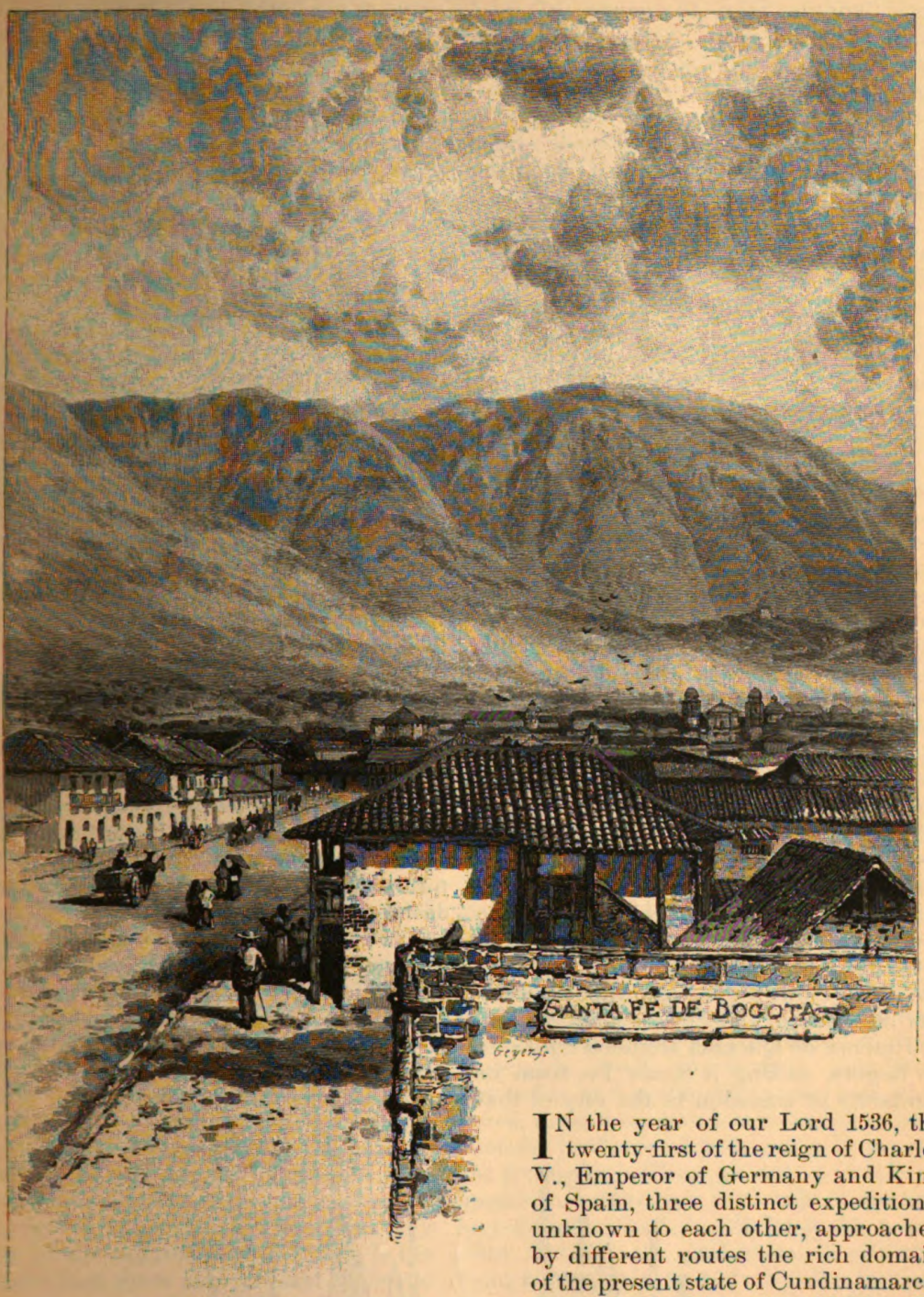
Far from native haunts withdrawn,
He sings the old song at my feet—
The prelude of a country lawn
Salutes the curious city street.

Rustic scenes are not at hand;
No rippling rivulet wanders near:
Hard it is to understand
This voice in such an atmosphere.

Brave little cricket, pipe away;
Let your blitheness melt in song!
'Tis the cheeriest roundelay;
I shall thank you for it long.

Torn from spring-time, robbed of June,
Shut up to the city street,
Much I thank you for your tune
Uttered from this strange retreat.

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IN the year of our Lord 1536, the twenty-first of the reign of Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, three distinct expeditions, unknown to each other, approached by different routes the rich domain of the present state of Cundinamarca, then inhabited by a formidable tribe of Indians called the *Chibchas*. The first, sent out by the Governor of Santamarta, and commanded by Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada, ascended the Magdalena River; the second, under the auspices of the Governor of Venezuela, and led by Nicolaus Fredemann, a German, who was accompanied by the venerable Las Casas, marched across the country; while the third, organized by Sebastian de Benalcázar, a lieutenant of the notorious Pizarro, came from Peru. All were famous *conquistadores*, and after two years, during which period they were often reduced to the most horrible extremities because of thirst, hunger, the natural obstacles of the country, and the fierce opposition of its inhabit-

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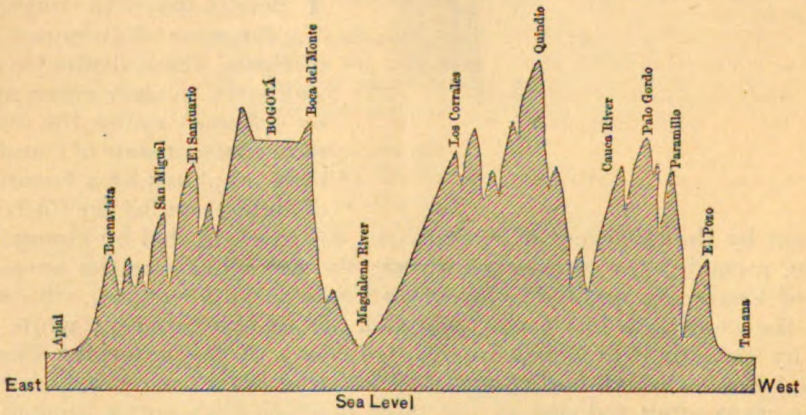
ants, they met upon the present plain of Bogota. Benalcázar having marched direct from Quito, his men were finely armored, and presented an imposing array; those of Fredemann were clothed in the skins of wild beasts; while Quesada's little army had been compelled to adopt the attire of the natives.

Report had reached their ears of the wonderful wealth of this land, whose ruler was said "to clothe himself in a simple coating of balsamiferous resins, sprinkled with gold-dust blown through a bamboo reed twice a day"—the celebrated legend of *El Dorado*, in whose vain search were sacrificed countless lives and untold treasure. The territory of the Chibchas is said to have comprised six hundred square leagues, extensively cultivated, and inhabited by a population of two thousand to the square league. They had attained a degree of civilization that assigned them the third place in America; but without unity of action they were impotent before the resistless march of this handful of Spaniards. Quesada, who had preceded his rivals, had divided among his followers more than a quarter of a million of dollars and about two thousand emeralds—no inconsiderable sum in those days; but when he approached the fabulously rich temple of Suamoz, its priest fired the exterior, and immuring himself within its walls, perished in the flames, destroying, perhaps, "the traditions of a people and the history of a nation."

On the 6th of August, 1538, upon the site of the ruins of Thibsaquillo, the summer residence of the zipa, or chief, Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada founded Santa Fe de Bogota, calling it Santa Fe, from its similarity of situation to the city of that name in the kingdom of Granada (the conquered territory being called New Granada), and Bogota, after a native prince, and building it in twelve distinct parts, representative of the twelve apostles.

Passing over its colonial history, during which period it was the residence of the Spanish viceroy, we find it figuring prominently in the struggle for independence, captured by Murillo, but delivered by Bolivar, to become the seat of government of the combined republics of New Granada, Venezuela, and Ecuador, and to-day the capital of the United States of Colombia. It is finely situated at the foot of a spur of the Eastern Cordilleras of the Andes, upon an inclined plane which forms the base of Monserrate and Guadalupe, two mountains that tower two thousand feet above the city, and are crowned with churches respectively distinguished by the foregoing names. To the westward, north and south, extends one of the most beautiful, fertile, and elevated plateaus in the world, about thirty miles wide by sixty long. This is the celebrated *Sabana* of Bogota. It is fairly cultivated, and contains several large lakes or lagoons, in which the frequent discovery of gold ornaments and images of aboriginal workmanship and exceedingly curious design has revived traditions of their former consecration as natural temples, and led to numerous but ineffectual projects for their drainage.

The *Sabana* of Bogota was undoubtedly once an immense lake unbroken by mountains, that by some violent convulsion of nature was ruptured, and the falls of Tequendama formed, by which the waters of the Funza River find an exit to the plains, and join the Magdalena.



SECTION OF MOUNTAIN RANGES FROM EAST TO WEST.

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SABANA OF BOGOTA.

The situation of Bogota, it is said, led the eminent Humboldt to remark that it stood upon its own grave, it being his opinion that in one of the earthquakes to which the whole extent of the Andes is subject the city would be ingulfed. To the traveller who with difficulty ascends from the parched banks of the Magdalena, the *Sabana*—with its encircling chain of mountains and the extinct volcano of Tolima, snow-capped and cloud-ridden in the distance, its cultivated fields and green *potreros* dotted with *haciendas*, its silvery lakes and trees crowned with an eternal verdure, and Santa Fe extending amphitheatre-like at his feet—is a scene of marvellous beauty. Its breezes are deliciously cool and invigorating. In latitude four and a half degrees north, but nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, it forms "a temperate zone upon the very verge of the equator." So equable is the climate that there may be said to be no change of season, or rather that there reigns a perpetual spring. The mean temperature is about 57° (Fahrenheit).

March, April, and May, and September, October, and November, constitute the wet seasons, and June, July, and August, and December, January, and February, the dry; and generally it is warmest in February and coldest in December, although the houses are never artificially warmed. Both cereals and vegetables are sowed twice a year, viz., in February and September, and harvested in July and January. Corn, wheat, barley, rice, potatoes, and all the principal vegetables of the temperate zone are grown, while in the market of Bogota may be seen, every day in the three hundred and sixty-five of the calendar, apples, peaches, pears, plums, and strawberries, side by side with crude sugar, chocolate in the bean, unthreshed coffee, plantains, pine-apples, oranges, lemons, cocoa-nuts, fresh figs, the exquisitely aromatic *pomorasa*, the *aguacate*, the different varieties of cactus fruit, *chirimoyas*, *curubas*, *granadas* and *granadillas*, *mangos*, *nisperos*, *mameyes*, *guayabas*—in short, the choicest products of both zones in prodigal profusion. Their growth is merely a question of altitude, a day's ride in almost any direction sufficing to bear the traveller through all gradations of climate from *tierra fria* to *tierra caliente*, and the reverse. Of the above fruits several merit especial mention. The *aguacate* (*Laurus persea*), known among English-speaking residents as the alligator-pear, has been pronounced "well adapted to the taste of demi-gods," while Haenke called the *chirimoya* (*Anona humboldtiana*), "the masterpiece of nature." Humboldt estimated that an acre of plantains would produce twenty times as much food as an

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NATURAL BRIDGE OF PANDI.

acre of corn. Of the *guayaba* is made and exported the delicious guava jelly. The *curuba* and *granadilla* are fruits of the passion-vine. Of the *yuca*, a huge root, the sections of which serve as seed to propagate its growth, is made a bread whiter and more palatable than French twist or Vienna loaf.

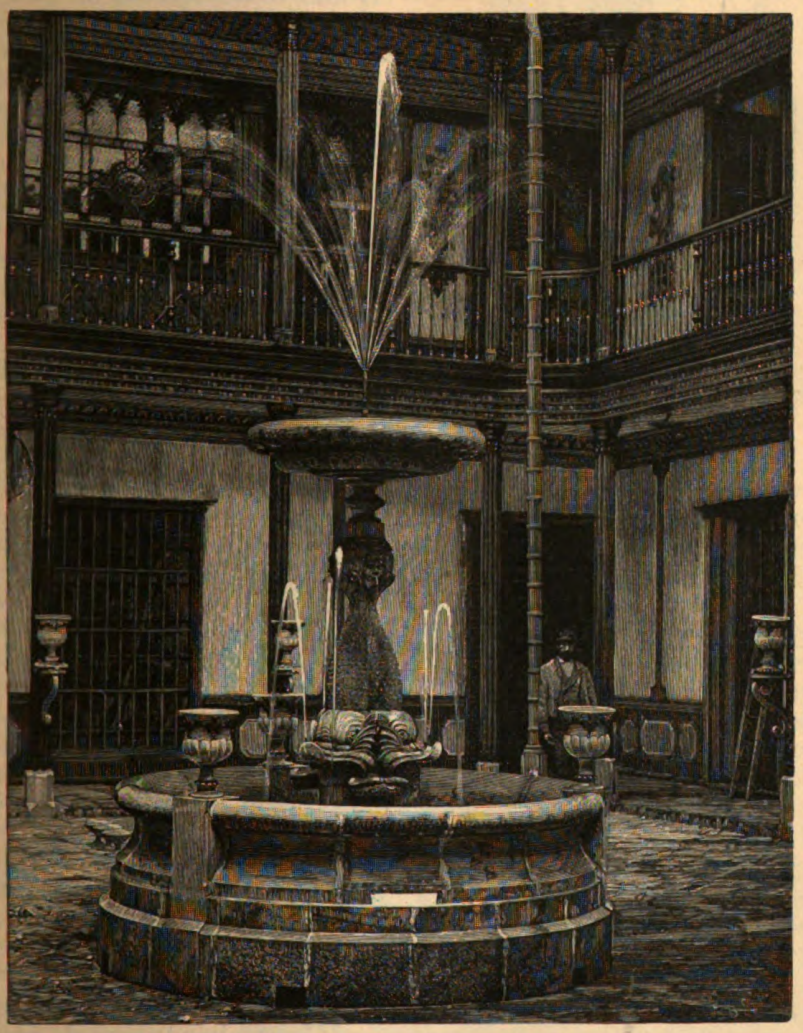
The principal trees are the eucalyptus and the willow, while flowers of all kinds abound; especially noticeable are the many varieties of the orchis and the rose, and of the latter, one the petals of which are green.

The ordinary domestic animals are found, and at a less altitude, in the tropical forest, the ferocious *tigre*, or jaguar, innumerable and deadly serpents, and birds of most brilliant plumage. The lakes near the city are peopled at all seasons by thousands of wild teal. Fish are brought from the Bogota and Magdalena rivers.

The mineral wealth of the surrounding hills may be considered inexhaustible, but it is undeveloped. The commerce or trade of Bogota proper is estimated at about forty millions of dollars yearly, and would be much greater but for its inaccessibility. From New York one takes the Atlas line of steam-ships to Barranquilla, the direct passage occupying a dozen days; thence by steamboat up the Magdalena to Honda, a journey of from ten days to a month, depending entirely upon the state of the water; and from Honda to Bogota upon mules across the Cordilleras, a distance of only seventy-five miles, from three to five days are necessary. There is being constructed, however, a railroad to the Magdalena River, and other interior lines are contemplated. Its inland and isolated situation has made Bogota as a city one of the least progressive of the capitals of South America, and more than any other, perhaps, it retains its old Spanish aspects. The majority of its houses are of one story, because of the prevalence of earthquakes, but there are many of two and three stories. Their exterior is not unprepossessing, but with tile roofs little architectural effect can be attempted. The material is generally *adobe*, or sun-dried brick, and the walls receive a thickness of from two to three feet. Within-doors, at least the better classes live as comfortably as in other parts of the world, and many of the private residences are luxuriously appointed. There is invariably an open interior court called *patio*, in the centre of which is perhaps a fountain, surrounded by numerous and beautiful flowers and plants which bloom perpetually. Although they have to be transported across the Cordilleras at great cost upon the backs of *peones*, pianos, generally of German manufacture, are common. Instead of carpets, which harbor fleas—the greatest pests of the city—a peculiar matting known as *estera* is often employed. The walls are usually papered, occasionally outside as well as within. The roofs project over the narrow sidewalk, and furnish a partial protection from the rain.

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The principal streets are paved or macadamized, and are built at right angles to each other. They are, however, narrow, and in the centre of each is a *caño*, or surface sewer, often indifferently supplied with water, which conveys the refuse of the live, cook, eat, and sleep in the same apartment. Innumerable *chicherias*—shops in which is made and sold *chicha*, a cheap but not unwholesome drink of fermented corn, and similar to the "still beer" of whiskey manufacturers—are found.



PATIO OR INTERIOR COURT OF BOGOTA HOUSE.

city to the plain below. In the construction of the houses but little regard is had for hygienic principles, and the sanitary regulations of the city are inadequate, or at least indifferently obeyed. The basements of the principal houses in Calle Real and Calle Florian—the business streets—are rented as stores, but in other parts of the city they are occupied by the poorer classes, who crowd into these dark and close tenements, together with poultry, cats and dogs, monkeys and parrots, etc., where they

The city is supplied with water from two mountain streams, the San Francisco and San Augustin, which flow through its limits, by means of public fountains placed in the plazas. Gas has been introduced, and the principal streets are well lighted at night and patrolled by police.

According to a recent census, Bogota contains a population of 84,723, 3000 residences, and 3500 stores and shops.

The Capitol occupies an entire block, and fronts the principal plaza, which is named

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DR. RAFAEL NUNEZ, PRESIDENT.

after, and contains a bronze statue by Tenerani of, the famous liberator Simon Bolivar. Although begun in 1845, the edifice is but half finished, and long presented rather the appearance of a ruined Greek temple than a modern edifice in process of construction. When completed it will be a commodious and elegant structure, and comprise, besides the halls of Congress, the executive mansion, and the principal public offices. The President occupies an unpretentious two-story building called "El Palacio," while the public offices are located in various convents confiscated by the government, in the most extensive of which, Santo Domingo, are found the Treasury, National Bank, and post-office. The residence of the archbishop is one of the finest in the city. The plaza of Santander contains a statue of that eminent soldier and statesman of the republic, placed in the centre of a beautiful public garden. That of *Los Martires* is adorned by a monument commemorative of the heroes of the war of independence, and more especially of the patriots who were shot upon its site by order of the Spanish general Murillo.

There are more than thirty churches in Bogota, one of which is Protestant (Presbyterian). The principal are the cathedral, San Carlos, Santo Domingo, San Francisco, San Augustin, La Capuchina, San Juan de Dios, Santa Clara, Santa Inez, La Candelaria, La Enseñanza, Las Cruces, Santa Barbara, Las Nieves, Belen, San Diego, and Carmen. The cathedral was begun in the year 1563, but not completed until 1823, and though it possesses little external beauty, is commodious, and its interior is finely decorated.

The astronomical observatory, an octagonal tower erected in 1802, is nearly the highest and most advantageously situated in the world. It contains but few instruments, but under the present administration and its own energetic direction is in process of efficient reorganization. A meteorological department has been established in correspondence with the Signal Bureau in Washington.

The national library comprises fifty or sixty thousand volumes. Annexed to it is a museum containing, among other interesting historical relics, the standards borne by Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, and one of the Cid Campeador, the coat of mail and spur of Quesada, and the bed of Bolivar.

Bogota is the seat of the National University; there are, besides, a school of civil and military engineering, three endowed colleges, and one normal, thirty-two primary, twenty-six secondary, and fourteen superior schools. A branch (containing twelve members) of the Spanish Royal Academy has been established, and is, I believe, the only one in Central or South America. Of periodicals there are published nine official, two scientific, nine political, eight literary, and two industrial, the product of fourteen printing establishments. Schools of agriculture, painting, wood-engraving, and architecture have recently been organized by the government. Various religious, philanthropic, scientific, and political societies exist; and upon the whole, while its inaccessibility (as I have already stated) may have retarded its growth and detracted from its importance commercially, it has perhaps fostered a love for and study of letters that enable it to not undeservedly claim the proud title of "the Athens of Spanish America."

It is the centre of five telegraph lines, and contains nine principal hotels, a theatre or opera-house, eight banks, six factories, and seven public baths. Among its public resorts not yet enumerated may be mentioned the *pueblocito* of Chapinero, distant less than a league, and famous for its cathedral of *Nuestra Señora de Lourdes* (the French saint); Fusagasuga

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and Tocaima, at a less altitude and higher temperature, the former noted for its *fiestas de toros* (bull-fights), and the latter for its tepid mineral waters—seven springs, every one of which is reputed to possess distinct curative properties; Serrezuela, Choachi, and Ubaqué; an extensive promenade called Aguanueva, upon the *cerros* of Guadalupe and Monserrate, overlooking the city; and the Arzobispo and Fucha rivers, the latter beautifully wooded, and much frequented for its baths.

The falls of Tequendama and the natural bridge of Pandi, or Icononzo, both only a few leagues distant from Bogota, are reckoned among the most remarkable natural wonders of the Andes, as well as of the American continent. Perhaps few of those who have seen Niagara will recognize in Tequendama a cataract four times as high; and though the spectacle be less grand, it is infinitely more beautiful and awe-inspiring.

What most attracted me was the native loveliness of the spot. Nature reigns supreme, and there is nothing artificial but the steep path which leads to the falls, winding its way among gigantic trees and a semi-tropical vegetation that is rendered phenomenally luxuriant by the ever-present clouds of vapor. Birds of strange form and brilliant plumage flutter from branch to branch, disturbed by the unwonted intrusion; but their cry of alarm is lost amid the deafening roar of the waters. Tequendama is eminently picturesque, and although not the highest cataract in the world, there undoubtedly exists no other that presents so great an altitude combined with an equal volume of water. The river, before it penetrates the mountains, is about sixty yards wide, and this dimension is greatly increased during the rainy season. The surrounding country is extremely fertile, due, it is thought, to the enormous mass of vapor that is daily precipitated upon it. When the day is clear this surcharged cloud may be seen from Bogota, a distance of five leagues.



PLAZA AND STATUE OF BOLIVAR.

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Scarcely less wonderful is the natural bridge of Pandi, or Icononzo, formed by three enormous bowlders mutually sustaining each other, and spanning the perpendicular walls of a profound abyss, through whose depths flows the river Sumapaz. This marvellous chasm is fully three miles in length, and recent measurements give the height of the bridge above the water at 265 feet.

The race of the plateau and city of Bogota has been described as a handsome *mezcla* (mixture); and while the Spanish element prevails, there are many Indians, some negroes, and every type of *mestizo*. Of pure Ethiopians there are comparatively few, the *conquistadores* having prohibited their introduction into Santa Fe. Among the resident foreigners the principal nationalities are represented.



FALLS OF TEQUENDAMA.

The women have ever been justly famed for their beauty, of which the most pleasing characteristics are a fine complexion, large dark eyes and hair (the latter often denoting, by its waving appearance, a more or less remote African lineage), which are rendered doubly attractive by the simple and graceful *mantilla*, from the folds of which modestly peers the half-concealed countenance. Like all Spanish or Span-

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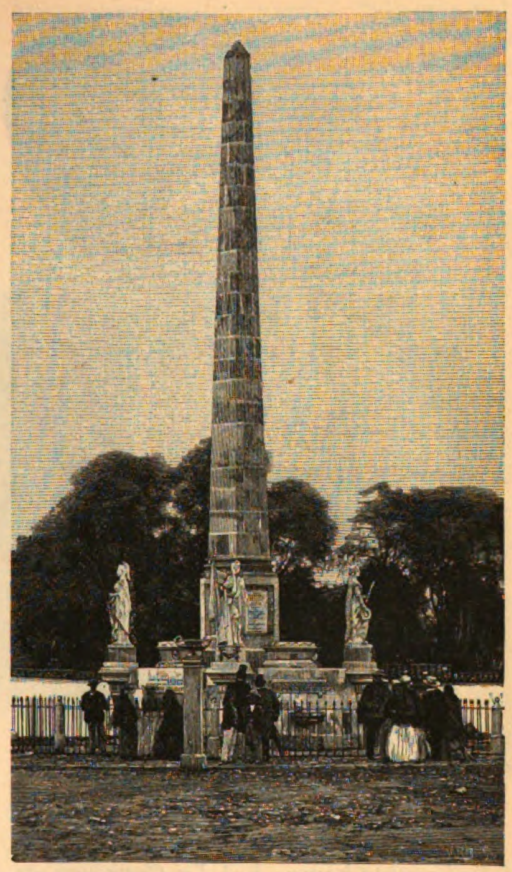
ish-American women, they have good figures, with a notable disposition, especially in the middle and lower classes, to *embonpoint*. French fashions predominate, and visiting, or upon occasions of ceremony, our fair Bogotana appears in the latest Parisian mode from her bonnet to her feet, which are invariably incased in the dainty high-heeled boots (often slippers) of the Boulevard des Italiens; and the old proof of noble blood, an instep so delicately arched that water may flow beneath it, proclaims her a veritable *hidalga*. Shopping, and especially at church, a black dress and lace-bordered mantilla are always worn, and rarely have I witnessed a more devotional scene than the many kneeling forms thus plainly attired murmuring Ave Marias and an occasional Paternoster in the cathedral of Bogota.

The Bogotano is proud, valiant, hospitable, usually well-educated, and especially apt in the acquirement of the speculative arts and sciences. He often speaks with considerable fluency two or more foreign languages, and in his own beautiful tongue almost unconsciously writes poetry. Of himself he has said:

> "De músico, poeta, y loco
> Cada cual tiene su poco."

His no less graceful Spanish cloak corresponds to the mantilla. When riding, his garb is peculiar, but long use has convinced him that it is best adapted to his wants. A *sombrero de Suaza* (incorrectly called Panama hat in the United States), a *ruana* or poncho of water-proof cloth, and *zamarros* (a pair of wide bags of rubber cloth or hair-tanned panther or cow skin, open at each end and buckled together at the waist, into each of which he thrusts a leg) complete this strange but serviceable attire. His brass stirrup, almost a metallic shoe with curved toe, is derived from his Spanish ancestors, and by them from the Saracens. He is invariably a finished rider. The horses of the *Sabana* are an excellent breed, of Andalusian extraction; when free, gentle; spirited when bitted; and superb pacers and rackers.

In society a well-nigh French etiquette prevails with regard to unmarried daughters, and even the accepted suitor has comparatively rare opportunities of seeing his betrothed, except in the presence of her mother or some member of the family. Young girls never venture out alone, and,



MONUMENT IN THE PLAZA OF LOS MARTIRES.

as a natural result, they congregate in the balconies and windows, before which the unhappy swain is compelled to promenade and perform his courtship under difficulties.

Life is everywhere so easy in the tropics, and especially in this delicious climate, that it is not surprising little cognizance is taken of time; and if you make an engagement with Pedrito for five o'clock *sharp*, you may be sure he will come at six, or perhaps next day. The opera is always advertised to begin promptly at eight, but in reality the curtain never rises before half past nine.

I have now described a *class* of Bogotanos, and it will be seen that they do not differ materially from those of the same sphere elsewhere, and naturally so, since the educated and travelled world is ever the same—cosmopolitan. From *La Mantilla* to *La Corrosca*, however, there are many gradations. The line of demarcation between gentility and the populace is said to be the *alpargata*, a shoe or san-

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A GLASS OF AGUARDIENTE.

dal of native hemp; but *La Corrosca* often disregards even that incumbrance, and with bare feet, bare ankles, bare arms, and bare bust, unabashed by such lavish display of her personal charms, sells *chicha* or exhibits her wares and fruit in the market-place. She derives her title from the hat she wears, but usually appropriates the most musical names in the vocabulary, such as Mercédes, Jesusita, or Carmen.

She smokes a cigarette, or even an *Ambalema* (a famous brand of native cigar), and is never averse to indulging in her own *chicha*. Her companion of the male sex is usually distinguished by *alpargatas* and *ruana*. Sometimes he works, but often his principal occupation is playing the *tiple*, a musical instrument of eight strings, smaller than the guitar. The *bandola* is similar, but more diminutive, and responds to the touch of a bit of tortoise-shell, held between the thumb and forefinger, in tones almost human. The *chucho* is a joint of bamboo containing grains of corn, that is shaken in a peculiar manner, accentuating the time. The trio combine to produce a style of music as sweet as it is weird and strange, and as distinctively national as the old plantation melodies were once characteristic of the South. There is, indeed, an indescribable charm in their *pasillos* and *bambucos*, and, like all Indian airs, they are plaintive, almost sad. Nevertheless, they are veritable dances, and two or more couples, dancing singly, usually execute a series of not ungraceful movements, at intervals singing. Occasionally this is changed into the *zumangué*, in which one's partner chants a series of ridiculous orders that the two are required to perform simultaneously. The *tiple* is played in the street by a tribe of itinerant musicians at all hours, but is never a begging device like that most irrepressible of acclimatizations, the hand-organ. Its possessor, whether wandering good-naturedly from *chicheria* to *chicheria*, carrying several hundredweight upon his back, or driving a pack train of mules or oxen, contentedly twangs the strings in that peculiar manner known as *rasgar*, and appears entirely absorbed in the contemplation of his own efforts. There is little that is vicious in the man of *ruana* and *alpargatas;* thriftless he is, perhaps, but much energy is not to be expected at two *reales* (twenty cents) per day. At the same time he can live upon a dime, economically expended, during this period. *Mazamora*, a nutritious soup, is the favorite food of the lower classes. Perhaps in no city of its size in the United States is property or life so safe as in Bogota. Burglaries and murders are comparatively rare, although street fights, often between two or more women, are common. When thoroughly aroused, *machete* in hand, there is a dangerous significance in the otherwise meaningless Spanish oath that is hissed from his lips. *Chicha*, the popular drink, stupefies rather than excites, and its unfortunate victim either takes refuge in a doorway, unmolested by the police, or falls prostrate upon the sidewalk.

The pure Indian, unless a soldier, is not usually a resident of Bogota, although he makes frequent pilgrimages to the city. How notable the difference between the North and South American Indian! There he remains in his primitive state; here he has adopted not only the language

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and many of the customs, but the religion of his conquerors. Two principal causes have combined to effect this condition of things—intermarriage, and the fact that the tribes occupying the country at the time of the conquest were not nomadic, as were those of the United States and Canada. Occasionally in the *Sabana* one encounters Indians of a peculiar German physiognomy, that are supposed to be the descendants of the followers of Fredemann. The Indians are a hard-worked and indifferently paid class—veritable beasts of burden—often carrying, both men and women, loads of from two hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds, suspended from the forehead and resting upon the back. They are the exclusive marketers of Bogota, and bring their fruit and wares over difficult mountain paths, often travelling a distance of one hundred miles. All the heavier articles of commerce are brought upon their shoulders from the river terminus at Honda.

The enlisted men of the army are entirely composed of Indians from the states of Boyacá, Cundinamarca, and Santander, and there are no better *machine* soldiers in the world.

Perhaps the most interesting customs of Bogota are connected with the *fiestas* or feasts of the Church. Upon the latter days and on Sunday morning everybody goes to mass, where, especially in San Carlos, one may hear very good sacred music, varied by a bit of an *opéra bouffe;* but the afternoons are universally devoted to receiving and making visits, horseback rides into the country, a bull-fight at Chapinero or Las Cruces, or a stroll along the Calle Real to Las Nieves and San Diego. Perhaps one of the military bands gives a public secular concert of a high order of merit, and a favorite amusement of the children is kite-flying; but whatever the diversion of the day, Sunday night is invariably devoted to the opera or theatre and balls.

Upon the *vispera* (preceding evening) of all their prominent *fiestas* the city is brilliantly illuminated. The carnival, or Mardi Gras festival, receives comparatively little attention, but Christmas and Holy-Week are observed with all the "pomp and circumstance" of the Roman Church. A peculiar feature of the former is the burlesque by puppets of various local customs and celebrities, and few escape their harmless satire. In such mechanical manipulation they excel. This entertainment is called a *pesebre* (manger), from the fact that the birth of Christ is usually represented among the accessories. In many of the churches the music during this season is of a very worldly character, with an accompaniment by tiple, bandola, chucho, castanet, and tambourine. At midnight of Christmas-eve is held the mass of the cock (*misa del gallo*), so called from the hour of its celebration, during which, to the strange effect produced by the above instruments, is added an imitation of the crowing of the cock and the chirping of birds. Masquerade balls are common at this season, and not unfrequently the dancers pass from a Strauss waltz to early mass, with merely a hurried change of dress. The 28th of December (*dia de los inocentes*), commemorative of the killing of the children of Bethlehem, is, strangely enough, characterized by the same practices that distinguish our 1st of April.



LA MANTILLA.

Upon All-souls' Day the population flock to the cemetery, where itinerant friars and other poor priests find occupation, and are remunerated for chanting a few lines over the graves of the departed. They may also be seen soliciting alms from door to door, or in the market, in the name of the Virgin, whose image they present to be kissed. Every religious order here, as in other parts of

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South America, invariably appears in its distinctive dress, and the priest who goes to administer the sacrament to a dying person is robed in white and covered by a capacious canopy, preceded by a chorister ringing a bell, and accompanied by numerous attendants carrying lighted tapers. To this procession all remove the hat, and many kneel. A death in Bogota is announced from the street corners, side by side with theatrical and other advertisements. Among the higher classes the funeral rites are celebrated with no little ostentation and ceremony. The poorer people indulge in a sort of "wake," and expose their dead to the public gaze while being conveyed through the streets.

Among their many churches there are several exclusively frequented by the *pueblo*, and prominent among these is Egipto, situated at a considerable distance above the city, upon the side of Monserrate. A *fiesta* in this little edifice attracts all the low gamblers in the city, and before night the church is surrounded by temporary booths, where *aguardiente* (native brandy) and *chicha* are the staple commodities, and monte, lottery, and many odd games of chance are openly operated with more than ordinary boldness and success. But Egipto is noted for something more than its gambling *fiesta*. The traveller who in London would seek white-bait at Greenwich, in Bogota must go to Egipto for a dish of *chicheron*—the fried skin of a freshly killed hog, and when properly cooked, delicately white and as crisp as a wafer. Elsewhere this edible material is tanned for saddle skirts!

For the ladies of Bogota there are, outside of the theatres, no public diversions, but perhaps in no part of the world is the home and home life more agreeable. *Tertulias*, or informal reunions of both sexes during the evening, especially in December—the Bogota season—are of nightly occurrence, and dancing is very general. There is but one regular theatre, and although commodious, it is in very bad repair. Italian and French operas and Spanish plays are the rule. The *ballet* is not appreciated; and I have witnessed the señoritas in their boxes almost turn their backs upon the graceful *pas* of the *première danseuse*, until, in deference to the wishes of his patrons, the manager has been compelled to publicly announce its discontinuance. The comparatively little liberty that the Spanish-American woman enjoys is nowhere more obvious than in the theatres. She may attend no public performance without a male member of the family, and even thus protected in Bogota, she may not enter an orchestra stall or the parquet. Both are exclusively occupied by men. The first or dress circle, as well as the second gallery, is entirely divided into boxes, or *palcos*, which accommodate from five to ten persons, and these are usually filled by families. The latter is considered the most desirable. There is a third gallery common to both sexes, and popularly called the *gallinera* (hen-roost), which at each end and immediately above the stage is inclosed by Venetian blinds, that, as well as the spaces they inclose, are called *celosias* (from *zelos*, or jealousy), where chiefly congregate a class of women who are debarred from publicly appearing because of mourning, from inability to purchase a *palco*, or by other less reputable reasons.

The Sedan-chair, immortalized by Dickens, but obsolete almost everywhere else, is a common vehicle in Bogota, especially in going to and returning from the theatre.

The secular *fiesta* of most importance in Colombia, and especially in its capital, whither flock the inhabitants from all parts of the country, is, of course, its anniversary of independence, on the 20th of July; and it is gratifying to record that our own "glorious fourth," as well as the 22d of February, the birthday of the first American liberator, is invariably commemorated in both Houses of Congress by patriotic and friendly resolutions, by salutes of artillery, and evolutions by the garrison of Bogota in the plaza of Bolivar. For their own national celebration the latter is handsomely decorated, and surrounded by temporary tiers of *palcos*, from which the entire population witness, during seven or eight days, various public exhibitions, feats of horsemanship, in which they excel, manœuvres by the Colombian Guard, and bull-fighting. The national colors, yellow, blue, and red (the blue ocean separating the blood-thirsty Spaniard from the golden shores of Colombia), float from every private house as well as public edifice, the hotels and Jockey Club swarm with guests, and at night the various *casas de juego*, brilliantly illuminated, allure the lovers of *roleta* (Spanish *rouge et noir*) and *tresillo*. Gambling is a very common vice, and during this season everybody plays patriotically.

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To a June Rose.

O ROYAL ROSE! the Roman dress'd
His feast with thee; thy petals press'd
Augustan brows; thine odor fine,
Mix'd with the three-times-mingled wine,
Lent the long Thracian draught its zest.

What marvel then, if host and guest,
By Love, by Song, by Thee caress'd,
Half-trembled on the half-divine,
O royal Rose!

And yet—and yet—I love thee best
In our old gardens of the West,
Whether about my thatch thou twine,
Or Hers, that brown-eyed maid of mine,
Who lulls thee on her lawny breast,
O royal Rose!

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A NIGHT WITH THE GERMANS.

"WE had met the enemy, and they were ours;" that is to say, the manœuvres of the day were nearly over, the umpires had rendered their decisions, the enemy was in full retreat, and we, in the advance of our corps, were in hot pursuit. We were in a lovely country on the edge of Thuringia, the garden of Germany, and in one of its most ancient provinces, rich and fertile Altenburg. A lovely country indeed, with velvety green valleys, threaded by silvery winding streams, smiling and sparkling in the sun, and dotted with groups of red-roofed farm-houses half concealed in fruit-filled orchards. Away over in our front, along the richly wooded rolling hills, ran the white, dusty highway, winding in and out among the trees, and covered with the long columns of the slowly retreating enemy, their light-horse—"Green Hussars," so called from the color of their dolmans—hovering in clouds on their flanks and rear, and stubbornly contesting our advance. Sometimes the report of a rifle, and a wreath of white smoke curling up and floating a moment in the clear air, as our skirmishers came in contact with their cavalry, and the occasional surly boom of a field-piece, as our horse-artillery fired a parting shot at the column slowly disappearing in the distance, indicated the direction of our pursuit. Back in the valleys behind us, relieved against the white walls of some houses, forming a diminutive village, the possession of which had been the object of the day's manœuvres, we could see our main body, the different brigades and regiments massed in solid dark squares on the green fields, where they were taking up their positions preparatory to going into bivouac for the night.

It was well into the afternoon when the pursuit ended. The last straggling hostile hussar had vanished behind the hills, our skirmishers were called in and joined their respective commands, and our battalion left the road on which we had been marching and formed in close column of companies on a level field near by. A squadron of our own cavalry and a battery of horse-artillery were already in position near us. The guns were in park, and formed a sombre, formidable line with their massive but light wheels and carriages covered with dust, and their threatening muzzles blue with the powder they had been burning during the day. The men were as busy as bees about their horses, caring for them first, picketing them in lines, and shaking down their forage, but keeping the saddles on and ready for service at a moment's notice. The cavalry had not all finished their day's work yet, for the detail for the pickets rode off, as we approached, to form a line of videttes away in our front along the highway over which the enemy had retreated, and that ran at nearly right angles with our present position.

Tired, hot, and hungry, hands and faces blackened by powder smoke and grimy with dirt, clothes and accoutrements covered with dust, but with not a button out of place, not one heavy helmet shifted off their streaming foreheads, not a strap of the heavy knapsacks unbuckled or eased up, with eyes straight to the front, heels together, bodies erect, and the alignment perfect, our sturdy infantrymen stood motionless where they had been halted, as if on parade fresh from their barracks. Although on their feet since early morning, marching and skirmishing all day long, although foot-sore and half faint with hunger—for they had not had a chance to eat since their breakfast—the iron German discipline held its stern sway over officers and men alike, and every movement and every detail of a movement, every necessary change in the manual of arms, was executed throughout with the mechanical precision of a tireless machine. As the order to stack arms was given, the pieces came together without clashing, their butts falling with a dull thud to the ground, the leathern, brass-bound, spear-pointed "Pickelhauben" were lifted off, placed under the stacks, each man's helmet by the butt of his rifle, and replaced by the soft, vizorless, blue forage caps. The hair-covered knapsacks were unslung and placed in correctly aligned rows in rear of the lines of stacks, overcoats were unrolled and put on, the heavy cartridge-boxes, swinging on their pipe-clayed leather belts, were buckled around the waists, and the canteens and haversacks slung over the shoulders, for, when in the advanced guards, soldiers, even when preparing for rest, lie down in harness, and if awakened by the call to arms, are ready at once. Facing to the right, and breaking as one

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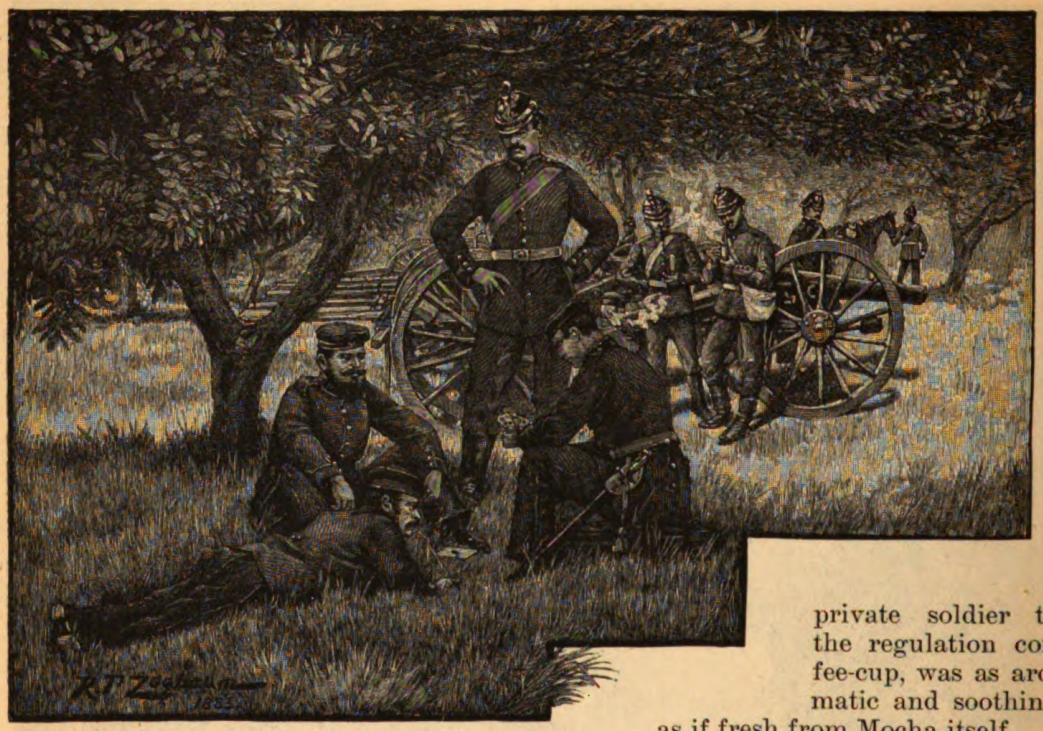


SKIRMISHERS IN PURSUIT.

man into the cadenced step, the battalion marched to a position alongside of their arms, each company in a line with its own rifles; the ranks were broken, and preparations for their meal and for passing the night were immediately begun. Some were detailed to go in search of water, and the various squads, their tin camp kettles, habitually carried strapped to the top of the knapsack, hanging on their arms, were falling in or marching off over the adjacent fields; others were unloading a huge wagon pile of straw that had come up, meanwhile, from the rear, the soldiers carrying it away in great armfuls to make their beds; some were cutting wood or digging the circular trenches around the places where the bivouac fires were to be made, thus preventing the straw on which the men lie being ignited by the flames; while others again were busily engaged in plaiting the same material into great screens to protect the sleepers from the wind. These screens are fastened to stakes driven into the ground, and form a circle—an opening being left for the ingress and egress of the men—around the fire, the soldiers sleeping with their heads against the screens and their feet toward the flames. The circle is called a "Feuerring" (*anglice*, fire-ring), and forms as warm and comfortable a sleeping-place as the circumstances will permit.

Although now no longer confined to the strict discipline of the ranks, the same spirit of order seemed to reign among the men. I could hear them chatting and laughing over their tasks, but in a subdued manner, and with a stolid attention

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ARTILLERY OUTPOST—A QUIET GAME.

to the work in hand. There was no loud singing and whistling, no dancing the "cancan," no shouting and gesticulating, but everything was thoroughly and quickly done, and the straw-encircled "Feuerringe" rose as if by magic all about the quiet fields. No more picturesque or appropriate spot could have well been chosen for a bivouac than the little dell in which we were encamped. There was not a house or structure of any kind in sight, for we lay in a little green basin among the hills, surrounded by the quiet woods, the rays of the afternoon sun streaming through the leafy openings among the trees, and dancing in sparkling points of light on the burnished metal of the piles of arms. The caterer of the mess had been fortunate enough to procure a good dinner for us, which had been discussed in the mess tent, pitched under the shade of the trees on the edge of the field, with appetites sharpened by the hard march and the long delay, for our meal had been brought up to us from the distant rear; and now we sat or lounged on the soft grass, smoking and sipping our after-dinner coffee, which, although destitute of sweetening, and drank out of all kinds of drinking vessels, from the tin mug of the private soldier to the regulation coffee-cup, was as aromatic and soothing as if fresh from Mocha itself.

As the sun sank in the west, casting gigantic shadows of the moving figures of the men on the lawn-like surface of our resting-place, the life of the bivouac quieted down, and the men, some of them, their duties ended, and overcome by fatigue, were sleeping anywhere on the ground; others were chatting together in little groups, or polishing and cleaning the brasses of their accoutrements and the barrels of their guns; some strolled about aimlessly, their hands clasped behind them or thrust in their belts, or stood idly smoking their great porcelain pipes, and watching a game of cards, or listening to the maxims of some burly, bewhiskered non-commissioned officer. Now and then the notes of some soldier song or sweet German ballad, sung in subdued and low tones, floated in the still, calm air, mingling with the restless pawing of the horses and the evening hymns of the birds in the adjacent forest. Once a stag with a doe or two appeared on the edge of the woods, and gazed with wondering, frightened eyes at the unwonted sight, and then bounding back again, vanished into the thickets.

The company detailed to occupy the advanced posts and to relieve the cavalry videttes was now formed under arms, and silently took up its march toward the position assigned to it. This detachment was

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THE EVENING PRAYER.

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to form a post advanced from our own, and was again to be guarded by a smaller detail from its own ranks, lying between it and the advanced sentries, and furnish the reliefs for their line, the object being to form a guard against surprise by any body of the enemy during the night. Already the quiet of the evening had been broken by an occasional shot in the distance, and we knew that the restless light-horsemen of our active opponent had been annoying our videttes.

The twilight was fast closing in as, after promising to return to a "Bowle," or light wine punch, which it was proposed to brew in the mess that evening—a promise gladly given, as I had no desire to lie shivering all night on the picket line—I hurried after the little column winding over the fields in the gloaming. Not a word was spoken by the men as we marched, and care was taken to keep on the low grounds and under the shelter of the trees until we reached a little hollow, where a few trees and a high hedge, that ran along some abandoned or unused grounds or game preserves at its top, would hide what fire might be built from the prying eyes of some prowling hussar or vigilant scouting party of the enemy. Here the post was established, and the lieutenant who was to have charge of the fore-post started at once with his command to a point about a quarter of a mile further in advance, where he likewise placed his men in a sheltered nook, and proceeded to relieve the cavalrymen. We were now on the turnpike already mentioned, and soon established communication with the rest of the line of advanced pickets on our right and left. Nothing of the enemy was visible, and everything about was as silent as if thousands of men with hundreds of horses were not lying "in all the country round." The day, save for the last warm flush in the heavens in the west, was gone, and the stars shone down on the peaceful landscape from an unclouded sky. There was a light breeze, and the tall poplars that bordered the highway, stretching gray in a long line till lost in the gathering shadows, slightly moved their feathery tops, the faint voices of the night were heard, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of early evening, and cool and moist with the gently falling dew. Silently the sentries stood under the poplar-trees, their watchful eyes and ready ears strained to catch the slightest movement or hear the least suspicious sound in their front. Returning to the post first established, I found that, with true soldiers' readiness, the men had made themselves as comfortable as possible, had improvised a wind-screen and fire-ring from a lot of branches and brush they had gathered, and had constructed a most cozy and warm little hut—if hut a structure barely four feet high and wide and about six or seven feet long could be designated—for the accommodation of the two officers in charge. Their fire was burning brightly, and they were all hopeful of spending a quiet night, undisturbed by those wretched "Green Hussars" who had so persistently bothered the videttes up to sunset. I bade them good-night, and started back over the fields to rejoin my friends at the bivouac—a way easily found, for, after skirting the little hills that formed the sides of the hollow, I could see the glare of the fires that had meanwhile been lighted.

Away off on the horizon a yellow flickering light betokened the presence of the main body of our corps, whence, as I stood for a moment alone in the darkness enjoying the weird strangeness of the scene, there came, borne on the evening wind over the distant fields, faintly yet distinctly, the plaintive sound of the fifes and muffled rolling of the drums, rising and falling in one strange, sad, sweet note, and then dying away in a last long-drawn wail. It was "das Locken," or call for assembly, and was followed, after a moment's pause, by the crash of the regimental bands, mellowed and softened by the distance, playing the martial German "Zapfenstreich"—the tattoo—and I knew the hour of rest had come.

Hurrying forward, I reached our bivouac just as the troop was falling in for the evening prayer, although no tattoo had been beaten there, we being too near the enemy, and the music might have betrayed our whereabouts. Quietly our little force moved up in front of the fires, the guard standing to their arms. "Halt! Richt, euch!" and they stood there motionless in one solid dark block, relieved strong against the bright light of the fires and columns of smoke and sparks rising almost straight upward to the black heavens. Out of the darkness came a short word of command, "Caps off for prayer!" and in solemn silence, with uncovered heads, the rough soldiers rendered thanks to the Almighty for His mercies.

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THE FIRE-GUARD.

Lighted candles stuck in bottles or fastened to rough-hewn blocks of wood were gleaming brightly on the plain pine boards of the improvised table under the mess tent, when, the men having been dismissed, the officers sat down for an hour's chat and smoke before turning in, and although our seats varied in shape and size from a mess chest to a folding camp-chair, and the table appointments were of the simplest description, it would have been difficult to have found a merrier or more comfortable set of men than that of which our little party was composed. A handsome, soldierly lot of gentlemen, these German officers, treating one with the freedom of the camp, but with the well-bred courtesy of their class, and full of eager hospitality to the stranger from far-off America. Many were the questions asked about the land beyond the sea, where so many of their countrymen and their descendants had their homes; about France, where I had been living for a long time, and about Paris, where I still resided; about the French army, their life and their habits. Then the yarns about the late war between the two countries, the suffering, the hardships, the fun and the fighting, the good wines and fair women of "sunny France"—yarns that made the youngsters of the mess envious of their elders, and anxious to take part some day in a like, to them, glorious struggle. There was no boasting, no exultation of the victor over the vanquished, but the natural talk of soldiers over the adventures of a campaign the like of which has seldom been met with in history.

So the evening wore away in pleasant

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chat, until the major, our commandant, gave the signal for us to disperse; and we sought our beds. By the kind forethought of one of the officers—most amiable and considerate of lieutenants—I found that a comfortable lair had been prepared for me by his side in one of the fire-rings, and snugly wrapped in our overcoats, a rubber blanket under us, and a big woollen one over us, my valise for a pillow, we lay down in the straw by the roaring fire. Bidding me a kind good-night, my companion was soon in the land of dreams, while I still lay watching the sleeping men, and the silent figure of the fire-guard, as he sat on a log of wood poring over a story-book by the light of the flames, and occasionally rising to replenish the fire from a pile of wood at his side. My neighbor on my other side was a great stout sergeant, who snored like a trooper, and who kept edging up to me for warmth and creature comfort. Never awakening, if I made the slightest movement to escape from his too close companionship, the worthy fellow would grunt and edge up again until close to me, when at last I gave up in despair, and philosophically resigned myself to the inevitable. Gradually my eyes closed; the man by the fire grew more indistinct. Are there two men reading romances, or is it one man with two heads? I felt the comfortable, soothing warmth of early sleep, and soon all was oblivion.

What was that? Am I a boy again, and is it the Fourth of July, and have my playmates begun the celebration of the day with the phiz and bang of the early firecracker? Something has disturbed my slumber, and still dreaming that it is time to get up, and that Harry Brown and Tommy Black are out before me on Independence-day, I half open my eyes. Pop! pop! prrrutt! pop! Those are no fire-crackers, nor is it Harry Brown who is shaking me by the arm and speaking to me in guttural German, but my honest friend the sergeant, who is telling me that the outposts have been attacked, and who is "blanking" the industrious fellows on the other side who can not let peacefully disposed soldiers enjoy their well-earned night's repose. As I sprang to my feet and looked about me, I saw the men rising from the straw and gazing half dazed out into the gloom, or rubbing the sleep from their eyes, as they awaited the expected signal to rush to their posts. The lieutenant was standing by the fire in an attitude of eager attention, his great-coat thrown back and ready to be cast aside, while the murmur of voices that arose from about the other fires showed that the men there too were aroused. Suddenly there was another dropping series of reports, followed in rapid succession by two or three volleys of musketry, and the cry To arms! rang out in the night. In an instant everything was in motion, as the men rushed at the top of their speed to the piles of arms. But there was no confusion. Every man knew his place, the ranks were formed as if by magic, the stacks were broken, and the human machine stood there in its completeness ready to move and to act at the command of its master. The cavalry, as I could see by the fitful glare of the fires, were standing by their horses. A squad mounted and rode off in the darkness, the guns of the horse-battery were limbered up, and the drivers and gunners stood at their posts. Again the spiteful rattle of small-arms was heard, and flashes of fire sparkled in the distance like fire-flies.

But our rest, although thus rudely broken, was not to be further disturbed that night, for the fire in our front gradually diminished and moved away from us over to our right, where for a few moments it increased again rapidly, until quite a sharp engagement seemed to be in progress at the outposts, over a mile or so from us. This too died away in a short time. A messenger from our front reported everything quiet again in all directions, and the sleepy soldiers once more sought their resting-places to snatch a few moments' more repose before the dawn, for it was now well on into the "wee sma' hours." For the life of me I could not sleep any more, so I rested quietly on my back, watching the waning fire and the recumbent forms of the soldiers in the ring. Strong, heavily framed young peasants, most of them, though here and there the more refined features of some "Freiwillige," or volunteer from the better classes of society, were distinguishable, in spite of the private's coarse uniform. Now and again one of the men stirred or muttered something in his sleep, while two or three, who, like myself, were unable to again close their eyes, sat or stood before the fire, smoking and talking in under-tones.

With the first rosy blushes of the dawn the men began to rise, and before the sun

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A VIDETTE.

was fairly over the horizon the place was all astir with preparations for the early breakfast of rye bread and coffee. The rough camp toilet was quickly made—in my own case by cold water poured over my head and face from a bucket in the ready hands of a good-natured, grinning soldier—and having hastily drunk our coffee, we were soon on the march to rejoin the main body. As we moved we saw the columns of our cavalry advancing, while in front of their late bivouacs the infantry and artillery were massing, and by the occasional shout that rose from the different battalions we knew that the general commanding, sturdy old Von Blumenthal himself, was making his morning rounds. Our battalion was drawn up in a field as the grim old soldier, accompanied by a modest-looking staff and a few orderlies, rode up, and with a touch of the peak of his scarlet-banded fatigue cap, gave us in a strong clear voice his "Guten Morgen!" As with one voice the ringing answer, "Guten Morgen, Excellenz!" bursts from the men, and the white-haired chief rode slowly down the lines, his sharp eyes scanning the motionless ranks, all glittering in the glory of the morning sun.

Then words of command were heard from the heads of the various regiments, the troops began to move, and the roads on all sides were soon covered with columns upon columns of marching soldiery. Up against the sky on the heights before us we could see artillery going into battery. A moment later a white cloud burst out from the dark group, followed by the distant boom of the gun, and the work of the day had commenced.

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IT was on a summer day in the year 1787 that a couple of horsemen halted on the northern bank of the Holston, about four miles below the mouth of the French Broad, to survey the picturesque scene everywhere about them. They were at the summit of a low ridge that sloped abruptly down to the river, here flowing in a turbid stream, a hundred and fifty yards in width, and broken by a small island, clad in green, and covered with giant oaks and poplars towering a hundred feet and more into the air. On the opposite bank was a range of lofty hills, rising near by in grassy slopes from the water's edge, and beyond breaking into perpendicular cliffs whose summits bore the forest growth of many centuries. Everywhere was this primitive forest, interspersed with a dense foliage of laurel and rhododendron that loaded with perfume all the atmosphere. No sound broke the stillness save the music of the birds that were singing their morning hymn among the trees, and the low murmur of a little streamlet, which, fed by numerous springs, poured its clear waters into the turbid river through a deep ravine not a hundred yards away.

It was a scene of such quiet and peace and rural beauty as the weary travellers had never beheld. The dense growth of deciduous trees indicated a deep, rich soil, and the numerous springs that bubbled up along the margin of the narrow stream would furnish an inexhaustible supply of pure water for a settlement. These features marked the spot as an appropriate site for the home of which these men were in quest, and, moreover, the summit on which they stood was nature's own location for a fort—and without a fort no frontier hamlet was in those times safe from the murderous attacks of the Indians.

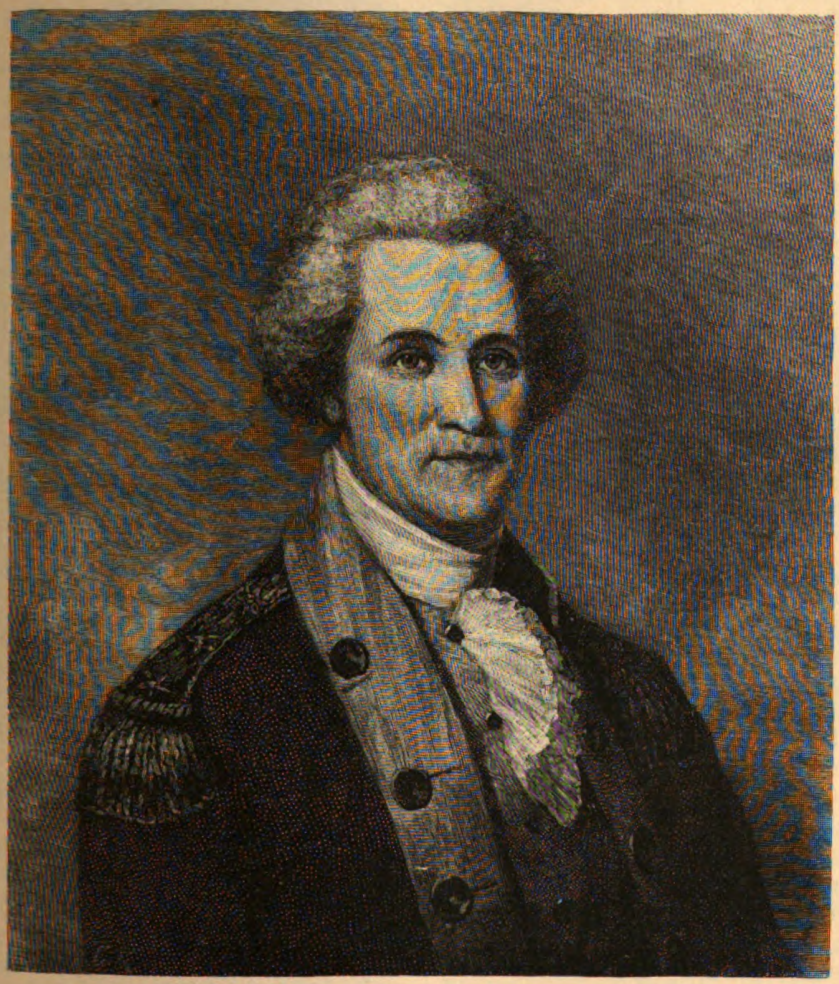
For these were troublous times in this wide territory, west of the Alleghanies. The settler who built his household fire in this wilderness carried his life in his hand. Scarcely a spring, or a ford, or a hamlet, or a wooded path among the hills in all the broad region now comprising the States of Kentucky and Tennessee but had, at the date of which I am writing, been the scene of some savage atrocity, or some heroic exploit of the white settler battling for his home and the lives of his wife and children. For nearly twenty years the conflict had been waged—a handful of white men against twenty thousand savage Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees, and Chickasaws, the bravest, most warlike, and most blood-thirsty of all the native tribes east of the Mississippi; and nothing had saved the white settlers from total extermination, and Southwestern civilization from utter extinction, except these rude forts, and the sleepless vigilance and remarkable qualities of that greatest of Indian fighters, John Sevier. When Sevier was within striking distance, the home of the white man was safe, but, though he moved with the celerity of the wind, he was not altogether ubiquitous, and hence the settlers sought additional security in a stout barrack of logs erected in the heart of every settlement. The fort which the two horsemen whom I have mentioned erected on the summit of the ridge overlooking the Holston was a type of all that were built beyond the Alleghanies, and therefore merits a somewhat particular description.

It covered a triangular piece of ground of about half an acre. At each corner was a cabin of hewn logs a foot or more square, the ends morticed, and the logs fitted closely one upon the other, so as to form a wall impenetrable to bullets. Two of these cabins were of two stories, the upper story projecting about two feet beyond the lower, and pierced with port-holes, from which the settler could see and repel an enemy should he approach near enough to scale the stockade or set fire to the buildings. The stockade filled the intervening spaces between the cabins, and was of timber a foot square and eight feet long, imbedded firmly in the ground, the upper ends sharpened, and the whole set so closely together as to be impervious to small-arms. A wide gate, hung on stout wooden hinges, and secured by heavy hickory bars, opened toward the little stream, and from it a path led down to one of the many springs along its border.

Though of rude construction, and not very imposing in appearance, the fort was altogether impregnable to any attack from such desultory warriors as the Indians, unless they should come upon it in overwhelming numbers, or by a regular siege starve out the garrison. In such a rude barrack John Sevier, with only forty men and a meagre supply of ammunition,

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held at bay for twenty days, and finally repulsed with considerable loss, a force of six hundred savages, led by Oconostota, the great archimagus and most renowned chieftain of the Cherokees! And this he did without the loss of a single man.



JOHN SEVIER.

But attack and not defense was Sevier's favorite mode of warfare. An open forest and enough daylight to take good aim were all he asked for his unerring Deckard rifles; and woe to the Indian town on which he swooped down, firing its wigwams, and blasting with his lightning breath the very stalks in the corn fields! It was thus that with only a handful of riflemen he struck terror into the hearts of twenty thousand savages, and encircled as with a girdle of fire the infant settlements along the Holston and Watauga.

And why is it that the daring exploits and great services of this remarkable man have never been written? But I mistake: they have been written—in the hearts of a million and a half of people. Even now, after the lapse of nearly a century, aged men speak his name with loving reverence, and young children listen with wondering delight to the thrilling story of his life, in many a rude hut and many a stately mansion beyond the Alleghanies. I vividly remember how the venerable historian of Tennessee,* the late Dr. Ramsey, bedridden, his faculties fast sinking under the wight of eighty-eight years, heard the mention of his name. I had

* Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, of Knoxville, author of the *Annals of Tennessee*, to whom the writer is indebted for many of the facts in this sketch.

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shown him the portrait of Sevier which accompanies this article, and asked if it was a correct likeness, when his eye brightened, his face lighted up, and half raising his palsied hand, he said, with tremulous animation: "Ah, sir, he was a great man, a very great man, one of the purest, most heroic, and most self-devoted men in American history. I knew him well when I was a lad; for many years we attended the same church. This picture of him was taken about the time of King's Mountain, when he turned the tide in favor of American freedom. He was the rear-guard of the Revolution, and without him, or some other man just like him, the colonies could never have beaten off the savages, or achieved their independence of Great Britain."

But I am writing about the fort at Knoxville, and the two Revolutionary veterans—James White and James Conner, from Iredell County, North Carolina—who built it, and thus laid the foundation of the future capital of Tennessee. Felling the trees about the barrack, and clearing the ground of stumps to prevent their becoming hiding-places for savage assailants, they planted the cleared land in corn, and then went away for their families. They returned with them the same year, and, with the family of another Revolutionary soldier, took up their abode in the fort, and thus began the first settlement at this remote outpost of civilization.

They were in the heart of the primitive forest, and the life they led was of the most primitive description. Pounded corn was their only bread, their only meat the game brought down by their rifles. They planted flax, and this the women made into garments; but the men had scarcely other clothing than the deer-skin leggings and hunting-shirts of the aborigines. But not long did they live here alone. Emigration was rolling rapidly westward, and soon other settlers came about them, and among them some whose names have won at least casual mention in history. One of these was John Adair, the patriotic entry-taker (tax-collector) of the district of Washington.

In 1780 Sevier was recruiting and at his own expense equipping the army with which he conquered Ferguson at King's Mountain. His exchequer was low, from frequent drafts of a similar nature, and he had tried to borrow from his neighbors, on his personal responsibility, money enough to finish the fitting out of the expedition. But not a man among them had a dollar; they had expended all their ready means in taking up their lands, or in paying taxes to the entry-taker. He—John Adair—was the only one who had any money in the territory, and the plans of Sevier were likely to be retarded, if not altogether frustrated, for the lack of the wherewith to buy horses and equipments for his soldiery. From the distance of a hundred years we can look back, and, seeing all the circumstances, may realize that this was the turning-point of the Revolution, and that the fate of the nation, humanly speaking, hung on Sevier's securing possession of a paltry amount of legal currency. It may be questioned if Sevier saw the magnitude of the issue at stake; but whether he saw it or not, it is certain that he suggested to Adair that he should loan him whatever funds of the State were in his possession. And the following, as recorded by tradition, was Adair's answer:

"Colonel Sevier, I have no right to make any such disposition of this money. It belongs to the impoverished Treasury of North Carolina. But if the country is overrun by the British, liberty is gone. Let the money go too. Take it. If by its use the enemy is driven from the country, I can trust that country to justify and vindicate my conduct. Take it."

Sevier took it, and the result was King's Mountain.

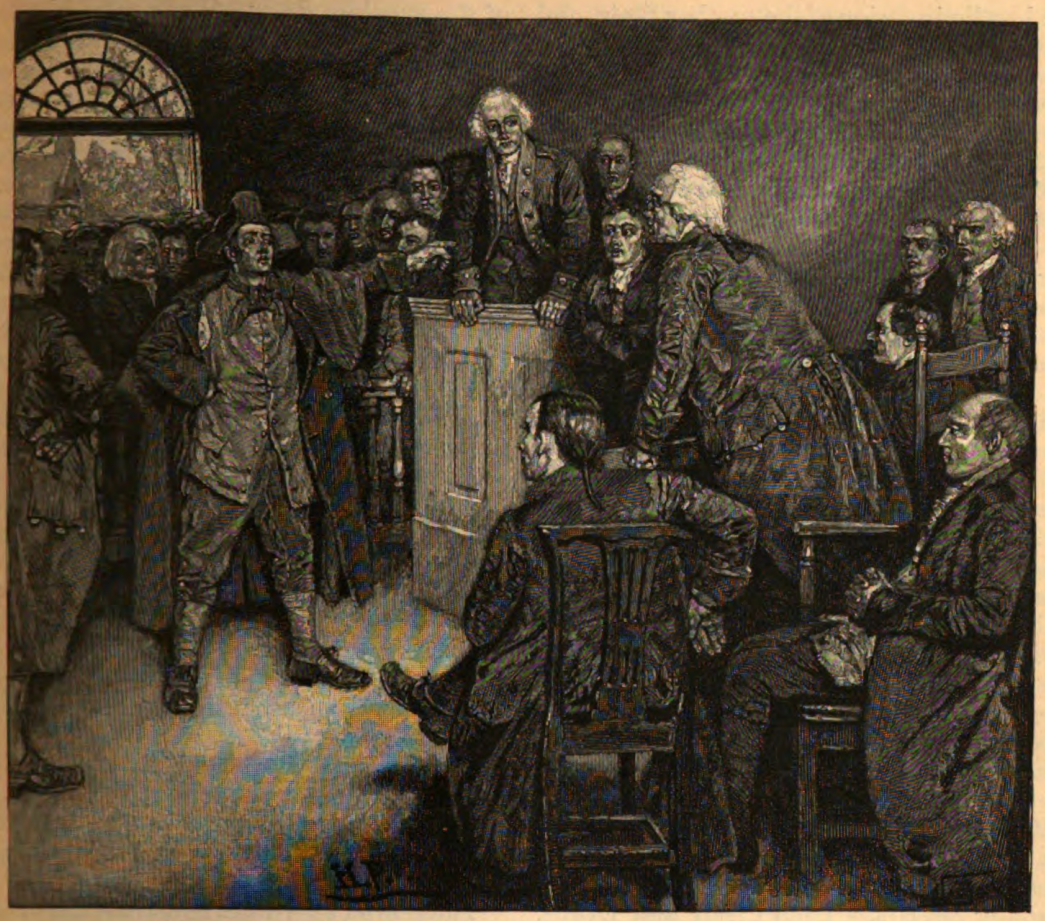
Years afterward, in examining some papers of Sevier's that had been found in the attic of a deserted house in Knoxville, Dr. Ramsey came upon the following receipt, which shows that Sevier repaid this money to North Carolina, the very State for whose defense—yea, salvation—it had been expended:

"Rec'd Jan'y 31st, 1782, of Mr. John Adair, Entry-taker in the county of Sullivan, twelve thousand seven hundred and thirty-five dollars, which is placed to his credit on the Treasury books.

"Per ROBERT LANIER, Treas'r,
"12,735 Dollars. Salisbury Dis't."

Another settler who built his cabin a few miles distant from the fort at Knoxville was James Cosby, an old Indian fighter, and one of the most trusted of Sevier's lieutenants. He it was who about this time headed the little expedition which invaded North Carolina and rescued Sevier, when he was under the ban of outlawry and being tried for his life by

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RESCUE OF SEVIER.

the very State he had so lately saved from destruction.

Such excitement was never known beyond the Alleghanies as when it was noised abroad in the early morning that Nolichucky Jack had been kidnapped overnight, placed in irons, and between dark and daylight spirited over the mountains, on a charge of high treason, by the State authorities of North Carolina. To quote the somewhat high-flown language of a document of the period, "Had the destroying angel passed through the land, and destroyed the first-born in every dwelling, the feelings of the hardy frontiersmen would not have been more aroused; had the chiefs and warriors of the whole Cherokee nation fallen upon and butchered the defenseless settlers, the spirit of retaliation and revenge would not have been more deeply awakened in their bosoms."

Sevier was the idol of the frontier people. His captivating manners, generous public spirit, great personal bravery, and high soldierly qualities had won him the admiration and love of every man, woman, and child in the territory. For years, without pay or reward, he had stood sentinel over their homes, had guarded them through terrible dangers, and led them to wonderful victories; and now, when a hand that should have been friendly had been lifted against his life, every man felt it as a blow aimed at his own person, an outrage that could be wiped out only in blood. So every one thought and felt as he shouldered his trusty rifle and hurried to the rendezvous. The tidings had flown with the wind; men had come together as if by instinct; and before night-fall more than a thousand dauntless backwoodsmen, armed to the teeth, had gathered at Jonesborough, determined to rescue their beloved commander, or "leave their bones to bleach on the sand hills of North Carolina." For a time it seemed as if nothing could hinder

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a hostile invasion of the mother State, and the bloodshed and lasting animosity that would inevitably have followed. But at last wiser and more moderate counsels prevailed, and these counsels came from James Cosby, of Knoxville. With three others—Major Evans and James and John Sevier, the two sons of the general, who, when boys of fifteen and seventeen, had fought by his side at King's Mountain—Cosby proposed to go to the rescue—to effect by stratagem what would be impolitic and hazardous to undertake by open force.

They went, the four men, mounted on fleet horses, and leading a bay mare of Sevier's, which was noted as the swiftest-footed animal in the territory. The trial was in progress at Morganton, and many thousands had come together to witness what was deemed by far the most important political event that had occurred since the proclamation of peace with Great Britain. The rude log court-house could not contain the crowd, and the court sat with open doors and windows, much the larger part of the auditory being gathered outside in the court-yard.

The rescuers halted on the outskirts of Morganton, and concealing their horses in a clump of underbrush, left them there, all saddled and bridled, in charge of the young Seviers. Then Cosby and Evans, disguised as countrymen, entered the town, the former lounging along on foot, the latter astride of the fleet mare of his old commander. When they arrived at the court-house, Evans dismounted, and throwing the bridle loosely over the neck of the animal, stood with her directly before the open door, and in plain view from the interior of the building. Then Cosby entered the court-room, and elbowing his way up the crowded aisle, halted directly in front of the judge's bench, and only a few feet from where his beloved leader sat, encompassed by the court officials, but as "cool and undaunted as when charging the hosts of Wyuca on the Lookout Mountain." Soon Cosby caught his eye, and by a significant gesture directed his attention to his favorite horse, which stood impatiently pawing the ground at the doorway. With one glance the quick eye of Sevier took in the situation. Seeing that he was understood, Cosby pressed nearer to the bench, and in the quick, energetic tone which was peculiar to him, said to the judge, "Are you not about done with that man?"

The question, and the tone and manner of the speaker, drew all eyes upon him in amazement. For a few moments—as Cosby had intended—all was confusion. Taking instant advantage of this, Sevier sprang from among the officers, and the crowd parting to the right and left, with two bounds he was upon the back of his horse, and in two hours far away among the mountains. He was followed by the cheers of the crowd, and by a posse of State officials, who rode as if the fate of North Carolina hung upon the capture of the fugitive. But they could not outstrip the wind; the mare did that, and she scarcely slackened her pace till she had borne her brave rider in safety to his home on the Nolichucky.

As tidings of Sevier's escape flew from hamlet to hamlet, the whole territory broke out into a blaze of bonfires and illuminations, and soon the people elected him—branded rebel and outlaw as he was—to the Senate of North Carolina, and within a twelvemonth Washington gave him the rank of General, and supreme military command of the district now comprised in East Tennessee.

This was the verdict which the people and the President rendered to the indictments for high treason brought against John Sevier by the State of North Carolina.

These brief anecdotes illustrate the kind of men who were among the first settlers upon the Holston. Others were there as good and true, and I might fill this article with their exploits; but if I did I should stray away from my subject, which is "Knoxville in the Olden Time," and the men and women who made it the first capital of a great commonwealth.

Knoxville had a gradual growth; it did not, like some Western towns, blossom out in a single day in all the glory of painted weather-boarding. Its progress was by more regular and moderate stages. First came the rude cabin of hewn logs with puncheon floor and unglazed windows; then, at the end of a half-decade, there went up a frame dwelling. This was the Governor's house, and it stood alone in its glory for another half-decade; but soon after 1796, when commenced the long reign of John Sevier—which brought to the entire frontier peace, security, and abounding prosperity—the whole town developed into clap-boards, and before long arrayed itself in dingy bricks and mortar. Dwellings and public buildings rapidly went up that were remarkable for an in-

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land town of the period, and the people, waxing proud, began to despise the humble log dwellings in which they had been cradled. One by one the old cabins were torn down to make room for more stately structures; and to-day only one of them remains, a sad, dilapidated memorial of the simple tastes and frugal lives of the past century.

This rude cabin was in its day the home of one of the most influential citizens of Knoxville. He was a God-fearing man with a large family, and he planned to build a two-storied dwelling with room and verge enough for his numerous progeny. But when the logs were upon the ground, and the structure had risen a short distance above the first story, he said to the friends who were aiding in its erection: "Why should *I* have a house so much better than my neighbors? And, besides, shall I not be tempting Providence if I build such a tower of Babel as this will be if we carry it up a full second story?" So the cabin rose no higher than it was, and thus it has remained to this day, except that a descendant of the patriarch, less humble of spirit than his progenitor, years ago covered its naked ugliness with a coat of rough weather-boarding.

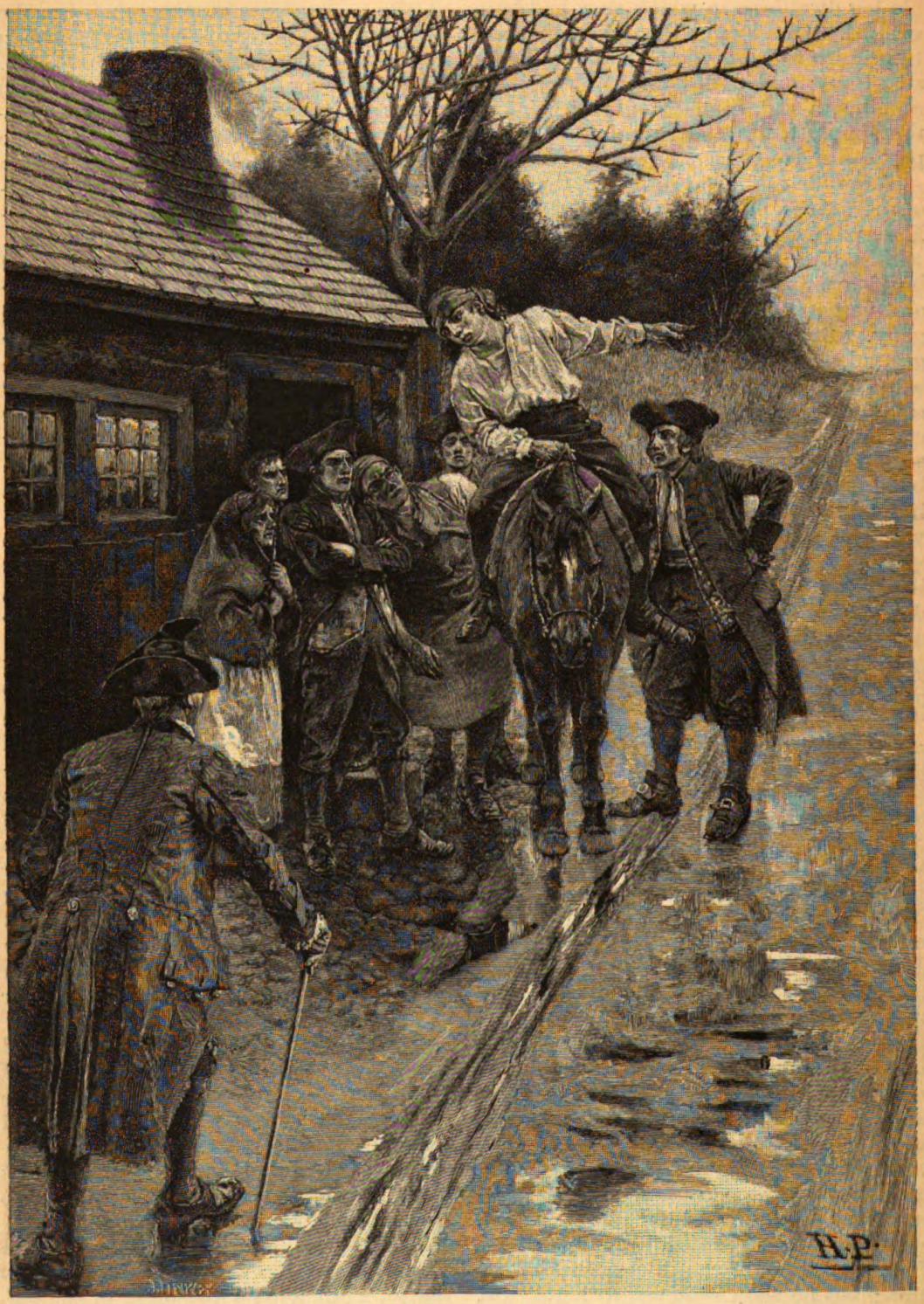
In 1790 North Carolina shook off her troublesome offspring, and ceded to the United States her broad domain west of the Alleghanies. This Congress at once erected into the "Territory southwest of the river Ohio," and Washington appointed as its Governor William Blount, of North Carolina, and as its military commandant John Sevier, the Nolichucky Jack of the border. Blount had been one of the framers of the Constitution, and was a personal friend of Washington. He was a man of character and position, one of the old-time Carolina gentry, and with his accomplished lady—the venerated and beloved Mary Grainger—soon infused into the Territorial society a degree of culture and refinement that is not often found among a backwoods people. He at first made his capital at Watauga Old Fields, where had been planted, twenty years before, the germ of Southwestern civilization; but he soon removed to Knoxville, to be nearer the restless Cherokees, whose murderous raids were giving constant trouble to the dwellers upon the border.

Here at first he lived in a plain log cabin, which stood on a gentle knoll, about a quarter of a mile west of the fort, and near the grounds now occupied by the university. In this humble mansion he held such state as he could, for he was a man fond of ceremony; and here, too, Mary Grainger dispensed such numberless graces as charmed alike the rude frontiersman and the still ruder aborigines. She was a gentle, lovable woman, and she so won the hearts of even the Cherokee chieftains that, when carrying fire and tomahawk to the settlements along the Holston, they passed by the town where she had her dwelling. She was born for another sphere, for a more refined and cultured existence; but she cheerfully accepted her lot in life, and did worthily and well the duties of her station. In remembrance of this and of her many virtues a grateful people have rendered her an honor rarely shown to a woman: they have written her name on the map of Tennessee, in a town, Maryville, and a county, Grainger.

But a rude log hut was not a suitable house for the Governor's gentle wife, and he, being a man of abundant means, planned and erected for her a more elegant and commodious mansion. It was located on the slope between the fort and the river, and when built was as pretentious a dwelling as could be found anywhere west of the sea-board. The frame was of oak, covered with planed weather-boarding, and the house was surrounded by a well-kept garden, which was the delight of all beholders. It looked down upon a log court-house, a log jail, and a score or two of log dwellings, which, with the log barrack previously mentioned, composed the capital of the vast territory over which Governor Blount held dominion, and out of which have since been carved a number of the largest States of this Union.

In this old house the Governor lived freely, and even elegantly, and dispensed the liberal hospitality so natural in the olden time to the well-born and well-bred Carolina gentleman. Levees and receptions were frequent, and the mansion was often crowded with strangers, drawn to the frontier by business, pleasure, or curiosity from all parts of the Union. The style of hospitality was, of necessity, below that of Philadelphia and other of the older cities; but in the condition of things it was not less expensive to the liberal host, who was forced to draw all his luxuries and elegancies from long distances on pack-horses or clumsy ox-wagons. The

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"THE CHEROKEES ARE COMING."

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visitor, however, whoever he was, rich or poor, white man or red, was sure of a cordial welcome, and none ever went away without speaking in honest praise of the hearty good feeling of the gentlemanly Governor, and the genuine grace and goodness of his accomplished lady. And so it was that an influence went out from the old mansion which had a wonderful effect in giving a certain polish and refinement to the rustic sons and daughters of the border—an influence which perhaps they would not have felt or profited by had it not been communicated by so much unassuming grace and hearty kindliness.

But the old mansion was built in troublous times, and the new coat of paint on it was scarcely dry when it narrowly escaped a fiery baptism. Soon after the solitary cannon of the fort announced the sunrise on the morning of September 25, 1793, a horseman, his horse covered with foam, rode in hot haste into the quiet town crying out: "The Cherokees are coming! A thousand strong! Not ten miles away! Every man to the barrack!"

They fled to the fort, the men leaving the plough in the furrow, the women the morning hoe-cake unbaked before the fire, and there they made ready, as well as they could, to meet and repel so overwhelming a force of the enemy. Governor Blount and General Sevier are both away, the latter in pursuit of this same horde of Creeks and Cherokees, who have stolen into his rear by a flank movement; and James White, the pioneer settler, a man now beyond his prime, but an able soldier, takes command of the little band of forty settlers. Three hundred United States muskets and a large amount of ammunition are stored in the fort, and this is the prize for which the Indians hazard an attack on the town, with Nolichucky Jack on their flank, and not more than twenty miles away.

The fire-arms are unboxed, put in order, and set beside the port-holes, and every soul—even the women and older children—are put at work moulding bullets and loading muskets. The women and children are to load, while the men are to fire, and thus the effective force of the garrison will be augmented to a hundred. There is no haste, nor hurry, but all work for dear life, for well each one knows that his life depends upon it—for the savages spare neither sex nor age: if the fort is taken, it will be an indiscriminate massacre.

So the hours wear away—one hour, two hours, and the watchman on the lookout sees, as yet, no sign of the savages. Now another horseman rides up also in hot haste, his horse too covered with the foam and dust of hard riding. He reports the Cherokees, fifteen hundred strong, at Coret's, scarcely eight miles away. They have halted there, set fire to the stables, and will no doubt massacre the thirteen men, women, and children who are at the station. Is this not a prophecy of the fate that awaits the little garrison? This they all think, but not a soul gives his thought expression. With firm, fixed eyes they look into one another's faces, and what they say is, "If we must die, we will sell our lives as dearly as possible."

Then other anxious hours wear away: one hour, two hours, three, four, five, till the sun begins to sink below the hills; but still the watchman on the lookout calls at regular intervals, "Nothing yet of the redskins." What does it mean—this delay of the savages? The veteran White now calls a council, and asks every man for his opinion. The majority think that the Indians, true to their usual tactics, are waiting for the darkness to cover their movements, and that they will be upon the fort by midnight. White himself is of this opinion, and he asks, "But what can we do—forty men against a thousand?"

"We can die," answers Crozier; "but before we die we can send hundreds of those red fiends to rake coals in the devil's kitchen."

White is as brave a man as Crozier, and like him an old soldier; but he believes that what can not be effected by force can sometimes be accomplished by stratagem. A mile to the west, by the route the savages will come, is a high ridge covered with a dense growth of oak and poplar. He proposes that all the men in the fort shall repair there after night-fall, conceal themselves among the trees, in a line, about twenty yards apart, and thus await the coming of the Indians. When the advance of the savages is within short musket range of the most remote of the garrison, he shall fire, and that shall be the signal for each man to take deliberate aim and bring down an enemy. Then, without waiting to even note the effect of his discharge, every man shall make his way as quickly as he can to the fort, which, if the Indians should come on, they shall defend to the last extremity.

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But it is thought that the sudden attack in the woods will throw the enemy into confusion, that he will expect a formidable ambuscade, and will seek safety in flight, leaving the fort unmolested.

It was a hazardous plan, but these brave men put it into execution. All night long they waited there, resting on their muskets; but no savage yell broke the stillness of their vigil, and in the morning another horseman came, announcing that the Indians, after destroying Coret's, had turned suddenly southward. They were then in full retreat to the Tellico, and close at their heels was Nolichucky Jack, the Nemesis of the Cherokees. This the savages knew, and hence their sudden flight to their mountain fastnesses.

And now a month goes away, the Governor has returned, and we may suppose the old house to be lighted up for a social gathering; for a document now before me shows that Sevier was there on the 25th of October, 1793, and doubtless the whole town turned out to greet and welcome him; for the mere terror of his name had but lately saved them from massacre, and now he had returned from a campaign of victory. While, as we imagine, the towns-people are crowding about him, we will glance for a moment at his personal appearance.

He is now a man of about forty-nine, somewhat above the medium stature, and with a slight but well-knit and sinewy figure. He wears the ordinary hunting-shirt of the frontiersman, with a pair of heavy epaulets upon his shoulders. His face is closely shaven, but his light hair hangs loosely half-way down his neck, and well sets off his finely cut, handsome features. But his eye is that about him which first attracts attention. It is mirthful, yet commanding, blue and mild, yet stern and piercing—a living flame which, stirred, as it doubtless is now, by friendly greetings, actually dances with good-humor and kindliness. It glitters from beneath an arching eyebrow and a peculiarly white and lofty forehead, which, with a prominent nose, give dignity to his face, despite the uncommon ease, geniality, and vivacity of his manner. He would attract attention in any assemblage; but one would be a wonderful reader of human character to detect in this buoyant and free-hearted but cultured and well-bred gentleman the most renowned of Indian fighters; the hero of thirty-five battles, every one of which has been a victory; the dashing leader, whose sword has ever flashed where the fight was hottest, and whose electric words, sounding in the desperate charge, have set his men on fire, and transformed the most timid among them into heroes.

But this is he—Nolichucky Jack—as he appeared when he came from the campaign of Etowah, in which he well-nigh exterminated that raiding horde of a thousand savages, and carried havoc and fire to scores of Cherokee villages. And the woman by his side is his wife, his "bonnie Kate," still tall and queenly and beautiful; but now twenty years older than when, fleeing from an Indian tomahawk, she with one bound leaped the stockade at Watauga, and fell into the arms of Sevier—not then her husband. She enjoys telling of that leap yet, and merrily she says, "I would make it again—every day in the year—for such a husband."

But ere long the sceptre departed from the old mansion, and soon the genial host and gentle hostess who bade "welcome home" to so many thousands within its walls were borne out of its portal to return to it no more forever.

And so it passes away from history, but before we bid it a final farewell let us say over it one word of blessing — blessing upon its battered frame, its dingy walls, its smoke-begrimed rafters, beneath which was nursed and cradled and fostered into lusty life the infant Hercules who was destined to found in those Western wilds a grander empire than the world has seen since the age of Pericles! And blessing, too, upon its manly host and its gentle hostess, and upon all the brave men and beautiful women who once made the glad music of life resound through its deserted chambers! Silence now, death's music, is over and about them; but a beauty and a fragrance went out of their lives that have floated down to us, and will be felt by many coming generations. Men die, but their deeds live after them, and the deeds of these men will live when much of later history is forgotten.

So the sceptre departed from the old house, and it ceased to control the destinies of the territory. In 1796 Tennessee was admitted a State into the Union, and the people elected John Sevier their Governor, and henceforth till 1810, during the six terms for which he held that office,

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though Knoxville continued to be the capital and chief city of the State, it held no Gubernatorial Mansion, for the good and sufficient reason that the Governor was altogether too poor a man to support the dignity of an official establishment. For more than twenty years his means had been exhaustively drawn upon for the equipment and support of the men who under him had fought for the country against both the British and the Indians, and the consequence was that, though free from debt, he was actually penniless when elected to office in 1796. He had rendered vast services to the country, and at the cost of all he possessed, but he never thought of asking remuneration of a government that was quite as poor as he was.

However, feeling the need of a residence somewhat in keeping with the dignity of the new State, and not realizing exactly how poor he was, he, soon after his first election, bought a house lot in Knoxville, and began the erection of a spacious brick mansion. But the building had arrived at only the top of the basement story when he found himself in the position of the man in Scripture—he had begun to build and was not able to finish—and, like an honest man, he went no further, but, selling his lot and unfinished house, paid off his debts, and then, like Cincinnatus, retired to his farm, transacting his official business henceforth in one corner of the old log court-house.

The hostility of the Indians continued after their crushing defeat at Etowah, but they never again, till 1812, mustered in force for a general attack upon the border. For a time they made inroads upon the settlements in small gangs, which, stealing at midnight upon some solitary cabin, would be miles away by the morning; but gradually even these raids ceased, for the fast increasing population soon gave Sevier so considerable a force that he was able to patrol every hamlet and every by-path in the territory. When he was made Governor there were in the State 16,179 "free white males sixteen years old and upward," and with such a force as might be drawn from them, led, too, by Nolichucky Jack, the Cherokees were altogether too wise to come into collision. They beat their "spears into pruning-hooks," and with their tomahawks set about the felling of the forest. Flogged into peaceful pursuits, they planted and sowed, and thus began that career of civilization in which they have made such commendable progress in their new home beyond the Mississippi. And so peace and Nolichucky Jack reigned upon the border.

It was a patriarchal "reign," such as never before or since has been known in this country. Sevier's will was law; but it was law regulated by love, which every man, woman, and child recognized and accepted. For years there was no State-prison, and the jail at Knoxville—sixteen feet square—never at one time had more than ten inmates. There were courts and judges and juries; but Sevier was the court of last resort, the supreme judge, the grand jury. Was any one aggrieved, he complained to the Governor; did two men differ, they submitted their controversy to his decision; were some of his old comrades in poverty or distress, they appealed to their old commander, and he always found some way—with only a meagre pittance of a thousand dollars a year—to give them relief and assistance. And so he lived, blessed by a love that was universal. In this age of greed among public men it is well to contemplate such a character.

FROM AFAR.

HIGH on a bough a mocking-bird outpours
Ecstatic melodies in liquid trills,
Now soft and low, now with a note that thrills,
Rising and falling as a lark that soars,
Yet sad as surges beating on far shores.
Right sadden'd by his music, I send forth,
O friend, my heart's love for you to the North.
Between us distance lies; but faith assures
Each thought I give you is return'd by yours,
Rich with your love for him who press'd your brow
To ease its throbbing. Oh, what matter now—
Since this remains, and mem'ry still adores
Our old life in the past—the close-barr'd gates?
Now is not the forever, and the future waits!

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A SECRET OF THE SEA.

I.—PIRACY ON THE HIGH SEAS.

TIME was when the R. M. S. *Patagonia* was the greyhound of the Atlantic; but that time was long past. Newer and larger boats, burning less coal and making more knots, had been built nearly every year since the *Patagonia* had beaten the record by crossing the ocean in less than eight days from Browhead Castle to Fire Island Light. Now not only were there other deer-hounds of the deep two days faster than the *Patagonia* had ever been, but the *Patagonia* herself, like the man who went around the world, had lost a day. Although the *Patagonia* had changed owners, and was now no longer a royal mail steam-ship, it had not yet fallen to the low estate of the sea-tramp, a homeless wanderer over the face of the waters, bearing hides from Buenos Ayres on one trip and on the next carrying coals from Newcastle. She still belonged to a line in good repute, and she still made her regular round trip every five weeks from Liverpool to New York.

Thus it was that the New York newspapers had to announce one Sunday morning, after the New England spring "had set in with its usual severity," that the *Patagonia* had sailed from Liverpool the day before, having on board eighty-seven first-cabin passengers and two hundred and eleven in the steerage, and bringing also £100,000 in gold. In due course the *Patagonia* ought to have arrived at Sandy Hook about ten days after she left the Mersey. Except when detained by stress of weather, the *Patagonia* was wont to arrive off Quarantine not later than Tuesday afternoon. But on this occasion Tuesday night came, and Wednesday night, and yet the *Patagonia* came not. It happened that the R. M. S. *Cimbria*, which was then devoting its energies to the lowering of the record, had left Liverpool an hour later than the *Patagonia*, had waited for the mails at Queenstown, as the *Patagonia* had not, and yet had landed its passengers on Sunday morning. Nor did the officers of the *Cimbria* report any storms which would justify the tardiness of the *Patagonia*. It was known, however, that the missing ship was perfectly sea-worthy, and, indeed, in excellent condition, and her captain was a thorough sailor. So many little mishaps may occur to delay an ocean steamer—the bearings may get themselves overheated, or it may be necessary to stop the engines in mid-ocean to repack the steam-chest—that no anxiety was felt by the public.

Just then, indeed, the public had no attention to spare for so slight a matter as a day's delay of an ocean steamer, when the foundering of a government dispatch-boat nearly a fortnight before had been followed by the fraudulent failure of a speculative banking house, bringing down in its wake a score of smaller concerns, including an insurance company and a savings-bank. Day after day Wall Street trembled with the recurring shocks of failure. The market, which before the fall of the speculative banking house had been firm and active, became feverish and weak; stocks began to fall off three and four points at a drop; the boom of Saturday gave place to a blizzard by Thursday. While the Street was excited over the sudden collapse of the great corner in Transcontinental Telegraph, the City had no time or emotion to spare on the overdue *Patagonia*.

When at last the *Patagonia* did arrive, she brought news of a sensation more startling than the foundering of a United States dispatch-boat or the fraudulent failure of a firm of speculative bankers. It was noon when the *Patagonia* was sighted off Fire Island Light, and it was late in the afternoon before she reached her dock. Yet news flies fast, and the latest editions of the evening papers appeared with flaming head-lines over a few brief but double-leaded paragraphs, declaring that the most extraordinary rumors were in circulation throughout the lower part of the city to the effect that the *Patagonia*, which had just arrived in dock, had been stopped off the Banks of Newfoundland by a pirate. The officers of the *Patagonia* were reticent. At the office of the owners of the line the clerks did not deny the report, but refused to give any information. All efforts to discover the whereabouts of the captain of the *Patagonia* had been unsuccessful hitherto, and the reporters had been obliged to forego the pleasure of conducting that illegal mingling of the cross-examination and of the examination-in-chief known as an interview.

A little before eight that evening the streets were sprinkled with vociferant boys who rushed about violently pro-

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claiming an "extra" with shrill but not altogether articulate annunciation of its contents. Those who were beguiled into the purchasing of this catchpenny read a circumstantial account of the attack on the *Patagonia* by a Chinese dow. The ingenious writer gave a thrilling account of the sea-fight—an account which seemed somehow familiar to those who had once read *Hard Cash*. He gave precise details as to the crew and armament of the pirate. He set forth succinctly the piteous appeals of the purser as the heathen Chinee removed the £100,000 specie from the strong-room of the *Patagonia* to their own light little skiffs. He was very dramatic in his description of the death of the captain of the *Patagonia*, who, so he declared, had been forced to walk the plank—a deadly form of pedestrian exercise much in favor among pirates, as everybody knew. This imaginative effort appeared in the *Comet*, a new evening journal, conducted by Mr. Martin Terwilliger, who was formerly the editor of the New Centreville (California) *Gazette-Standard*, and who was now trying to introduce into Eastern journalism the push and the go he had found successful in the West.

The account of the strange adventure which had befallen the *Patagonia* printed in the New York papers of Friday morning was more sober than the highly spiced story in Mr. Terwilliger's extra, and the details given were ampler and more exact. It seems that the *Patagonia* had had an uneventful trip, and on Saturday afternoon the passengers were looking forward to their arrival early in the week. Among the passengers were many notabilities—Judge Gillespie, Mr. Cable J. Dexter, the great Chicago grain operator, Mr. and Mrs. Eliphalet Duncan, Miss Daisy Fostelle, and her enterprising manager, Mr. Z. Kilburn. On Saturday afternoon, when the *Patagonia* was in latitude 45° 32′ and longitude 50° 28′ a steamer hove in sight off the port bow. It was a long, low, rakish craft, all black. It had evidently been waiting for the *Patagonia*, for as soon as it had had time to make sure of the *Patagonia's* identity it ran across her course, fired a shot across her bows, and ran up the signal Q. H., which means "Stop; I have something to communicate." The firing of this shot by the strange ship caused the most intense excitement and alarm on board of the *Patagonia*, which was not allayed when the meaning of the signal was made known. While the officers of the *Patagonia* were in consultation the stranger fired a second shot across her bows, and ran up a second signal, P. F.—"I want a boat immediately." The firing of this second shot increased the anxiety and doubt on board the *Patagonia*. The excited passengers besought the officers to explain what this meant. Experienced passengers, accustomed to cross the ocean twice a year, declared that the firing of a shot was a thing absolutely unheard of except in time of war. There was an immediate discussion as to whether war could have broken out since the *Patagonia* left Liverpool. An Irish gentleman on board declared that these were the first shots fired by the new dynamite cruiser of the new navy of the new Irish Republic. While the passengers were thus seeking the truth, the captain of the *Patagonia* had ordered her engines slowed down. By this time the strange ship was barely a mile from them, and it was then easy to see many suspicious circumstances. For one thing, not a single member of the crew was visible. To those with any knowledge it was plain at once that the stranger was heavily armed, and that the single huge gun it carried amidships, easily to be seen from the deck of the *Patagonia*, had range and weight enough to sink the *Patagonia* by a single shot. The extreme speed of the stranger was also apparent as it had turned, and without difficulty it was keeping ahead of the *Patagonia*, and at the same distance from her. A deputation of the passengers at once waited on the captain to beg him to send a boat at once, before the stranger fired a third time. The captain had already given orders to stop the engines and to lower a boat. The third officer took his seat in this boat and the men pulled out at once for the stranger. A movement was at once visible on board the armed steamer; the signal flags were taken in, and a boat was launched on the port side, out of sight from the *Patagonia*. This boat proved to be a gig, for it shot around the bow of the stranger, and met the cutter from the *Patagonia* about a quarter of a mile away. A communication was passed from one boat to the other, and each pulled for its own ship. On reaching the *Patagonia*, the third officer went at once to the captain's room. He bore a sealed envelope addressed to the captain. This address, like the letter within, was written, or rath-

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er printed, on a type-writer. The letter was as follows:

S. S. "Dare-Devil,"
Off the Banks,
April 1st, 1882.

Captain Riding,
S. S. "Patagonia,"
Sir:

You have on board in specie £100,000. I will accept this as the ransom of your ship. Send it to me, £20,000 at a time, on five trips of your cutter. If I do not receive the first installment within fifteen minutes after you read this, I shall sink you with a shot from my long gun.

Your obedient servant,
Lafitte,
Commanding Free Cruiser
"Dare-Devil."

As the captain finished reading this peremptory letter there was a sudden commotion on deck, and one of the junior officers rushed in to report that the stranger had raised the Black Flag. The captain stepped on deck, and with his glass easily made out the white skull and cross-bones which adorned the black flag flying from the peak of the *Dare-Devil*. A thrill of horror ran through the excited passengers. Mr. Kilburn headed a deputation which begged the captain to surrender anything and everything for the sake of saving the lives and liberties of the passengers. Mr. Cable J. Dexter, who had previously taken the affair as a huge joke, read the letter from the *Dare-Devil*, and asked the captain if a single shot would really sink the *Patagonia*. The captain answered that a single shot in the compartment amidships might sink the ship, and that two or three shots would do it unfailingly. "Then," said Mr. Dexter, "you had better hand over the gold. I have an engagement in Chicago on Saturday morning, and I shall be late for it if I have to swim ashore from here." Although Mr. Dexter seemed cool enough to jest, most of the passengers were in a state of intense excitement, and this was much increased by the announcement that the long gun on the upper deck of the *Dare-Devil* had just been loaded, and was now trained on the *Patagonia*.

By this time ten minutes had elapsed since the boat had returned, and suddenly a third shot from the *Dare-Devil* ploughed the water just ahead of the *Patagonia*, and a third signal was run up, J. D.—"You are standing into danger." Then the captain yielded. The purser had already opened the strong-room, and the tightly sealed, iron-strapped, hard-wood boxes of specie were at once carried on deck. Each box held £5000, and weighed about a hundred pounds. Four of them were carefully placed in the bottom of the cutter. Fortunately there was only a light breeze, and there was no sea on at all, only the long swell always to be expected off the Banks. The boat pulled for the *Dare-Devil*, and, as before, the gig came around the bow. The transfer of the precious boxes was made as quickly and as carefully as possible. When the cutter returned for its second load, the officer reported that the three men in the gig were all masked, but that he took them for Orientals of some sort, as their hands and wrists were dark. Five times the cutter carried away four boxes, containing each £5000, and five times the gig came out to receive the ransom. Before the fifth trip was completed, night was falling. When the third officer reached the deck after the delivery of the final installment of the £100,000, he took two sealed communications to the captain. Both were printed on a type-writer. One was a receipt for the gold, signed Lafitte. The other was an order to the captain of the *Patagonia* to turn on her course and to sail back toward Ireland until midnight, when she might turn and proceed again to New York. Until night made it impossible to see clearly, the passengers of the *Patagonia* watched the *Dare-Devil* steaming in their wake. At midnight precisely, Captain Riding changed his course and headed for New York, arriving without further adventure.

This was, in substance, the story which held the place of honor in every New York newspaper the morning after the arrival of the *Patagonia*. And this direct statement was supplemented by numberless interviews. In the hands of men entirely great, the interview is mightier than the sword, and no more to be avoided than the pestilence which walketh in darkness. No paper succeeded in getting anything out of any of the officers, although one enterprising journal laid before its readers the *obiter dicta* of the chief steward. Several reporters succeeded in capturing Mr.

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Cable J. Dexter just as that great operator was checking his trunks for Chicago. At one period in his eventful career Mr. Dexter had himself been a reporter, and he surrendered himself to the inquisitors without false shame.

"I'm in a hurry, boys," he said, "and I really haven't any pointers to give you. Of course we couldn't expect good luck this trip: we had four clergymen aboard —Holy Joes, the sailors call 'em. That's enough to make a boat snap her shaft off short. At first I thought maybe the actors and actresses on board would be a set-off, but it didn't work. The pirate just broke me. Oh no; he didn't go through me like a road-agent, but it was just as bad. I'd been sitting with mean cards all the afternoon, and just as the pirate fired at us I filled a full hand—and it was a jackpot too—but when the pirate opened, the game closed. What's worse, I had big money up on the run, and that damned pirate spoiled that too. I wish he'd quit the sea and buck against the market in breadstuffs—I'd make it hot for him!"

While certain of the passengers were wary and fought shy of the reporters, none of the gentlemen of the press found any difficulty in gaining admission to the presence of Miss Daisy Fostelle, who had taken her usual spacious apartments at the Rialto Hotel. When they sent up their cards with a request for an interview, Mr. Kilburn, Miss Fostelle's enterprising manager, descended to the office to meet them, greeted them most affectionately, and introduced them at once with effusive cordiality.

"I'm so very glad to be back again in America," said Miss Daisy Fostelle, "though perhaps I ought not to say that, for I had such a success in England. I played nearly six weeks at the Royal Frivolity Theatre. Of course at first they did not quite understand me—my style was so original, they said—so American, you know—and they did not quite know what to make of it. But I soon became a great favorite. They liked my play too; it's the one I am to appear in here next Monday. It's called *A Pretty Girl.* Oh, thank you! It's so nice of you to say so. I had an offer to play in Paris at the Folies Fantastiques theatre—that's the best comedy theatre in Paris, you know—and they would have translated my play into French, but I was in a hurry to get back to dear old New York. Yes, the Prince of Wales was very kind indeed. He came three times to see me. Oh dear no. I'm not going to be married—why, I'm not even engaged! I don't see who could start such absurd rumors. You know I am wedded to my art. No, I didn't see the pirate at all, and I assure you I should not care to play the leading part in the *The Pirate's Bride.* I should have hated to have been robbed of my trunks, for I have brought such lovely clothes. There is one dress made for the Empress of Austria: oh, it's beautiful! I shall wear it on Monday night."

Two or three of the chiefs of the Dynamite faction of the Social Anarchists threw themselves in the way of the inquiring reporters, but no definite information could be extracted from them, although they were full of vague hints and mysterious innuendoes, and let fall dark intimations that they knew all about the matter. None of the New York papers made any comment on their doubtful sayings, but the interviews with them were telegraphed to England, and called forth indignant leaders from the London journals.

The editorials of the morning papers in New York were devoted chiefly to a statement of the strangeness of the robbery. Piracy on the high seas in the nineteenth century, and within a few hours' sail of the United States, seemed like an anachronism. One paper, referring to the sinking of the government dispatch-boat, and the fraudulent bankruptcy, "preceding a piracy as bold as any in the records of the Spanish Main," called its able editorial "A Carnival of Carelessness and Crime." It suggested the immediate formation of an International League for the Patrol of the Ocean. This suggestion was accompanied by a map, and by a statistical table of the water traffic between Great Britain and the United States. Another paper had a special dispatch from Washington declaring that the Secretary of the Navy would wait for further details before sending out the available vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron. A third paper came out with a quadruple sheet devoted to corporation advertising, and a series of brief biographies of the eminent pirates of the past, with outline portraits of Captain Kidd, as he sailed, and of Lafitte, the pirate of the Gulf. A Stalwart organ remarked that while pirates were at large, ocean-travelling could no longer be considered

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safe, and added that no pirate would have dared to show his face if the spirited foreign policy of Senator Doolittle had been followed up. This allowed an Independent afternoon paper to retort that as Senator Doolittle had sent a substitute to the war, it might be doubted whether even a one-armed pirate with the gout would be afraid to meet him in single combat.

But the afternoon papers contained news of more importance than this humorous expression of Independent opinion. They contained the astounding declaration that the £100,000 in specie which the pirate had taken from the *Patagonia* had been returned, and was now in the possession of the agents of the line.

In company with the captain, the chief officer, and the third officer, the purser of the *Patagonia* had gone early in the morning to the office of the agents of the line in Bowling Green. Here each of the officers told his story, which was taken down by a stenographer. As the purser was about to return to the dock, one of the clerks said, "We have received those cases for you."

"What cases?" asked the purser.

"The cases from Halifax," answered the clerk.

"But I am not expecting any cases from Halifax," was the purser's hasty reply.

"There are two cases here for you, anyhow," said the clerk. "They are addressed to you, they arrived this morning, and they are very heavy—as though they had machinery in them."

The thought flashed into several minds at once that these cases might contain infernal machines intended to destroy the office of the line, the records of the company, and the chief witnesses against the pirate. The police were notified, and in their presence the cases were opened with the greatest circumspection. The cases were found to be almost empty, except in one corner of each case, where there was a strong compartment. With redoubled care these compartments were forced open. They contained the £100,000 in specie, in the original tightly sealed, iron-strapped, hard-wood boxes, as addressed in England to the American consignees, whose initials and numbers they bore.

The police of Halifax were at once telegraphed to; but the only information they could give was that the express charges had been paid by an unknown woman, who had requested that the cases be sent for. The police of New York now became as mysterious as the delegates of the Dynamite faction had been the day before. They consulted together, and allowed it to be believed that they had a clew. And there the matter rested.

The arrival of the next steamer was now awaited anxiously, to see whether it had been stopped also, or if it had at least seen any sign of the pirate. Within forty-eight hours after the unexpected and inexplicable recovery of the gold, five ocean steamers came into port. They were boarded in the lower bay by authorized reporters, but neither officers nor passengers had any information to give. They had not seen the pirate, nor heard of him. Nor has the *Dare-Devil* ever been seen again as she appeared to the anxious eyes of the passengers on the *Patagonia*. Nor have any more orders, written on a typewriter and signed by Lafitte, been served on any steamer laden with specie.

The sudden restoration of the gold taken from the *Patagonia*, while it increased the peculiar mystery of the affair, materially lessened the interest of those whose duty it was to hunt down the pirate. A search for the specie would have been practical, but the discovery of a pirate magnanimous enough to give up £100,000 had only a speculative interest. At best it was little more than the solving of a riddle—Who was the pirate? It was but the answering of a conundrum—Why had he taken the money if he meant to return it? Men in the thick of business have no time to waste in guessing enigmas. Viewed as a whole, the robbery of the *Patagonia*, only to return the gold, appeared purposeless. It assumed almost the form of a practical joke. To some it seemed even like a freak of insanity. Many vain efforts were made to penetrate the mystery, to guess at the pirate, and to impute a motive for his rash and reckless act; but in a few days the interest of the public began to wane, and just then it was suddenly diverted to another sensation, of more direct and personal importance to every inhabitant of the Eastern coast. A series of sharp shocks was felt by everybody on three distinct occasions. An earthquake was a novel experience to most New-Yorkers, and the reporters turned their attention at once to picturesque descriptions of effects of the visitation, and to interviews with those who had dwelt long in volcanic

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lands. So it came to pass that people soon ceased to puzzle themselves further about the secret of the sea.

II.—A STERN CHASE.

There was one person, however, who did not allow his attention to be diverted from the strange adventure of the *Patagonia* by any gossip about an ill-made match. This person was Mr. Robert White. He was a good-looking and keen-witted young American of thirty, with straight features and curly hair. The son of a clergyman established over an Episcopalian church in an inland city, he had been graduated at a fresh-water college; but he had always had a thirst for salt-water, and when he came to New York to the Law School of Columbia College, he took to the water with joy. He rowed in the Law School boat at the college regatta on the Harlem in the spring. He did his duty all summer on the yacht of a friend who was fond of sailing Corinthian races. He learned navigation, and at the school he even gave special study to maritime law. Just as he was admitted to the bar, his father died, leaving his little property unfortunately involved. Robert White saw at once not only that he could no longer hope for the assistance he would need while he was working and waiting at the bar, but also that he must bear part, at least, of the burden of supporting his mother and his sister. He did not hesitate. He had edited one of the two warring college papers; and after he came to New York he had written a few letters for the chief daily of his native town. His pen was broken to service, and he went at once to the editor of the *Gotham Gazette*, whom he had met on Joshua Hoffman's yacht, and asked for work. The editor told the city editor to do what he could for him. The city editor sent him to interview one of the most distinguished men of New England—a prize-fighter, then on his first visit to New York. The next day his assignment sent him down to Castle Garden to sift the sensational stories of a lot of Russian immigrants. This was not congenial work; but within a few weeks there was a regatta, and it fell to him to write it up. Here was his chance. The next morning the *Gotham Gazette* contained the best account of a yacht race, the most precise and the most picturesque, which had been printed for many a month. It made a hit, as even the work of the anonymous reporter may do if it is done with heart and head. It assured his position on the *Gotham Gazette*, which sent him to cruise with the yacht squadron, to report the naval review at Newport before the President of the United States, and to give a description of the movements of the United States Fish Commission. To these letters his initials were attached. One of them, a vigorous account of the showy experiments of a torpedo-boat, attracted the notice of a sharp-eyed editor of one of the great magazines, and he wrote, asking if Mr. Robert White would care to contribute three or four articles on the New England coast, to be called, "All Along Shore," and to be illustrated in the highest style of American wood-engraving. To this pleasant task Mr. Robert White devoted the end of summer. When he returned to town the editor of the *Gotham Gazette* asked him if he would like "to write brevier," or, in other words, to join the editorial staff. At the time when the *Patagonia* met the pirate Mr. Robert White had been writing naval, legal, and social editorials for several years; his magazine articles had appeared at last, had been followed by others, and had been gathered into a handsome book, which had been well reviewed in the leading English weeklies. A series of sketches of American out-door sports, signed "Poor Bob White," had been very successful. His income was not large, but it was ample for his needs, since his mother had died and his sister had married. His position was assured as one of the cleverest and most competent of the young men who drive the double team, journalism and literature. He had begun both to lay money by and to collect notes for a real book, not a mere collection of magazine papers: this was *The Story of a Ship*, a history of boats from the dug-out of the lake-dweller to the latest device in submerged torpedo launches. And he had done one thing more of greater importance to himself than any of these—he had fallen in love.

When the meeting took place between the *Patagonia* and the *Dare-Devil*, Mr. Robert White was at his native town settling his father's estate, and he did not return to New York until after the *Patagonia* had sailed again. He had read all the newspaper accounts and interviews with great interest. The first day after his return he went to see Mr. Eliphalet Duncan, who had been his classmate at

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the law school. The offices of Duncan and Sutton, attorneys and counsellors at law, were in the Bowdoin Building, No. 76 Broadway, next to those of Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer. As White went upstairs he passed a small door on which was painted "Sargent and Co., Stock Deliveries," and his heart gave a sudden throb, for it was Miss Dorothy Sargent, the daughter of the great speculator, that he was in love with.

"Why, Bob, how are you?" said Mr. Eliphalet Duncan, as his friend took a seat beside him. "I haven't seen you since the last Judge-and-Jury dinner."

The Judge-and-Jury was a little club to which both had belonged at the law school, and which now survived only in an annual dinner.

"I'm all right, 'Liph; and you are too, judging by your looks. A hasty run over to Scotland and back seems to suit you. I saw you came back by the *Patagonia*, and that's why I've come in to-day."

"Your intention seems to be complimentary, but your logic is incoherent," remarked the lawyer.

White laughed, and answered: "I will make myself clear to the dullest comprehension."

"Of course," interrupted his friend.

"You know my fondness for solving problems. I always delighted in algebra at school, and I worked out the *pons* for myself. Now this unnecessary taking and giving back of the gold on the *Patagonia* strikes me as a puzzle as interesting as a man can find in a week of Sundays."

"I doubt if you would have found it quite as interesting if you had lost a day by it," said Duncan, dryly.

"I expect to give more than one day to it," answered White. "In fact, I want to stick to the case until I puzzle out the secret."

"The detectives say they have a clew."

"The reporter is the real detective nowadays, and as he is wont to tell all he knows, and as he has said nothing, there is, I take it, nothing known, and that leaves everything to be found out."

"And you are going to try to find out everything?"

"And I am going to try to find out everything—with your help."

"For publication in the *Gotham Gazette*?" asked the lawyer.

"For my own satisfaction first," answered the journalist—"for the sheer enjoyment of getting at a mystery; but, of course, in the end, if I find I have a story to tell, I shall tell it. And it seems to me that it ought not to be very hard to track the pirate to his lair."

"I doubt if I can give you much help, but of course you are welcome to all I know."

"The court is with you," said White.

"I was in the main saloon, playing chess with Judge Gillespie as well as I could, while a young lady was at the piano singing 'When the Sea gives up its Dead.' Just as the judge mated me, we heard a shot. Going on deck, we saw the pirate, barely a mile away. I wondered why the shot had been fired, and it was not until I saw the black flag that I was willing to believe that the strange ship was a corsair. Why, I'd just as soon expected to cruise in the *Flying Dutchman* as to see a pirate—except, of course, in Penzance."

"What was the pirate like?"

"She was a schooner-rigged steamer of perhaps three hundred tons burden, and she was a little more than a hundred feet long. She had two smoke-stacks, painted black with a red band. She rode very high out of the water, as though her bulwarks had been added to."

"From the newspaper reports I infer that she was neither American nor English in build," said White.

"There you are wrong, I think," Duncan declared. "In spite of a lateen-sail and other details, I am sure that the pirate was launched in American waters."

"But what motive could induce an American yachtsman to turn pirate, and then to give up the proceeds of his crime?" asked White. "Piracy on the high seas is rather a violent practical joke."

"As to motives I can say nothing; I give you my opinion as to the facts only. In my belief the pirate was built in America. What is more, I doubt if she was as fast as the *Patagonia*, and I think that we could have run away with little risk."

"Why?"

"Because we kept gaining on her as soon as we took to our heels."

"But a single shot from the long gun amidships would have sunk you."

"Of course," said Eliphalet Duncan, offering a cigar to his friend. "I never heard of a Quaker turning pirate, but I think that was a Quaker gun!"

"What?" shouted White, in intense surprise.

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"The gun fired across our bows was aimed through a port on the main-deck forward. The long gun was never fired at all, and I don't believe it could be fired. I believe it was a dummy. And that's what Judge Gillespie thinks too, and you know he is a West-Pointer."

"A Quaker gun on a pirate!" said White, thoughtfully. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Who ever heard of a pirate's writing his messages on a type-writer?" asked Duncan.

"The presence of a type-writer on board is evidence in favor of your view that the piratical craft belongs in our own waters. The pirate of the old school might sign his own name with his own blood, but he had no use for a type-writer."

"The making of a Quaker gun," said Duncan, "and the use of a type-writer, both suggest Yankee gumption. If you want to find the pirate, you need not cross the ocean. I do not know where the *Dare-Devil* went after leaving Halifax, but I feel sure that the *Dare-Devil* hailed from an American port."

"But I see one of the accounts mentions that the crew of the gig which came out to receive the gold were Orientals," objected White.

"That's true," answered Duncan; "the third officer told me that they were Lascars, all but the man who sat in the stern-sheets."

"And what was he?"

"As well as the third officer could judge, he was a white man, rather portly, with bright eyes, a large nose, and a long black mustache. Apparently this man's skin was stained, for he was as dark as the Lascars, and he wore a false beard. In spite of this disguise, he impressed the third officer as a man of strong will and quick determination."

"Proper piratical qualities."

"Of course," assented Duncan.

"Do you think this man with the stained face, the long mustache, and the false beard was the pirate chief, the new Lafitte?" asked White.

"That was my impression," answered Duncan. "It seems to me very probable that the head which had planned the robbery should personally see to the delivery of the treasure."

"That brings up again the chief puzzle—why did he take the gold if he meant to give it up, and why did he give it up after running the risk of disgrace and death to get it? This is the main question. It is more important to get an answer to that than to identify the man or the ship, or rather to find a motive of this apparently motiveless act will be to have gone far toward the discovery of the man himself."

"As for motives," said Duncan, "there are a plenty."

"Such as?"

"I mean that there are possible explanations in plenty of these proceedings. Perhaps the man was mad: there is a simple explanation."

"A little too simple, I fear: marine kleptomania is not an accepted plea as yet," said White.

"A madman may have great cunning and persistence," urged Duncan. "Or the man may have been sane but fickle, and after the robbery he quietly changed his mind."

"That is rather a strain on our credulity, isn't it?" queried White.

"It is improbable, but it may be the fact, for all that. Then, again, perhaps the mate of the *Dare-Devil* experienced a change of heart, and repented of his piracies, and converted the rest of the crew, and got them to mutiny, whereupon they made Mr. Lafitte walk the plank, after which they returned the gold, and then they scuttled the ship."

White smiled, and said, "I see Lascars giving up gold and scuttling a ship!"

"It would be a pity to think that so pretty a yacht had been sent to the bottom."

"So you think the pirate was a yacht?"

Duncan hesitated a moment, and then answered: "What else could she be? Plainly enough she was not a government gun-boat, and as plainly she was not a boat built for freight or passengers; she had no hold for the one, and no accommodation for the others. What could she be but a pleasure-boat?"

"But a yacht has not high bulwarks or two smoke-stacks," objected White.

"Of course there had been an attempt to disguise her. I think the bulwarks were part of the disguise; and perhaps the second smoke-stack was too, although that had not struck me before."

"Then," said White, "in your opinion, the *Dare-Devil* is an American steam-yacht of perhaps three hundred tons, and about a hundred feet long?"

"It is unprofessional to give an opinion

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without a retainer," answered the lawyer, smiling, "but you have expressed my private views with precision and point."

"The witness may stand down," said the journalist, rising. "Having inserted the corkscrew of interrogation, and extracted the pure wine of truth, I have no further use for you. Now I must tear myself away."

"Come in and dine with us quietly one night next week. Mrs. Duncan will be glad to see you."

"I'd like to do it, but I have no time. You see, I have been away for a fortnight, and I'm in arrears with my work."

"Make it Tuesday, and you will meet Miss Sargent," urged Duncan.

"Tuesday?" said White, as his pulse quickened. "I think, perhaps, I could manage it on Tuesday."

"Then we shall expect you at half past six. There'll only be four of us. You know Miss Sargent, I think."

"Oh yes, I know her," answered White, as lightly as he could.

"A charming girl—isn't she?" asked Duncan.

"She is, indeed," said White, with perhaps more warmth than was absolutely necessary.

"She is a great friend of my wife's," said Duncan—and White envied Mrs. Duncan—"and she's always at our house"—and then White envied Duncan. To hear her name was a delight, and to talk about her was a delicious torture. After a moment's silence he said,

"I see her father's office is just under you."

"Oh yes, Sam Sargent has his headquarters here. I don't know whether you like that man, Bob, or not."

"I do not know him," answered White, uneasily.

"Well, I know him, and I detest him. Whenever I see him and think of his daughter, then I know his wife must have been an angel from heaven."

"You are a little rough on him, 'Liph," said White, deprecatingly.

"No, I am not. She has an air of breeding, and she carries herself like a lady, but her father is not a gentleman—at least—you know what I mean. The man is coarse-grained, in spite of all his smartness and brilliancy. You have only to look in his face to see that. He took up the right trade when he turned gambler."

"Gambler?"

"Of course. Stock speculator, if you like that term better. Speculating in stocks is not business; it is gambling. The money made in speculating is not business earnings, whatever it may pretend to be; it is winnings, no more and no less. I don't object to a game of poker now and then myself, but when I win thirty or forty dollars I don't put the sum down in my books as earnings. Now it is men like Sam Sargent who have confused and corrupted the public mind in regard to this thing. They are gamblers, but they masquerade in the honorable garb of business men. And he has the impudence to want to go into politics."

"He is no worse than the rest," ventured White, apologetically.

"Of course," retorted Duncan, promptly; "and he's no better. And he'll come to grief, like the rest of them. Only a few days ago he had a very tight squeeze, so Mat Hitchcock tells me."

"How so?"

"He was caught in the Transcontinental Telegraph corner, and he would have lost all he had left, and more too, if this brief panic had not come to his rescue, and knocked the bottom out of the market. It was this fraudulent bankruptcy and the failures it caused which saved Sam Sargent."

"You do not like him," said White, smiling.

"But I like his daughter," answered Duncan.

"So do I," replied White, as cheerfully as he could.

"Of course," said Duncan; "and we shall expect you on Tuesday."

"You may rely on me;" and White shook hands with Eliphalet Duncan and withdrew. As he reached the foot of the stairs, opposite to the office of Sargent and Co., the door opened, and a customer came out, pausing on the threshold to ask, "When do you expect Mr. Sargent back?" White could not help hearing the answer: "He'll be here in a week or two. You know he is at Bermuda, on the *Rhadamanthus*, with old Joshua Hoffman." White knew that Joshua Hoffman was one of the most distinguished citizens of New York—a man who had made a fortune, which he administered for the public good as though he was not the owner, but only a trustee for the poor and the struggling.

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"If Sam Sargent is off on a cruise with Joshua Hoffman," thought the young man who was in love with Sam Sargent's daughter, "why, he can't be quite as black as 'Liph paints him."

It was on Friday that Robert White had called on Eliphalet Duncan, and he gave most of Saturday also to the pursuit of the pirate. He had a long talk with Judge Gillespie, who confirmed all that Duncan had said. The so-called *Dare-Devil* was probably an American steam-yacht of three hundred tons or thereabouts. Now there were five or six yachts on the American register which answered fairly enough to the description of the *Dare-Devil*, after making due allowances for the efforts to disguise her. But all of these—except two—were easily accounted for, and must be unhesitatingly ruled out, as they were not in commission. Of the two American steam-yachts approximately like the *Dare-Devil*, one, the *Pretty Polly*, belonged to a wealthy clergyman, and was then in the Mediterranean, cruising along the Holy Land with a full ship's company of missionaries; the other was at Bermuda; it was the *Rhadamanthus*, and it belonged to the good Joshua Hoffman.

When, by a process of exhaustion, as the logicians call it, Mr. Robert White had arrived at this useless result, it was late on Saturday afternoon, and he looked back along the week, and he felt that it had been well-nigh wasted. He had not made any progress toward the solution of the problem of the piracy against the *Patagonia*, and he had not seen Miss Dorothy Sargent.

III.—TAKING SOUNDINGS.

Robert White had met Miss Dorothy Sargent for the first time late in the preceding fall. Mrs. Eliphalet Duncan, who was always getting up something new, got up a riding party to go together to Yonkers for a light dinner, and to ride back to the city by the light of the autumn moon. As the merry cavalcade set forth, Mrs. Duncan introduced Mr. White to Miss Sargent, by whose air of distinction, as she sat firmly on a high-spirited bay mare, he had been attracted already. Her manner, like her simple habit, which fitted her slight figure to perfection, was quiet and unobtrusive; and she had in abundance that indefinable but unmistakable quality called style. Her light golden hair was tied in a neat knot under her tall hat, and a semicircle of veil half hid her face, although a bright glance from her frank blue eyes passed without difficulty through the filmy barrier as Mrs. Duncan presented White to her. This glance, the merry smile which occasioned it, the ray of the afternoon sun as it made molten the twisted gold of her hair, the gentle dignity of her attitude—these united in a picture which printed itself indelibly in White's memory.

Before they had passed the reservoir in Central Park, White had discovered that Miss Sargent rode well, like one with a strong natural gift of horsemanship, well developed by an intelligent master. As they cantered side by side through the russet bowers and leaf-strewn lanes of the Park he could not but notice how perfectly her exquisite American grace seemed to harmonize with the soft and delicate hues of the fading landscape, as the glory of the American autumn was fast departing. He marked how her color rose with the Amazonian enjoyment, with the honest delight of the genuine horsewoman, and he wondered how she came by her beauty. He was vaguely familiar with the features of her father, one of the best-known men about town, and he knew that Sam Sargent was an operator in stocks and a fellow of bluff joviality, hail-fellow-well-met with most men, getting the utmost possible sensual enjoyment out of life, and having no sympathy at all with plain living and high thinking.

There was no lack of candidates for the place by Miss Sargent's side, as the little party rode forth, or as it rode back again by the full light of a glorious moon; but White set his wits to work, and managed to monopolize her company the whole of the long blissful afternoon and the happy evening—all too short. Before they reached the Park on their return he was on the verge of wishing that her lively mare would try to run away or to throw her, or to do anything that would give him a chance to show his devotion. When at last he had helped her to dismount, and had said good-night, he felt lifted out of himself, and as though intoxicated by some mysterious but delicious elixir. He was in love; and the thought of his own unworthiness brought him back to earth, and kept him awake a good part of the night.

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As it began, so it went on all winter. White discovered where she went to church, and he walked home with her on Thanksgiving morning, learning that her father rarely ventured within the sacred edifice except when some famous pulpit orator came to preach a charity sermon. On Christmas-day he sat in a pew where he might gaze his fill upon her, and his heart overflowed with peace and good-will. Mrs. Duncan—just before she made her hurried trip to Europe—asked a little party to see the old year out and the new year in, and as White kept as close as he could to Dorothy the new year began for him with joy and gladness. Mrs. Duncan's sister-in-law, Mrs. Sutton, kept Twelfth-night with due celebration of the ancient rites of that honorable feast. Chance crowned White king, and of course he chose Dorothy for his queen. He noticed that her face flushed with pleasure as he took her by the hand. But before the evening was over he began to wonder how he had displeased her, for of course he could not think her capricious. When next they met she was cold toward him, and he suspected she had avoided him. On St. Valentine's Day he mustered up courage and sent her a tall screen of growing ivy, in the centre of which clustered a bunch of uncut jacqueminot roses in the shape of a heart. For this she thanked him in a clever little note, as distant as it was kindly. He wondered whether she guessed that he loved her, and sought to discourage him.

This was the state of affairs between them when they sat opposite to each other at one of those exquisite little dinners for four which Mrs. Duncan was famous for. There was a dim, religious light in the Duncans' dining-room befitting the mystic rites of gastronomy. As White looked up and caught Dorothy's eye he wondered whether the faint flush which spread over cheek and throat in such becoming fashion was really a blush, or whether it was due only to the red silk shades on the tall candles at the corners of the table.

"I see the eye of the law upon me, Mr. White," she said, gayly. "What will the verdict be?"

"You deserve to be drawn and quartered, Dora," interjected Mrs. Duncan, "for keeping us waiting seven minutes. Fortunately I knew your ways, and allowed ten."

"Why is it you are always seven minutes late?" asked Duncan. "You have nothing to do."

"Nothing to do? Well, I like that!" began Dorothy.

"Of course," said Duncan, maliciously. "I think I should like having nothing to do myself—for a little while."

"That's just like a man!" retorted the young lady. "I'm sure I've done more than you have. I've been to cooking school, and I have had an Italian lesson, and I've practiced two hours, and I've been shopping, and I've paid ten visits, besides keeping house, which is work enough for one able-bodied woman."

"Indeed it is," interrupted Mrs. Duncan, whose household was organized to run like clock-work, and who never heard from it except when it struck.

"My father never scolds," continued Miss Sargent, "but he depends on me to make him comfortable. I don't know what he'd do without me."

"He has to do without you when you dine out," said Duncan, slyly.

"Oh, then I send him off to the club, and he goes like a lamb. Why, in the three weeks before Lent he dined at home only once."

"Was he invited out?" asked Duncan.

"No; but I was," she answered, frankly. "He used to meet Mr. Thursby at the club, and they dined together."

"Dick Thursby?" asked Mrs. Duncan.

"Yes. My father's very fond of him—he says he's a man of a thousand."

"He's a man of a good many thousands, if report can be believed," said White, remembering, with a sudden sinking of the heart, that rumor reported this Mr. Thursby as very devoted to Miss Sargent.

"His wife left him a lot of money," said Duncan.

"And her mother has never forgiven him for taking it," added Mrs. Duncan. "She abuses him dreadfully."

"No man is a hero to his mother-in-law," said White, lightly. He was afraid of Thursby, but he was not willing to say anything against him.

"That's not because he may not be a hero," suggested Dorothy, "but rather because she is a mother-in-law."

"I hear he is beginning to take notice again," remarked Mrs. Duncan.

"He's been flirting outrageously with that Hitchcock girl all winter," said Dorothy.

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"Dear me," said Mrs. Duncan, slyly, "I thought he had been very attentive to you."

"I never noticed that," laughed Dorothy, as White moved uneasily. "The only things I did notice about him were that he had a large mouth, and that only very small talk fell from it."

"Then you are not setting your cap for him?" said Duncan, inquisitively.

"Do you think I am a young lady with all the modern improvements ready to marry any goose if he has golden eggs?"

"I will not discuss the point with you," said Duncan. "I never care to argue at dinner; the one who is not hungry always gets the best of it."

White breathed more freely when he heard her treat his rival thus scornfully.

"I did not think Mr. Thursby was an unintelligent man," said Mrs. Duncan; "he was in Congress for a year or two."

"Why didn't he serve his full term?" asked White, unable to resist the chance. "Was he pardoned out?"

"Mr. White"— and Miss Dorothy's voice was very mischievous—"when you speak slightingly of Congress, perhaps you forget that my father has political aspirations."

"I assure you I did not know it," and poor White blushed scarlet at his blunder.

"Mr. Joshua Hoffman has been urging my father to go to Congress for a long while."

"Joshua Hoffman's help is worth having," remarked Duncan as he tasted his champagne, "no matter whether what you want is in this world or the next."

"It is delightful to see how all classes respect and honor Hoffman's goodness," added White. "He's one of the few men who belong to the Church and who do not act as though the Church belonged to them."

"He's had a great fancy for my father," said Dorothy, "ever since my father gave him Jeannette J."

"He ought to be grateful for one of the finest and fastest horses on the track," answered White, "although he never bets on her or lets her trot for money."

"Isn't your father off with Joshua Hoffman now?" asked Mrs. Duncan.

"Oh yes; they are at Bermuda. They went on the *Rhadamanthus*."

White suddenly remembered that Joshua Hoffman's yacht was the only ship he had been able to find resembling the *Dare-Devil*.

"At least my father went on her—Mr. Hoffman was delayed at the last moment, and had to wait over for the regular steamer."

"Is he on the *Rhadamanthus* now?" queried White.

"Oh yes, he is there *now*. But my father had to go down all alone. He didn't mind that, as the sailing-master of the *Rhadamanthus* is a great friend of his. He'd do anything for my father; I heard him say so once."

"Perhaps Mr. Sargent got him his berth," suggested White, strangely interested in the topic, as he was in anything which might bear, however remotely, on the mysterious pirate.

"I believe he did," replied Dorothy; "but Captain Mills owed my father a great deal before that. At least I think so. I suppose I might as well tell the whole story. It's not much, either. But one summer, several years ago, I had been asleep in a hammock on the piazza, and I waked up just in time to hear Captain Mills say: 'I owe you more than I can ever pay, Mr. Sargent. You have done more than save my life. Talk is cheap, but I hope some day I may be able to show you that I do not forget.'"

"And what did your father say to that?" asked Mrs. Duncan.

"Well, you know his jocular way. He said, 'That's all right, captain; first time I want a man stabbed in the back, Italian fashion, I'll let you know.' And Captain Mills took my father's hand and said, very seriously, 'You may joke, Mr. Sargent, but I mean what I say, and, short of murder, I don't believe there's anything I'd stick at to do you a good turn.'"

"It's lucky your father isn't a Bold Bad Man," said Duncan, "or he might get Captain Mills to scuttle the ship, or to splice the main brace, or to do any of the wicked things that sailor-men delight in."

"Don't you be too sure of my father," Dorothy answered, gayly. "He often says that if he wasn't on the Street he'd like to be a pirate!"

"Indeed!" ejaculated White, earnestly.

"He has a whole library of books about pirates, but he says that the best of them all is a brief biography of Blackbeard, which he found his office-boy reading."

"Of course he took it away from the office-boy, and scolded him," remarked Duncan, "and then went into his private office and devoured it himself?"

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"That's just what he did," answered Dorothy; "and he says it is the most expensive book in his library now, for while he was reading it the market went up or down, or something, and he lost a chance of making several thousand dollars."

"Piracy is a losing business nowadays," said White.

"Of course," added Duncan, quickly. "A brave man can do better nowadays in Wall Street than on the Spanish Main."

"I have always heard Captain Mills well spoken of," remarked White.

"Oh, he's a fine man," said Dorothy, enthusiastically, "and I am so glad he is in charge of the *Rhadamanthus*, now that Mr. Hoffman has a crew of Lascars."

"Lascars!" said Duncan and White together, looking at each other.

"Yes; he shipped them a few weeks ago, when he was in the Mediterranean."

"Joshua Hoffman does have the oddest notions," said Mrs. Duncan.

"Of course," remarked her husband; "he has very queer kinks in him. But he is a good man and an honorable man, and the whole country is proud of him and of his work."

The conversation thus directed to Joshua Hoffman's characteristically American career was enlivened by many anecdotes of his poverty in youth, of his shrewdness in business, of his simple and straightforward integrity, and of his thoughtful and comprehensive charity. Then the talk turned to other topics as the perfectly served dinner pursued its varied courses. At last came coffee. The two ladies rose and took their tiny cups into the parlor, leaving the two men to smoke their cigars in the dining-room. But Robert White lent little attention to Duncan's shrewd and pleasant chat when Dorothy Sargent followed Mrs. Duncan across the parlor to the piano, and began to sing. She had a light, clear soprano voice, sufficiently well trained, and she sang without effort, and as though she enjoyed it.

After she had sung two or three songs Mr. Duncan called out from the dining-room, "Now, Miss Dorothy, by request—"

"Oh, I know what you want," she interrupted, gayly.

"Of course," said Duncan, lighting a second cigar. His Scotch ancestors had died for the Stuarts, and he thrilled with hereditary loyalty as Miss Sargent sang, "Here's a health of King Charles," with a dramatic intensity for which the careless observer would never have given her credit.

As Robert White rose to join the ladies, the butler told Mr. Duncan that a gentleman wished to see him.

"Close the doors leading into the Japanese room," said Duncan, "and show the gentleman in here."

The room between the parlor and the dining-room Mrs. Duncan had decorated in the Japanese style. The walls were covered with Japanese paper and hung with plaques of *cloisonné*. The furniture was of bamboo with cushions of Japanese embroidery. Japanese lanterns, dexterously arranged for gas, shed a gentle light. Although the room was probably hopelessly incorrect in the eyes of a Japanese—had Mrs. Duncan had one on her visiting list—the effect was novel and exotic and charming.

White passed through this room, and joined Miss Dorothy at the piano. He turned the leaves for her as she sang "The Shepherd's Hour." He thought she had never looked so lovely, and he knew he had never loved her as much. He felt that the time had come when he must put his fortune to the touch, when he must learn whether life was to be happiness or misery. When she finished the song she left the piano hastily, and begged Mrs. Duncan to play. White seconded her. Mrs. Duncan was an admirable pianist, but she was a match-maker even more accomplished.

"I'll play," she said, "on one condition only: you two must go into the Japanese room and talk."

"Talk while you are playing?" protested Dorothy.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Duncan, firmly. "You need not talk loudly, but you must talk: then I shall not feel as though I were giving a concert."

"If we must, we must," said Dorothy; and she took a seat in the Japanese room. White sat himself down on a stool at her feet as Mrs. Duncan began one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte."

"How lovely those songs without words are!" said Dorothy, after a silence which threatened to become embarrassing.

"How lovely it would be," answered White, "if we could express ourselves without words, if we could only set forth without speech the secret thoughts and feelings of our souls!"

"Do you really think so?" asked Dor-

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othy. "Sometimes it would be very awkward, I fear."

"Surely you would not mind letting the whole world read your innocent heart?"

"Indeed I should," cried Dorothy. "Why, there are things I shouldn't like anybody to know."

Robert White noticed the sudden blush which accompanied these words. In his eyes her delightful alternations of color were perhaps her greatest beauty.

"I wish you could know without my telling what my heart is full of just now," he said, controlling his voice as best he could.

The color fled from her cheek, and left it as white as marble. With a little effort, she said, "How do I know that it would interest me?"

"Don't you take any interest in me?" asked White.

"Indeed I do, Mr. White, but—"

"Then you must have seen that I love you," he interrupted, unable to refrain any longer. "Don't tell me that you have not seen it. Don't tell me that my love is hopeless."

The color came back slowly to her face and neck, and she said, shyly, "I do not tell you that, because it would not be true."

"Then you do love me?"

"Just a little bit."

He clasped her in his arms, as Mrs. Duncan turned over her music and played a nocturne of Chopin's.

They talked on in perfect bliss for a few minutes, then she said, suddenly, "But you must speak to my father."

"I will ask him five minutes after he sets foot on shore."

"He will never consent," continued Dorothy. "He has always said he could never let me go, and I have always promised never to leave him."

"But that was before you gave yourself to me," said her lover.

"I suppose so, but I don't know what he will do without me."

"Just think how I have done without you all these years. It's my turn now."

"He has been so good to me always."

"I will be so good to you always. How could I be anything else?"

She looked at him, and he leaned forward and kissed her softly.

"But I will never marry you without his consent," she said.

Just then Eliphalet Duncan threw open the folding-doors of the dining-room, and announced to Miss Dorothy that her maid and her coupé had come to take her home. As White rose to see her into the carriage, Duncan asked him to come back a minute after Miss Sargent was off, as he had something to tell. White waited in the hall while the maid bundled Dorothy up in her fleecy wraps. Then he helped her into her carriage. The sharp eyes of the maid were on him, and he could say nothing. He gave her hand a precious squeeze as she said "Good-night."

"May I see you to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes, to-morrow," she answered; and with this word of promise and hope they parted.

White went up to Duncan's study.

"Who do you suppose my visitor was?" asked Duncan.

"How should I know?" asked White.

"He's as anxious as you to find out who the pirate was that stopped the *Patagonia*. He was one of our passengers. And he came to tell me a curious discovery of his. He is interested in a type-writer manufactory, and he noticed certain peculiarities in the notes which the pirate sent. As soon as he arrived here he set to work investigating. He has found out that the type-writer used by the pirate is one of a new style just put out by the company in which he is a shareholder. This new style was for sale only a month ago. Very few of them were sold before the 1st of April—the day when the pirate made fools of us."

"Has he a list of the purchasers?" asked White, anxiously.

"His list is incomplete, but among those who bought this new style of type-writer was Joshua Hoffman."

"The owner of the *Rhadamanthus*?" inquired the astonished White.

"Of course," said Duncan.

IV.—IN THE PIRATE'S LAIR.

To any one not accustomed to the sharp contrasts of American life it would have seemed impossible that Miss Dorothy Sargent should be the daughter of Mr. Samuel Sargent. She was slight and graceful, delicate and ethereal, as is the wont of the American girl. He was solid and florid; he was a high liver and of a full habit. His eye was very quick and sharp, as though it was always on the main chance, but there was generally to be seen

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a genial smile on his sensual mouth, not altogether hidden by a heavy mustache. He was at once a very smart man and a very good fellow. His friends often referred to the magnetism of his manner. He was kindly, generous, shrewd, and unscrupulous. Moralities differ, and Sam Sargent had the morality of Wall Street, and he knew no other: he would engineer a corner without a thought of mercy; but he never "went back" on his bank, and he never "lay down" on his broker; and these are the cardinal virtues in the Street. According to his lights, he was an honest man, but he wore his principles easily, and he had cultivated his senses at the expense of his conscience.

His father had skimped and scraped for years that the son might go to college, and was now living in restful happiness on a big farm near his native town—a farm bought for him by his successful son. The college allowed its poorer students to pay their way by manual labor, and most of the shelving and other carpenter-work in the college library had been done by Sam Sargent, who had since endowed the library with twenty-five thousand dollars. After he left college he edited a country weekly for two or three months; then he turned auctioneer; after that he was advance agent for a small circus; then the war broke out, and he raised a company, and rose to be colonel of volunteers. Wounded and sent home on a furlough, he delayed his return from Washington to his Western home long enough to marry the most beautiful daughter of one of the proudest of the first families of Virginia. After helping to convert the steamers on the upper Mississippi into home-made iron-clads, he resigned, and became interested in various government contracts. He did his duty by the government, and made money for himself. He put his earnings into the little local railroad of his native place. When the war was over, and the railroads of the West began to be consolidated and to push across the plains and the mountains, the little road of which Sam Sargent was president was wanted by two rival systems. Sam Sargent sold to the highest bidder, after judiciously playing one against the other; and he brought his money and his experience to Wall Street. A man can not run with the hare and hold with the hounds; on the Street a new-comer is either a wolf or a lamb: Sam Sargent was not a lamb. In the uneasy and restless turmoil of the Stock Exchange he was in his element, and there he thrived. Every summer, when stocks were sluggish or stagnant, the speculator sought other forms of excitement. One year he hired a fast yacht, and the next he bought a pair of fast trotters. One summer he let his fondness for poker run away with him, and he was a player in the famous game which lasted two days and three nights; at the end of the second day he had lost $150,000, but during the last night he won it all back and $65,000 besides. No man could deny his quickness, his coolness, or his nerve. Of late he had begun to take an interest in politics, and he was known to be seeking a nomination for Congress from one of the brown-stone districts: the machine of his party was all ready to work in his behalf. To attain to this honor was his one unsatisfied desire, and his heart was set on it.

About three weeks after the *Patagonia* had been robbed off the Banks by the *Dare-Devil*, Mr. Joshua Hoffman's yacht, the *Rhadamanthus*, returned to New York from Bermuda, bringing back Mr. Sam Sargent and Mr. Joshua Hoffman himself. Among the letters which Sargent found on the table of his handsome private office in the Bowdoin Building, No. 76 Broadway, overlooking a part of Trinity Church-yard, was one from Robert White, requesting an immediate interview on a matter of the highest importance. Sargent knew White's name as a rising young literary man, he had heard his daughter speak of meeting White, and he was aware of White's connection with the *Gotham Gazette*. He wrote Mr. White a polite note, saying that he should be glad to see him the next day at three.

Precisely at three the next afternoon, as the bells of Trinity rang the hour over the hurrying heads of the sojourners in Wall Street, Robert White handed his card to the office-boy of Sargent and Company, and was shown at once into the private office of the special partner. Sargent rose to receive him, saying: "I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. White. There is a comfortable chair. What can I do for you to-day?"

As he said this he gave White a look which took him in through and through. White felt that Sargent had formed at once an opinion of his character, and that this opinion was probably in the main ac-

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curate. "Are we alone," he asked, "and secure from interruption?"

Sargent stepped to the door and said to the attending office-boy, "If anybody calls, just say I have gone." Then he closed the door and turned the key in the lock. Taking his seat at his desk, he said, "Now, Mr. White, I am at your service."

"As I wrote you, Mr. Sargent, I desire a few minutes' talk with you on a matter of great importance," began White.

"Excuse me a moment," interrupted Sargent, taking a box of cigars from a drawer in his desk. "Do you smoke?"

White declined courteously.

"I trust you will excuse me if I light up?"

"Certainly," said White.

"I never smoke during business hours," explained Sargent, "but at three I always indulge myself in a little nicotine."

White noticed that under cover of the first two or three puffs of smoke the speculator gave him a second penetrating examination. The journalist knew that his task was difficult enough at best, and this little manœuvre seemed to double the difficulty. But his voice did not reveal this feeling as he said:

"The business I have to speak about, Mr. Sargent, is as private as it is important. I am aware that for a moment I may seem to you to be prying, not to say impertinent. I beg to assure you in advance that such is not my intent. If you will bear with me until I am done, I think you will then pardon my apparent intrusion."

"Fire away," said Sargent, blowing a series of concentric rings of smoke, "and put the ball as close to the bull's-eye as you can."

"What I desire to talk about is the taking of £100,000 in specie from the *Patagonia* on the afternoon of April 1."

"Indeed?" queried Sargent, sending forth a final ring of smoke as perfect as any of its predecessors. "And pray what have I to do with that little speculation in gold?"

"At the time that money was taken you were short of Transcontinental Telegraph stock, and you stood to lose nearly half a million dollars."

"If you had not warned me that you would be intrusive, I think I should have been able to discover it for myself."

"Hear me out."

"I do not see any connection between my private affairs and the *Patagonia* adventure. But go on."

White continued in the calm voice he had maintained from the beginning of the interview:

"Before that gold could be landed in Nova Scotia there had been a panic here in Wall Street, the bottom had dropped out of Transcontinental Telegraph, your partners had covered your shorts, and you were in a fair way to make a good profit."

"Well?" asked Sargent, quietly.

"Well—then the gold from the *Patagonia* was restored to its owners." As he said this, White watched Sargent closely. A second series of vortex rings was in process of construction. Suddenly Sargent turned slightly, and looked White full in the face.

"Mr. White, it is evident that you do not know me. I am a bad man to bluff. I do not choose to understand your insinuendoes, as the darky called them—"

"I made no insinuations."

"You have been dropping mysterious hints," said Sargent, firmly.

"If you have picked them up, why—"

"Just let me tell you, Mr. White, that if you pick me up for a fool, you will lay me down again like a red-hot poker. I see you are driving at something. Now just stop this feeling over the surface and cut to the quick. If you have anything to say, say it out and be done with it."

"I can put the matter in a nutshell, if you will give me five minutes," said White, quietly.

"Load your nutshell and touch off the fuse," answered Sargent, settling back comfortably in his chair.

"My chain is not quite complete, I confess," began White; "there are several slight links wanting. But it is strong enough. Here is my story: When the *Patagonia* sailed from Queenstown with £100,000 on board, you were in urgent need of about $500,000. Owing to the unexpected detention of Mr. Joshua Hoffman in this city, you were the sole passenger on the *Rhadamanthus* when she cleared from New York for Bermuda. The crew of the *Rhadamanthus* were Lascars. The captain was under great obligations to you, and would do anything for you."

Here White remarked that Sargent gave him a quick look as who should say, "How came you to know that?"

"Instead of going directly to Bermuda, you made for the Banks of Newfoundland.

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On the voyage up you rigged a false funnel on the *Rhadamanthus*, you built false bulwarks, and you mounted a Quaker gun amidships."

Again White caught the same quick look, as though Sargent, in spite of his self-control, was surprised at the accuracy of White's information.

"You arrived off the Banks just in time to intercept the *Patagonia*. You fired across her bows with the little gun of the yacht. You pretended to load the Quaker gun. You sent a message to the captain of the *Patagonia*—a message written by a type-writer bought by Joshua Hoffman the day before the yacht sailed. You stained your face and put on a false beard, and you yourself sat in the stern-sheets of the gig which was rowed out to receive the gold. When you left the *Patagonia*, as night fell, you steamed straight for the little place which Captain Mills owns on the coast of Nova Scotia near Halifax. You landed the gold at his private dock by night: fortunately for you, no custom-house official caught sight of you. Whether you had intended to take the gold and fly, or whether you meant to use it to pay your losses in the Transcontinental Telegraph corner, I do not know. But when you touched land you got the news of the panic here, and of the fall in the price of Transcontinental Telegraph. No longer needing the money, you determined to return it, and to let the affair pass off as a practical joke appropriate to the 1st of April. Mrs. Mills took the cases to Halifax, and saw that they were forwarded to New York. Then you took the yacht to Bermuda as fast as she could steam, getting there long before Mr. Joshua Hoffman arrived on the regular steamer. No one in Bermuda connected the *Rhadamanthus* with the *Dare-Devil*, because no one knew anything about the temporary robbery of the *Patagonia* until the arrival of the mail. There is no telegraph to Bermuda. The gold having been returned to its owners, you thought there would be no motive for pursuit and for prosecution. You believed that the whole matter would blow over, and that long before you got back to New York people would have something else to talk about than the adventure of the *Patagonia*. For further safety you have persuaded Mr. Joshua Hoffman to send the *Rhadamanthus* to Rio Janeiro to bring back the boy-naturalist who has been making collections along the Amazon. She passed Sandy Hook about six hours ago."

As White paused here, Sargent swung around in his chair and took another cigar from the box in the drawer of his desk. "Have you finished?" he asked.

"I have finished," answered White. "As you requested, I have told my tale as briefly as possible. But I have written it out in full, setting down all the facts in order, and giving dates and figures as exactly as I could. Perhaps you would like to glance over it."

Sargent took the flat little bundle of papers which White held out to him, and dropped it into his pocket. He lighted his second cigar from the first. Then he said, pleasantly: "This is a very pretty little ghost story of yours, Mr. White, but do you think you can get anybody to take any stock in it?"

"I believe the public will take an interest in it—if—"

"If?" asked Sargent, with his cigar in the air.

"If I publish it."

"Ah, *if* you publish it." And Sargent smiled meaningly, and the whole expression of his face changed at once. "Very well. How much?"

"I beg your pardon?" said White, interrogatively.

"How much do you want?"

"Mr. Sargent!" and White rose to his feet, indignantly.

"Sit down again, Mr. White; we are talking business now. How much do you want to suppress this story?"

White clinched the back of the chair firmly in his hand, and said, "I did not expect to be insulted by the offer of a paltry bribe."

"Who said anything about a *paltry* bribe? I asked you how much?"

By this time White had recovered his temper. He sat down again. "You do not know me if you think I am to be bought, Mr. Sargent. I am hesitating as to the publication of the facts in this case because I am not yet quite clear in my own mind as to my duty in the matter."

"Indeed?" There was a covert sneer in Sargent's manner as he dropped this one word.

"Perhaps self-interest might resolve my doubts," continued White. "Perhaps I could more readily make up my mind to say nothing about your connection with the affair of the *Patagonia* if—"

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"If— ?" repeated Sargent.

"If I felt jealous of your reputation on my own account—in short, if I were a member of your family."

"You don't want me to adopt you, do you?" asked Sargent, brusquely.

"No, not exactly," answered White, hesitating, now he had reached the point. "But I want to marry your daughter."

Sargent looked at him in silent astonishment. Then he whistled. "You want to marry my daughter?"

"Yes."

"Then the main question is not what I think, but what she thinks. Does she want to marry you?"

"She told me so the last time I saw her," said White, quietly.

Sargent stood up in his surprise. But all he said was, "What?"

"I asked her to marry me, and she promised to do so—if you would consent."

"Ah," said Sargent; "so you are engaged?"

"Yes, we are engaged," answered White.

"But I have always told Dorothy that I would never consent to her marrying anybody. I want her myself. I do not wish her to leave me."

"That's what she told me."

"And yet she has engaged herself to you?"

"We are engaged—yes; but we shall not be married until you give your consent."

"And you expect me to yield?" asked Sargent, harshly.

"That's why I came to see you to-day," answered White, gently.

"Well, you are the cheekiest young fellow I ever saw." And Sargent sat down again, and struck a match to relight his cigar.

White asked, anxiously, "Will you consent?"

Sargent took two or three puffs at his cigar, and replied: "Of course. I have to consent. That girl makes me do what she pleases. I have never refused her anything yet. If she wants you for a husband, she shall have you."

"Thank you—" began White.

"You needn't thank me," interrupted Sargent; "you had better go and thank her; and tell her you are going to dine with us to-day."

As Sargent and White came down the stairs of the Bowdoin Building a begging peddler jostled against the speculator, who cursed him cheerfully, and then gave him a quarter. At the foot of the stairs White met Eliphalet Duncan, who was just going up to his office. He felt so happy that he stopped Duncan to tell him he was engaged to be married, and to ask him if he could guess to whom.

"Of course," answered Duncan—"to Miss Sargent."

Then Sargent and White walked on, and Duncan went upstairs. As he came to the first landing he saw a flat little bundle of paper. He picked it up, and took it into his office for examination, to see if he might discover its owner.

In September, at Newport, toward the end of the waning season, and just before those who are always in the thick of gayety and fashion abandoned Newport for Lenox, there was a wedding. Dorothy Sargent and Robert White were married.

Sam Sargent, left alone, turned to politics with his wonted energy. On the evening after his interview with White in April he had had a bad quarter of an hour, for he could not find the full and detailed statement of the *Patagonia* affair which White had given, and which he could have sworn he put in his pocket. For a while he did not dare give rein to his ambition. If this paper had fallen into the hands of a political enemy, his election to any office became impossible. But as time passed on and he got no news of the missing document, he began to hope that it had been destroyed without examination. A few days after his daughter's wedding he received the nomination for Congress for which he had intrigued unceasingly, and he had made a pungent little speech accepting the honor.

The next evening the sword of Damocles fell. He received a short, sharp note bidding him find some excuse at once for declining the nomination, or the exact truth would be published concerning his connection with the robbery of the *Patagonia* on the First of April. As Sam Sargent read this he knew of a certainty that he had a guardian enemy, and that his political career was at an end forever. He took up the fatal missive to read it again, and for the first time he noticed that it was written on a type-writer, and that it was signed "Lafitte."

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THE WATTS EXHIBITION.

WHAT shall our artists paint? The study of any general exhibition of contemporary art will prove that this question is one to which all the innovations of modern schools of painting suggest no direct answer. But just as some of the most interesting phenomena of astronomy have been observed through the corner of the eye while looking fixedly at another part of the heavens, so we may, by examining the tendencies of modern schools of art, find an answer to this question in an angle remote from the centre of our field of vision.

It has been the fortune of one who was almost a stranger to the American public, Mr. G. F. Watts, of London, to be the first to excite here any serious and wide-spread discussion of the value of imagination in painting, and to call public attention to the possibility that our own art may before long shake itself free in some measure from the crushing burden of hyper-realism. The experiment of showing here a collection of pictures which in their purpose are entirely different from anything hitherto seen in New York has demonstrated by its unparalleled success that we are entering upon a new and better period of our art history—that we are, in fact, fast learning to rank artistic works according to the result, and not solely by the means and methods of production. If the paintings in question were in any sense popular pictures, it might be alleged, perhaps, that the novelty of the exhibition has been in a measure the cause of the lively interest it has excited among us. But, far from having those qualities which have hitherto attracted public applause, they even have certain peculiarities which have never before been recognized here as belonging to works of art of a high order of merit.

The reasons why this kind of modern art is new to us here are readily found in the history of the growth and development of public appreciation and knowledge of art in this country. In the brief period of the awakening of interest in the fine arts we have passed through different stages of growth which repeat the experience of other countries where art is not indigenous. The facilities for European travel and the rapid increase of the wealthy class have brought this country up to the rank of one of the best picture markets, and two or three different schools of art have each in its turn excited us to admire, to cultivate, and even to imitate. The Düsseldorf, the Munich, and the Paris schools have each made its impression on us through our artists who have studied there, and through the great number of examples of foreign work which have come to this country. The growing tendency of these schools has long been toward absolute realism. In the annual Paris Salon, where, more than in any other exhibition, are collected representative pictures from every country, it is plainly written on the walls, with only a rare hiatus, that the prevalent modern impulse is to imitate materials and effects in the shortest and most direct way possible. The experience of our students abroad has been just what might have been expected. They have readily assimilated the novel and the radical ideas in art. They have found in the academies excellent instruction in the technique of the profession, and have acquired a high degree of skill in execution. They have been for various reasons preoccupied with this side of their education, and have commonly neglected to pay any attention to the acquirement of a knowledge of what it is best worth while to paint. They have come home to repeat the cry of the ultra-radicals in art that anything is worth painting if it be well painted, and they have helped establish this theory as a governing principle in our art. This is the virus which poisons the art of Europe. This is the fatal principle which has glorified the ugly and the commonplace, has vitiated public taste, and has led to the development of a school of painters whose only legacy to posterity will be skillful transcripts of whatever is least desirable to perpetuate in our age and in our civilization.

If it be the province of art to elevate, to delight, and to entertain, certainly the ugly and the commonplace have no niche in its temple. If the artist be not called upon to exercise his taste in the selection of subjects, there will be found in his productions nothing higher than mechanical excellence. If it makes no difference whether the impulse to create has its source in the ugly or in the beautiful, then art ceases to be a profession, and becomes a trade. We have only to turn to the greatest works

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ever produced to find exemplified the first and only true purpose of art, and to recognize there the principles which govern all that is worth perpetuating in art. We have, indeed, simply to analyze our individual impressions in the presence of ancient masterpieces to discover what it is that so compels our respect, excites our admiration, and moves our deepest human sympathy. We can not fail to recognize the vital element of all the good art of the past. We can not blind our eyes to the indisputable fact that the endeavor to represent the perfection of beauty in one form or the other distinguished the Greek artist from his predecessors, and that this purpose has made the masterpieces of Greek art models for all nations and for all time. Will not our question be fully answered if we insist that the one condition of artistic production be parallel to that under which were brought forth those great works proven by experience, by cultivation, and by the test of centuries and of new civilizations to be the noblest creations of man? It is not asking too much of the artists that their purpose be higher than the desire to acquire mechanical skill, and that they shall exercise their intelligence in the selection of what they shall represent, neither is it expecting too much of a public so eager to assimilate new ideas as our own that it encourage the best intentions in art. To be sure, it can not be denied that modern science has sterilized the field which artists formerly found fertile of inspiration. No public processions honor the productions of the best imaginative artists. The great religious painters worked with a consciousness that every stroke of the brush was more eloquent than the sentences of the most powerful exhorter. No like stimulus now encourages any man. Costume and architecture have lost much of their early charm, novelty has usurped the place of individuality, but the influences of modern progress, however discouraging they may seem to art, have not changed the relations between artist and public. Human sentiments and human passions remain the same, and their power is undiminished. We have no modern Homer and no modern Shakespeare, but people are still alternately moved to laughter and to tears by those who know how to touch the right chords in literature. Art, too, counting among its followers no rivals to the great masters of the past, has not changed its mission, and still retains much of its original potency.

Why is it, then, that we are not producing here works of a high order of merit? The reply to this from the point of view of political economy is that the supply is according to the demand, both in kind and in quantity. But this principle, although it is an agreeable refuge in the dilemma, does not here apply. If it did, art would be still in its primitive stage, or, indeed, would never have existed at all. The demand is created by the artist himself, who by birth and training has keener powers of observation than the ordinary individual, and makes use of this faculty to call attention to commonly unobserved beauties of nature, or to excite the imagination by the pictorial expression of some subject. The artist is always in advance of his public for this very reason, and since he leads the public taste, it is to his charge that we must lay the responsibility for our present tendency. Fortunately the situation is far from hopeless, for there is abundant proof that it is but a necessary and transitory phase in our art history. There has been every reason why we have felt the power of the radical influence in art, and why we have followed more or less loyally the lead of the innovators in painting. The conditions of our education in art, both in the practice of the profession and in the appreciation of art itself, have been such that we naturally incline to that kind of art which makes the slightest demands upon our culture and our experience. It is not to be expected that we, as a people, having no national encouragement of art, without a system of general art education, and until recently without any important art museums, could readily understand and appreciate the same things which appeal to the people of Europe, who have had generations of culture in this direction. We have, it is true, lately made a rapid and a significant advance in matters of taste, and art has been a popular rage for nearly a decade. But we must not accept the superficial indications of interest in art as sure signs of deep culture, nor mistake our national quality of quick appreciation and adaptability for the more serious stages of progress. What has excited our enthusiasm most is that art which must be described as one of the lowest varieties —the purely realistic—for we have accepted the baneful theory that good painting is a sufficient apology for an unworthy mo-

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tive, or, indeed, for no motive at all. It is not fair to criticise this phase of our development in too severe terms, for it is much the same as if we should find fault with school-teachers for paying too much attention to spelling and grammar. With the education of a people it is the same as with the education of an individual. Devotion to material things, and apparent unconsciousness of any higher or ulterior purpose in education, is part of the history of every life. The artist, in order to acquire a reasonable degree of skill, must be preoccupied at some time with the use of materials, and until he becomes so familiar with the tools of his profession that he is unconscious of them he can not do his best work. Having in view methods and materials, it is natural and even necessary that he should concentrate his attention on the realistic representation of objects without suffering the distraction of the higher qualities of art. The trouble with our artists, then, is that they are not yet far enough advanced to be able to forget the means in the endeavor to secure a result.

Mr. Watts is an idealist, pure and simple. He makes no attempt at realism; he ignores the model except as a guide to remind him of the truths of Nature; he does not pretend to imitate the natural effect of light or the external surface of things. His sole purpose seems to be to impress the spectator with the idea he has chosen to illustrate, both by the composition and by a treatment harmonious with the character of the subject. To do this, he is necessarily obliged to sacrifice absolute facts of nature for the more general and higher truths, since realism can no more illustrate the creations of the imagination than a gossip's description can give the suggestiveness which is the charm of a poet's verses. Over fifty works have been loaned by Mr. Watts to the Metropolitan Museum. About half of these are portraits, and the collection, as a whole, gives a fair but by no means complete indication of the artist's aims and methods. The general aspect of the paintings seen as a mass is so unusual that it challenges examination and study. The absence of the common indications of endeavor to catch the public eye, the extreme sobriety, not to say sombreness, of the color, and a peculiar method of treatment, which can scarcely be better described than as the reverse of that now in vogue, distinguish the works at once as distinctly inspired by an absorbing study of the old masters. Whether Mr. Watts has done well in submitting himself so thoroughly to the influences of the old masters, or whether, indeed, his theories of painting, as we find them exemplified in the collection, have been the best for his purposes, it is not the place to discuss here. Whatever may be said of his means of expression, there can be but one opinion concerning his motives in painting. The distractions of a color scheme or other difficulties of execution have, indeed, left their mark on some of the finest of his productions, but he has generally accomplished what is best worth the endeavor of a true artist to bring about, the expression of an idea with a sufficient degree of completeness of execution to cause the spectator to forget the means in the absorbing presence of the result. Mr. Watts, in loaning his pictures, made no claim to represent the English school, nor in fact was he solicited to grant the loan because he was a representative painter of any European school. The chief motive which actuated those who took upon themselves the responsibility of borrowing these pictures was to bring the painter before the public here as an individual who has proven by his works that modern art may be noble, may be dignified, may be classical in spirit, without being imitative; that it may, indeed, be of our age and may appeal to our modern tastes and sympathies, and still have the essence of the highest art in its motives and in its results.

In portraits Mr. Watts has acquired a degree of skill of an unusual order. Those shown in the loan collection, some of them the best he has ever painted, are remarkable examples of modern work, often combining great vigor of execution with refinement and delicacy of expression. If they were shown in the presence of the sitter, the casual observer would undoubtly find that they are not generally accurate realistic likenesses. But it is certainly the highest aim in portraiture to give the best impression of a head as it appears to the painter familiar with the character and the personality of the sitter. It is not left to the portrait painter alone to discover the fact that no one ever looks twice the same, for any one who contemplates with interest a human head soon discovers that for himself. An accurate imitation of a head as it appears at any one time may have, to be sure, some elements of good portraiture in it, but it is much more

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likely to be of no more value in most ways than an instantaneous photograph. The portraits by Mr. Watts are distinguished by powerful personality and distinct individuality. If he has omitted the minor details of physical resemblance, he has given in their place a large and sympathetic realization of the personal traits of the sitter. In the execution he has avoided above all that stumbling-block of most portrait painters—study of the sitter from too close a point of view. Comparison between the different heads will show that they each give the effect of a mass of color, the tone of which is as much a peculiarity of each sitter as the drawing of the head and the proportion of the features. This will indicate as well as anything else to what extent the artist was impressed by the sitter, for such a result can only be obtained through the most complete and absorbing interest in the general aspect of the head without yielding to the distraction of details. It may be well to call attention to the most important characteristics of Mr. Watts's portraits in order to show the difference between this work and that of the most modern and at present the most popular portrait painters. The chief and decidedly prominent qualities of portraits of the accepted modern school are solidity, truthful effect of light, and accurate imitation of the physical aspect of the sitter. The first impression, and, in fact, the only impression which the best of the realistic portraits gives the spectator is that of unqualified and uncompromising truth, but truth of surface alone. What is commonly accepted as character is but accurate drawing; the so-called personality is oftenest but a mannerism of the artist, and the much-praised solidity and effect of reality are but the simplest tricks of the painter's skill.

We should include in our reply to the question, "What shall our artists paint?" first of all portraits, because portraiture demands the highest quality of mind joined with a complete mastery of execution, and because it opens the way to the illustration of subjects higher in range than those which call for nothing but realistic imitation of actual subjects and the external surface of things. The same keen sense of observation and the same loyalty to mental impressions which are necessary to an artist in portrait painting are of equal value in the execution of any picture which represents any human passion or emotion, or excites any elevated human interest. Let us see how Mr. Watts has carried into his pictures the same principles which have been his support in portraiture. His most enthusiastic admirers would not claim for these pictures that they have no faults. Unfortunately many of those loaned by Mr. Watts are in an uncompleted state, and they must be judged largely by the intention of the painter. "Love and Death" is one of the best known of all his works, and scarcely needs description here. The commanding figure of the common enemy of mankind, clothed in voluminous drapery, thrusting aside in his resistless advance the form of Love vainly struggling to guard the doorway through which Death is sure to pass, far better represents the modern idea than the ghastly symbolical skeleton which has so long held a place in all similar illustrations. By turning the back of the figure of Death toward the spectator the artist has suggested the eternal mystery of that face upon which no man has ever looked; by the simple gesture of the arm and the full forward movement he has represented the irresistible power, the inevitable advance, of the enemy who knows no pause nor hinderance. By the contrast between this sombre figure and the tender form of Love struggling in anguish among the roses clustering around the doorway, there is presented to every mind the ever-recurring experience of human life when the full strength of love finds its sole conqueror in the supreme power of death. Turning from this to the next in the series, we find in "Love and Life" another phase of human existence illustrated with equal thoughtfulness and parallel poetical feeling. Here Love is shown as a youthful figure, strong, vigorous, and self-reliant, as he tenderly assists the shrinking yet trusting maiden Life to climb a rough and rocky pathway. The tone of the picture is soft and tender, the color scheme symbolizing the youthful idea of the future, bright, fresh, and shadowless. Still again has Mr. Watts been impelled by his meditation on the conditions of human existence to express the idea of the controlling and uncontrollable influences upon which our lives depend. "Time, Death, and Judgment" is a group of colossal figures advancing through space with a solemn stride. Death is here a female figure with garnered buds, blossoms, and leaves; Time, a giant youth with changeless stare; and Judgment,

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a swooping Nemesis with flaming sword. In its treatment it resembles neither of the two first mentioned, because the artist has endeavored to embody the idea of the stability and the unalterable nature of these agencies by the character of the figures which represent them. The human form, simplified, enlarged, purged of its mortal elements of change and decay, is used by Mr. Watts in this picture to symbolize powers beside which all human forces are weak and ineffectual. In his treatment he has given them an appearance of firmness and immobility which harmonizes with the idea of the subject.

The nude figure is to Mr. Watts an alphabet with which he constructs, as in the "Chaos," a descriptive poem, or it is a potent medium of expression, through which, as in the "Eve Tempted," he excites the imagination to complete the idealization which art can only suggest, not reproduce. He paints no figure for the sake of the model alone, considering the reproduction of the qualities of human flesh only worthy his brush when it may carry to the mind of the spectator some exalted idea. With this purpose he has painted several nude figures, three Eves among the rest, with no hint of that earthliness which is characteristic of French art, and for which the marvellous skill of those painters is no apology or excuse. In his use of the figure he is, of course, following the lines of ancient Greek art, for in the simplicity and dignity of his composition and in the grandeur of the movements he creates are found abundant indications of sympathetic study of the noble masterpieces of ancient sculpture. Whoever has deplored the tendencies of modern French art, and has vainly sought among the numberless nudes that are hung each year in the public exhibitions in France for a single example which might increase our admiration for the human form, and call our attention to the chaste beauties of the noblest of creations, will find in the pictures by Mr. Watts an earnest endeavor to eliminate from the figure all grossness, and to clothe it with the perfect garment of purity. If the nude is painted except with this motive, can it be classed as art?

The "Eve Tempted" alluded to above is the only one of the series of three which it was possible to procure for the loan collection. The large, almost Michael-Angelesque, forms suggest ripe and vigorous womanhood, while a certain dignified grace of action and unconsciousness of pose make one forget the model, and think only of the exalted type of beauty which the painter has endeavored to represent. Unfortunately the picture is in an unfinished state, so that its full charm is lost; but the abundance of Paradise is well enough shown in the tangle of leaves half concealing the figure of Eve, and offering to her hesitating touch the tempting fruit. In the "Fata Morgana" is found another type of female beauty in the sprightly figure of a maiden symbolizing opportunity. She escapes the clutch of her pursuer, who has vainly endeavored to seize the lock of hair by which alone she can be caught, and, with a movement full of suppleness and grace, dances away, laughing at the impotent attempt at her capture. We pause to note the exquisitely modelled limbs and the animated swing of the figure, unconscious of its nudity, remembering only how fully it embodies in the spirit of its action the idea of the fleeting character of that will-o'-the-wisp, opportunity.

The "Orpheus and Eurydice" is one of the most dramatic of the compositions, and is, perhaps, open to the criticism that it exaggerates somewhat the effect of the situation. He has chosen to illustrate the instant when Orpheus, having looked behind him, contrary to the command, finds Eurydice dragged back by fate into the depths of Hades. The contrast between the manly strength of Orpheus and the helplessness of Eurydice is heightened by the great difference in the color of the flesh of the two figures. Not an echo of the hues of life which tinge the limbs of the hero is found in the pallid skin of the drooping, nerveless victim which fate has claimed. The mystery and gloom of Hades are suggested by a background full of dim forms and sombre colors. Another subject taken from mythology and treated with exquisite taste is the "Endymion." The shepherd sleeps in the vale of Meander, and Semele hovers over him, charmed by his beauty. There is in the whole collection no better example of adequate and agreeable illustration of a poetical idea than this simple composition. The suggestion of the crescent moon is subtly conveyed by the curve of the hovering figure, and by the silver-hued drapery which conceals and yet reveals the form. The large and simple movements, the

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grace and nobility of the figures, recall the charms of Greek sculpture, while the whole story of Endymion is brought to mind by this thoughtful interpretation of a single incident. To call this intellectual art would be to only half define it, and would, indeed, but ill express its character. The conditions of good art are satisfied, for the eye is pleased, the imagination excited, and the intellect awakened. As for the treatment—he who finds the treatment inadequate to express the idea must indeed be a devoted and a loyal realist. We have seen in some of these pictures how skillfully Mr. Watts has touched the strings which vibrate in every human heart. He has shown us love as a sustaining power in human life, and love powerless to resist the advance of death, and in the "Paolo and Francesca" he completes his illustration of the subject of human love by eloquently repeating the oft-told story of the hopeless but enduring passion of the most unhappy pair of mortal lovers. Joined together for all time, they cling to each other with nerveless touch, the eternal pain of disappointed love visible on their faces, forever scored with the lines of acute death agony. Twin spirits, they float through the murky mysteries of the Inferno, types of wretchedness and suffering. This has long been a favorite theme for illustration, but Mr. Watts has made it his own by the comprehensive manner in which he has grasped the idea and imparted the true Dantesque spirit to his composition. This successful treatment of an old subject may serve to show to all to whom the question at the beginning of this article is a vital and an interesting one that it is the individual conception, not the subject itself, that makes the picture, and it may also suggest another factor in the complex answer to the apparently simple interrogation.

In this brief and necessarily incomplete study of Mr. Watts's paintings it will have been noticed, perhaps, that there has been no hint of school or of nationality either in the character of the subjects or in the methods of dealing with them. The motives of the painter have, on the contrary, been shown to be broadly human and not local. One of the great lessons to be learned from the collection is that purely national schools of art are now no longer possible, because the advance of modern science has harmonized the many differences which formerly were distinctive features of the art of various nations. Good art is cosmopolitan. Since we entered upon a period of interest in art here in America the cry, "Let us help American art," feebly uttered at first, has made itself heard on all sides. With that cry echoing in our ears it is worth while to pause and ask how American art may best be encouraged. Is it by indiscriminately buying American pictures because they are native productions? No; because it is only judicious encouragement which is good for patron and for producer. Is it by insisting upon the selection of American subjects? No; because we have no right to cramp a natural inclination by seeking to mould it to our own national ways. A born New-Englander may have an Italian temperament. Many of the famous artists of modern European schools have sought their subjects beyond the boundaries of their country, and often outside the circle of national sympathy and appreciation. The artist who recognizes in himself no impulse to paint the scenes or the historical events of his own country may yet find a stimulus in some other part of the world. Let us look at the matter in its widest and most noble aspect. The best way to encourage American art is to encourage the development of true artists among us, whether they paint subjects inspired by civilized American life or by the barbarism of remote Asia. The purpose is the all-important object. Let it be a condition of success that the artist shall respect his profession; that he use his talents not to glorify ugliness, but to perpetuate the sublime beauty of nature's highest truths; that he prepare himself by the development of his mind to illustrate his chosen subjects in a manner which shall be intelligible to the layman, and which shall present the ideas in a new aspect, the natural result of individual observation and study. Let him be encouraged in the ambition to be first of all a man, then an artist. Let "art for art's sake" be the cry, not "art for the sake of patriotism." We can not afford to shrink our horizon by fostering a school of art of a limited aim and a narrow scope. Shakespeare was no less an Englishman for writing *Hamlet*, *Othello*, or *Julius Cæsar*. We judge him as we must now judge artists, after ignoring his nationality.

The exhibition of Mr. Watts's paintings has done a great deal toward awaking public interest in a better side of art than the purely mechanical one. It is encouraging

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to reflect that there is not one of these works which might not have been produced in this country, because they are individual creations, not reproductions of local types or scenes. If Mr. Watts has not fully shown us by his work what our artists should paint, he has given us a plain hint of it, and has at least pointed out a direction of effort which is at once cosmopolitan and worthy a genuine artist. The exhibition has distracted our attention from curiosities of execution and triumphs of accurate realism, and has, it is to be hoped, initiated an era of more profound study and more thoughtful appreciation, which shall surely both encourage our native art and elevate the standard of good taste among us.

EAST ANGELS.

CHAPTER VIII.

LUCIAN SPENSER'S good looks were of the kind that is conspicuously attractive while the youth which accompanies them lasts; his face and figure were a personification of radiant young manhood at its best. The same features, the same height and bearing, would have had quite a different aspect if robbed of the color, the sunniness—if one may so express it—which was now the most brilliant attribute of the whole. He was tall and broad-shouldered, but slender still. He had a bearing which was graceful as well as manly. His hair of a bright golden color had a burnished look, which came from its thick mass being kept so short that the light could find only an expanse of crisped ends to shine across. He had a way of throwing back his head a little as he walked or talked, and this too, being plainly quite natural, seemed somehow like another attribute of his sanguine young vigor. His eyes were blue, the deep blue which is distinguishable as blue, and not gray or green, across a room. This clear bright color was their principal beauty, as they were not large. They were charming eyes; which could turn to tenderness in an instant. But though they could be tender, their usual expression was that of easy indifference—an expression which, when accompanied by a becoming modesty and frankness, sits very well upon a strong, handsome young man. He had a well-cut profile, white teeth gleaming under a golden mustache, a pleasant voice, and a frequent, equally pleasant laugh. No one could resist a certain amount of admiration when he appeared; and the feeling was not dimmed by anything in his manner, for he was good-humored and witty, and if, as has been said, he was rather indifferent, he was also quite without egotism, and quite without, too, that tendency to underrate others which many excellent people possess—a tendency which comes oftenest from jealousy, but often, too, from a real incapacity to comprehend that people may be agreeable, and happy, and much admired, and even good, with tastes and opinions, appearance and habits, which differ totally from their own. Lucian Spenser underrated nobody; on the contrary, he was apt to see the pleasant side of the people with whom he was thrown. He took no trouble to penetrate; it was not a deep view; probably it was a superficial one. But it was a question—so some of his friends had thought—whether this was not better than the strict watch, the sadly satisfactory search, for faults in the circle of their own families and friends which many conscientious people keep up all their lives. Lucian, as has been said, underrated nobody. And apparently he was not possessed by the burning desire to announce his principles and tastes to all the world, to convert other people to them. Regarding other people his chief principle at present seemed to be that they should be handsome; if not handsome, then picturesque. Garda Thorne was the one; De Torrez was the other.

A day or two after his midnight musings on the beach, Evert Winthrop was coming down Pacheco Lane toward the eyrie, when he heard, in a long, sweet, distant note, "Good-by." It came from the water. But at first he could not place it. There were two or three fishermen's boats passing; but the fishermen of Gracias were not in the habit of calling "good-by" in clear English accents to each other. Their English was by no means clear; it was mixed with Spanish and West Indian, with words borrowed from the not remote African of the Florida negro, and even with some from the native Indian tongues;

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it was a very patchwork of languages. Again came the note, and Winthrop, going forward to the edge of the low bank, looked over the water. The course of one of the boats, the smallest, had brought it nearer, and he now recognized Lucian Spenser in the stern, holding the sail-rope and steering, and Garda Thorne, facing him, seated in the bottom of the boat. Garda waved her hand, and called again "Good-by." They glided past him, and he raised his hat, but did not attempt conversation across the water. In a few minutes more Lucian had tacked, and the boat turned eastward down the harbor, the sail, which had swung round, now hiding their figures from his view. Winthrop left the bank, crossed the green-carpeted lane, and went up the outside stairway to the eyrie's drawing-room. His aunt was not there; there was only Celestine, who, loathing the desultory methods of Cindy, the colored girl, who was supposed to act as the eyrie's parlor-maid, was in the habit of banishing her at intervals from the scene, and engaging personally in an encounter with the dust according to her own system. The system of Celestine was deep and complicated, beginning with the pinning of a towel tightly over her entire head in a compact cap-like fashion of much austerity, followed as second stage by an elaborate arrangement of tea-leaves upon the carpet, and ending— But no one knew where it ended; no one had ever gone far enough. It was at the tea leaf stage that Winthrop found her.

"She's gone out walkin' with Mrs. Carew," Celestine replied, in answer to his inquiry for Mrs. Rutherford. "You see she got her feet all sozzled last night coming home across the plazzer from *church* with that there Dr. Kirby. And so she took cold, *of course*. And there's nothin' so good for a cold as half an hour outside in this bakin' sun, and so I told her."

"You don't speak as though you altogether approved of evening service, Minerva?" Winthrop answered, amused by her emphasis.

"Well, I don't, and that's a fact, Mr. Evert. In the *mornin'* it's all very well; but in the *evenin'*, I've noticed, the motive's apt to be mixed. It's pretty generally who you come home with. My mother used to say to Lovina (that was my sister) and me, 'Girls, in the evenin's I *don't* like to have you go loblolloping down to meetin' and straddlin' up the aisle. It ain't real godliness; it's just purtense, and everybody with any gumption knows it is.' And she was quite right, Mr. Evert—quite." And having thus expressed herself at much greater length than was usual with her, Celestine resumed her labors, and raised such a dust that the man (whom she still considered quite a young lad) was glad to beat a retreat.

He went to the east piazza, and seated himself with a book in his hand. But his eyes followed the sail which was moving slowly down the harbor toward Patricio. Fifteen minutes later Margaret Harold, coming through the long window, found him there. By this time the sail was gone; only the mast could be seen; Lucian and his companion had landed on Patricio.

"They are going to see Madam Ruiz," said Margaret.

"No," replied Winthrop; "if they had been going there, they would have stopped this side, at the landing."

"It would amuse Garda more to stop on the ocean side. It's the only thing she plans for—amusement."

"I can see no especial entertainment in it; it will simply be that he will have hard work to get the boat off."

"That is what will amuse her—to see him work hard."

"He won't enjoy it!"

"No; but she will."

"You knew they were going?" said Winthrop, taking up his book again.

"I was passing the plaza landing, and happened to see them start."

"Did they tell you they were going to see Madam Ruiz?"

"They were too far off to speak; they were just at the pier's end. No; but when I saw they had landed (I have been watching them from the window), I supposed of course they were going there."

"There's no supposing anything with Lucian Spenser," answered Winthrop. He got up, took the glass which was hanging in its case on a nail behind him, and turned it toward the point of Patricio. "They're not going toward the Ruiz plantation at all," he said; "they're walking southward, down the beach." He put the glass back in its case, closed it, replaced it on the nail, and sat down again with his book. But he did not open it.

"I am surprised that Mrs. Carew should have allowed Garda to go," he went on, after a moment. "She's staying with Mrs.

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Carew, isn't she? She's always staying with some one nowadays."

"She is staying with Mrs. Carew till to-morrow only. Mrs. Carew likes Lucian Spenser immensely; she tells every one how much she likes him."

"I don't think that has anything to do with it—Mrs. Carew's admirations," responded Winthrop. "He's an irresponsible sort of fellow," he added, speaking with moderation. He was not moderate, but he often spoke with moderation. On the present occasion he felt that he might have said much more.

"Yes, I think he is rather irresponsible," assented Margaret. "I suppose he would say why shouldn't he be, if it pleases him."

"No reason in the world. I don't imagine any one cares. But they ought not to permit Edgarda Thorne to go about with him as she does. She has never been in the habit of walking or sailing with Manuel Ruiz, or that young Cuban — I mean walking or sailing with them alone."

"Probably they have never asked her."

"That is very likely. I suppose they wouldn't dream of it. And that is what I am referring to; she has been brought up here under such a curious mixture of freedom and strictness that she is not at all fitted to cope with a person like Spenser."

"Shall I speak to Mrs. Thorne?" said Margaret. She was standing by the piazza's parapet, her hand resting on its top, her eyes fixed vaguely on Patricio, though the two figures were no longer in sight. Winthrop's chair being behind her and on one side, he could see only her profile, outlined against the light.

"Mrs. Thorne is already awakened to it," he answered; "she has spoken to me on the subject."

"There was your opportunity. What did you say?"

"I told her—I told her not to be uneasy," he replied, breaking into a laugh over his own inconsistencies. "But it isn't Mrs. Thorne who is to blame—I mean Mrs. Thorne alone; it is Mrs. Carew, the Kirbys, the Moores, and all the rest of them."

"In other words, the whole society of Gracias. Ought we to corrupt them with our worldly cautions?"

"We're not corrupting; it's Spenser who's corrupting. We should never corrupt them though we should stay here forever. They're idyllic, of course; it's an idyllic society. But we can be idyllic too."

Margaret shook her head. "I'm afraid we can only be appreciative."

"It's the same thing. If we can appreciate little Gracias, with its remoteness and its simplicity, its stateliness and Ponce de Leon ideas, its pine-barrens and roses, mocking-birds and beaches, I maintain that we're very idyllic indeed. What can be more so?"

Margaret did not reply. After a while she said, "If you will ask Aunt Katrina to drive with you to-morrow afternoon, I will have Telano row me down to East Angels."

"You think you will speak in any case? I suppose you know with what enthusiastic approval Mrs. Thorne honors all you say and do?"

"Yes, something of it."

"But you don't care for her approvals," he said, only half interrogatively.

"Yes, I care," Margaret answered. "In this case I care a great deal, as it may give me some influence over her."

"What shall you say to her?—not that I have any right to ask."

"I am very willing to tell. I had thought of asking whether she would let Garda go back with me when we go home—back to New York; I had thought of having her go to school there for six months."

"I can't imagine her in a school. But it's very kind in you to think of it, all the same."

"She could stay with Madame Martel and take lessons. It wouldn't be quite like a school."

"That might do. Still—I can hardly imagine her away from Gracias, when it comes to the point."

"Neither can I. But, as you see, irresponsible people have made their way in here. They will do so again. We shall not be able to keep the place and Garda idyllic simply to please ourselves."

"Well, then, I wish we could," responded Winthrop, emphatically. "But I don't believe the little mother could stand the separation," he went on.

"I shouldn't ask her to; at least not for long. I should ask her to come herself, later. New York might amuse her."

"Never in the world. She wouldn't in the least approve of it," said Winthrop, laughing. "It wouldn't be Thorne, or Duero; it wouldn't even be Reesville; she'd feel that she ought to reform it, yet wouldn't know how. She'd be dreadfully perplexed. She has a genius for perplex-

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ity, poor little soul. It comes from her having so much conscience. But I can't express how good I think it is of you to be willing to give them such a delightful change as that," he went on—"to take a whole family on your shoulders for six long months."

"A family of two. It would be a pleasure to do it."

"I suppose you know that people don't often do such things, except for their relatives. Not very often for them."

"I know it perfectly. And I have always wondered why they did not—provided, of course, that they had the ability," answered Margaret.

Winthrop in his heart had been much astonished by her plan. It did not accord with his idea of Mrs. Harold. He looked at her as if in search of some expression that should throw a gleam of light upon her motives. But she had not moved, and he could still see only her profile. After a while she lifted her eyes, which had been resting with abstracted gaze upon the water, and, for the first time, turned toward him. A faint smile crossed her face as she met his inquiring look; but her expression under the smile seemed to him sad. She bent her head slightly without speaking, as if to say good-by, and then turning, she went back through the long window into the house. Winthrop, left behind, said to himself that while he had no desire as a general thing for long conversations with Margaret Harold, he wished this time that she had not gone away so soon. Then it came to him that she almost always went away, that it was almost always she who rose, and on some pretext or other left him to himself. She left him—he did not leave her. On this occasion she had gone without the pretext; she had not taken the trouble to invent one; she had simply walked off. Of course she was quite free to come and go as she pleased. But he should have liked to hear more about her plan for Garda.

The next day she did not go down to East Angels. Her proposed visit had had to do with Lucian Spenser, and Lucian Spenser had taken his departure from Gracias that morning—a final departure, as it was understood; at least he had no present intention of returning. It was very sudden. He had had time to say good-by only to his cousin, Mr. Moore. To Mr. Moore he had intrusted a little note of farewell for Edgarda Thorne, who had returned to East Angels at an earlier hour, without seeing Lucian or knowing his intention. Mr. Moore said that Lucian had not known his intention himself until that morning. He had received a letter, which was probably the cause of his departure (this "probably" was very characteristic of the clergyman). He, Lucian, intended to go directly north to Washington, and from there to New York, and then possibly abroad.

"Dear me!—and his surveying camp, and the swamp, and those interesting young bears he had there?" said Mrs. Rutherford, who, having once arranged this very handsome young man's background definitely in her mind, was loath to change it, "even," as she remarked, with an unusual flight of imagination (called out probably by her appreciation of color)—"even for the White House."

"It would hardly be the Executive Mansion in any case, I fancy," explained Mr. Moore, mildly; "Lucian has, I think, no acquaintance with the President. But Washington is in reality his home, though it is perhaps apparent that he has not been there very often of late years."

These rather vague deductions regarding his young cousin's movements were satisfactory to Middleton Moore. He had evidently asked no more questions of Lucian on the occasion of his unexpected departure than he had upon the occasion of his equally unexpected arrival; his interest in him (which was great) had no connection with the interrogation point.

"What shall you do now?" said Winthrop to Margaret, after the clergyman had taken leave. They were alone in the little drawing-room, Mrs. Rutherford having gone to put herself in the hands of Celestine for the somewhat elaborate change of dress required before her daily drive.

Margaret had risen; but she stopped long enough to answer: "Of course now I need not speak to Mrs. Thorne about Lucian Spenser."

"No. But about Garda's going North? Do you still think of that?"

"Yes; that is, I should like very much to take her. But I don't think I shall speak of it immediately; there need be no hurry now." She paused. "I should like first to talk it over more definitely with you," she said, as if with an effort.

"Whenever you please; I am always at your service," replied Winthrop, with a return of his formal manner.

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That afternoon he rode down to East Angels. Mrs. Thorne received him. There was excitement visible in her face and manner—an excitement which she held in careful control. But it manifested itself, in spite of the control, in the increased brightness of her eyes, which now fairly shone, in the round spot of red on each little cheek-bone, and in the more accentuated distinctness of her speech, which now came as nearly as possible to a pronunciation of every letter. She asked him how he was. She inquired after the health of Mrs. Rutherford, after the health of Mrs. Harold; she even included Celestine. She spoke of her own health, and at some length. She then branched off upon the weather. All her T's were so preternaturally acute that they snapped like a drop of rain falling into a fire. When she said "we" or "week," she brought out the vowels so distinctly that her thin lips widened themselves flatly over her small teeth, and her mouth became the centre of a sharp triangle whose apex was the base of the nose, and the sides two deep lines that extended outward diagonally to the edge of the jaws. So far, she was displaying unusual formality with the friend she had found so satisfying. The friend betrayed no consciousness of any change; he saw that she wished to keep the direction of the conversation in her own hands, and he did not interfere with her desire. He was sure that she had something to say, and that in her own good time she would bring it forth. And she did. After treating him to twenty minutes of pronunciations she folded her hands closely, and with the same crisp utterance remarked: "My daughter is in the rose garden. I should like to have you see her before you go. I shall not accompany you. I shall ask you to do me the favor of seeing her alone."

He could not help smiling a little, in spite of the repressed tragedy of the tone behind her brief sentences. "Favor?" he repeated.

"Yes, favor," responded Mrs. Thorne, in a slightly higher key, though her voice remained musical, as it always was. "Favor, indeed! Wait till you see her. Listen, Mr. Winthrop; I want you to be very gentle with Edgarda now." And, leaning forward, she touched his arm impressively with her finger.

Winthrop always felt an immense pity for this little mother, she was racked by so many anxieties of which the ordinary world knew nothing, the comfortable world of Mrs. Rutherford and Mrs. Carew. That some of these anxieties were overstrained, exaggerated, did not render them any the less painful to the woman who could not perceive that they were.

"Of course I shall be gentle," he said, taking her hand cordially. As he held it he could feel the hard places on the delicate little palm which much household toil, never neglected, though never mentioned, had made there.

"But when you see her, when you hear her talk, it may not be so easy," responded Mrs. Thorne, looking at him with an expression in her eyes which struck him as containing at the same time both entreaty and defiance.

"It will always be easy, I think, for me to be gentle with Garda," responded Winthrop; and his own tone was gentle enough as he said it.

Tears rose in Mrs. Thorne's eyes; but she repressed them; they did not fall. "I depend greatly upon you," she said, with more directness than she had yet used. She drew her hand from his, took up his hat, which was lying on a chair near her, and gave it to him: she seemed to wish him to go, to say no more.

He obeyed her wish, left the room and the house, and went to the rose garden. Here, looking about him, he saw Garda.

She was under the great rose-tree, dressed in an old white gown of a thick cotton material, which she sometimes wore in the mornings at home, a gown which had evidently been let down and many times washed; she was sitting on the ground, with her crossed arms resting on the bench, and her head laid on her arms. Her straw hat was off, the rose-tree shading her from the afternoon sun. Carlos Mateo, mounting guard near, eyed Winthrop as he appeared at the gate; but though Garda could of course hear the approaching steps, she did not move. He came up and stood beside her. Still she did not raise her head. He could see her face in profile as it lay on her arm; it was pale, and the long lashes on her cheeks were wet with recent tears.

"Garda," he said.

"Yes; I know who it is," answered the girl, without looking up. "It is Mr. Winthrop. Mamma has asked you to come and talk to me, I suppose. But it is

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of no use." And he could see the slow tears drop down again, one by one.

"I should be glad to come on my own account, without being asked, if I could be of any use to you, Garda."

"You can not," she murmured, hopelessly.

His speech had sounded in his own ears far too formal and cold for this grieving child—for the girl looked not more than fourteen as she sat there with her bowed head on her arms. He resisted, however, the impulse to treat her as though she had been indeed a child, to stoop down and lift her in his arms, and try to comfort her.

"I am very sorry to find you so unhappy," he went on, still feeling that his words were too perfunctory.

"I don't believe it; I wish I did," answered Garda, who was never perfunctory, but always natural. "If I did, perhaps I could talk to you about it; and then it wouldn't be *quite* so hard." And a sob rose again.

"Talk to me whether you believe it or not," suggested Winthrop.

"I can not. You never liked him."

A frown showed itself on Winthrop's face; but Garda could not see it, and he took good care that his voice should not betray any irritation as he answered: "But as I like you, won't that do as well? You ought to feel safe enough to say anything."

"Oh, why won't you be good to me?" said the girl, in a weeping tone, abandoning the argument. "I shall die if everybody is so cruel when I am suffering so."

"I am not cruel," said Winthrop. He had seated himself on the bench near her; he put out his hand and laid it for a moment on her bright brown hair.

The touch seemed very grateful to Garda; instantly she moved toward him, put her arms on his knee, and laid her head down again, in much the same attitude she often assumed when with Margaret Harold, save that she did not look up; her eyes remained downcast, the lashes heavy with tears. "I can not bear it—he has gone away," she said, letting all her sorrow come forth. "I liked him so much—so much better than I liked any one else! And now he has gone, and I am left. And there was no preparation—it was so sudden! Only yesterday we had that beautiful walk on Patricio beach (don't you remember?—I called to you as we passed), and he said nothing about going. I can never tell you how long and dreadful the time has been since I got his note this morning."

"Don't try," said Winthrop. "Think of other things. Some of us are left; make the best of us. We are all very fond of you, Garda." He felt a great wrath against Lucian Spenser, but he could not show any indication of it now, lest he should lose the confidence she was reposing in him, the confidence which had made her come and lay her crossed arms on his knee to tell him all her grief. This confidence had other restrictive aspects: it showed that she regarded him as a species (somewhat younger, perhaps) of Mr. Moore or Dr. Kirby. Winthrop was acutely conscious that he could not play that part in the least. It certainly behooved him, therefore, to do the best he could with his own.

"Yes, you are all kind, I know," Garda had answered. "But Lucian was different. Lucian *amused* me so."

"Amused? Was that it?" said Winthrop, surprised by the word she had chosen.

"Of course," answered Garda, in the same dejected tone. "Is there anything better than to be amused? I am sure I don't know anything. I was so dull here. And he made everything delightful. But now—" Her tears rose again as the contrast came over her.

"Perhaps, now that you have called our attention to it, the rest of us might contrive to be more amusing," said Winthrop, with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

But Garda did not notice the sarcasm. "No," she answered, seriously, "you could not. You might try. But no, you could not," she repeated, with conviction. "For it wasn't anything he did; it was Lucian himself. Besides, I liked so much to look at him—he was so beautiful. Don't you remember the dimple that came when he threw back his head and laughed?" She moved a little so that she could rest her chin on her clasped hands, and look up into Winthrop's face; her eyes met his dreamily; she saw him, but she was thinking of Spenser.

"De Torrez has a dimple too," answered Winthrop, rather desperately. For between the beauty of the girl herself, made more appealing as it was now by her sorrow, her confiding trust that he was prepared to play on demand the part of grandfather or uncle—between this and

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her extraordinary frank dwelling upon the attractive points of Lucian Spenser, together with the wrath he felt against that accomplished young engineer — he was not, perhaps, so fully in possession of his accustomed calmness as usual. But she was a child, of course; he always came back to that; she was nothing but a child.

It was true that poor De Torrez had a dimple, as Winthrop had said. It was in his lean dark cheek, and everybody was astonished to see it there. Once there, everybody wondered where it found space enough to play. It did not find it in depth, and had to spread itself laterally. It was a very thin dimple on a bone.

But Garda paid no attention to this attempt at a diversion. "Did you ever see such eyes as Lucian's, such a deep, deep blue?" she demanded of Winthrop's gray ones.

"Very blue," he answered. He was succeeding in keeping all expression out of his face (if there had been any, it would not have been of the pleasantest). He felt, however, that his tone was rather too dry.

But acquiescence was enough for Garda; she did not notice his tone. She continued the expression of her recollections. "When the light shone across his hair—don't you remember the color? It was like real gold. He looked then like—like a sun-god," she concluded, bringing out the word with ardor.

"What do you know of sun-gods?" said Winthrop, endeavoring to bear himself agreeably in these intimate confidences. "How many of the warm-complexioned gentlemen have you known?"

"I mean the Kirbys' picture," answered Garda, with much definiteness, rejecting sun-gods in general as a topic, as she had the dimple of poor De Torrez. "You must remember the one I mean."

Winthrop did remember; it was a copy of the Phœbus Apollo of Guido's "Aurora" at Rome.

"Oh," continued Garda, without waiting for reply, "what a comfort it is to talk to you! Mamma has been so strange! She has looked at me as though I were saying something very wrong. I have only told her how much I admired him—just as I have been telling you. Is that wrong?"

"Not the least in the world," answered Winthrop, who had at last decided upon the course he should pursue. "But it won't last long, you know; it's only a fancy. You have seen so few people, shut up as you have been in this one little place. When you have been about more, your taste will change."

Garda did not pay much heed to these generalities arrayed before her, nor did he expect that she would. But this was the tone he intended to take. Later she would recall it, and it would make an impression. All she said now was, "Oh, please stay ever so long, all the evening; I can not let you go, now that you are so good to me." And taking his hand with a caressing little motion, she laid her soft cheek against it.

"Suppose we walk awhile," suggested Winthrop, rising. He said to himself that perhaps he should feel less like a grandfather if he were on his feet. Perhaps, too, she would treat him less like one.

Garda obeyed him directly. She was as docile as possible. When they were a dozen yards off, Carlos Mateo began to follow them slowly, taking very high steps with his thin legs, and pausing carefully before each one, with his upheld claw in the air, as if considering the exact point in the sand where he should place it next. They went to the live-oak avenue. "How long do you think it will hurt me so, hurt me as it does now—his going away?" the girl asked, sadly.

"Not long," replied Winthrop, in a matter-of-course tone. "It's always so when we are parted from our friends; perhaps you have never been parted from a friend before?"

"That is true; I have not," she answered, a little consoled. "But no," she went on, in a changed voice; "it's not like that; it's not like other friends. I cared so much for him! You might all go away, every one of you, and I shouldn't care as I do now." And with all her figure drooping, as though it had been struck by a blighting wind, she put her hand over her eyes again.

"Take my arm," said Winthrop; "we will go down to the landing, where you can rest awhile on the bench; you are tired out, poor child."

Again she obeyed him without opposition, and they walked on; but her breath still came in long sobs, and she held her little hand over her eyes, trusting to his arm to guide her. He felt that it was better that she should talk of Spenser than sob in that way, and bracing himself with patience, he began.

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"How was it that he entertained you so? what did he do?" he asked. There was no indefiniteness about that "he"; there was only one "he" for Garda.

She took the bait immediately. "Oh, I don't know. He always made me laugh." Then her face brightened as recollection woke. "He was always saying things that I had never thought of—not like the things that other people say," she went on. "And he said them, too, in a way that always pleased me so much. Generally he surprised me, and I like to be surprised."

"Yes, I see; it was the novelty."

"No," answered Garda, with a reasonable air, "it couldn't have been the novelty alone, because, don't you see, there were you. You were novel—nothing could have been more so. And yet you never *began* to give me any such amusement as Lucian did."

Evert Winthrop remarked to himself that a girl had to be very pretty, very pretty indeed, before a man could enjoy such comparisons as these from her lips. But Garda Thorne's beauty was enchanting. Sometimes he had thought it irresistibly so. To be wandering with this exquisite young creature on his arm, in this soft air, under these old oaks, on a far Southern shore—yes—one could put up with a good deal for that.

They reached the landing; she seated herself on the bench that stood at the bank's edge, under the last oak, and folded her hands passively. A little dilapidated platform of logs, covered with planks, ran out a few yards into the water; the old boat of the Thornes lay moored at its end. Winthrop took a seat on the bench also. "Tell me, Garda," he said, "have you ever thought of leaving Gracias, of going North?"

"I have thought of it to-day. But there's no use; we can not go."

"Don't you remember that you wanted to see snow and icicles, and empty fields, and the great winter storms?"

"Did I?" said Garda, vaguely. "I should like to go to Washington," she added, with more animation. "But what is the use of talking about it? We can not go." And she relapsed again. "We can not ever go anywhere, unless we should be able to sell the place. And we shall never be able to sell it, because nobody wants it. Nobody *could* want it."

"It's a pleasant old place," remarked Winthrop.

A sudden light came into Garda's eyes. "Mr. Winthrop," she said, eagerly, "I had forgotten your odd tastes; perhaps you do like East Angels? I remember I thought so once, or rather mamma did; mamma thought you might really buy the place. I told her I did not want you to feel that it was urged upon you. But everything is different to me now, and I wish you would buy it. I suppose that you are so rich that it wouldn't matter to you. And it would make us so happy."

"Us?"

"Oh yes; to sell it has long been mamma's hope. I won't say her only one, because poor mamma has so many hopes. But this has been the principal one, the one upon which everything else hung. So few people come to Gracias—people of our position, I mean (for of course we wouldn't sell it to any one else)—that it has seemed impossible. There have been only you and Lucian, and Lucian, you know, has no money at all. But you have a great deal, they all say. And I almost think you really do like the place, you look about you so when you come."

"I like it greatly; better than any other place I have seen here."

"He likes it greatly; better than any other place he has seen here," repeated Garda, in a delighted tone. She rose and began to walk up and down the low bank, clapping her hands softly, and smiling to herself. Then, laughing, she came back to him, her pretty teeth shining beneath her parted lips. "You are the kindest man in the whole world," she announced, standing before him. Winthrop laughed also to see how suddenly happy and light-hearted she had become. "Let us go and tell mamma," continued Garda. "Poor mamma—I haven't been nice to her. But now I will be. I shall tell her that you will buy the place. There's nothing nicer than that. *Then* we can go to Washington."

"It will take some time, you know," Winthrop suggested.

Her face fell. "Much?" she asked.

"I hardly know. Probably a good deal could be done in the course of the summer. There may be difficulty about getting a clear title; complications about taxes, tax claims, or the old Spanish grants." He thought it was as well she should comprehend, in the beginning, that there would be no going to Washington for the present, at least.

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"But in our case there can be no complications; we are the old Spaniards ourselves," said Garda, confidently.

He was silent.

"It would be very hard to have to wait long," she went on, dejected by his manner.

"Yes. But it's something to have it sold, isn't it?"

"Of course it is; it's everything," she responded, taking heart again. "And even if it is long, I am young; I can wait; Lucian is young too; and—I don't think he will forget me, do you?"

"I want to advise one thing—that you should not talk so constantly about Spenser," suggested Winthrop.

"Not talk about him? It's all I care for." She drew her arm from his, and moved away. Stopping at a little distance, she gazed back at him with a frown.

"I know it is," answered Winthrop, admiring the beauty of her face in anger. "My suggestion is that you talk about him only to me."

"Then I shall have to see you *very* often," she answered, breaking into smiles, and coming back to take his arm of her own accord. They went on through the avenue toward the house.

They found Mrs. Thorne in the drawing-room. She was seated in her favorite chair, and appeared to have dressed herself afresh from head to foot. Her little black gown was exquisitely neat; her hair under her widow's cap was very smooth; she had a volume of Emerson in her hand. She looked guardedly at Winthrop and her daughter as they came into the rather bare room; her face was steady and composed.

Garda kissed her, and sat down on the edge of her chair, with one arm round her small waist, giving her a little hug to emphasize her words.

"Oh, mamma, think of it! Mr. Winthrop wants to buy the place."

Mrs. Thorne turned her eyes toward Winthrop; they still had a guarded expression; her face remained carefully composed.

"I have long admired the place, Mrs. Thorne," he began, in answer to her glance. "I have thought for some time that if you should ever feel willing to sell it—"

"Willing? Delighted!" interpolated Garda.

"—I should be very glad to become the purchaser," he concluded; while Garda laughed from pure gladness at hearing the statement repeated in clear, business-like phrase.

Mrs. Thorne gave her little cough, and sat looking at the floor. "It would be a great sacrifice," she answered at last. "There would be so many old associations broken, so many precious traditions given up—"

"Traditions?" repeated Garda, in her sweet, astonished voice. "But, mamma, we can not live always upon traditions."

"We have done so, or very nearly so, for some time, and not without happiness, I think," replied Mrs. Thorne, with dignity. "Take one thing alone, Edgarda, one thing that we should have to relinquish—the family burying-ground. It has been maintained here unbroken for over two hundred years."

"Mamma, Mr. Winthrop would leave us that."

"Even if he should, there's not room for a house there that I am aware of," replied Mrs. Thorne, funereally.

Winthrop with difficulty refrained from a laugh. But he did refrain. He saw that the relief of having her daughter returned to her freed from the incomprehensible grief that had swept over her so strangely, this, combined with the suddenly expanding prospect of a fulfillment of her long-cherished dream of selling the place, had so filled her constantly anxious mind with uprising busy plans, pressing in upon each other's heels, that beyond them she had only room for a general feeling that she must not appear too eager, that she must, as a Thorne, say something that should seem like an objection, though in reality it would not be one.

But if Winthrop refrained from a laugh, Garda did not. "Oh, mamma, how funny you are to-day!" she said, embracing her with a merry peal.

"I am not aware that I am funny," replied Mrs. Thorne, with gravity.

"Why, yes, you are, mamma. Do we *want* to live in the burying-ground?" said Garda, with another peal.

But Mrs. Thorne preserved her composed air. It almost seemed as if that indeed might be her wish.

Winthrop took leave soon afterward, in spite of Garda's entreaty that he should stay longer. He had administered a good deal of comfort. It may have been, too, that he had come to the end of his capa-

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city to hear more, that day at least, about Lucian Spenser. He had reached the bottom of the old stairway, and gone some distance down the stone-flagged corridor toward the door, when he heard Garda's voice again:

"Mr. Winthrop?" He looked up. She had come half-way down the stairs, and was standing with one hand on the carved balustrade, her white figure outlined against the high dark panelling of the other side. "I shall never be able to keep silence as you wish, unless I see you *very* soon again," she said.

He smiled, without making answer in words, for Raquel had now appeared, coming from her own domain to open the lower door. Raquel always paid this attention, though no one asked her to do it. Mrs. Thorne, indeed, disapproving of it and her, never rang to let her know that her guests were departing. This made no difference to Raquel, or rather it gave her the greater insistence; when guests were in the house she now made a point of giving up all work while they remained, in order to be in readiness for this parting ceremonial. Raquel had a high regard for ceremonials: she had been brought up by the Old Madam.

Winthrop carried out his project. Asking the good offices of Dr. Kirby as aid and appraiser, he took the first steps toward the purchase of East Angels. It soon became apparent that the steps would be many. The Dueros having been, as Garda had said, "the old Spaniards" themselves, there was no trouble in this case about the Spanish grants; theirs was a *bona fide* one. But there were other intricacies, and in studying them Winthrop learned the history of the place almost back to the landing of Ponce de Leon. The lands had been granted in the beginning by the crown of Spain (of course over the heads of the unimportant natives) to Admiral Juan de Duero in 1585. They had been regranted (over the heads of the Dueros), seventy years later, by the crown of England, to an English nobleman, who, without taking possession, had sold his grant, and comfortably enjoyed the profits. The buyer had crossed the ocean only to lose his life by shipwreck off the Florida coast, and his descendants had, it seemed, sent up an intermittent cry, from the English beach, that they should come over some time and assert their claims. The place had been twice pillaged by buccaneers, roving gentlemen of the sea, fond, during those years, of picnic parties on Florida and West Indian shores. It had been through several attacks by Indians, in one of which the sugar-mill had been destroyed. At the beginning of the British occupation in 1763, the Dueros themselves had transferred part of the land to other owners, the conveyance not being recognized by the English Governor. Upon the return of the Spaniards, twenty-one years later, the Dueros had taken possession of their property again, without going through the form of getting permission of the new owners, who, tired of the gray-white soil, had gone north; and the descendants of these owners had also at intervals sent up a cry, which echoed through the title rather more clearly than the earlier one from England, which had had to cross the ocean to be heard. Since the long warm peninsula had come into the possession of the United States these same lands had suffered several partitions (on paper) from forced sales (also on paper), owing to unpaid taxes, the confusion having been much increased by the late war. Tax claims in large numbers lifted their heads, like a crop of quick-growing malodorous weeds, at the first intimation that a *bona fide* purchaser had appeared, a man from the North who had the eccentricity of wishing, in the first place, for such a worn-out piece of property as East Angels, and, in the second, for a clear title to it; this last seemed an eccentricity indeed, when the Dueros themselves had lived there so long without one. Evert Winthrop persevered. He persevered with patience, for he was amused by the local history his researches unearthed. Dr. Kirby persevered also, but he persevered with impatience. He was especially incensed against the attorney who represented a portion of the later tax titles. This attorney, a new-comer in Gracias, was a tall, narrow-chested young man from Maine, who had hoped to obtain health and a modest livelihood in the little Southern coast town. It was plain that he would obtain neither, if long opposed to Reginald Kirby.

"Sir," said the Doctor, who had been especially exasperated by a tax title which stood in the name of a certain Increase Kittredge, described as a resident, "there is collusion in this evidently. There is no such person in Gracias-á-Dios, and I

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venture to say there is no such person in the State. It is some Northern *freebooter* who is acting through you. Kittredge!" he repeated, putting on his spectacles to read the name again. "And Increase!" he added, throwing back his head and looking about the room, as if calling the very furniture to witness. "No Southerner, high or low, sir, had ever such a name as that since the universe was created. It's Yankee, intrinsically Yankee, Yankee to the core, as—if you will kindly allow me to mention it—is your own also."

The youthful attorney, whose name was Jeremiah Boise, sat looking at his pen-holder with a discouraged air. He was very young, and he admired the Doctor profoundly, which made it worse.

"And I am surprised," continued the Doctor, changing his tone to one of simple gravity, "that *you* should be willing to lend yourself to these plots and jobs" (the Doctor brought out these two words with rich round utterance), "which must, of course, act more or less upon the nerves, you who are so far from robust, who have so evidently a tendency"—here the Doctor paused, surveying Jeremiah from head to foot—"a tendency to weakness, weakness of the breathing powers."

The poor young man, who knew that he had, looked so pallid, nevertheless, under this professional statement of his case that the kind-hearted Doctor instantly repented. He put out his hand hastily. "There, there," he said; "don't look so disheartened. Come to my office and let me see you. I venture to say I can set you up in no time—in no time at all. I presume you haven't the least idea how to take care of yourself. It's extraordinary how people go about the world one mass of imprudence. Have the kindness to stand up for a moment. Now draw a long breath. Hum—hum—I thought so; no absolute harm done as yet." And the Doctor tapped and listened, and tapped and listened again, with as much interest as though the suspected chest had belonged to a Southern Kirby instead of to a Jeremiah from Maine. "That will do; thank you. You must come and see me this very afternoon; come about five. I shall give you some rules to follow. One of the first will be that you live more generously, enjoy yourself more (you Northerners don't seem to know how). Never fear, man; we'll build you up in a few months so that you won't know yourself!" And cordially shaking his hand, the Doctor took leave—only to come back and remark, standing upon the threshold, with a full return of his majestic manner, "But I should advise you, sir—I should most seriously advise you to relinquish immediately all connection with the fraudulent claims masquerading under that name—the name of Increase Kittredge!"

He departed, and returned again briskly to say, in his pleasantest voice: "Oh, by-the-way, I'm going to send you some sound wine—port; I have a little left. Be good enough to take it according to the directions." And this time he was really gone.

In the mean while all Gracias congratulated Mrs. Thorne. That lady bore herself with much propriety under the altered aspect of her affairs. There were advantages in it, she said with a sigh, which of course she appreciated. Still, it was impossible for her to think without sadness of "the severing of old associations" which such a change must bring about. Gracias agreed with her there—the severing would be difficult; old associations, indeed, had always been Gracias's strong point. Still, a good deal of breakage could be borne—it was, indeed, a duty to bear it—when such an equivalent was to be rendered ("equivalent" was the term they had decided upon). The equivalent—that is, the sum which Winthrop was to pay for the plantation—was not large. But to little Gracias in its reduced state it seemed quite an ample fortune. Gracias wondered what Mrs. Thorne would do with it. That lady kept her own counsel. But in private she covered sheets of paper with her small careful figures, and pondered over them.

To Garda the hoped-for sum represented but one word—Washington. Winthrop had again dwelt upon the maxim that she should not speak that word too audibly. "So long as I can whisper it to you, I can be dumb to the others," she said, laughing.

But it did not seem to him that she whispered.

The conditions of their friendship at present were rather remarkable. Garda was restless unless she could see him every day. If he came on horseback, she had espied him from afar, and was at the edge of the barren to meet him. If he sailed down the lagoon in the *Emperadora*, she had recognized the sail, and was in wait-

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ing on the landing. Once there, she wished to have him all to herself; she grudged every moment he spent with her mother. This did not prevent him from spending a good many with the little mistress of East Angels, who now received him with a subdued resignation which was his delight. This was the man who was about to dispossess them of their home, the home of her daughter's forefathers. He meant no harm, he wished for the place; sad misfortune compelled them to part with it; but naturally, naturally, they could not quite welcome him with undiluted feelings; naturally their feelings were, must be, charged with—retrospect. All this, especially the retrospect, was so reluctantly yet perfectly expressed in her voice and manner that Winthrop was never tired of admiring it. She was practicing the tone she intended to take about him and about East Angels; he could not deny that it was a very perfect little minor note. Garda's feelings, however, did not seem to be diluted with anything; she received him with unmixed joy. As soon as she could get him to herself she carried him off to the live-oak avenue, whose high arches and still gray shade had now become her favorite resort; here she strolled up and down with him, and talked of Lucian, being contented with his mere presence as reply. Certainly his replies in words were brief enough. Often Carlos Mateo stalked up and down behind them, for he lived in the live-oak avenue now. Garda declared that he danced by himself there on moonlight nights. Sometimes Ernesto de Torrez performed similar sentinel duty; for Garda had become almost tender in her manner to the young Cuban since her own interest in Lucian had developed itself. "He feels as I do," she said to Winthrop, with conviction.

"Never mind *his* feeling. What is yours for him?" asked Winthrop, who was perhaps rather tired of sentinels, bird or man.

"Pity," answered Garda, promptly. "A nice, kind pity."

"He must be a poor stick to keep coming here for that."

"Oh, he doesn't think it's pity; he would never comprehend that, though you should tell him a dozen times. He's satisfied; Ernesto is always satisfied, I think."

"Couldn't he enjoy his satisfaction at home, then, since it doesn't seem to depend at all upon your talking to him?"

"I talk to him when you are not here. You can not always be here, you know; but he almost can, he lives so near. Lucian was always going to see him—don't you remember? He said he was delightful—like a mediæval sign-post; you must remember that."

Winthrop felt, with inward weariness, that he was sometimes required to remember a good deal.

He did not, however, have to remember Manuel, at least at present. Lucian not having discovered mediæval qualities in that handsome youth, Garda was content to let him remain where he was; and this happened to be the San Juan plantation, twenty miles away. He had been there some time. His mother said he was hunting.

"Yes, there are a number of pretty girls about there," remarked Dr. Kirby.

But De Torrez, who was jealous of no one, and whose patience and courteous certainty remained unmoved, continued to accompany Garda and Winthrop in their strolls up and down the live-oak avenue. He generally walked a little behind them. That gave him his sentinel air. Several yards behind him came Carlos Mateo. But Carlos affected not to belong to the party, but to be taking a stroll for his own amusement, like any other gentleman of leisure; he looked about him, and often stopped; he appeared to be admiring the beauties of nature.

When Garda went down to the landing, De Torrez, still behind, would wait until she was seated; then, making her a formal bow (with the little click of his boot heels to which Winthrop objected), he would pass her and seat himself on the water-steps at her feet. And then Carlos, who was suspected of imitating De Torrez, would in a few moments stalk slowly past them in his turn, and perching himself on one leg at the platform's edge, would spend the time in meditative survey of the water beneath, pondering perhaps on the moist enjoyment of his own gay youth, before civilization had caught him, when he was still wild and a wader.

And Garda talked on, never rapidly, her topic ever the same. De Torrez, of course, understood nothing of her monologues. And Winthrop? Winthrop suffered them.

Of his reasons for pursuing this course Margaret Harold knew more than any one else. For, as Garda's affection for

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Margaret remained unchanged, she talked to her as freely as she talked to Winthrop. She saw Winthrop oftener; but whenever she could pay a visit to Margaret, or whenever Margaret came down to East Angels, Garda's delight was to sit at her feet and talk of Lucian. The girl, indeed, had made an express stipulation with Winthrop that Margaret should be excepted from his decree of silence. "I must talk to Margaret," she said, "because I am so fond of her, and like to be with her so much. The reason I like to talk to you is because you are a man, and therefore you can appreciate Lucian better."

"I should think it would be just the other way," observed Winthrop.

"Oh no. Margaret doesn't even *see* how beautiful he is, much less talk about it."

"And I like to talk about it so much."

"You do it to please me," said Garda, gratefully. "I appreciate that."

"She tells me she talks to you—I mean, of course, about Lucian Spenser—just as she does to me," he said to Margaret one day. "She has chosen to confide her little secrets to you and me alone." Margaret was standing by a table in the eyrie's dining-room, arranging in two brown jugs a mass of yellow jasmine which she had brought in from the barrens. "Rather a strange choice," he went on, smiling a little as he thought of himself, and then of Margaret, reserved, taciturn, gentle enough, but (so he had always felt) cold and unsympathetic.

"Yes," assented Margaret. "What do you think the best way to receive it?" she added, in her pleasant voice, going on with her combinations of green and gold.

"Not to bluff her off—to let her talk on. It is only a fancy, of course, a girl's fancy. But it needs an outlet, and we are a safe one, because we know how to take it, know what it amounts to."

"What does it amount to?"

"Nothing."

"Oh," murmured the woman at the table, rather protestingly.

"I mean that it will end in nothing. It will soon fade. But it shows that the child has imagination. Garda Thorne will love, some of these days, a real love."

"Yes; that requires imagination."

"My sentences were not connected; they did not describe each other. What I meant was that the way the child has gone into this—this little beginning—shows that she will be capable of deep feelings later on."

Margaret did not reply.

"There are plenty of excellent women who are quite incapable of them," pursued Winthrop, conscious that he had, as he expressed it to himself, taken the bit in his teeth again, but led on by the temptation which, more and more this winter, Margaret Harold's controlled silences (they always seemed controlled) were becoming to him. "And the curious point is that they never suspect their own deficiencies. They think that if they bestow a prim, well-regulated little affection upon the man they honor with their choice, that that is all that is necessary. Certainly it is all that the man deserves. I don't know what we deserve; but I do know that we are not apt to be much moved by such affection as that. They are often very good mothers," he added, following here another of his tendencies, the desire to be just—a tendency which often brought him out at the end of a remark where people least expected.

"Don't you think that important?" said Margaret.

"Very. Only let them not, in addition, pretend to be what they are not."

"I don't think they do pretend."

"You're right; they're too self-complacent. They're quite satisfied with themselves as they are."

"If they can be satisfied, they are very much to be envied," began Margaret.

"She's going to defend herself, after all," thought Winthrop. "It's a wonder she hasn't done so before. To save my life, I don't seem to be able to resist attacking her."

But Margaret did not go on. She took up the last sprays and looked at them. "Then you think I had better let her talk on, without checking her," she said, returning to the original topic between them. "You think I had better not try to guide her?"

"Refused again," thought Winthrop. "Guide her to what?" he said, aloud.

"Not *to* anything. Away, away from Lucian Spenser."

"Then you don't like him?" he said, questioningly.

"He is very handsome," answered Margaret, smiling. "But you haven't given me your advice."

"Let her talk as she pleases; that is my advice. Let her string out all her ad-

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jectives (perhaps you don't disagree with them?). My idea is that, let alone, it will soon exhale. Opposition would force it into an importance which it does not in reality possess. Are you going?"

"Yes; I have finished. But I shall remember what you say." And she left the room, carrying the flowers with her.

Mrs. Thorne came up to Gracias, and called upon Mrs. Rutherford at the eyrie. Her visits there had always been frequent, but this one had the air of a visit of ceremony. It seemed intended as a formal expression of her chastened acquiescence in the Northern gentleman's projects concerning East Angels.

"I have reserved the many memories," she said, with much expression.

"Yes, indeed; fond Memory brings to light, and so it will be with you, Mistress Thorne," said Betty, who was spending the afternoon with Katrina. "You can always fall back on that, you know."

"Have you reserved old Pablo?" inquired Mrs. Rutherford. "He is a good deal of a memory, isn't he?"

"I have reserved Pablo, and also Raquel; they will travel with us," replied Mrs. Thorne. "Raquel will act as my maid, Pablo as my man-servant."

"They're *very* Southern," remarked Betty, shaking her head. "I doubt whether they would get on well living at the North. Raquel, you know, has *no* system; she would as soon leave her work at any time and run and make a hen-coop—that is, if you should happen to have hens, and I am sure I hope you would, because at the North, they tell me—"

But here Mrs. Thorne bore down upon her. "And did you suppose, Betty—were you capable of supposing—that Edgarda and I were thinking of *living* at the North?"

"I don't know what I'm capable of," answered Betty, laughing good-humoredly. "Mr. Carew never knew either. But you're really a Northerner, after all, Mrs. Thorne; and so it didn't seem so unlikely."

Mrs. Thorne had called her Betty, but she did not address Mrs. Thorne as Melissa in return. No one had ever called Mrs. Thorne Melissa (Melissa Whiting had been the name of her maiden days) since she had taken her place upon the canvas whose background was exclusively Thorne. Her husband had called her "Blue-eyes" during the short months that were left to him (he had admired her very much, principally because she was so slight and small and fair); the Old Madam had unfailingly designated her by the Spanish equivalent for "madam my niece-in-law," which was very imposing—in the Old Madam's tone. To every one else she was Mistress Thorne, and nothing less than Mistress Thorne. The title seemed to belong to every inch of her straight little back, to form the foundation of every one of her clearly spoken sentences.

Madam my niece-in-law now addressed herself to answering Betty. "When I married my dear Edgar, Betty, I became a Thorne— I think I may say, without affectation, a thorough one; if there was anything left over, it became Duero; no other course was possible to me upon entering a family of such distinction. Edgarda is a Thorne; Edgarda is a Duero; she is nothing else. Gracias-á-Dios, therefore, will continue to be our home; we could not permanently establish ourselves anywhere, I think, save on the—on the strand where all Edgarda's ancestors have lived and died."

"Well, I am sure I am very glad to hear it," answered Betty, cordially. "We are all so fond of Garda that we should miss her dreadfully if she were to be away long, though of course we can't expect to monopolize her so completely as we have done; she'll be going before long, you know, to that bourne from which—"

"Oh, Betty," interrupted Mrs. Rutherford, throwing up her white hands, "what horrors you *do* say!"

"I didn't mean it," exclaimed Betty, in great distress, the tears rising in her honest eyes; "I didn't mean anything of the sort, dear Mistress Thorne; I beg you to believe it. I meant 'She stood at the altar, With flowers on her brow.' Indeed I did." And, much overcome by her own inadvertence, Betty produced her handkerchief.

"Never mind, Betty; *I* always understand you," said Mrs. Thorne, graciously.

But it soon became evident that though she might understand Betty, she did not understand Melissa, at least not so fully as she supposed she did, for, not long after her visit at the eyrie, she fell ill. On the fifth day it was feared that her illness had taken a dangerous turn. The delicate little cough with which they had been acquainted so long, in the various uses she put it to, that they had almost come to con-

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sider it a graceful accomplishment, this cough had all the time had its own character, it seemed, under the assumed ones, and its own character was simply an indication of a bronchial affection, which had now assumed a serious phase, sending inflammation down to the lungs.

"Her lungs have never been good," said Dr. Kirby to Winthrop; the Doctor was much affected by the danger of his poor little friend. "She has never had any chest to speak of, none at all." And the Doctor tapped his own wrathfully, and brought out a sounding expletive, the only one Winthrop had ever heard him use; he applied it to New-Englanders, New-Englanders in general.

"But she's one of them," suggested Winthrop.

"No, she isn't," said the Doctor, too unhappy to remember his usual politeness; "nothing of the sort. It's only her chest."

He went back to East Angels. And in the late afternoon Winthrop himself rode down there. The little mistress of the house was very ill. Besides Garda, the Doctor, his mother, and Mrs. Carew were in attendance. He saw only Mrs. Carew. She told him that Mrs. Thorne was very much disturbed mentally, as well as very ill, that she seemed unable to allow Garda out of her sight; when she did not see her at the bedside, she kept calling for her in her weak voice in a way that was most distressing to hear. Garda therefore now remained in the room day and night, save for the few moments, now and then, when her mother fell into a troubled sleep. The Doctor was very anxious. They were all very anxious.

Winthrop rode back to Gracias. He went to the eyrie. Mrs. Rutherford was out; she was taking a short stroll with the Reverend Mr. Moore. Margaret was on the east piazza, which overlooked the water, now suffused with tints reflected from the splendid sunset sky behind. She was bending her head over some fine knitting.

"I'll wait for Aunt Katrina," said Winthrop, taking a chair near her. "Knitting for the poor, I suppose. Do you know, I always suspect ladies who knit for the poor; I suspect that they knit for themselves—the occupation."

"So they do, generally. But this isn't for the poor; don't you see that it's silk?"

"You could sell it. In the Charity Basket."

"What do you know of Charity Baskets?" said Margaret, laughing. "But I'm afraid I am not very good at working for the poor; the only thing I ever made—made with my own hands, I mean—was a shirt for that eminent Sioux chieftain Spotted Tail; and he said it did not fit."

"They don't want shirts; they want their land," said Winthrop. "We should have made them take care of themselves long ago; but we should not have stolen their land. I'm not thinking of Lo, however, at present; I am thinking of that poor little woman down at East Angels. I am afraid she is very ill. Do you know, I can not help suspecting that the sudden change in her prospects has had something to do with her illness; I mean the unexpected vision of what seems to her prosperity. She has kept up unflinchingly through years of hard work and struggle, and I think she could have kept up almost indefinitely in the same way, for Garda's sake, if she had had the same things to encounter. But this sudden wealth (for, absurd as it is, so it seems to her) has changed everything so, has buried her so almost over her head in plans, that the excitement has broken her down. You probably think me very fanciful," he concluded, realizing that he was speaking almost confidentially.

"Not fanciful at all; I quite agree with you," answered Margaret, her head still bent over her knitting.

"She has asked for you a number of times, Mrs. Carew tells me," he said, after a moment or two of silence.

"Has she?" said Margaret, this time raising her eyes. "I should have gone down to East Angels before this if I had not feared that I should be only in the way. All their friends have been there, I know; it is a very united little society."

"Yes, Madam Ruiz and Madam Giron were there yesterday taking care of her; Mrs. Kirby and Mrs. Carew are there today. Everything possible is being done, of course. Still—I don't know; from something Mrs. Carew said, I fear the poor woman is suffering mentally as well as physically; she is constantly asking for Garda, can not bear her out of her sight."

"If I thought I could be of any service," said Margaret, looking at him hesitatingly.

"I am sure you could; the greatest," he responded, promptly, his voice betraying relief. "Mrs. Thorne is an odd little woman, but she has a very genuine liking

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for you. I think she feels more at home with you, for some reason or other, than she does with any of these Gracias friends, long as she has known them. And as for Garda, I am sure you could do more for her than any other person here could —later, I mean—she is so very fond of you." He paused; what he had said seemed to come back to him. "Both of them, mother and daughter, appear to have selected you as their ideal of goodness," he went on. "I hope you appreciate the compliment." And this time the slight, very slight indication of sarcasm showed itself again in his tone.

"Is it possible that you think the poor mother in danger, I mean in danger of death?" said Margaret, paying no heed, apparently, to his last remark.

"She has evidently grown very weak, and I have never thought she had any strength to spare. But it is only my own idea, I ought to tell you, that she is—that she may not recover."

"I will go as soon as possible; early to-morrow morning," said Margaret. "But if I do—" She hesitated. "I am afraid Aunt Katrina will be lone—I mean I fear she might feel timid if left alone here."

"Alone—with Minerva and Telano and Cindy, and the factotum called Maum Jube?"

"There would still be no companion, no one for her to talk to."

"How you underrate the conversation of Celestine! I should, of course, come in very often."

"I think that if you would stay in the house while I am gone, it would be better," answered Margaret, in what he called, in his own mind, her gentlest tone. All her tones were gentle; but this was the one unmixed with that well-trained neutrality which formed the base, so he thought, of all the others.

"To try and make up, in some small degree, for what she loses when she loses you?" he suggested.

"Whatever you please, so long as you come," she responded, reverting to the neutrality again.

The next morning she went down to East Angels. Garda received her joyously. "Oh, Margaret, mamma is better, really better."

It was true. The fever had subsided, the symptoms of pneumonia had passed away; the patient was very weak, but Dr. Kirby was now hopeful. He had taken his mother back to Gracias, but the kind-hearted Betty remained, sending by the Kirbys a hundred messages of regret to her dearest Katrina that their separation must still continue.

Later in the day Margaret paid her first visit to the sick-room. Mrs. Thorne was lying with her eyes closed, looking very white and still. But as soon as she perceived who it was that had entered, a change came over her; she still looked white, but she seemed more alive; she raised herself slightly on one arm, and beckoned to the visitor feebly with her free hand.

"Now don't try to talk, that's a dear," said Mrs. Carew, who was sitting on the other side of the bed, fanning the sick woman with tireless hand.

Mrs. Thorne slowly turned her head toward Betty, and surveyed her solemnly with eyes which seemed to have grown during her illness to twice their former size. "Go—away," she said, in her whispering voice, which preserved even in its faintness the remains of her former clear utterance.

"What?" said the astonished Betty, not sure that she had heard aright.

"I wish—you would go—away," repeated Mrs. Thorne, slowly. And with her finger she made a little line in the air, which seemed to indicate, like a dotted curve on a map, Betty's course from the bed to the door.

Betty gave her fan to Margaret. Incapable of resentment, the good soul whispered to Garda, as she passed: "They're very often so, you know—sick people; they get tired of seeing the same persons about them, of course, and I am sure it's *very* natural. I'll come back later, when she's asleep."

"I was not tired of seeing her; that wasn't it," murmured Mrs. Thorne, who had overheard this aside. "But I wanted to see Margaret Harold alone, and without any fuss made about it; and the first step was to get *her* out of the room. Now, Edgarda, you go too. Go down to the garden, where Mrs. Carew will not see you. Stay there awhile; the fresh air will do you good."

"But, mamma, I don't think I ought to leave you."

"Do as I tell you, my daughter. If I should need anything, Margaret will call you."

"You need not be afraid, Garda, that I shall not know how to take care of her,"

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said Margaret, re-assuringly. "I am a good nurse." She re-arranged Mrs. Thorne's pillows as she spoke, and gently and skillfully laid her down upon them again.

"Of course," whispered Mrs. Thorne. "Any one could see that." Then, as Garda still lingered, "Go, Garda," she said, briefly. And Garda went.

As soon as the heavy door closed behind her, Mrs. Thorne began to speak. "I have been so anxious to see you," she said; "the thought has not been once out of my mind. But I suppose my mind has not been perfectly clear, because, though I have asked for you over and over again, no one has paid any attention, has seemed to understand me." She spoke in her little thread of a voice, and looked at her visitor with large, clear eyes.

Margaret bent over her. "Do not exert yourself to talk to me now," she answered. "You will be stronger to-morrow; you can talk to me then."

"Yes, I may be stronger to-morrow. How long can you stay?"

"Several days, if you care to have me."

"That *is* kind. I shall have time, then. But I mustn't wait too long. Of one thing I am sure, Margaret: I shall not recover."

"That is a fancy," said Margaret, stroking the thin little hand that lay on the white coverlet. "Dr. Kirby says you are much better." She spoke with the optimism that belongs to the sick-room; but in her heart she had another opinion. A change had come over Mrs. Thorne's face, the effect of which was very striking; it was not so much the increase of pallor or a more wasted look as the absence of that indomitable spirit which had hitherto animated its every fibre, so that from the smooth scanty light hair under the widow's cap down to the edges of the firm thin little jaws there had been so much courage, and, in spite of the constant anxiety, so much resolution, that one noticed only that. But now, in the complete departure of this expression (which gleamed on only in the eyes), one saw at last what an exhausted little face it was, how worn out with the cares of life, finished, ready for the end.

"Yes, I am better, it is true, for the present," whispered Mrs. Thorne. "But that is all. My mother and my two sisters died of slow consumption. I shall die of the rapid kind. I shall die and leave Garda. Do you comprehend what that is to me—to die and leave Garda?" Her gaze, as she said this, was so clear, there was such a far-seeing intelligence in it, such a long experience of life, and (it almost seemed) such a prophetic knowledge of death, that the younger woman found herself forced to make answer to the mental strength within rather than to the weakness of the physical frame which contained it. "Why am I taken now just when she will need me most?" went on the mother's whisper, which contrasted so strangely in its feebleness with the power of her gaze. "Garda had only me. And now I am called. What will become of her!"

"You have warm friends here, Mrs. Thorne; they are all devoted to Garda. It has seemed to me that to each one of them she was almost as dear as an own child."

"Yes, she is. They would do anything in the world they could for her. But, I ask you, what can they do? The Kirbys, the Moores, Betty Carew, and Madam Giron, Madam Ruiz—what can they do? Nothing! And Garda—oh, Garda needs some one who is—different."

Margaret did not reply to this, and after a moment Mrs. Thorne went on.

"When Mr. Winthrop buys the place," she said, with the touching Gracias confidence that a few thousands would constitute wealth, "my child need not be a charge pecuniarily. But of course I know that in other ways she might be. And I can not leave her to them, these people here; I *can not* die and do that. Garda is not a usual girl, Margaret—you must have seen it for yourself. I only want a little oversight of the proper kind for her. That would be all that I should ask. It would not be a *great* deal of care. From the very first, Margaret, I have liked you so much! You have no idea how much." Her voice died away. But her eyes were full of eloquence. Slowly a tear rose in each, welled over, and dropped down on the white cheek below, but without dimming the gaze, which continued its fixed, urgent prayer.

Margaret had remained silent. Now she covered her face with her hand, the elbow supported on the palm of the other. Mrs. Thorne watched her mutely. She seemed to feel that she had made her appeal, that Margaret comprehended it, was perhaps considering it; at any rate, that her place now was to wait with humility for her answer.

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At length Margaret's hand dropped. She turned toward the waiting eyes. "Before your illness, Mrs. Thorne," she said, in her tranquil voice, "I had thought of asking you whether you would be willing to let me take Garda North with me for some months. I have a friend in New York who would receive her, and be very kind to her; she could stay with this lady, and take lessons. I should see her every day. It would not be quite like a school."

"That is what I long for—that she should be with you," said Mrs. Thorne, not going into the details of the plan, but seizing upon the main fact. "That *you* should have charge of her, Margaret—that is now my passionate wish." She used the strongest word she knew, a word she had always thought wicked in its intensity. But it was applicable to her present overwhelming desire.

"And I had thought that perhaps you would follow us, a little later," pursued Margaret. "I hope you will do so still."

Mrs. Thorne made a motion with her hand, as if saying, "Why try to deceive?" She lay with her eyes closed, resting after her suspense. "You are so good and kind," she murmured. "But not kinder, Margaret, than I knew you would be." Her voice died away again, and again she rested.

"I have asked and accepted so much—for of course I accept instantly your offer—that I feel that I ought not to ask more," she began again, though without opening her eyes. "But I have got to die. And I *trust* you so, Margaret—"

"Why do you trust me?" interposed Margaret, abruptly. "You have no grounds for it; you hardly know me. It makes me very uncomfortable, Mrs. Thorne."

But Mrs. Thorne only smiled. She lifted her hand, and laid it on Margaret's arm. "My dear," she said, simply (and it was rare for Mrs. Thorne to be simple; even now, though deeply in earnest, she had had the old appearance of selecting with care what she was about to say), "I don't know why any more than you do; I only know that it is so; it has been so from the beginning. I think I understand you," she added.

"Oh no," said the younger woman, turning away.

"At any rate, I understand your steadfastness, Margaret. You have steadfastness in the supreme degree. Many women haven't any. And they are the happiest, if they have gentle dispositions, as they often have. They are considered yielding. But you, Margaret, are different. And it is your steadfastness that attracts me so—for my poor child's sake I mean. Yes, for hers I must say a little more—I must. If you could only see your way to letting her remain under your care as long as she is so young—you see I mean longer than the few months you spoke of—it would make my hard dying easier. For it's going to be very hard for me to die at best. Perhaps you think I'm not going to. But I know that I am. All at once my courage has left me. It never did before. And so I know it is a sign."

Margaret sat listening. She looked pale. "You want to intrust to me a great responsibility," she began.

"And it seems to you very selfish. Of course I know that it is selfish. But it is desperation, Margaret; it is my feeling about Garda. Let me tell you one thing: I am relying a little upon your having suffered yourself. If you had not, I should never have asked you, because people who haven't suffered, women especially, are hard and cruel. But I saw that you had suffered; I saw it in the expression of your face before I had heard a word of your history."

"What do you know of my history?" asked Margaret, the guarded reserve which was so often there again taking possession of her voice and eyes.

"In actual fact, very little. Only what Mrs. Rutherford has told Betty Carew."

"What did she tell her?"

"That her nephew, your husband, was travelling abroad—that was all. But when I learned that the travelling had lasted six years, and that nothing was said of his return or of your joining him, of course I knew that inclination, his or yours, was at the bottom of it. And I imagined pain somewhere, and probably for you. Because you are good. And it is the good who suffer."

"In reality you know nothing about it," replied Margaret to these low-breathed sentences. "I think I ought to tell you," she went on, in the same reserved tone, "that both Mrs. Rutherford and Mr. Winthrop think I have been much to blame. It may make a difference in your estimation of me."

"Not the least. For Mrs. Rutherford's opinions I care nothing. As to Mr. Winthrop—Mr. Winthrop—"

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"Agrees with Mrs. Rutherford."

"He will live to change his opinion. I think very highly of Mr. Winthrop, but on this subject he is in the wrong. Do you know why I think so highly of him?"

But Margaret's face remained unresponsive.

"I think highly of him because he has such a perfect, such a delicate comprehension of Garda—I mean lately, through all this fancy of hers—such a strange one—for that painter." Mrs. Thorne always called Lucian a "painter," very much as though he had been a decorator of the exterior of houses. His profession of civil engineer she steadily ignored. Perhaps, however, she did not ignore it more than Lucian himself did.

"Mr. Winthrop likes Garda so much that it is easy for him to be considerate," Margaret answered.

"On the contrary," murmured Mrs. Thorne; "on the contrary. While I am most grateful to him for his consideration, I have feared that it was in itself a proof that he did not really care for her. If he had cared, would he have been so patient with her—her whim? Would he have let her talk on by the hour, as I know she has done, about Lucian Spenser? Men are jealous, extremely so; far more so than women ever are. They don't call it jealousy, of course; they have half a dozen names for it—weariness, superiority, disgust—whatever you please. You don't agree with me?"

"It's a general view, and I've given up general views. But of one thing I am certain, Mrs. Thorne—Evert admires Garda greatly."

The mother raised herself so that she could look at Margaret more closely. "Do you think so?—do you really think so?" she said, almost panting.

"Yes, I think so."

"Then, Margaret, I will have no concealments from you, not one. If Mr. Winthrop should ever care enough for my poor child—some time in the future—to wish to make her his wife, I should be *so* happy! I am sure I should know it wherever I was. I could trust her to him; he is a man to trust. He is much older. But if she should once begin to care for him, that would make no difference to her; nothing would make any difference. She will never be influenced by anything but her own liking. It has always been so. And if—she could once—begin to care—" The short sentences, which had been eager, now grew fainter, stopped; the head sank back upon the pillows again. "If she were to be with you, Margaret, she would have—more opportunity—to begin."

"About that I could promise nothing," said Margaret, with decision. "I could take no step to influence Garda in that way."

"I don't ask you to. I myself wouldn't *do* anything; that would be wrong. On such subjects all must be left to a Higher Power," replied Mrs. Thorne, with conviction. For, in spite of her efforts to be Thorne and Duero, she had never departed a hair's-breadth from her American belief in complete liberty of personal choice in marriage. Love, real love, was a feeling heaven-born, heaven-directed; it behooved no one to meddle with it. Not even a mother. "I could never scheme in that way," she went on. "I only wanted you to know all my thoughts. The great thing with me, of course, is that she is to be in your charge."

Here the door at the other end of the large room opened, and Dr. Kirby came in. He had returned as soon as possible, putting off all his other engagements. "You look better," he said to his patient, with his hand on her pulse. "Come, this is doing well."

"I am better," murmured Mrs. Thorne, looking gratefully at Margaret. Mrs. Carew now followed the Doctor. Margaret went down to the garden to find Garda, the girl who was to become so unexpectedly her charge. For she shared the mother's feeling; the illness might advance slowly, but it would conquer in the end.

Garda was in the garden, lying at full length under the great rose-tree, on a shawl which she had spread upon the ground; her hands were clasped under her head, and she was gazing up into the sky. Carlos, standing near, with his neck acutely arched, his breast puffed out, and his beak thrust in among the feathers, looked like a gentleman of the old school in a ruffled shirt, with his hand in the breast of his coat.

"Does mamma want me?" asked Garda, as Margaret came up.

"Dr. Kirby and Mrs. Carew are there. No, I do not think she wants you at present."

"Come down on the shawl, then, and look up into the sky," pursued Garda. "I've never tried it before—looking

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straight up in this way—and I assure you I can see miles."

"I'm not such a sun-worshipper as you are," answered Margaret, taking a seat on the bench in the shade.

"The sun's almost down. No, it isn't the sun; it's because you wouldn't know how to stretch yourself out full length on the ground as I am doing. The ground is warm, and I love to lie on it. So would you if you would once try it. But you never will. You have always sat in chairs, obeyed rules; you have been drilled."

"Yes, I have been drilled," answered Margaret, sombrely, looking at the graceful figure on the shawl.

Garda did not notice the sombre tone; her attention was up in the sky. After a while she said, lazily, "Mr. Winthrop has not been here to-day; I wonder why?"

"He will not be able to come so often while I am here; he will have to stay with Aunt Katrina, who isn't really as strong as she appears to be. And she doesn't like to be alone."

"Mist' Wintarp desiahs to know whedder you's tome, Miss Gyarda," said the voice of old Pablo. "I tole him I *farncied* you was in de gyarden." Old Pablo recognized Garda as part Thorne; his manner toward her was a mixture of benignant protection and pity.

Winthrop now appeared at the garden gate, and Margaret rose.

"Perhaps I had better go in too?" said Garda.

"No; stay as long as you can in the fresh air. I will send word when your mother asks for you."

She left the garden by way of the orange grove. When she had gone some distance, and was well within the shade, she looked back. Garda had curled herself up with one arm around a dwarf tree, which stood at the edge of the shawl; her head rested against a low branch, and in that way she could still see the sky, though she was no longer lying at length. Winthrop was in Margaret's place on the bench, and Garda had evidently spoken to him of the sky, for he too was looking up. But he did not look long; while Margaret stood there his eyes dropped to the figure at his feet. Margaret was not surprised by this.

No one would have been surprised.

THE TRUMPET BLOWS.

THE brown clods quicken into creeping green,
The hushed air whispers low;
Bare boughs burst out in tender, misty sheen,
On banks the violets blow;
The orchards blossom sudden like a bride,
And far hills melt in haze,
While golden willows stand on either side
Along the brook's glad ways.

Glancing with quiv'ring wings from bough to bough
The bluebird finds his mate:
A trill—a dash of piercing melody—
Nay, coy one, why so late?
In every little wood a bliss to sing—
The trembling, fluttering birds;
With rapture satisfied the copses ring,
A joy beyond all words.

To the light kisses of the odorous air
My pulses rise and fall,
Enchanted by that timid touch, aware
Of one who stirs in all.
I, too, am borne by influences deep;
I tremble, like the rose.
Love hath awakened all the world from sleep—
For me the trumpet blows!

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ENGLISH IN THE SCHOOLS.

LONG before a boy or a girl is required to write composition at school, influences have been at work which affect his or her English for better or for worse.

The descendant of men and women who have for generations habitually spoken and written the mother-tongue with correctness and ease will naturally use better English than the child of illiterate parents; and if he be so fortunate as to have a nurse whose language is not very faulty, a mother who speaks good English herself, and takes pains to give a wise direction to her children's reading, playmates —if such can be imagined—who are not addicted to slang or ungrammatical expressions, and teachers who are neither prigs nor slovens in their use of language, he will, other things being equal, retain the superiority he had at birth.

Not that a well-born and carefully nurtured boy has it all his own way even in the matter of English. His ancestors may have talked or written themselves out, and have left him, like the barren fig-tree, with plenty of leaves, but no fruit. His facility with words may be a facility fatal not only to thought, but also to strength and directness of expression.

A family, on the other hand—the Carlyles or the Hawthornes, for example—which has for generations dealt with things rather than with words, may at length produce a great writer, in whom the wisdom long amassed in silence finds literary expression; a writer who, to be sure, has to make exceptionally arduous exertions to acquire complete command of language, but who inherits the energy and the persistency that lead to success in every undertaking.

In the matter of education, too, the race may be to those who possess "staying qualities" rather than to the well-equipped, to the tortoise rather than to the hare. One boy who has all possible advantages in his home and his school may fail to profit by them; another boy may feel his disadvantages so keenly, and will try so resolutely to overcome them, that he can not but succeed—up to a certain point at least. The speech of the over-cultivated may be languidly correct, and nothing more, or it may, in an unguarded moment, fall into errors that have the charm of forbidden fruit; the speech of the under-cultivated may abound in faults, and yet may have life and movement.

Into the hands of the teacher of English come pupils who differ thus widely from one another in everything that can be affected by birth or by early training. Since they began to talk they have been talking English (good, bad, or indifferent) as Molière's M. Jourdain talked prose, without knowing it; but they have as yet written nothing except exercises in penmanship and spelling, and brief letters to mother or father, which were read with the eyes of affection, not disposed to be critical. Now, for the first time, they are asked to write an English composition.

The conditions under which they are to write differ in different schools. Some teachers leave their pupils great freedom in the choice of topic, in order that each may be enabled to write about something that he knows and is interested in; others prescribe a subject, in order that the unpracticed hand may be held close to a definite line of work; others vary their method, in order to adjust it to the individual needs of each pupil; and this, when practicable, is undoubtedly the best plan.

Whatever the method, the result will probably be the same—failure. Even she whose talk is the life of the school at recess, writes as if she were on her good behavior at a funeral. Even he who takes the lead among his fellows in everything that requires quickness of wit, becomes insufferably dreary the instant he puts pen to paper. If the lively become dull, and the quick-witted sluggish, when they undertake to write compositions, what must be the condition of their less clever companions? Unhappy pupils of a more unhappy teacher!

That the difficulty of which I have spoken is real and is all but universal will be admitted by every one who has had much to do with the compositions of beginners; but opinions may well differ both as to the source of the trouble and as to the remedy to be applied.

What reason is there, in the nature of things, why a boy who talks well should not write well, if he can be made to use the pen as naturally as he uses his tongue, or, in other words, to forget himself in what he is writing, as he forgets himself while talking with his playmates? Why, but because this *if* is a lion in the way?

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A boy must have written much before he can form his letters without special pains; and much more before he can set down what he has to say without stumbling over punctuation, spelling, and grammar; and more still before he can write with facility.

Now, so long as a boy has to struggle at every step with difficulties connected with the machinery of writing, so long he will not give his mind to the thing to be written, not only because his mind is otherwise employed, but also because the mental attitude of a person who is absorbed in the substance of what he is writing is entirely different from that of one who is obliged to pay attention to penmanship and other minutiæ connected with the process of putting words upon paper.

If the ill success of beginners in English composition be justly attributable to their inability to retain freshness and life while struggling with mechanical difficulties at every step, it is evident that the methods of teaching in our schools are radically defective; for a sound method would prevent both the sacrifice of substance to form, and that of form to substance. A sound method would teach a young writer that he should not, on the one hand, purchase correctness of expression by dullness, and should not, on the other hand, be interesting at the cost of accuracy in the use of language. Dullness is death; ignorance of elementary rules stamps a man as illiterate, and illiteracy seriously injures the influence even of a powerful writer with educated men, and impairs it with the uneducated.

Many teachers, however, act as if they thought it more important that a boy should spell and punctuate correctly than that he should write an essay which it is a pleasure to read. Others, in the fear of killing the life out of a composition, pass lightly over errors in grammar, and leave spelling and punctuation to take care of themselves. Others still—and this I believe to be the most numerous class—try to achieve both objects at once, and fail of achieving either, their pupils being usually characterized by a mediocrity of attainment; they have ceased to be natural and spontaneous, and they are oppressed by the obligation to form their sentences correctly, but do not know how to fulfill that obligation. Boys who have received no instruction in English composition before going to college seem to be better off, on the whole, than those who have had such instruction as is sometimes given.

A boy fresh from a single reading of a novel, for example, or from a single representation of a play of Shakespeare, will, if he has been thoroughly interested in the story, tell it in his own words much better than another who has been drilled on every chapter in the novel or every scene in the play. It is possible so to treat the most interesting books as to make them burdensome rather than interesting or stimulating to the youthful mind. I have heard of a boy who came down from his room groaning at his misfortune in having been kept in-doors by his work.

"What is the woe this time?" asked his sympathizing aunt.

"Oh, I had to read ten chapters of the *Vicar of Wakefield*."

In another school a boy was expected to get three hundred pages of *Henry Esmond* into his mind within twenty-four hours. In still another school the class went through the same book at a snail's pace, the teacher doing his best to transform a lively narrative into a series of tedious exercises. Instead of calling attention to the main points of the story, to the characteristics of the principal personages, or to beauties of style, he spent his strength on unimportant details, demanding, for example, all the particulars of the attack by the mob on the carriage of Viscountess Castlewood, including an answer to the important questions whether the first vegetable to hit Father Holt was a cabbage, a carrot, or a potato.

In a school of a very different class the study of English authors is made so interesting that pupils who are preparing for colleges which have no examination in English are in the habit of joining the class in this subject for their own pleasure —an anomaly, I believe, in the annals of American institutions of learning.

As regards the result of such teaching of English as is given in some of our best schools and academies, I may be pardoned for referring to my own observation. Since 1873, when Harvard College for the first time held an examination in English, I have read from four to five thousand compositions written in the examination-room upon subjects drawn from books which the candidates were required to read before presenting themselves. Of these not more than a hundred—to make a gen-

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erous estimate—were creditable to either writer or teacher. This year I did not read the books, but one who did makes this report: "Few were remarkably good, and few extraordinarily bad; a tedious mediocrity was everywhere."

It is this tedious mediocrity which has amazed me year after year. In spelling, punctuation, and grammar some of the books are a little worse than the mass, and some a great deal better; but in other respects there is a dead-level, unvaried by a fresh thought or an individual expression. Almost all the writers use the same commonplace vocabulary—a very small one—in the same confused way. One year, after reading two or three hundred compositions on "The Story of *The Tempest*," I found myself in such profound ignorance of both plot and characters that I had to read the play to set myself right again.

The authors of these discouraging manuscripts were, almost all of them,

> "Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
> When thought is speech, and speech is truth."

They may be justly regarded as the picked youth of the country, many of them coming from the best families in point of culture and breeding, and from the best schools we have. They were all boys with blood in their veins, and brains in their heads, and tongues that could talk fast enough and to the purpose when they felt at ease. Many of them had enjoyed *The Tempest*—as who that can understand it does not?—but somehow the touch of pen or pencil paralyzed their powers.

If the dreary compositions written by the great majority of candidates for admission to college were correct in spelling, intelligent in punctuation, and unexceptionable in grammar, there would be some compensation; but this is so far from being the case that the instructors of English in American colleges have to spend much of their time and strength in teaching the A B C of their mother-tongue to young men of twenty—work disagreeable in itself, and often barren of result. Every year Harvard graduates a certain number of men—some of them high scholars—whose manuscript would disgrace a boy of twelve; and yet the college can not be blamed, for she can hardly be expected to conduct an infant school for adults.

Is there any remedy for this state of things?

I venture to say that there is; but it is one which demands persistent and long-continued work, and hearty co-operation on the part of all who have to do with the use of English in the schools in any form and for any purpose. It requires intelligent supervision at one time, intelligent want of supervision at another time, and watchful attention constantly. It requires a quick sense of individual needs, and ready wit to provide for them as they arise.

My plan is briefly as follows:

1, I would begin as early as possible to overcome the mechanical difficulties of writing, and would use all practicable means and all possible opportunities to do so; 2, I would not frighten a boy with "compositions," so called, till he could form his sentences with tolerable correctness, and use his pen with freedom; but, 3, when he was set to work writing compositions, he should be kept steadily at it, and at the same time should be made to take an interest in what he is doing, and should be impressed with the importance of having something to say, and of saying that something in an intelligible and a natural manner.

(1.) As to the first point. The work should begin as early as possible. As soon as a child has learned to form his letters without trouble, his attention should be called, not only to spelling, punctuation, and grammar, but also to the choice of words and to the construction of simple sentences. He should be shown what in language is conventional, and what is founded in reason.

Whatever is done should be done thoroughly. Children should be obliged to master every point that comes under the head of correctness; and in this matter the instructor should not spare himself. Some teachers prefer to spend time on the curiosities of language or in the pleasant places of literature rather than in the correction of petty errors; but unless petty errors are corrected at the beginning, there is danger that they never will be.

Knowledge of conventional rules is, of course, of incomparably less importance than is the possession of those qualities in style which give a man the power to influence other men's thoughts and actions; but the rudiments of English form a part of every well-organized system of instruction. To omit them altogether, or to postpone them too long, is to act like a

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student in architecture who should pay no attention to questions of construction, or should take them up for the first time after he had acquainted himself with the mysteries of the so-called Queen Anne style. Such an architect might forget to leave room in his plan for a necessary staircase, and his chimneys would surely smoke. Such a writer would probably be lame in his grammar, and would surely not know how to spell or to punctuate.

Not that I would, in pursuance of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler's advice, replace the spelling-book in its former commanding position in the schools, and compel boys and girls to learn long lists of words which they would have no occasion to use; but every one should be able to spell the words that are often on his lips, or often under his eye in the books he studies or reads.

Not that I would perplex a young mind with punctuation as a system, or with nice questions between semicolons and colons; but every one ought at an early age to be taught the difference between the period and the comma, and the principal functions of each; every one should be taught, too, the general principle that a point serves as a guide to the construction, and through the construction to the meaning, of a sentence.

Above all, the time and the energies of the young should not be wasted upon formal grammar. "As he" (man), says Bacon, "hath striven against the first general Curse by the Invention of all other Arts, so hath he sought to come forth of the second general Curse, which was the confusion of Tongues, by the Art of *Grammar*, whereof the use in a mother-tongue is small; in a foreign tongue more; but most in such Foreign Tongues as have ceased to be *Vulgar Tongues*, and are turned only to *learned tongues*."

The misfortune of our schools has been that they have transferred the nomenclature and the system of "the learned tongues" to "the mother-tongue," in which, as Bacon truly says, "the use of grammar is small." The consequence has too often been that the art which, according to Bacon, was invented to relieve man from the second general curse, has become a third curse.

Within the last few years, as we all like to believe, this curse has in a measure been lightened. Even teachers of Latin and Greek have ceased to load the memories of boys and girls with rules and exceptions, and are giving the necessary information by the way, as it were, and in a manner that enables their pupils to perceive some relation between the facts of grammar and the language and literature studied.

The best instructors in English are moving in the same direction; but few of them are moving far enough or fast enough.

It is high time that every vestige of the Lindley Murray system—parsing, analysis of sentences, and the like, as well as grammatical rules and exceptions—was swept out of the schools. Even the names of the parts of speech might be left to take care of themselves, as the names of the letters of the alphabet are left in the case of children who learn to read by words instead of by letters. The main point is, not that a child should know that a given word in a sentence is a noun, another a preposition, another an adverb of manner —or whatever it may be called in the treatise in vogue at the moment—but that he should understand the meaning of a sentence as a whole.

Several hours judiciously used should suffice to teach an intelligent boy the few points of grammar which it is most important to know; for the assertion that English is a "grammarless tongue," though an exaggeration—and a harmful one if understood literally—has a basis in the fact that the changes of form in words are much fewer and the rules of syntax far simpler in our language than in most others. A few nouns form peculiar plurals, a few verbs peculiar participles, and a very few verbs are peculiar throughout; but most of these exceptions occur in words which everybody uses so often that it is easy to learn the correct forms. A similar remark may be made concerning *who* and *whom*, *I* and *me*, and the other pronouns. Let a boy be taught to put his pronouns in the proper cases, and to place them where the reference to the antecedents is plain; to couple singulars with singulars and plurals with plurals; to observe the distinction between *shall* and *will;* to insert every word that is essential to the sense and to strike out every word that is superfluous; to put verbs referring to the same time in the same tense; not to destroy a negative by doubling it; not to interpolate adverbs between words that form a single expression, as in *to blindly follow* (a common error), or in "*would*, therefore, *to God*" (the expression of a well-known

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American writer in a moment of excited logic)—let a boy be taught these things, and he will be far on the road toward correct expression.

Grammatical accuracy is, in my judgment, better taught by example than by precept, indirectly rather than directly. What progress we should see if all the teachers in the schools of every grade were all the time on the watch for errors!—if they never allowed one to pass in an oral or a written exercise, in notes of lectures, in examination-books, in copy-books, or even in conversation in the school-room!

In the classical schools, teachers of Greek and Latin may do much to help the cause of good English without going out of their way, or of what should be their way. They may insist, for example, that every translated sentence, whether spoken or written, shall be a good English sentence at all points. This is done in England; and hence it is that the Eton and Harrow boys, though they receive little training in their own language by itself, write better English than American boys of the same age and attainments. This is done in France; and hence it is that every educated Frenchman writes idiomatic French.

In this country, too, I am happy to say, attention is beginning to be paid to English by teachers of other subjects. In several quarters, students in Latin or Greek, French or German, are encouraged to make translation a means of enriching their English vocabulary, and enlarging their knowledge of English idioms.

The master of one academy within my knowledge does not allow his pupils to make the ordinary word-for-word translation of the Latin ablative absolute. He insists, for example, that the sentence, "Tarquin having been expelled, two consuls began to be created, instead of one king," or the sentence, "No one will be about to be a thief, we being the aid," is not an English sentence, is not the English equivalent of the Latin.

One college has, at the instance of the English department, determined very recently to insert the following words in the statement in its catalogue of the requirements for admission to the Freshman Class: "The passages set for translation must be rendered into simple and idiomatic English. Teachers are requested to insist on the use of good English as an essential part of the candidate's training in translation." A requirement of this sort, if strictly enforced, can not fail to tell for good upon the candidate's command of his mother-tongue.

The truth is that the study of other languages than our own, whether ancient or modern, may be so pursued as to harm the cause of good English, or so pursued as to be of great service to it. Not a few high-school graduates resemble the young man in one of Mr. James Payn's novels, "whose education had been classical, and did not, therefore, include spelling." A teacher wrote to me in grieved surprise at the failure of two of his best pupils to pass with credit in English composition. Re-examining the books, I discovered that each of the two boys had been guilty of a sentence like one of those just quoted—a sentence such as no English-speaking person who had not had frequent dialogues with the dead languages would have written.

On the other hand, translation may be made, as it has been by many famous speakers and writers, a means of enriching the vocabulary and stimulating the powers of expression. Rufus Choate, for example, the famous New England advocate, whose command of language was unsurpassed, made a point of spending some time every day in rendering into English passages from another tongue, returning sometimes day after day to the same passage, until he had succeeded in giving to his English all the merits of the original. "Translation should," he is reported to have said, "be pursued to bring to mind and to employ all the words you already own, and to tax and torment invention and discovery and the very deepest memory for additional, rich, and admirably expressive words."

Examination books may be treated, as they are in some of our schools, not merely as tests of knowledge, but also as exercises in expression. Instead of resembling, as they too often do, the productions of an illiterate mind and an unpracticed hand, instead of undoing in three hours all the good that has been gained in three weeks of instruction in English, they may be made of real service to the student by giving him practice in stating what he knows in exact and intelligible words.

Two years ago I received a report from a superintendent of schools in a city in Ohio, from which it appeared that in that place ten per cent. of the total marks at

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examination was given for penmanship, neatness, and accuracy, and that every scholar was obliged to write in ink—an excellent safeguard against slovenliness.

Correctness and clearness of expression are all that the teachers of other subjects than the English branches can be expected to find time for; but these they should attend to, in their own interest and in that of their specialty, as well as in the interest of their pupils, and of the mother-tongue; for a student can not properly be said to know a thing unless he knows it well enough to be able to make a statement about it that shall be intelligible to an intelligent reader.

Somewhat more may be done by the teacher who makes it his business to examine a piece of written work as an exercise in English. He may welcome every spark of intellectual life, every picturesque phrase, every happy turn of sentence, every strong word he comes upon, and even expressions that, though open to criticism, are often on the boy's lips and naturally flow from his pen. He should leave free play to individuality, remembering that an opinion which is a boy's own is worth more than the most orthodox dogmas taken at second hand. "To sit as a passive bucket," says Carlyle, "and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can, in the long-run, be exhilarating to no creature." Not even if the pump draws from the well of truth; and which of us can be sure that his private pump does that?

Among the things which teachers of every class should struggle to avoid is what I must be pardoned for calling "schoolmasters' English." All those whose business brings them into constant contact with young minds, and who are to a great extent cut off from intercourse with the world of men and women, are apt to attribute undue importance to petty matters, to insist upon rules in cases where the best usage leaves freedom of choice, to prefer bookish and dignified ways of putting things to easy and natural ones.

In many schools, for example, boys and girls are taught to put commas between the several parts of the address on the envelope of a letter. The rule would be correct if the words forming the address were written continuously, as in the body of a book; but the separation of each part of the address from every other part alters the question. Consequently, some of the most careful writers—following the fashion of modern title-pages and of inscriptions on monuments in public squares and cemeteries—either put periods at the end of each line or leave out all stops except those which mark abbreviations. Some teachers insist that the relative *that* should always be used, instead of *who* or *which*, where the relative clause serves to restrict the meaning of the antecedent, and that *who* or *which* should be used, instead of *that*, where the relative clause adds something to the meaning of the antecedent, or explains it; and yet the best authorities, from Addison to Anthony Trollope, obey no such rule, but are guided by the ear in their choice between *who* and *that*. A distinction is set up in the schools between *each other* and *one another*, according as the reference is to two or to more than two persons; and yet scarcely a good author can be found who does not use the two forms interchangeably. Another article of the school-master creed holds that a sentence should never end with a preposition or other particle; as if the most idiomatic writers, the writers easiest and most agreeable to read, did not abound in such sentences.

In the cases that have been mentioned the best usage is against the school-masters; but even where there is a question between two forms of expression, usage being almost equally divided, a teacher will do well to postpone all discussion of the disputed point till his pupils have mastered those parts of the language as to which good writers are agreed.

Still another danger of teachers springs from their disposition to set an undue value on the slavish reproduction by their pupils of what they have heard from the desk. The writing-master regards that as the best chirography which most nearly resembles his own "copperplate," flourishes and all; the elocutionist rates most highly the pupil who is successful in imitating his master's tones and gestures; and the teacher of English too often has most praise for sentences that resemble his own—particularly if they are free from all faults except that of having no merits. No system is more likely than this to arrest the growth of a young mind and to stunt its powers of expression; for "frigid correctness," says Cherbuliez, the brilliant Swiss novelist, "is the bane of all art."

Worst of all forms of school-master English are those that come from unwillingness to call a spade a spade.

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"I have been trying for years," said a school-girl, the other day, "to say 'I *rose* at seven,' instead of *got up—got* is such a horrid word!"

"Do you say *retire* instead of *go to bed?*"

"Oh yes: I have been taught to avoid common expressions."

That is to say, this innocent young girl had been taught to despise the words of daily life and to affect the vulgar finery and sham delicacy characteristic of those who talk about the *culinary department*, the *hymeneal altar*, *caskets for the remains of the departed*, *author of my being*, *maternal relative*, *patrons of husbandry*, *ebonized coursers*, *liquid refreshments*, *lower limbs*—the same part of the person which is referred to in the rule of a seminary quoted in Longfellow's *Kavanagh*, the rule which forbade the young ladies to "cross their *benders*."

It is not well-bred persons who are ashamed to use the brief, simple, definite, ordinary words which naturally come to the lips. It is not the writers of leaders in our best newspapers who indulge in "newspaper English," but the penny-a-liners, the reporters of fires and police items; and yet the worst parts of "newspaper English" spring from the same fondness for vague words and tawdry circumlocutions which gives rise to the "elegant" diction of teachers like Mrs. General in *Little Dorrit*.

In the course of conversation Miss Fanny, Mrs. General's pupil, happened to say:

"'They wouldn't have been recalled to our remembrance, I suspect, if uncle hadn't tumbled over the subject.'

"'My dear, what a curious phrase!' said Mrs. General. 'Would not "inadvertently lighted upon," or "accidently referred to," be better?'

"'Thank you very much, Mrs. General,' returned the young lady. 'No; I think not. On the whole, I prefer my own expression.'

"This," continues Dickens, "was always Miss Fanny's way of receiving a suggestion from Mrs. General. But she always stored it up in her mind, and adopted it at another time."

A teacher very different from Mrs. General was master of the school (Christ's Hospital) where Lamb and Coleridge were taught. Of him Coleridge says: "In our own English compositions (at least for the last three years of our school education) he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. *Lute*, *harp*, and *lyre*, *Muse*, *Muses*, and *inspirations*, *Pegasus*, *Parnassus*, and *Hippocrene*, were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can hear him now exclaiming: 'Harp? harp? lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, Muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh, ay! the cloister pump, I suppose.'"

This same teacher, it may be noted in passing, affords a strong proof of the fact that real familiarity with Greek and Latin helps one's English, for it was he who moulded Coleridge's taste in both ancient and modern literature, and taught him sound principles of criticism in poetry.

(2.) In the second place, I would not require a boy or a girl to write a formal composition until the elementary difficulties of work with the pen had been in a great measure overcome. If good English has been treated from the very beginning of school life not as a thing by itself, but as part and parcel of every study in which the mother-tongue is used, whether orally or in writing; if the pupil has been taught to regard skill in the use of his own language as an essential of scholarship, without which a so-called educated man, however extensive his book knowledge, must be deemed a learned dunce; if he has been accustomed to write, not for the sake of writing, but in order to put what he knows on a given subject into a portable form; if he has written so often and so much as to have overcome the difficulties attendant upon the manual labor of penmanship; if his errors in spelling have never been allowed to pass uncorrected, and his memory has been forced by constant exercise to master the arbitrary forms of words that are in ordinary use; if he has been made to see that the rules of punctuation and grammar, though to a certain extent arbitrary, are for the most part helps to the accurate and prompt communication of thought from one mind to another, and that this principle, as carried out in practice by the best authors, underlies all the rules which determine the choice, the number, and the order of words in any piece of writing; if, in short, a pupil has been led gradually and incidentally to acquaint himself with the essentials of good English—more will have been done toward teaching him the art of

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composition than could have been accomplished by the writing of essays on topics outside of his regular studies—essays which he would have regarded as an imposition, since they were clear additions to his usual tasks, and as bugbears, since the work came so rarely that he did not get used to it.

This, which may be called the indirect method of teaching the rudiments of English, has one decided advantage over the direct method, in addition to those already mentioned. The English of an examination book or of a translation appears to the pupil, as it really is, a means to an end, like the English he talks on the playground or at an evening party. The English of a boy's formal essay, on the contrary, consists mainly of words that serve no purpose, and seem to him to serve none, except that of filling the prescribed number of pages. At an examination, his knowledge of the facts on which each question is based supplies material for his sentences; and the questions on the paper direct him in the use of that material: in the formal essay he has, or thinks he has, nothing to say on the subject given out, and he is usually supplied with nothing definite to guide his mind and steady his steps. "Scholars in universities," says Bacon, "come too soon and too unripe to Logic and Rhetoric, arts fitter for Graduates than Children and Novices; for these two, rightly taken, are the greatest of sciences, being the Arts of Arts, the one for Judgment, the other for ornament, and they be the Rules and Directions how to set forth and dispose matters; and therefore, for minds empty and unfraught with matter, and which have not gathered that which Cicero calleth *Sylva* and *Supellex*, stuff and variety, to begin with, those Arts (as if one should learn to weigh, or to measure, or to paint the Wind) doth work but this effect, that the wisdom of those Arts, which is great and universal, is almost made contemptible, and is degenerate into childish sophistry and ridiculous affectation. And further, the untimely learning of them hath drawn on, by consequence, the superficial and unprofitable teaching and writing of them, as fittest, indeed, to the capacity of children."

(3.) In the third place, compositions, when they are required, should be written so often as to form an important part of school work. So far as is possible under the conditions of the school they should be made to flower naturally out of that part of each pupil's life in which he is most at home, be it work or play. He should be made to understand that the essential part of an essay is thought, well organized and well expressed; that to comprehend clearly and to feel strongly what one has to say is the indispensable condition of making others comprehend and feel it. A boy should never sit down to write until he has substantially settled his course of thought; but when he does begin, he should give his whole mind to the work of expressing his ideas in language that can be easily understood.

A wise teacher will try to make his pupils put their real selves behind the pen. Anxious not to do anything that shall cramp the free play of individual talent, he will at first be so careful not to correct overmuch as to let some elementary faults pass unnoticed. "Many a clever boy," says Sir Walter Scott, in his Diary, "has been flogged into a dunce, and many an original composition corrected into mediocrity."

The wise teacher of English will give special attention to the acquirement of unity and flow, the qualities which constitute a *composition*, as distinguished from a disorderly and inharmonious collection of words.

To the end of unity, the pupil should be taught that each of his sentences must contain one, and but one, proposition—that is, must say but one thing, and say it as briefly and simply as is consistent with clearness and fullness of statement; and that each sentence must be so framed as to carry on the thought from what precedes to what follows. The pupil should be taught, also, that a paragraph must be made up of sentences which belong together by virtue of their common relation to the single proposition which forms the essence of the paragraph and makes it a paragraph; that a new paragraph must begin when a new part of the subject is entered upon, and that this new paragraph must contain that which comes next in order of thought to the paragraph it follows. If there is method in the arrangement of the words in a sentence, of the sentences in a paragraph, and of the paragraphs in an essay, the essay as a whole will mean something, and something definite; but if there is no arrangement, it is either because the writer has nothing to say, or because he "blunders about a meaning."

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One good way of clearing a boy's mind as to the contents of his own essay is to ask him to make an abstract of it in ten lines. He will either fail to do so because there is nothing to make an abstract of, or he will succeed, and in succeeding will discover how to re-arrange his materials so as to call order out of chaos. If a would-be fine writer can open his eyes to the fact that his essay has no body, he is likely to find something to say next time. If a confused writer can be made to bring the meaning of one of his obscure sentences into light, he will express himself more clearly in future; for he will perceive that he has gained by the change in point of space as well as in perspicuity. In writing, as in housekeeping, to have a place for everything is to save time, temper, and work for all concerned.

Unity of composition may be furthered by the practice of assigning definite subjects for essays, and of insisting that pupils shall confine themselves to the exact subject prescribed. The inevitable result of giving out a vague subject is a vague and confused piece of writing, or a composition like those of two school-girls of whom I heard the other day. Being required to write compositions on Friendship, they put their heads together with a view to the production of essays that should represent their united efforts, and should at the same time differ essentially from each other. One began thus: "There are two kinds of friendship." The other opened in a more stately style: "Friendship may be regarded as consisting of two kinds or varieties."

What can a child find to say on Friendship, or on such subjects as are given in an English book on composition published last year: "Home Rule;" "The Channel Tunnel;" "What is Poetry? Expound this subject by obverse illustration."

Ask a boy to write about poetry, or punctuality, or perseverance, or consistency, and he will write about and about it—about the word, that is to say, not stopping to define it, but repeating it over and over again, and saying things more or less distantly connected with it, in the order in which they occur to his memory; for his mind can hardly be said to take part in the exercise.

He will do somewhat better if asked to write on subjects like the following: "What poetry do you like? and why?" "The punctual man wastes more time than the unpunctual," "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," "Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," since each of these texts contains an assertion which may be sustained or refuted by argument, that is, by well-ordered thought.

The difficulty, however, with topics of this class is that they can not be satisfactorily discussed without more knowledge than children possess. Even if the teacher supplies the requisite knowledge, boys and girls will not take as much interest in such subjects as they take in facts obtained at first-hand, or in arguments thought out for themselves. They may attain unity; but it will be a unity in form rather than in substance, the unity of a manufactured article, not that of a natural product.

Subjects should be concrete as well as definite, and should be level to the age and experience of those who are to write upon them. A teacher should be so well acquainted with the minds of his pupils that he knows what interests or can be made to interest them, and should choose his subjects in the light of that knowledge, being careful, at the same time, to confine each topic selected within narrow limits. If, for example, a boy has been greatly interested in an industrial exhibition, he may be asked, not to give a general account of the show—a demand which would result either in a flight of superlatives or in a reproduction of the catalogue—but to give a full and precise account of one thing he has seen, of the latest form of type-writer or of sewing-machine, for example. If he has been reading Irving's *Sketch Book* with pleasure, he may be asked to compare Christmas as he knows it in his own home with Christmas as it used to be in England, or to tell the story of Rip Van Winkle as he would tell it if he were trying to amuse a younger brother. What Carlyle wrote to a young man who talked of writing a criticism on Shakespeare will hold good in the case of every boy or girl. "The thing," said Carlyle, "he will have the chance to write entertainingly upon will be something he specially himself has seen, not probably Shakespeare, I should say, which all the world these two centuries has been doing its best to see."

The essential thing in the subject for a boy's composition is that it should be one of which his mind will take hold as it takes hold of a game of ball or a story-book. To put him at his ease, he might at first be required to write in his own words the

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substance of something read or told to him, or he might be allowed to dictate his compositions; for as a rule he speaks more naturally than he writes, keeps to the point more closely, and gets along more rapidly.

Next in importance among the qualities which a teacher should strive to infuse into the writings of his pupils is that known in the text-books under different names (as ease, elegance, beauty, music, harmony, euphony, flow, smoothness), the quality which renders written words agreeable to the ear and the taste, the quality which is possessed in a pre-eminent degree by Addison and Goldsmith among the dead, and by Cardinal Newman and Mr. Ruskin among the living. This excellence may be purchased—as it is in some of the histories of Irving or of Prescott—at the cost of brevity and vigor. Its absence may be made up for (with some readers at least) by picturesqueness and strength, as in Carlyle's *Latter Day Pamphlets;* but even those papers are hard reading for many on account of their deficiencies in this respect. Similar deficiencies, unrelieved by equal merits, greatly diminish one's pleasure in reading some of the works of Sir Arthur Helps; and they are fatal to the enjoyment of most books of science by any one not obliged by his calling to dig out the information imbedded in them.

I will not say that the text-books on rhetoric ought to give more space than they do to this requisite of a good style; for, on the one hand, the ear can not be trained by precepts, and, on the other hand, young writers might, if euphony were too much insisted on, be tempted to sacrifice sense to sound. The teacher of English should, however, recommend novices in composition to read authors distinguished for a flowing style, and should call their attention to chosen examples of the best work of such authors. He should point out to his pupils passages in their own compositions that are obscure or ineffective, because of clumsiness in a form of expression, or want of ease in a transition, or inharmoniousness in a collocation of words. A young writer should be made to understand that to have unity in the fullest sense an essay must have movement as well as method, and that any interruption in the flow of language is a source of difficulty and of irritation to the reader, since it calls his attention from the meaning of a sentence to the words which compose it, or from the line of thought in a paragraph to the particles which fasten the sentences together.

Pupils should be taught that, to be sure of having movement in their compositions, they must have it in themselves. A writer who stops at the end of every sentence to bite his pen, or to stare at the ceiling, or to talk with a visitor, will never acquire a flowing style. He who is not interested in his own work has small chance of interesting others; he who keeps interrupting himself can hardly expect that his readers will find continuity in what he has written.

Before sitting down to write, a boy should have thought out what he has to say, and should have arranged it in an orderly manner, so that there shall be a beginning, a middle, and an end; when he does sit down at his desk he can and he should write at a heat. If he does so write, words will follow words, and sentences sentences, and paragraphs paragraphs, naturally and with a certain ease and flow.

If between a first draught thus produced —after thought and with speed—and the finished composition sufficient time shall elapse to enable him to forget a large part of what he has written, so much the better; for he will then approach his work like a stranger, and will see, as a stranger would see, where he has failed to express clearly or vigorously what he has tried to say. Lapse of time and change of mood are excellent critics.

Finally, a teacher should take pains to give his pupil enough, but not too much, help in his writing, to be a staff, not a crutch, to him. To correct all his errors for him is almost as bad as to make no corrections at all. The teacher should point out faults, but the scholar should be encouraged to find the remedy for himself. Prevailing demerits should be noted, and prevailing merits also, if there be any. In many cases it will be found that a thorough change for the better can not be made without the rewriting of the whole composition; and this will prove a useful exercise for all, and most useful to the best writers in the class; for to them no part of the work will be a mere copyist's drudgery, but it will all serve as training in the effective use of language, as such work has always been to men that have taught themselves to write or have been taught by good teachers.

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Another plan is that of Coleridge's master—a plan which that great writer regards as "imitable and worthy of imitation. He would," says Coleridge, "often permit our exercises, under some pretext of want of time, to accumulate till each lad had four or five to be looked over. Then placing the whole number abreast on his desk, he would ask the writer why this or that sentence might not have found as appropriate a place under this or that other thesis; and if no satisfactory answer could be returned, and two faults of the same kind were found in one exercise, the irrevocable verdict followed, the exercise was torn up, and another on the same subject [had] to be produced, in addition to the task of the day."

It is evident from what I have said all along that I am no believer in the doctrine that a good book or a good essay can be written by one who has nothing to say, or that, in English composition, form is one thing and substance another. Even if it were true that words are the clothing of thought, it would follow that words *without* thought, however skillfully knit together, however richly embroidered with figures of speech, must still bear the same relation to words *with thought* that an ingeniously constructed scarecrow bears to the farmer who made it.

In the best writers, however, words are not the clothing of thought; they are thought incarnate; the language and the idea are united, like soul and body, in a mysterious way which nobody fully understands. More than this. In a great writer the style is the man—the man as made by his ancestors, his education, his career, his circumstances, and his genius.

It is idle, then, to attempt to secure a good style by imitating this or that writer; for the best part of a good style is incommunicable. A would-be imitator may, if he applies himself closely to the work, catch mannerisms and reproduce defects, and perhaps superficial merits; but the most valuable qualities, those that have their roots in character, he will miss altogether, except in so far as his own personality resembles that of his model. It has been found comparatively easy, for instance, to copy the big words, the antitheses, the balanced sentences, of Dr. Johnson; but who has his sense and his vigor? Carlyle's uncouthness has been caught; but who has his imagination, his humor, his strength? Macaulay's clearness, Goldsmith's ease, Webster's massiveness, are precisely those things in each which are most difficult to acquire. One may, indeed, get good from a master of English by unconscious absorption, as one acquires good manners by associating with gentlemen and ladies; but for most young people this is the only way to the desired result.

There are minds, it is true, which are so thoroughly original that they assimilate from another's writings that, and that only, which is helpful to them. A writer of this class does not copy the style of the author he has been studying, but he reproduces that style *plus* something new, or rather combined with something new, so as to form an original product. Thus Keats profited by his study of Spenser and of Milton. Thus Demosthenes, after copying and recopying Thucydides, wrote, not in the style of Thucydides, but in a style of his own into which the strength of Thucydides had passed. Thus Franklin educated himself by a study of Addison, rewriting the best papers in the *Spectator* from memory, and then comparing his transcripts with the originals; but Franklin's style, though resembling Addison's in some respects, is distinctively his own.

A teacher can not be expected to find many excellent writers among the children that pass through his hands; but he may do much for his pupils by helping them to see in their own and in each other's compositions, not only wherein they have succeeded and wherein they have failed in securing unity in structure and ease in expression, but also how far they have succeeded or failed in putting their individuality into their written words.

Not that one young person in ten thousand has anything original to say; but every human being has a mind of his own, as he has features of his own—a mind which expresses itself readily enough in his face and in familiar conversation, and which can be helped to express itself with the pen. To the extent that a young writer works with the purpose to say something of his own, what he writes will have freshness, and will inspire interest in his subject and in him. To the extent that he fails to put himself into his work, he becomes what is known as a hack writer, a mere beast of burden, who serves as a common carrier for the thoughts of other men.

Thus far I have dwelt upon the study of English as a means of facilitating com-

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munication between mind and mind, and it is under this aspect alone that I feel justified in demanding a pre-eminent place for the study in every school, whatever its other objects, whatever its grade, whatever its system of education.

I should be the last to deny the pleasures or the advantages of the study of English from the philological or from the literary point of view. Few pursuits are more attractive to an intelligent youth than that of following a word through all the stages of its growth to the root out of which so much and so many things have been developed. To master the languages out of which our own has been formed is to add to our knowledge of history, and to enable us to appreciate more highly the beauty and power of the stream which we have traced to its source. If pursued in this spirit, the study of English as a language may be of great value, not only because it supplies valuable information, but also because it broadens the mind and stimulates the imagination; but it would be hard to prove that, on the whole, the study of English in this way has stronger claims upon a student's attention than has Greek or Latin, French or German, Sanskrit or Hebrew.

A stronger case may be made for the study of English literature as such. It is unseemly that anybody (except, perhaps, a professor of Greek) should know Homer better than Shakespeare, Lucian than Swift, Demosthenes than Burke. Whatever else may be omitted, every scholar who gets beyond the three R's should know something of the great English classics.

English literature thus studied must not be confounded with the subject that figures under the same name in manuals, or in superfluous commentaries, annotations, criticisms, whether they are those of the teacher or those in "school editions"—talk *about* a book, which rises like a cloud between it and the student, irritating him as well as obstructing the view. Better leave boys to read good books by themselves than impose on them as a task an author whom they might enjoy if presented in the right way, but whom they are likely to detest if they see him only when he is pinned to the floor of the school-room, like Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians.

The only points I have space to emphasize are three: 1. Every book selected for reading should be suited to a scholar's age, attainments, and tastes—should be, in a word, a book that he is likely to enjoy. 2. He should be encouraged to read every work through, the first time as rapidly as possible, that he may get the knowledge and the pleasure of it as a whole. 3. In order to bring his mind to bear on what he has read, he should write upon at least two subjects drawn from the book; the first calling for a general summary of its contents from a single point of view, the second calling for an intelligent account of one scene or character.

Whether, as mere matter of knowledge, the masterpieces of English literature should constitute a part of the education of every man and woman, whatever his or her calling in life, I will not undertake to say; but I do regard an acquaintance with the English classics as an important if not an indispensable means of acquiring the art of putting one's thought into good English. This purpose good authors serve, not only directly by providing suitable topics to be written upon, and by increasing one's command of language, but also indirectly by stimulating the mental energies, and by affording the keenest intellectual pleasure. Thus understood, English literature ceases to be a merely literary study, and becomes as useful to the man of science as to the man of letters—to Professor Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer as to Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. James Russell Lowell. Literature is no longer a fund of information which may be weighed against information on other subjects, but it belongs to that kind of knowledge which is power.

The primary object, then, of placing English upon a better basis in the schools, and of giving more time and intelligence to it there, is to enable boys and girls to express themselves in pure and effective language; not merely that they may avoid gross mistakes in grammar, and ambiguous or obscure expressions, not merely that they may state facts or opinions in words that can be understood by one who takes pains to understand them, but that they may be able to tell a story or to frame an argument so well that he who runs will stop to read it; that they may be able to write, not only so as to instruct men, but also so as to please them in the highest sense, and to move them to noble ends. It may be years before the full effects of the reform will be seen; but then they will be felt in all fields of human activity in which language plays a leading part.

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JUNE DAYS.

THE whilom hills of gray, whose tender shades
Were dashed with meagre tints of early Spring,
Lift now their rustling domes and colonnades,
And from the airy battlements they fling
Their banners to the wind, and in the glades
Spread rich pavilions for the Summer's king.

Now lifts the love-lit soul, and life's full tide
Swells from the ground and beats the trembling air,
Mounts up the steeps, and on the landscape wide
Spreads like a boundless ocean everywhere,
Delight's dear dreams the dancing waves divide,
And with swift sails outfly pursuing Care.

The sometime fields that sad and sodden lay,
Soaked in the first cold rains, or flecked with snow,
With helpless grasses trodden in the clay
By shivering herds that wandered to and fro,
Wave now with grain, and happy birds all day
Pipe, hidden on the slopes with flowers ablow.

The yellow streams that fled from Winter's hold
When first the young year saw the vernal moon,
And lipped the yielding banks whose moistened mould
Slipped mingling with the flood, now sleep at noon,
Calm as the imaged hills which they enfold,
All glimmering in the long, long skies of June.

The brindled meadow hides the winding path
With interlacing clover, white and red;
The blackbirds, startled from their dewy bath,
Fly chattering, joyful with imagined dread;
The while the whetting scythe foretells the swath,
And rings the knell of flowers that are not dead.

Now waves of sunlight cross the fields of wheat;
The shining crow toward the woodland flies;
Far in the fields the larks their notes repeat,
And from the fence the whistling partridge cries;
Now to the cooling shades the cows retreat,
To drowse and dream with mild, half-opening eyes.

No other days are like the days in June;
They stand upon the summit of the year,
Filled up with sweet remembrance of the tune
That wooed the fresh spring fields; they have a tear
For violets dead; they will engird full soon
The sweet full breasts of Summer drawing near.

Each matchless morning marches from the east
In tints inimitable and divine;
Each perfect noon sustains the endless feast
In which the wedded charms of life combine;
Sweet Evening waits till golden Day, released,
Shall lead her blushing down the world's decline.

And when the day is done, a crimson band
Lies glowing on the hushed and darkening west;
The groups of trees like whispering spirits stand;
The robin's song lifts from its trembling breast;
The shadows steal out from the twilight land;
And all is peace and quietness and rest.

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A GEORGIAN AT THE OPERA.

OF all the sightly places in this subloonary spear New York is the sightliest, and by the help of my friend Bob Tompkins I saw all there was to see. It will always be a livin', growin' consolation to me that thar wasn't a monkey nor none that acted like 'em (and a plenty thar was which for antics and foolery you couldn't tell from the fool-blooded animal) that I didn't see by the help of Bob. What's that? You say you bet I didn't see the Opery? You bet I did!

What Opery did I see? I see the Opery of the Bohemian Gal. How did I like it? Well, I liked it pretty tolerble, not out and out; the fact is they spiled it by overdoin' the singin' part. You know yourself the way to spile a thing is to overdo it, and that's jest what they does in the Opery. They overdoes it. The fiddlin' and drummin' is fine. The actin' is beautiful, and the rooms is fixed up splendid; but the singin' is overdone. But I am makin' a transgression, as the preachers say.

You see, I went to New York on a sightseein' experdition. I had made a fine cotton crop, and my wife she said she would go and stay at her mother's with the baby, and I could go and see the world; so I went right to New York, and I saw it. Bob he stuck to me, and put me right through. Well, I thought I must have seen everything that was to be seen, and I was tired, and could go home with a clar conscience, when Bob come to me and sez,

"La, Jack! I like to let you go home without seein' the best thing in New York."

"What's that?" sez I, surprised, not to say discouraged.

"Why, it's the Opery of the Bohemian Gal. I tell you she's beautiful, she is!" sez Bob.

"Now look here, Bob Tompkins," sez I. "I'm a married man, and I'm goin' back to my wife able to answer any question she may put without shirkin', and I ain't goin' to see no gal, however beautiful, be she Bohemian or be she Dutch."

Well, Bob at that commenced rollin' round and laughin' and screechin' like he had a fit of some kind. I see I had made a mistake, and I was slightly afraid I had looked green, which, on account of the State of Georgy, which I was a representin', I didn't like to do, so I thought round in a rapid way and recomembered that I had heard of a opery cap, and I sposed my errer was jest thar, so I said in a strategem way, tryin' to laugh like Bob did, and so make him think I had intended a joke all the time:

"Well, Bob, I'm glad to see you can take a joke; 'tain't every man can; but, jokin' aside, who is this here Bohemian gal, and what colored Opery has she got?"

At that Bob lost his breath laughin', and the tears fairly rolled down his cheeks. Then I got mad, which any man would a done under like circumbunces. Sez I:

"Bob Tompkins, if you don't stop skirmishin' round thar like a monkey, and tell me what under heaven you're a makin' a fool of yourself about, I'll up and knock you inter the middle of next week."

Well, Bob drawed up when he found my feelins was hurt, and said, while he was a wipin' his eyes:

"Oh, Jack! you blade of grass, you! Barnum ought to have you for a circus; you'd dror sure. A Opery is a play-actin' thing set to music, and the Bohemian Gal is the name of the Opery, jest like 'Oh, Susanna,' and 'My Mary Ann.'"

"Well, why couldn't you say so at first," sez I, "without makin' a fool of yourself?"

Bob he apologized, and we shook hands and made up, and I asked him to go to the Opery with me and I would stand treat; but he said he had a engagement, and I must excuse him. Then I asked him whar I was to go. He said to the Academy of Music. Sez I: "Ef this here show is a school show, I will not go; I have had enough, in my life, of childern exhibitin', and as I haven't got no New York stock in that line, neither duty nor pleasure will draw me."

Bob like to a bust out larfin agin, but choked it back with sech power that he risked a apoplexy.

"Oh, Jack," sez he, "it ain't no school; they is Italien men and women, and you won't understand what they sez, unless you read a library before you go."

"Thar it is agin," sez I: "read a library! Why don't you tell me to build a house in five minutes? How big is your library? I ain't so much at readin', anyhow."

Bob choked agin, but didn't say a word; jest went to a book stall and bought a pamphlet, which it looked like a tract, about as big as Allen's Alarm to the Unconverted, and he told me to take it home

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and read it, and that was the story they was goin' to sing at the Opery. And it's well I did read the American side of it, for of all the foolish gibberish that Italien takes the lead.

After I had eat my supper I went off to the Academy of Music, and thar was the ticket man settin' up in his stove box, and he sez, "You want a ticket, sir?"

Sez I, "That's about what I come for." I was very dignified, 'cause I had Georgy on my shoulders, and determined to be a honor to my State, and, above all things, not to look green. I spose the ticket man thought I was pretty stuck up, for he sez, as imperdent as you please,

"Will you have a cheer or a box?"

Ef I could have got at him I would have knocked him down then and thar; but not bein' able, I used my sarcastic vain on him and said, "I'd have you for to know, sir, I am a gentleman from the State of Georgy, and we sets on cheers down thar, and leaves the boxes to the people from New York."

To all appearance sarcasm run off of that man like water off of a duck's back. He only grinned, and showed off to advantage a full sett of store teeth, which must have cost a sight of money. He throwed me a ticket, and told me to go in at a door he pinted out. But law me! them people haven't any manners. A man at the door took my ticket away from me without sayin' "by your leave," and tore it in two and gave me back half, and before I could take it out on him for his rudeness a boy seized that and dragged me off by the arm down a passage between the seats, which was all folded neatly up like they had jest come in from the wash. He unfolded one of these, pushed me in, and throwed my little piece of ticket after me, and was gone before you could say "Jack Robinson."

It seemed a pretty hard case that—with people insultin' him right and left a Georgy man couldn't get a chance to knock one of 'em down. But so it was, and I tried to kind a devirt my thoughts from my aggrawations by lookin' round. It certainly was a sightly place, and what with the big chandeleer up in the ceilin', and the little chandeleers all around, it sorter looked like a sunshiny day; and then the lights glitterin' on the diamonds and pearls and chalcedonies and jacinths that was hangin' round the women would a put the foundations of the celestial city out o' countenance. The men was mostly bald headed and wared swallow tail coats, and men and women was armed with double barrel spy glasses, which they gave them a comical appearance. Some of these said spy glasses was so large in proportion to the men that they looked like steam engines with a double light. One little bald headed gentleman sitting next to me had the biggest pair in the house. He actually looked as if he was hitched on to them instead of them being hitched on to him; and again, as I turned my eyes on his white bald head with the machinery in front he might have been mistaken for a bomb shell, and the idea come into my head that a slight tap would explode him. I had a mind to try it on him, but being a stranger in a strange land I had better keep quiet or I might get myself arested for a dynamiter. Up in the top of the room was hanging a tremenjuous curting, with fine pictures on it, and just on the floor close to it was a row of candles, which seemed to be set down in a trough, sorter, with the wicks above the floor. In front of the candles was what looked like a music school, the schoolmaster setting up on a high three legged stool with a big stick in his hand, though it did look to me as if them boys was too old to be whipped. There was every kind of musical instrument you ever heard of. There was drums as big as hogsheads, drums as big as flour barrels, and drums as big as pails. Then there was big fiddles, middle sized fiddles, and little fiddles, and long horns twisted up like the brazen serpant, and all sizes from that down to a baby whistle; and there was every size and sort of tamborines, besides plenty of instruments I never see or hear of before. It altogether reminded me of that consort of Nebuchadnazzars we read of in the Holy Bible, and I have no doubt they had the sackbut, psaltary, dulcimer, and so forth, among the machinery I didn't know the names of.

Well, while I was a workin' out these here thoughts the old music teacher give his stick a waft, as much as to say, "Now, my fine fellows, do your best, or you'll get a taste of this." And I tell you they went at it neck and heel, each one of 'em tryin' to beat the other. I never heard such a din. It was like happenin' in at a manegerie at feedin' time, and all the lions, tigers, hyenas, and Jackasses was bellowing at one and the same time; and the

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old music teacher he swung that stick a threatening them old boys, until it seemed like he got so wore out he could jest manage to move it soft like; and believe me as soon as them boys see he was sorter disabled they took a rest too, and the noise got lesser and lesser, till you could hear only the little baby whistle, and it sounded real sweet. Ef it had jest lasted a minute longer I think I might have caught that chune, if there was one; but the old man got up his wind too soon, and away they all went again like a pack of hounds in full cry. At last human natur' couldn't stand no more, and they blowed and beat therselves clean out, the school-master dropped his stick, and the boys fell back breathless, and before they could get up more steam the curting went up and the Opery began.

You want to hear the story, does you? Well, it was pretty, but ef I hadn't read that library I never would have knowed what they was after.

You see there was a widower Count with a name sounded like it was Arnold or something, and he had a pretty little gal which her name was Arleenner, and she and her nurse was in the room with him when the curting goes up, and the Count begins to sing how sorry he is his wife is dead, and how he loves his baby. Jest think of that, *singin'* all that, and liftin' up the little gal and kissin' her to music! Who ever heard tell of sich nonsense? Do you suppose if my wife was dead I would go and sing to a thousand or so people to tell 'em how sorry I was, and how I loved my baby? No; it's agin nater from beginnin' to end. Well, as soon as he got through he went away, and the nurse takes the little gal up in the mountains to pick flowers. They had hardly got out before here came a big fat Polisher named Thaddeus. He was a wailer too. The Count wailed in a voice most fine enough for a woman, but Thaddeus was a base wailer; it sounded like thunder; and he sung first in the lower part of his chist, and I thought it was morally impossible he could go any lower, when he jumped right down to the lower part of his stomach, and before you had time to wonder how he could do it, there was his voice way down in the soles of his boots. It certainly was a feenominer how he could do it. Well, his wail was all about his country, how he had been banished, and if he went back he would have his head cut off, and all that. It would a been real distressin' ef it had only been natural for him to cry and groan and grunt to music. Jest as he finished his story, here came in a party of Gypseys, running in that sudden from all the openin's of the stage that it took away my breath. They rushed right up to Thaddeus and was goin' to kill him then and thar to the sound of music, when ther captain, which had the name of Devilshoof (a bad name that for a honest man) he see Thaddeus was a soldier and stopped the killin'. Thaddeus sung 'em a history of his troubles, and then they all broke out like a house afire screechin' at him, "A Gypsey's life is the life to lead," and they rung the changes on that noble sentiment 'till Thaddeus lost his head entirely, and said he would jine to 'em; and then and thar they ondressed him, and put on his Gypsey clothes. I felt right shamed while this was goin' on, and I looked at the ladies, but ther faces was all hid by their spy glasses, the which I could swar was pinted jest at the place whar Thaddeus was dressin' himself. Praps it's the music makes the difference, but I am glad my wife was in Georgy, music or no music.

In another minute thar was another lung tearin', ear bustin' blowouts. Men, women, and children rushed in singin' at the top of their voices that the Count's little gal and her nurse had been eat up by a wild animal in the mountain. Then here came the Count singin' how sorry he was. I was fairly out of patience with his unnaturalness, instead of runnin' out to save his child, to walk up and down before all them people singin'. I ain't no sort of patience with dead beats. Thaddeus had more sense; he picked up a gun which was lying handy, and away he went. Them mountains and wild beasts must have been right at the door, for Thaddeus was hardly gone before he was back agin with the baby in his arms, he havin' been to the mountains, killed the wild beast, and saved the baby and nurse in not more than three minutes. He was a sight quicker than the patent exterminator. Well, then ther was another ear bustin', lung tearin' blowouts. The Count embraced and kissed the baby to music, and sent her off to the house to have a little scratch on her arm tied up, which was all the hurt she had, which it shows you can't believe anything you hears. The report was that baby and nurse was eat up; the nurse

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wasn't hurt, and the baby had a flea bite. I doubt myself if there was any wild beast in the matter: all to get up a sensation. But the Count believed it; you could see that by the way he acted. He shook Thaddeus' hand and sung he was so much obliged to him. Thaddeus sung it didn't make no difference in the world. The Count sung couldn't he do something for him? Thaddeus sung no he thanked him. The Count sung wouldn't he take a glass of wine? Thaddeus sung he didn't keer if he did.

Then, as bad luck would have it, the Count purposed the health of the Emperor, which was the same which had banished Thaddeus, and Thaddeus dashed his glass down and broke it all to pieces, which made the Count so mad he forgot all about what Thaddeus had done, and had him arrested then and thar, and Devilshoof too; but Devilshoof was too smart for 'em; he got hold of the baby, and every body took after him; but he ran across a bridge, and took a little knife out of his pocket and jest cut it down after him, and the curting come down, while the people fairly yelled and clapped their hands and tried to outdo the Opery in noise.

Then the little man next to me, which was bald headed and had the prize spy glasses, took 'em down and wiped 'em, and said, settlin' himself, "It will be twelve years before the next scene."

I was perfectly dumbfoundered at his sayin' such a thing, and I sez, sez I: "Is that a joke, sir? for I can't stay here no twelve years. I am from Georgy, and my wife and child are there, and I've got my livin' to make."

Well, he swelled up like he would bust, and the lady next him laughed right out loud. He was very polite though, and told me they was goin' to pertend it was twelve years, and Arleenner would be growed up; and sure enough when it went up thar she was—leastways they wanted me to believe it was the same which was asleep on a fur skin; and thar was Thaddeus watchin' over her, and then she woke up, and they began to sing love at each other. And it was real pretty too; more chune about it than anything I had heard from 'em, only Thaddeus was too old and fat for her. When she first woke up she sang to him about a dream she had dreamed, all about how she lived in a fine house built of marble, and had plenty of niggars to wait on her, and fine clothes and jewelry and everything she wanted, but how she didn't keer about any of it cause he was there and loved her, and she truly did look pretty and sang beautiful. It made me think of the time my wife and me were courtin', only we didn't sing—maybe because we couldn't. And then he kissed and hugged her, which if ther had not been so many people round would have been very natural. Then he sung how when she was a baby he had saved her life, and he showed her the scar on her arm.

But they don't rest easy long in Operies. This was too pretty and soft to last. The Gypsey Queen was in love with Thaddeus, and when she found he was sparkin' Arleenner, she laid a plan aginst 'em. She made out how Arleenner had stole a locket belongin' to the Count, and she was arrested and taken before him, and it was proved aginst her, and they was just about to put her in jail, when the Count saw the scar on her arm, and knowed it was his lost child; and then come another bustin' fuss. The Count sung he was so glad, and Arleenner sung so was she. And he sung he was goin' to marry her to the King's son, and she put her pretty arms around Thaddeus, and sung she wouldn't marry anybody but him, and the Count sung she couldn't marry a Gypsey, and Thaddeus up and drawed out a paper and said that proved he wasn't no Gypsey, but a big man in his own country; and so the Count gave his consent; and you thought all was goin' straight at last, when in come that Gypsey Queen with a Gypsey she had hired to kill Arleenner, and, as good luck would have it, he missed his aim and killed the Queen. And I felt like jumping up and cracking my heels together I was so glad, she was such an awful shrieker, and hateful besides. And then that was all.

I think if I live thirty years I will never get all that music out of my head. I've got as good an ear for music as anybody, but it would take twenty ears to hold all that. If they would only talk some and sing some. "What is more beautiful than music?" some folks asks, and it seems a question which poses the world; but I'll tell you nachure is, and it is agin nachure to sing every thing. Now take sich a every day sentiment as this, "Will you come to supper, your Excellency?" How much better to say the thing right off than for half a dozen people to make a jewett

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of it, and squall the changes on it, and roll and pitch it round like it was a ball they was playin' with, and all the appertite his Excellency had is sung out of him! I say it's riddickerlous nonsense. It's like what they calls the 'toning in church whar they sings and whines the prayers to God Almighty. Its all agin nachure. Love songs is beautiful, and serernades will tetch the hardest hearts, but I say mix in the singin' with a little commonsense talkin and it would be a improvement all round.

Why, any body happenin' into one of them opperys, without bein' prepared by readin' a library, would think they had got into a lunatic asylum—to see four or five men and women screechin' at each other, ther hands flyin' out from ther chists (which let me say is a invariable movement), stretchin' of their necks until it is agonizin' to see the bones and siners stand out, and their mouths so wide open that you expect every minute to hear ther jaw bones crack. And then the choris! —that is the worst of all; fifty or a hundred men and women dressed in the most outlandish way, each tryin' to outyell the other; and add to all this the determination of the musitioners in the grand finally not to be outdone by the singers. They all get so wound up the fact is they can't stop themselves. The man with the big fiddle fairly turns a sumersault over it a tryin' to get first, and the little fiddlers saws away until it is enough to wake up the ghosts of the cats which was made into fiddle strings; and the big drummers and middle sized and little drummers is bent upon nothin' else but beatin' a hole in their instruments; and the horn blowers big and little looks dangerously appoplektic; and the tamboreeners and bell ringers comes nobly to the front, till the tempest of sound goes roarin' and surgin' thro' the house, gittin louder and louder and stronger and stronger and higher and higher, 'till they can neither get up nor down; and it ends by their slammin' and smashin' everything to pieces, and all comes down together with a Blim! blam! blum!! b-r-r-r-rum!!! and you look up thinkin' of course the roof is gone and the moon and stars shinin' overhead.

Maybe if I had studied it when I was a new born infant, and kept at it stiddy till now, I might like the Grand Opery. As it is it is too much for me.

HOW EARTHQUAKES ARE CAUSED.

WHEN a great volcanic outburst takes place, or the earth is shaken by tremendous throes, men are apt to suppose that some unusual condition prevails beneath the earth's crust. But in reality, although subterranean disturbances may be the true cause of all great earthquakes and eruptions, there can be little doubt that the occasion of those subterranean disturbances is often, if not always, to be sought outside the earth's crust. It is doubtful whether the process of contraction, which is going on all the time with greater or less activity, although generating enormous supplies of subterranean heat, might not, nevertheless, proceed without producing great subterranean disturbances were it not for external changes which intensify its action, sometimes assisting its effects, sometimes resisting them, and so making their disturbing energies much greater than they otherwise would be. Of some of these external causes of subterranean disturbance I propose briefly to treat before considering the earth's internal activity. They have received much less attention than they deserve.

Let us first consider a cause of disturbance which might very well be overlooked—the changes of atmospheric pressure which are taking place all the time. When we hear that the barometer has risen or sunk half an inch, we do not commonly attach much importance to the change, nor, in most parts of the earth, is such a change likely to produce any remarkable effects. Even in regions where the crust of the earth is notably unstable, a change of half an inch in the height of the mercurial column is not ordinarily of great importance. Yet it might under certain conditions make such a change in the conditions of equilibrium as to bring about an earthquake. Consider what it really means. When the barometer rises half an inch over an area of 10,000 square miles, less than a sixth of the area of Missouri, the pressure on that area is increased

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by 4,260,000,000 tons. If a wave of atmospheric pressure passed over the United States in such sort that over the eastern half of the States the barometer were first half an inch lower than in the western half, and then half an inch higher, the effect would be as though a mass of about seven hundred thousand millions of tons were shifted from the western to the eastern half of the United States. We know that such changes—nay, changes considerably greater—take place, and they do no particular harm in most cases. But certainly such changes of pressure are not to be neglected in considering the cause of subterranean disturbances. They must affect the equilibrium of the crust even of the most stable parts of the earth in marked degree. Rightly considering the matter, the wonder is not that changes of atmospheric pressure seemingly so slight that we scarcely notice them at all may bring about subterranean disturbances, but that the disturbances they produce are so seldom observed.

That changes of atmospheric pressure do affect the earth's crust in recognizable degree has been observed even in England, where earthquakes are infrequent, and where destructive earthquakes scarcely ever occur. It may surprise many to learn that while earthquakes occur but seldom in England, vibratory undulations, or earth-shakes, as they may conveniently be called, are occurring all the time. No less than 217 were noted in Great Britain during the fifteen years from 1868 to 1882 inclusive. The eastern side of Britain is the more disturbed, and England and Scotland are much more disturbed than Ireland. The connection between these earth-shakes and changes of atmospheric pressure has been abundantly shown in a remarkable paper read by Mr. W. Walton Brown before the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers. Other causes are recognized too, but this cause is distinguishable from the rest.

An increase of one inch in the height of the mercurial barometer corresponds to a weight of 650 pounds to each square foot, or about 852,000 tons on each square mile, of surface. This can not but prove a most effective addition to the pressures constantly exerted upon the regions beneath the crust, and when the pressure fluctuates by such an amount, increasing here and diminishing there, we can not wonder if the effects of such changes show themselves in a marked way in the weaker portions of the earth's surface. Now in times of great storm the mercury changes rapidly in height, and this corresponds to the rapid addition or removal of many thousands of millions of tons to and from the areas of rising and falling barometer. In regions like the British Isles the effects of such changes, though sensible to scientific observation, are only recognizable otherwise (that is, in a way to attract general observation) by the occurrence of great colliery explosions. This is not due, I think, as my friend Mr. W. Mattien Williams supposes, to the formation of fissures in the crust inclosing the fire-damp, and the consequent escape of the gas, but to the diminution of the pressure of the air over colliery regions, and the increase of pressures elsewhere. If, for instance, over a region a few hundreds of square miles in extent where there are coal mines the atmospheric pressure in a time of great storms is reduced so that the mercury sinks an inch, while all around the pressure is high, we have for the time a condition of affairs which can not but result in the forcing out of enormous quantities of gas. For over a region where outlets already exist, or where the crust has at least been so weakened that it forms but a weak inclosure for the gas usually imprisoned, a pressure of hundreds of millions of tons has been removed, while all around the pressures are enormously increased, so that gas is driven toward the region of outlet from all sides.

In considering this particular point, as, indeed, always in dealing with disturbances affecting large regions of the earth's crust, we must remember how plastic the crust must be, let its thickness and the strength of its materials be what they may. Many imagine that because the earth's crust presents enormous areas of solid matter, its capacity of resisting pressure is therefore very great. But it is through its very extent that the earth's crust becomes weak and plastic. Just as the lengthening of any kind of horizontal support, beam, bridge, or the like, makes it weaker to resist vertical pressure, so the broader and wider the areas of the earth's surface exposed to any strain, the greater the effect produced. Nay, as we know that a bridge formed on the same plan as one of ample strength, but on a very much larger scale, would not only be weaker to resist external strains, but unable to sup-

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port even its own weight, so we may be well assured that many extensive portions of the earth's crust have no sustaining power whatever, afford no resistance to increased pressure, nay, are retained in a position of equilibrium (under normal conditions) only by the reaction of the earth's interior supplementing such strength as they may themselves possess. If a portion of the earth's crust thus needs even but a small additional supporting force below, it can be well understood how the addition of thousands of millions of tons on an area only a few thousand square miles in extent may utterly destroy equilibrium.

We need not be surprised to find, then, that earthquakes have very often been preceded by remarkable atmospheric phenomena. Usually great earthquakes have not followed tremendous storms, but a condition of portentous calm. The air has been found oppressive for hours, perhaps days, before the earthquake occurred. Remembering afterward the sense of oppression which had preceded the subterranean disturbance, the ordinary observer has been apt to infer that the dull, heavy calm, the unrestful stillness, was nature's pause before the mighty throes in which her imprisoned energies found vent. But in reality the oppressive stillness has been simply the result of increased atmospheric pressure, and this increased pressure brings about the earthquake as its direct consequence. Those who have had experience of earthquake shocks are apt, when the air is heavy and a sense of oppression and tension is felt by all men, and even apparently by the animal world, to say, "I fear this stillness is ominous, and that we shall have an earthquake," but in reality they should rather say, "This stillness means a high barometer and increased atmospheric pressure; I fear the earth's crust, weak as it is here, will not be able to bear the additional strain, and that we shall have an earthquake, or some other form of subterranean disturbance." But there is something impressive in the sense of mystery, something strangely suggestive in the thought of nature, like some live creature, pausing before a mighty effort. The idea of causation, which lies at the root of all scientific inquiry, and leads men to look for the proximate and then for the remote causes of observed events, has no attraction for those who have little care for scientific research: they are disposed to think that a certain charm disappears from nature's work when its mechanism is too closely examined. But in reality there is something even more striking in the thought of what nature is really doing than in vague fancies about what she seems to be doing. A true poet, though he may find the gloomy pause of nature before her earth-throes suggestive and impressive, finds far more to move him in the thought of the vast waves of weight which the unseen air is constantly carrying over the earth's surface, and in the fluctuations, the pulsations, and the mighty throbs which move the broad bosom of the earth in response to the passage of those atmospheric waves.

It has been asked of late whether the hurricanes which followed the Spanish earthquakes were not produced by those subterranean disturbances, and all-explaining electricity has been called upon to explain how earth-throes might have caused atmospheric disturbances. I know of no way in which such consequences could have followed from a displacement of the earth's crust. To me it seems far more natural to conclude that the hurricanes and earthquakes were alike produced (the hurricanes chiefly, the earthquakes partially) by the atmospheric compression which preceded the subterranean disturbances. This compression indicated a heaping of air over the disturbed region; the earth's crust yielded under this increase of pressure, combined with the action of other forces, and earthquakes followed; the compressed air swept away to regions of less pressure, and the rarefaction following led in the usual way to the indraught which precedes a cyclonic disturbance in the air.

But while the action of atmospheric pressure in helping to excite subterranean activities must not be overlooked, the varying pressure exerted by seas and oceans is a more potent disturbing factor. Atmospheric pressure is distributed in such a way that though the weight of air on any given area is continually changing, there are no sharply defined lines, at at any time, which separate regions of less pressure from regions of greater pressure. It is otherwise with the sea along a shore line. Here we have the sea acting with constantly varying intensity, as its level changes, on the seaward side of the shore line, while on the landward side there are no such variations of pressure. Let us consider what this means. Take a tolerably

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straight shore line 500 miles in length, and suppose that along this shore line a region of ocean 100 miles broad rises through a height of three feet under the combined action of sun and moon raising a tidal wave, and favoring strong winds urging the water shoreward. Then we have 50,000 square miles of sea-water, three feet deep, added as so much dead-weight to that part of the earth's crust which underlies the seas along that shore. Each square mile contains in round numbers 3,000,000 square yards, or 27,000,000 square feet. The additional weight corresponds, then (as the added layer is three feet deep), to 50,000 times 81,000,000 cubic feet of water, each weighing 64⅓ pounds, or to 116,000,000,000 tons. It is clear that the addition of so enormous a weight as this to the submerged part of the earth's crust, outside the shore line, may well produce strains too great to be resisted. It must be remembered that the very existence of a precipitous shore line (as distinguished from one where the land above water and the parts submerged form one great slope) indicates the comparative weakness of the crust along that coast. It has yielded on one side to pressure thrusting it upward above the sea-level, and on the other side to the pressure of the water forcing it down. It is true, the actual line of yielding may not coincide with the existent shore line. For the action of the sea waves may (and generally must) have altered the position of the coast from that which it occupied when first formed. But it may be taken for granted that not far from every precipitous shore line lies a line of weakness, where the crust has given way in the past, and may give way again. In this consideration undoubtedly we find a part of the explanation of the observed fact that almost all the great regions of subterranean activity on the earth lie near the sea-shore.

But while the changes of atmospheric and oceanic pressure are potent factors in the production of earthquakes, and are probably in the great number of cases their direct occasion, it is, of course, to the subterranean regions themselves that we must look for the forces at work in upheaving the crust of the earth. The forces acting from the outside are as the pull on the trigger; the imprisoned gases and vapors generated by internal heat are as the powder by whose explosion the missile is ejected.

Yet even in considering the earth's subterranean activities we still have to look outside for a part at least of the causes of disturbance. The air perhaps may in this respect be neglected, but the water is all-important. It has been said, indeed, and probably with a nearer approach to truth than usual in the case of generalizations of the sort, "Without water there can be no volcano," and a similar rule (not quite so general) applies to earthquakes: few probably occur, possibly none, save through the action of water in some way or other. All active volcanoes except one (in mid-Asia) are by the sea-shore. Nearly all the great earthquakes recorded by history have taken place, and have apparently had their centre of disturbance, near the sea.

There can be very little doubt, indeed, that the direct cause of every great subterranean disturbance is water in the form of steam—steam superheated, under great pressure, and therefore possessing much greater expansive power than steam at ordinary temperatures. We have, then, two points to consider in dealing with the causes of earthquakes—first, the conditions under which water finds its way into the interior of the earth, and secondly, the cause of the intense heat by which that water is turned into steam.

Of course what I have already said respecting the fluctuations of pressure at and near the coast line goes far to explain how water can there find its way through the earth's crust. Not only does the fluctuation of pressure disturb the equilibrium of the crust, it also tends to form cracks and fissures. The alternate inflow and outflow of water along a shore line subjects the crust to an alternation of pressure akin to the alternate bendings of a wire or plate by which the workman succeeds in breaking it. There must be a bending to produce openings or cracks running parallel to the coast line. Although the strength of the crust might usually withstand the effects of this constantly varying strain, there must be certain of the many thousands of miles of coast line on the earth's surface where the changes of strain would at times become too great to be resisted, and submarine fractures would follow.

But if water merely finds its way beneath the crust into cavities communicating with the open air, or, indeed, with the ocean waters outside, no very great disturbances could be produced by the conversion of this water into steam; for the steam would find ready egress, in one case

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by passing directly into the air, in the other, by rising through the water in the form of large steam-bubbles. It must be by the closing up of fissures as much as by the formation of fissures that the alternations and irregular variations of pressure do their most destructive work. When water has found its way into some widely extending cavity beneath the crust, so long as it is converted gradually into steam, passing away as fast as it is formed, no serious harm can happen. But when, owing to movements of the crust, waters under the earth are imprisoned, and then turned into steam at high pressure, we have the elements of most active disturbance. The imprisoned steam probably forces its way at first into widely ranging cavities beneath the crust. As more and more is generated, the subterranean regions occupied by steam become larger and larger. Internal barriers are broken through, with premonitory noises and rumblings, telling how the imprisoned vapor is gathering its forces. When there is no room for further extension, the continual generation of steam adds steadily to the pressure. If all this happens in the neighborhood of a volcanic crater, the steam eventually forces its way through, and an eruption of greater or less energy takes place. But if there is no possibility of escape in that way, the internal disturbances continue, become more and more active, and eventually break their way through stronger subterranean barriers than they had before overcome, so passing into larger cavities, and perhaps to regions whence the imprisoned steam can pass away. This process can not but be accompanied by earth-shakings of greater or less energy according to the strength of the internal barriers thus broken through. And probably the passages of escape thus formed only remain open while the pressure from the region of chief disturbance is very great. As the pressure diminishes, the barriers close again till fresh forces are brought to bear on them. And so shock succeeds shock until at length the region of disturbance has been relieved from excessive pressures, after which for a long time there may be rest.

We can understand, then, why the seashore should be the region of chief disturbance, and the fluctuations of oceanic pressure among the most potent disturbing forces. We can understand also how it has come to pass that nature seems "to have provided," as a modern writer puts it, "against the inroads of the ocean by setting the earth's upheaving forces where they were most wanted." As usual in such cases, we find that nature's apparent purpose is in reality a result of direct causation. The forces at work in removing the upraised parts of the earth's crust along shore lines are the very forces which, working in another direction, cause the earth's crust to be raised along the shores, or, at any rate, so changed in position that the amount of land surface remains practically unchanged. In this sense the remark I have just quoted is scarcely more intelligent than that of the old lady who was enthusiastic about nature's wisdom and beneficence in making rivers run beside towns; but as a recognition of the constant action and reaction at work in this particular field, as in others, of nature's workings, the remark is sensible enough. The crust has yielded along particular lines, *therefore* there the seas are at work upon the upraised shore line, and in turn the regions thus undergoing encroachment are those also where the subterranean energies necessary to repel the attacks of the sea are most readily developed. Or, putting the case the other way, *because* the earth has yielded along these lines, there lie the shores of the great deep, and there the sea-waves beat upon the capes, headlands, and cliffs which mark where the crust of the earth gave way.

But though we have drawn a step nearer to the true cause of earthquakes in passing from the changes of water pressure to the introduction of water beneath the surface and its conversion into steam, we have yet another step to make. Whence comes the heat by which the water is vaporized and other changes produced which —though probably in a less degree—have their part to play in producing earthquakes? It used to be supposed that this question was sufficiently answered by referring to the earth's internal heat. But in reality it is the earth's internal heat we have to explain, or rather we have to explain how it is that now after millions of years, during which the earth's store of internal heat has been drawn upon, it still remains so great even near the outer surface. What maintains the earth's internal heat?

The answer is that this heat is maintained, especially in the outer layers of the

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earth's crust, by the process of contraction which goes on all the time under the action of terrestrial gravity.

There are three stages of this process of contraction, two of which are past, while the third is in progress. First, the crust of the earth, still intensely hot, shrinks more quickly than the central mass, because exposed more freely to the cold of outer space. The crust continually deepens, too, besides shrinking as a whole. In this process the reaction of the central mass must cause the crust to give way along vast fissures, which are presently filled up by the inrush of molten matter from within. Next comes the stage when the central mass shrinks from the inclosing crust, still plastic enough to follow it bodily, forming, in so doing, series of wrinkles or corrugations—the mountain ranges of the earth. Lastly comes the stage when the crust yields chiefly in certain places, varying with the progress of time, and when the resulting process of contraction leads to the generation of intense heat under those places, and the consequent occurrence from time to time of eruptions, earthquakes, and other forms of subterranean disturbance. It has been shown by Mallet in England and by Sterry Hunt and Dana in this country that the process of contraction amply suffices to account for all the heat indicated during these convulsive throes within the earth's crust.

In order rightly to understand how the process of contraction acts, we must consider what the earth's crust actually is (so far as can be judged), and what the probable nature of the region below the crust. If we regarded the crust as a rigid shell, and considered its strength to be such as its vast size and great thickness seem at first sight to suggest, we might well fail to comprehend how the crust can possibly be affected by any process of contraction. I have already pointed out that the extent of the crust, and even its thickness, mean weakness, not strength. But it is not till we recognize how absolute this weakness is that we can understand the real nature of the work going on underneath. If I were to say that the earth's crust has no supporting power *at all*, I might seem to be pronouncing the most utterly paradoxical opinion that can be imagined. The earth—and when we speak of the earth we mean really the earth's crust—seems the most appropriate emblem of stability. The earth's crust supports the most massive buildings man can erect upon it, and (which means much more) the earth's crust supports the everlasting hills, the great mountain ranges, whose summits range six miles above the sea-level, which is far from the lowest level of the earth's solid surface. Yet the crust has so little real supporting power, so little real rigidity, that practically it may be said to support nothing, except in the sense in which, without stability or rigidity, the sea surface supports the stately ship. A bridge is said to have supporting power, because a weight placed on the bridge is sustained above the surface which the bridge spans; a cloth on a table is not said to have supporting power, because, though heavy weights may stand upon it, their pressure is transmitted undiminished to the solid surface of the table. In one sense, of course, the table itself has no supporting power, for it transmits pressures to the floor, and thence to the earth. In like manner the bridge transmits pressures to its piers, and thence earthward. But the table and the bridge have that kind of supporting power which depends on relative rigidity; they transmit the pressures in altered directions. The cloth is without rigidity, and does not appreciably alter the directions of pressure. The earth's crust resembles the cloth in this respect. The pressures resulting from the masses apparently supported by the earth's outer crust are transmitted directly to the regions below. To the very centre of the earth, probably, all pressures are transmitted with scarcely any change, insomuch that the centre of the earth, where gravity vanishes, is the place pressure attains its maximum amount.

It is this absence of rigidity in the earth's frame, regarded as a whole, which causes the process of contraction to be so effective an agent in generating heat. Pressure results in compression, and compression forcibly produced generates heat. But here arises a difficulty which many find confusing enough. It is a principle in physics that where work is done, heat is lost, and it seems as though a process of compression, due to the action of gravity, being a process in which work is done, must be one in which heat is lost instead of gained. The work is done, however, *upon* the matter compressed, not *by* it, and so the compressed matter gains the heat which corresponds to the work done,

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instead of losing it. Work is done when matter expands, but this work is done by the expanding matter, and is accompanied, therefore, by loss of temperature. In reality a process of contraction may be said to involve the employment of a certain amount of available work. If one imagines the state of things before contraction to be the result of a withdrawal of the matter to be acted upon by gravity to a greater distance from the centre of gravity, then contraction means the undoing of that work; and as when work is done heat is lost, so when work is undone heat is gained. A thousand examples in nature might be cited to show how constant is the operation of this law. Work is done and heat is employed in raising from the sea the vapor which eventually as rain supplies the great lake region between Canada and the United States. This store of work is drawn upon where Niagara (in rapids and falls alike) restores a portion of the raised water to lower levels, and heat results from this undoing of nature's former work. Or, where man chooses, he gets work from Niagara instead of heat, the work done in driving machinery being the equivalent of just such work as heat can be made to do when employed to drive engines of various forms. And so in multitudes of other instances.

Now the example just cited affords a suggestive illustration of the tremendous energies residing in the contractive power of the earth. Indeed, I have always found in this suggestion the most impressive effect of the Niagara Falls on my own mind. We see terrestrial gravity at its work at Niagara, because there it has work to do on such a scale as to afford some idea of the real meaning of gravity, yet within such compass that we can grasp the sense of the work that gravity is doing. To think that a portion only of the rain-fall which supplies the lake system of North America, drawn downward continuously by the force of gravity, should produce this ceaseless noise and turmoil, suggests how greatly we may be deceived respecting the forces of nature, for gravity is constantly doing work which we scarcely notice, yet which is so vast in amount that all the work done at Niagara is nothing by comparison. To the mere accident (in a sense) that the water raised from the seas has here fallen on upraised regions instead of on the lower levels, to the mere difference of height between the places on which they fall and the sea-level from which the sun's heat raised them, we owe the tremendous forces represented by the Niagara Falls and Rapids. But we must go farther before we see the real meaning of such processes, or therefore of the much more energetic processes of which I simply take Niagara as a convenient illustration. The clouds which float in the air over the lake region contain within them potential energies enormously exceeding all the forces at work in Niagara. A small portion only of these energies is concentrated at Niagara into the tremendous exhibition of force which is so impressive —nay, so appalling—to all who stay long enough near Niagara to apprehend its significance aright. Now the clouds represent work done by heat. The falls and rapids represent the undoing of the work so done, gravity undoing the work which has been done upon parts of the earth's material by forces external to the earth—those, namely, which reside in the rays of the mighty sun.

Finding in the processes of contraction taking place continually within the earth's crust the sources of the heat by which water reaching the interior is converted into steam and other disturbing changes are produced in subterranean regions, we are brought to recognize in terrestrial gravity the real cause of all forms of subterranean disturbance. We had already recognized the pressure, and especially the changes of pressure, of air and water as effective disturbing causes, and these are directly due to gravity. Now we find, further, that to gravity is due the internal heat by which matter beneath the crust is changed from a state of quiescence to a state of activity. Directly and indirectly all the forms of disturbance by which the earth's crust is affected are due to gravity, yet not all, be it observed, to terrestrial gravity. For in some of the changes affecting the atmosphere and the ocean we recognize the power of solar heat, the cause of all atmospheric changes, of rain-fall, of the action of frost and thaw in disintegrating the earth's crust, and solar gravity is the cause of solar heat. The same force raises two-sevenths of the tidal wave. Lunar gravity again raises the remaining five-sevenths of the tidal wave. All subterranean activity is due, then, to gravity in one form or another.

Thus finally we recognize that the true

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cause of terrestrial disturbances is that most mysterious of all the properties of matter, the force of attraction. We speak glibly of gravity as explaining what had seemed inexplicable before the law of gravity was recognized. We tell how when "nature and nature's laws lay hid in night, God said, Let Newton be, and all was light." But how much more profound the mystery revealed than the mystery removed! There is naught in all that science has disclosed to man more utterly—one might say more hopelessly—mysterious than that power by which in an instant, throughout the whole universe, matter acts on matter. We seem here to stand in the very presence of the Godhead, for it seems as though were but this last veil lifted, and the mystery of gravity removed, we should see revealed the great first cause of all phenomena. All the energies of the universe, Light, Heat, nay, Life itself, have their origin in this mysterious quality of matter—a quality so inconceivable that the very philosopher who discovered it, or first recognized its meaning, asserted that no man with competent power of philosophizing could for a moment believe such a power to exist as gravity seems to be, or that matter *can* act on matter at a distance without some intermediary. But passing from a mystery which may never be explained, we recognize in gravity's work on the earth's crust an agency which, though it appears at a first view to be a destructive one, is in reality a source of life. For were the work of terrestrial gravity in this direction to cease, solar gravity, acting by its heat-generating power on the waters of the earth and the air, would in the course of time, through the action of rain and river, of wave and of wind, level all the upraised parts of the earth beneath the seas. But the earth's gravity constantly renovates the earth, making it present, for periods of time which seem endless, those varieties of land and water which are essential to the existence of the forms of life now existing upon the surface of our planet home.

MARGARET FULLER.

MARGARET FULLER'S friends have stood by her as she would have stood by them. But so many have gone to whom her memory was dear that I think it right to let her speak for herself from a very private letter. Margaret had many friends and many lovers. I knew of her having several offers of marriage; but she was afraid; she had seen great love change to dullness and indifference in domestic life, and she did not feel entirely sure of herself.

In Rome, in 1847, after we had talked far into the night, she wrote to me a letter of twenty-four pages before we met again in the morning. In this letter (which has never been published) she says:

"I do not know whether I have ever loved at all in the sense of oneness, but I have loved enough to feel the joys of presence, the pangs of absence, the sweetness of hope, and the chill of disappointment. More than once my heart has bled and my bodily health has suffered from these things, but mentally I have always found myself the gainer, always younger and more noble. . . . I have no wish about my future career but that it should be like the past, only always more full and deeper. You ask me whether I love Mr. ——. I answer, he affected me like music or the richest landscape; my heart beat with joy that he at once felt beauty in me. . . . Still, I do not know but I might love still better to-morrow. I have never yet loved any human being so well as the music of Beethoven, yet at present I am indifferent to it. There has been a time when I thought of nothing but Michael Angelo, yet the other day I felt hardly inclined to look on the forms his living hand had traced on the roof of the Sistine. But when I loved either of these great souls I abandoned myself wholly to it; I did not calculate. I shall do so in life if I love enough. . . . The inward voice has decided that I should come here, and being here, I wish to see Italy. Perhaps I shall be gradually drawn from Mr. ——; perhaps he will find he does not need me. Perhaps he will find some soul more attractive to him; it may be so to me. In any case, God is always in the world, and some time He will satisfy all wants. Our duty is simply to grow. . . . It is not easy for any one to live with me; it requires faith, but that faith would ennoble the one who could feel it. Children always love and trust me. If I

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should explain myself much, I should have no strength for mental resolve, for action. I do not wish to waste it in words, I need to be *serene*, and I try, but it is not possible to me always to be *sweet*. The renunciations of my life have been many, and I sometimes suffer from the opening of an inward wound. I do not wish to excuse myself for not being constantly sweet and noble, but it is not for want of good-will on my part. Domestic life is trying to every one; it requires a great deal of love, faith, and nerve to dignify it."

Margaret's letter begins: "Dear Rebecca,—I had last night a terrible dream. I thought I was condemned to death, and preparing for execution."

She goes on to tell of the calmness with which she was ready to meet death:

"Dreams often present things under truer relations than the reasonings of our waking hours, and I think my character would show this kind of courage, and rise superior, even into an air of serenity and joy. For the rest, I want no trial; I am already weary; I feel much need of repose. Should it be presented under the auspices my soul approves, it would be welcome; but I see no probability of this. Should there be no fiery crisis in my life, it still must be one of labor and conquest."

I know enough of the greatness of Margaret's soul to know that when the trial came she met it grandly. She comforted and inspired the others on that ill-fated ship; she soothed her baby boy to sleep; she was calm and ready for the end, though life was more to her than ever before. The greatest agony must have been when the kind but resolute sailor took her child from her, for she saw no chance for him in that terrible sea. No friendly hand was there to save her: let her friends stand round her now! From "the ship *Elizabeth*, off Gibraltar," came a letter, probably the last Margaret ever wrote, telling us of the terrible calamity that had befallen them in the death of the captain from confluent small-pox. She says: "I was with him a great deal—indeed, whenever I could relieve his wife from a ministry softened by great love, and the heroism of womanly courage, but in the last days truly terrible with disgusts and fatigues." Then she helped nurse the mate through this dreadful disease; also her own boy, doing everything to save his childish beauty for her own mother to see.

At the end she writes: "Keep a look-out: should we arrive safe, I should long to see a friendly face." Margaret always trusted her friends.

Many years before this she went one day in New York to see her dress-maker. The woman exclaimed, "Go away, Miss Fuller; we have the small-pox!" But Margaret would not leave until she knew they had all they needed; and the woman, with tears, said, "You are the only one who has dared to stop to ask." One Thanksgiving-day Margaret visited with William Channing and Marcus Spring the prisoners at Sing Sing, and spoke cheering words to them with her sweet voice. She addressed Mazzini's poor Italian boys at their yearly festival in London, and afterward she worked with him and Ossoli and a noble-hearted princess in the hospitals in Rome. After being with her for years, we could say, "There was a beauty in her daily life." To call others up to their highest, to live her own true life, was her best wish. She said to me, "If I can not always be sweet, my friends will always find me true." I am happy to be able, and to feel worthy, to call myself Margaret Fuller's friend,

REBECCA B. SPRING.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE disproportion between the actual and the apparent public interest in matters which occupy a large and conspicuous place in the newspapers has been often mentioned. The space allotted to a subject and the method of treatment are decided by the editor's view of the probable taste of the readers of his particular newspaper, by its general character and traditions, and by certain accepted theories. Among such theories is the view that the public is always deeply interested in persons and personalities, and consequently in scandals and crimes. Another of the controlling theories is that the public always wishes to be entertained, and consequently great attention is devoted to the record and criticism of entertainments, of theatres, operas, concerts, and athletic games of all kinds, and, for the same reason, to bright and sparkling selections from new books and current magazines. Another theory is that in party organs the patrons desire no mercy upon the enemy,

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and that the other side, being the evil one himself, shall be painted in the blackest possible colors, and caricatured with the utmost power of contempt and ridicule.

Theories of this kind are not flattering to the public, yet it is observable that theories of another and more honorable kind do not generally prevail. That the reader wishes to know the truth, for instance, that he does not wish to read impertinent details of private life, as he would not peep through a key-hole, that he does not believe everything that he sees in a newspaper, and that he concedes to others the same sincerity in opinion and expression of which he is conscious in himself—these are not among the working theories of the press. The impression which the newspaper often leaves upon the observer is that it has not a high respect for the public. It often toadies and deprecates and flatters, indeed, but its extravagance betrays it. There is a certain tone of infallibility also, which is entertaining, and which seems to spring from the same conviction which led the older sinner to advise the younger, "My boy, you will have to lie a good deal, but remember to lie steadily and consistently."

These theories in the conduct of a newspaper naturally prevent it from being what it is often asserted to be, a daily portrait of the world. The number of persons who go to a theatre in the evening, or to a ball or a concert, is a very small part of the population of a city. The accidents and crimes of a day are comparatively few. But how large a proportion of the attention of the newspaper these command! The last present human nature in an unattractive aspect, and they tend to foster the cheap cynicism of the club-window philosopher. But of the constant, wide-spreading, effective charities, the untiring good works that are everywhere done, even the more humane and generous side of the dancers and the diners and the play-goers, of that activity of the daily world which best justifies its name of Christendom, how scant the record, and how disproportionate!

If England had been the England which the memoirs of the last century describe, it would have vanished like Sodom and Gomorrah. The England of the memoirs and the novels and the plays was but a little England —the England of the court, of a certain class in the cities, of certain persons in the country. But the character and the virtues which wrote no memoirs, and did not go to Vauxhall or St. James's, and which despised Lovelace, these, indeed, continued the older England; but, like the heroes before Agamemnon, they had no poet, no newspaper.

Certainly no indefatigable reporter need denounce the Easy Chair for defaming his work. It is not blaming him, nor asserting that the newspaper could thrive by describing the endless good deeds of a day or recording the activity of private virtue. Indeed, that the newspaper prefers for its purpose the startling scandal and criminal disturbance to the peaceful and humane acts that never fail and forever alleviate the sorrow of humanity is the pleasing confession that active virtue in every development and form is not news.

Therefore, if any man is disposed to lose heart because in the daily newspaper picture of life business seems to be mere gambling, and society mere ostentatious extravagance, and politics only furious party spirit, let him remember that the madness of the Exchange is not the chief business of the American people, that the profuse recklessness of fashion is not American society, and that the ribaldry of party organs is not American politics. The newspaper picture of life can not preserve the true proportions of the original. It is a photograph with a disturbed focus. The nose or the ear or the mouth is exaggerated. The moderation, the honesty, the humanity, of the city are not much noted in the newspaper, which must supply the news "spicy and piping hot." But there are glimpses enough of it there, and you have only to follow the clew and you will reach the Rosamond's bower of a life as beautiful and devoted as that of any time—the life which is the strength and hope of America.

Mr. Henry Irving's visit to this country this year and the last was not only profitable to him, but it was very advantageous to us. Whatever rank may be assigned to him as an actor, his service to the stage is incontestable. His personal graces and modesty, the entire freedom of the gentleman in private life from the "staginess" which is commonly associated with actors in retirement, his cultivation and simple urbanity, have corrected the impression that an actor can not be a "common gentleman," but must be always striking an attitude and rolling out his "deep-mouthed ohs and ahs." This is an excellent service, because it places the actor upon the same plane of self-respecting propriety and courtesy with the men of all other professions.

The change in the estimation of the theatre and of actors in this country within half a century is very great. Half a century ago the Puritan tradition was still paramount. The theatre was the gate of the pit, and play-actors were a kind of Pariah caste. The free and easy livers in a community, the men of dissipated lives, upon whom respectability and regularity looked askance, were the men who associated with actors. The theatre and the "stage players" and the habitués were enveloped in a general cloud of disreputability, and while the respectable and regular might go to see famous players, they held themselves far aloof from any personal association with them.

There were those, indeed, who cherished a kindlier feeling, and who shared the delight of Hazlitt and Charles Lamb in the theatre. One of the charming papers in the first number of Dana's *Idle Man*, published by "Wiley

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and Halsted, 3 Wall Street," in 1821, was the criticism of Edmund Kean, which was as glowing and perceptive as any of Hazlitt's articles. One of the delights of the Century Club thirty years ago was listening to Gulian Verplanck's reminiscences of acting and actors. He too had the true feeling of Lamb for the theatre, and he liked it all the better because of the Puritan anathema. But the general feeling was that the theatre was a place to be avoided rather than frequented. Respectable opinion frowned upon it with uplifted finger like grim old John Knox in his solemn sables reproving the gay and pretty maidens of Queen Mary's court with their lutes and laces.

The actors, indeed, did not always propitiate that good opinion. Not unnaturally, they often defied it. This was true of the elder Booth, a player of great genius, and Edmund Kean's career in New York was marked by some extraordinary antics. Of course it was easy to conclude that all the vices were the familiars of the stage, and that it was Satan's temple. It is certain that the frown on one side and the defiance on the other did not tend to purge the theatre of its real offenses. But when the purgation began, how swiftly it proceeded! When all questionable free lists were suspended, and it appeared that perfect decorum and good taste both on the stage and in the house were compatible with the utmost satisfaction to the audience and remuneration to the manager, then Dr. Bellows might well go upon the stage of the Academy of Music and make his plea for the theatre as a wholesome force in modern life.

Mr. Irving quietly and justly assumes that his profession needs no apology and asks no indulgence. The actor is to be judged, not by the fact that he is a player, but solely—like the poet, or the lawyer, or the editor—by the way in which he does his work. Mr. Irving plainly holds that his work is not limited to the presentation of his own part, but concerns the play as a whole. He sees that no part can be adequately represented without a proper setting. Aristotle defined the dramatic unities as those of scene, time, and catastrophe, and the French added a fourth, the unity of conformity, that is to say, that in tragedy the characters should all be tragical in style, and in comedy, comical, and in farce, farcical. But the most important unity of all is that of general effect. This can be produced only by the greatest care, study, and perception, and this is one of the great services which Mr. Irving has rendered to our theatre.

As the object of the theatre is to hold the mirror up to nature, it is not enough that one part shall be natural. Perceiving this, Mr. Irving takes care that the scene shall be represented as the imagination beholds it, and every play that he presents, in the excellence of every character, and in the local and historical accuracy of the place, lingers in the memory like a beautiful or touching or tragic picture. Mr. Edwin Booth had the same perception, and the plays presented in the early days of his theatre were placed upon the stage with the most intelligent regard for details and for the general impression. But the time was not ripe, and when Mr. Irving came last year, the symmetry of the plays that he presented, both in the scenery and the acting, seemed to the public the revelation of a new epoch.

The quiet gentleman who did it, whom nothing seemed to disturb, and who has shown a force of will and an administrative skill which are extraordinary, has made his final professional bow to an American audience, and the curtain is rung down. The controversy of the critics will not cease, but neither will the pleasant remembrance of his visit. He has shown us the highest point which the theatre as a whole has reached. There have been actors of greater genius; there have never been plays more adequately presented.

In the earlier parts of this century the worthy Surveyor-General Simeon De Witt shook his classical pepper pot over Central New York, and left its innocent little villages smarting with the names of Ovid, Pompey, Marcellus, Ilion, Rome, Carthage, Manlius, Utica, Syracuse, and other famous men and cities. It might have been supposed that the antics of the excellent man would have served at least as a warning, and that unmeaning or ridiculous names would have been spared to the towns which fortunately came late enough to escape that direful classical dictionary, and the taste which gave Greek and Roman names to new American villages as it gave the façade of the Parthenon to the little wooden house of the settler.

But the evil spell has not been baffled. A protest has been made recently against the careless and unmeaning way in which we give names to places. The early settlers from England naturally and fondly commemorated the old home in the new, by naming their towns from those with which they had the most filial associations. The Easy Chair remembers with what surprise and delight Charles Kingsley looked over a map of New England, and recognized the familiar names. "I shall be at home everywhere!" he exclaimed, gayly. All such names have a historic and significant interest, because they show the source of the immigration to the particular spot. At the celebration of its settlement, some years ago, Lynn in Massachusetts did not omit to exchange friendly courtesies with King's Lynn in English Norfolk, and St. Botolph's Club in Boston recalls the name of the old city in John Robinson's Lincolnshire.

There are local names which are religiously commemorative of events, like Providence in Rhode Island, which was so called by Roger Williams in gratitude to the benignant care which had led him safely through the wilderness to a pleasant home. All such historic

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and special names have now a certain quaintness of association which gives them a singular charm that can not be renewed. The meaning and the justification of such names as Plymouth and Newport and Portsmouth are not perceptible in the names given to modern streets and hotels—the Windsor and the Brunswick, or Berkeley or Arlington Street. Beacon Street, in Boston, bears a significant name because it recalls the beacon which used to be lighted upon the hill along which the street runs. But what local interest does Marlborough Street recall? A natural and obvious street nomenclature in a city is that which is derived from the names of eminent citizens. It is not so convenient as the numerical system, but it is very much more picturesque.

In the State of New York, fortunately, the seat of the great Iroquois League, there is a noble system of names already provided for us—names musical in themselves and commemorative of the Indian occupation. Simeon De Witt has made the State a singular palimpsest, writing over the sonorous and often significant Indian names with his irrelevant Greek and Roman cities and heroes. In a late paper on this subject, in the Utica *Herald*, Mr. William L. Stone, a devoted student of the earlier history of New York, pleads for the Indian and other commemorative names. Why, he asks, should not the pretty town in Broome County, beautifully situated at the confluence of the Susquehanna and Chenango rivers—names which might well have suggested another—have been called what the Indians called the site, Otseningo—the meeting of two waters—rather than Binghamton?—the town of Mr. Bingham, probably.

Canajoharie is a name fortunately retained for a charming village upon the banks of the Mohawk. It means, says Mr. Stone, "where the pot washes itself," and refers to a deep hole worn in the rock by the river. What baptismal escapes such a town may have had! There may have been a Mr. Belcher—we never heard that there was, or that the name is known there, but why should it not then have been Belchertown, or Belcherton, or Belcherville? Surely a beneficent and enterprising Mr. Belcher might have been honored in that way. Did not the city of New York project a statue to Tweed? Canajoharie is not only fair, but fortunate. And why must Buffalo, that beautiful and prosperous and spacious city, bear the burden of its name? Does not its very air murmur and thrill with the music of Niagara? O Buffalo! Buffalo! wherefore art thou Buffalo? Would any body of pilgrims setting forth from that hospitable city to found a new community have the heart to call the innocent and helpless townlet Bison? General De Witt's pepper pot or classical dictionary was a true Pandora's box, from which every kind of fantastic and mischievous sprite of a name proceeded.

The commemorative quality of names is illustrated at other points along the Mohawk recalled by Mr. Stone. Herkimer is the memorial of a Revolutionary hero; Oriskany, of a famous and most important battle; Palatine Bridge, of the early settlers from the Palatinate; Fonda (Fundy, as the brakeman calls it), of the great colonial family of the Mohawk Valley; and near Amsterdam (!) there is a massive old stone house which was built by Sir William Johnson, one of the most memorable historic figures of Central New York. The house is naturally identified with the Indian conferences which he held, and has been always known as Fort Johnson, Castle Johnson, and Mount Johnson. The front yard of the old mansion is now changed into a railroad station, which is, of course, called Castle Johnson or Fort Johnson. Alas! no. The devastating and deranging spirit of Simeon De Witt hovers over the hapless region, and Castle Johnson is—Aikens! Aikens! ejaculates the unhappy Mr. Stone; why not Stubbs?

The Easy Chair heartily joins Mr. Stone in hoping that the continuance of this calamity may be averted. And may the dreadful warning be impressed upon others who are charged with the duty of naming places! Railway stations are rising everywhere. They must be named; and will not the good genius that presides over Arbor Day and Village Improvement Societies take care that some one of the significant names, historic or Indian or other, that belong to every place, shall be selected, instead of suffering De Witt's pepper box in any form to shake out a name upon the defenseless station?

The fatal facility of print, and the necessities of an enterprising press, as the Easy Chair pointed out last month, have carried "interviewing" to a devastating point. Whether the victim talks or forbears he is equally exposed to a detailed report of his observations in a newspaper, and the only consolation is one which deserves the consideration of editors and proprietors, for it consists in a general distrust of the accuracy of such reports, and an unwillingness to hold anybody responsible for what he is said to have said in an interview. This is a damaging blow at the newspaper, because it shows an impression that the news in the paper may prove, after all, not to be news.

A distinguished authoress has told recently and privately a striking tale of the vexation and injustice of the unscrupulous abuse to which interviewing may be subjected. A young woman called upon her, introducing herself by a pathetic note expressing admiration and an earnest desire for literary advice. The young woman modestly mentioned her own literary ambition, and presented some specimens of her work in print. Her conversation and manner and her little articles engaged the attention and sympathy of the listener, who criticised and suggested and cheered. The pleasant and discursive chat naturally extended to other writers and the books and

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magazines of the day, and opinions were freely expressed and judgments pronounced, the modest inquirer naturally and gently leading the way, until the long call ended, and, with a touching effusion of gratitude and regard, the literary aspirant departed.

It is popularly supposed that great genius is displayed by sagacious merchants and traders of all kinds in securing free advertisements—and undoubtedly advertisements do appear in the most unanticipated forms and under the most delusive disguises. The reader believes himself to be extending his information and improving his mind, when suddenly he receives a shock like that of seeing in the loveliest or sublimest landscape the advertisement of patent bitters or an infallible liniment. If the modest young literary woman had demanded the purse of the authoress with whom she was conversing she would have been guilty of scarcely more flagrant an offense than that which she committed; for she repaired straightway to her hotel and wrote a letter to a newspaper distorting and caricaturing the conversation, falsifying and vulgarizing and parodying all that had been said, reporting opinions of persons that had never been expressed, and perpetrating the outrage with a recklessness and audacity which would have seemed very comical if it had not been necessarily infinitely mischievous.

The unhappy authoress read with consternation, and knew that everybody else was reading with amazement; that she considered Timotheus, who is one of the most charming of authors and her personal friend, a vastly overrated and self-conceited scribbler; that Althæa, her literary comrade of many years, was, if the truth were told, a humbug and a charlatan; and as for Diogenes, he was slovenly, trivial, and intolerable. These opinions were all recorded as in a conversation which had evidently taken place, and in which obviously the authors who were so severely judged had been mentioned. The generous and humane lady whose heart and home and hand are gladly opened to younger literary aspirants, especially of her own sex, was sorely tempted to declare that under no pretense would she ever again admit a stranger, or mention an author to any one whom she did not intimately know.

But this gross offense of making free with private life to gratify at any cost a morbid public curiosity has been illustrated in the most painful manner during the illness of General Grant. Every movement, every word, every look, every incident in the sacred privacy of the sick chamber has been "written up" for the public. The details of his malady are made a "sensation." The outrage is defended upon the plea that the country is profoundly interested in the sufferer, and demands to know everything. Of course the country is profoundly interested in the fact that General Grant is mortally stricken, and awaits with solemn sorrow the tidings of his condition as they may be stated in the decent bulletins of the physicians. But it is false that any but a prurient curiosity desires to hear of his expectorations, and what one paper has called his "shambling" from room to room in his extreme agony; and the detailed gossip concerning his last hours, whether accurate or false, is a deep discredit to the press.

Let no man insult his country by saying that the national sympathy with an illustrious soldier, who has rendered inestimable public service, and whose fame is sure, desires to listen to a cough of distress or to hear the death rattle of a hero. There are, indeed, thousands of persons who would devour such details, as they would brood over every ghastly incident of an execution. There are scenes every day and every night in the city of New York which, if the law permitted to be photographed in description, would secure an immense sale for any paper. Happily, not only the law, but the decency of the press, forbids such publication. Should not the same decency forbid the sorry spectacle of reporters prowling about the house of a great man in his death agony to overhear his moans and depict the weakness of departing greatness?

A few years since the venerable snob Jenkins was simply absurd as he reverently described the towels and shoes of rich people. But the advent of the interviewer threatens every form of personal privacy. Under the pretense of public interest, which, when justly interpreted, is a serious and honorable concern, he would pander recklessly to an impertinent and unhealthy curiosity. Is not this, asks the authoress who has suffered so severely from the betrayal of her confidence, a burning disgrace of journalism?

THE Easy Chair was doubtless mistaken in saying that Mr. Lincoln was beardless when he was inaugurated. One correspondent writes from Washington that he was beardless when nominated, but on his journey to Washington he appeared with a beard, and, according to the correspondent, avoided graver topics in his little speeches on the way, and referred to his beard so frequently that a copy of humorous verses of the time ended with the couplet,

> "I'll put my trust in Providence,
> And let my whiskers grow."

The Easy Chair's correspondent recalls Mr. Lincoln with a beard at his reception in Philadelphia, and as an artist the correspondent is justly desirous that the fact shall be undisputed in order that there may be no error in the representation of Mr. Lincoln at the inauguration.

Another correspondent writes from Queens County, in New York, upon the same subject, and he tells a pretty tale. Soon after Mr. Lincoln's nomination in 1860 a little girl in Westfield, New York, wrote to him that she had his photograph, and liked it very much,

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but thought that a beard would improve his appearance. Mr. Lincoln at once obeyed the suggestion. Upon his journey to Washington the train was delayed at Westfield, and he was called upon for a speech. In his remarks he humorously alluded to the letter that he had received from the little Westfield girl, in which she said that she thought he would be a better-looking man if he would let his beard grow, and, stroking his beard, he added, dryly, "I have followed her advice." He then said that if his little correspondent were present he would like very much to speak with her. She came forward, and was pleasantly greeted by Mr. Lincoln. The story is told upon the authority of an eye-witness who told the Easy Chair's correspondent.

It is twenty years since Mr. Lincoln died, and General Grant lies smitten unto death. They were the greatest civil and the greatest military figures of the war. They were both essentially American, both what are called self-made men, which means only that they made the best use of their opportunities. They had each the same sturdy, honest, simple character, and they both performed the highest patriotic services, and held the highest office by the choice and affection of the people without the least selfish or dangerous ambition. This is the unprecedented praise of the three Presidents whose names will probably be most conspicuous in our annals. They held the supreme place. Two of them had been victorious soldiers. One of them had guided the state through a fierce and long civil war. But each left liberty more secure.

General Grant's name as President will be associated with Washington's and Lincoln's, not because of his Presidency, but because of his illustrious national service; and it is part of our national felicity that in the first century of the history of the Union there should be three such signal illustrations of the highest patriotism.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE powerful agency of a good dictionary as a popular educator can scarcely be overestimated. Students and men of letters thoroughly understand not merely its convenience, but its value, and universally consider it a prime essential in the equipment of their working libraries. It is, indeed, the one book that is ever kept closest at hand by every intelligent and cultivated scholar and thinker. Unfortunately the best and most comprehensive dictionaries have hitherto been made inaccessible to the intelligent masses by their bulk and costliness, and they have been forced to content themselves with compilations which have been extremely defective in their etymology, orthoepy, and vocabulary, and, in fact, have been little more than very imperfect definers. A new order of things has been instituted for this large and important class by the publication of Stormonth's new *Dictionary of the English Language*,[1] a work which is in many respects the best, most comprehensive, and most serviceable for popular use that has yet been published. This first really popular standard dictionary has been published by the Messrs. Harper as a part of their "Franklin Square Library," in cheap serial form. It is printed in bold and clear type, on superfine paper, in twenty-three numbers, each of which is sold for twenty-five cents, and may be had singly or otherwise, as the purse of the purchaser will admit. The twenty-three numbers form a handsome imperial octavo of more than 1200 pages, and muslin covers for binding the whole together in an elegant and substantial manner will be supplied by the publishers for fifty cents net, making the entire cost of the complete work a little over six dollars. We have deviated from our usual course in giving these details of price because we are gravely impressed with the importance of advising that great body of people of limited means, among whom are to be found our most eager and intelligent readers, of the opportunity that is now offered them of acquiring an indispensable book for study and reference in convenient installments. Still further to impress them with a sense of their opportunity, we shall now speak at some detail of the contents of this useful and reliable work. Its *vocabulary* is literally exhaustive, and comprises every word which has any claim to a place in our language, including those which occur in standard English literature, even if now obsolete, together with important or obscure provincial or local words and phrases, and new technical terms used in connection with the arts and sciences. The *pronunciation* is according to the standard of the best current usage, and is made clear to the simplest understanding by the respelling of each word in the simplest form of sound symbols, in which each letter or combination of letters has a fixed and unvarying sound. The *etymologies* embody the researches of the best and latest authorities, and display the true origins and affinities of multitudes of English words that have been incorrectly traced by the older philologists and lexicographers. The *definitions* are remarkable for their brevity, fullness, and precision; the

[1] *A Dictionary of the English Language, Pronouncing, Etymological, and Explanatory. Embracing Scientific and Other Terms, Numerous Familiar Terms, and a Copious Selection of Old English Words.* By the Rev. JAMES STORMONTH. The Pronunciation carefully Revised by the Rev. P. H. PHELP, M.A., Cantab. "Franklin Square Library." Twenty-three Parts, each about 55 Pages. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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meaning of each word is given in the simplest and clearest equivalents, thus affording the greatest amount of information in the smallest possible space. This observation applies not only to the ordinary meanings of words, but to the explanation and illustration of those words which embody a historical or scientific fact. Under the appropriate words full lists are given of words that are precisely equivalent or approximately synonymous. But perhaps the special feature that will most recommend the work for popular use is the convenient grouping system of words which Mr. Stormonth has introduced in it. By this system he collects in a single article, instead of distributing them under separate and perhaps remote titles, all the words which are obviously derived from the leading or key word of a group of words, and which are more or less intimately connected with it in signification, thus attaining the double practically valuable result of saving space by the avoidance of repetitions and of materially facilitating the student in his search for words of cognate forms and meanings. To illustrate, let us take the key-word *red*. Here all that relates to the key-word, its part of speech, origin, change of form, pronunciation, and meaning, are first given, and then follow, and may be taken in at a glance, all that relates to its derivatives and to words and terms compounded from it; for example, redly, redness, reddish, reddishness, red ant, red antimony, red-bay, red-book, redbreast, red-berried, red chalk, red-coat, red coral, red cross, red-deer, red-eye, red-fire, red-haired, red hand, red-handed, red-hot, red-iron ore, red-lead, red-letter day, red-liquor, red-man or red-skin, red-marl, red-ochre, red orpiment, red-precipitate, red-republican, red-sand, Red Sea, red-short, red-start, red-tape, red-tapist, red-water. This example, taken at random, will evince better than the most elaborate argument the convenience of this system of grouping, and also the comprehensive and encyclopædic character of the volume. It is emphatically the dictionary for the people.

Two typical episodes of American history are treated with signal ability in the latest two volumes of the "American Commonwealths" series. In one of these Mr. William Hand Browne, of Johns Hopkins University, gives a succinct and vigorous sketch of the ante-Revolutionary history of Maryland[2]—one of the "old thirteen," which was directly colonized from the Old World, and in the other, a similar and altogether admirable sketch is given, by Mr. N. S. Shaler, of the history of Kentucky, one of the later births of States, which, instead of having been peopled from the Old World, was an immediate outgrowth from one of the older colonies, and derived its blood and institutions from it. Mr. Browne has confined his sketch of Maryland to that interesting and least-known period in its history, antecedent to the Revolutionary war, which witnessed its settlement and founding, and its colonial existence, at first as a free palatinate under the proprietary government of the first Lord Baltimore and his successors, and afterward as a crown colony which was the reverse of free. With painstaking minuteness Mr. Browne has gleaned from the original manuscript records and archives, now made generally accessible to historical students by the liberal action of the General Assembly of Maryland, a multitude of long-buried facts and incidents that illustrate the character of the founder of the colony and its first settlers, and that display the wise civil and religious policy, far in advance of the age in the mother country or in the sister colonies, of the first proprietor and his immediate successors; and with like minuteness, and, when the nature of the subject admits, with genuine narrative power, he traces the condition of the aborigines and their relations to the colonists, the moral, social, religious, and rural features of the Maryland of this early period, the history of the conflicts of the province with its sister province Virginia, and of the internal strifes and collisions of interest and jurisdiction that were stirred up within the province itself by interested or designing malcontents. Especially valuable is the material that Mr. Browne has collected and woven together in a condensed and graceful narrative disclosing the events that ushered in the war of Independence. The volume is not without attractions for the general reader, but is chiefly interesting to those whose investigations have been directed to the beginnings and unfoldings of our older American commonwealths, and to the study of those differences in their early conditions which have left a marked impression upon their institutions and upon the character of their people.

Mr. Shaler's sketch of the history of Kentucky[3] has a more lively general interest than Mr. Browne's sketch of the colonial history of Maryland, inasmuch as it deals with men and things and events that are comparatively near to us, and with influences that appeal more strongly to our sympathies. The power of heredity in the individual could scarcely be made more manifest by the physiologist than its power over a community or commonwealth has been made by Mr. Shaler in his able monograph. The offspring of Virginia, regarded with affectionate interest by the parent commonwealth, and looking back to it with equal affectionateness, but unavoidably left to contend with grave difficulties and dangers alike from the wilderness and the Indian, and to maintain the struggle for existence by its own unaided efforts, Kentucky was a true child of its author—an example of the indomitable

[2] *Maryland: the History of a Palatinate.* By WILLIAM HAND BROWNE. 16mo, pp. 292. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[3] *Kentucky: a Pioneer Commonwealth.* By N. S. SHALER. 16mo, pp. 433. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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courage of the race from which it sprang, and of its capacity not only to suffer, to endure, and to conquer, but also to carry with it the institutions, the qualifications for wise and intelligent self-government, and the reverence for law which have distinguished it from all other races, and have made it the most successful of all colonizers and the dominant race of the world. The pioneer life of the early settlers of Kentucky, carried away from their native commonwealth by the land-hunger and the spirit of adventure which prevailed among the people of Virginia and the rural class from which they sprang in England, is related by Mr. Shaler with pithy brevity, the gradual growth of the new commonwealth by natural increase and fresh accessions from the parent stem is graphically described, and the characteristic traits of its people are analyzed and outlined with remarkable clearness. This early stage of Kentucky history, with all its grim and stirring vicissitudes and complications, is portrayed with great spirit; and its later history, from its admission as a State to the present day, is told with complacent dignity. The portion devoted to the civil war is sympathetic, but rigidly dispassionate, and presents the attitude of Kentucky and its people during that to them trebly terrible struggle with exemplary perspicuity and minuteness of detail. In his sketch Mr. Shaler introduces a large mass of valuable and interesting matter concerning the geology, climate, soil, topography, fluvial and mountain systems, industries, and resources of the State, and illustrative of its social, educational, and commercial conditions and prospects.

No one can be at the pains to compare Mr. Bancroft's last revised edition of his *History of the United States*,[4] especially the two final volumes, covering respectively the history of the Revolutionary war and of the formation and adoption of the Constitution, without being impressed by the important improvements which the venerable author has wrought into the texture of his great work. These are so numerous and considerable, and they so largely affect the style, the precision of statements of historical facts, and the deductions, reflections, and judgments that flow from facts, or that are introduced to emphasize and illustrate them, that the work almost deserves to be considered a new one, having been practically rewritten in the process of revision. The changes that have been made in its style, instead of robbing it of its distinctive and characteristic qualities, as is often the case where they are attempted after a long interval, do not touch essentials, but are confined to the pruning off of redundancies, the softening of phrases and expressions that were too strongly accentuated, and the toning down of asperities and extravagances that were not fully in accord with the general elevation and dignity of the composition. The other changes are chiefly in the line of greater compression where it could be effected without loss, of greater clearness where there was obscurity or lack of precision, of a more accurate presentation of facts or of a correction of errors where new light made the one practicable and the other obligatory, and of a remodelling of passages and even of opinions that were originally based upon satisfactory evidence, but which has since been discredited. Nothing, however, seems to have been changed merely for the sake of change, or for the production of improved literary effects, but every change seems to have been inspired by the desirability of greater conciseness, or greater fullness, or more perfect accuracy. Several instances of such emendations occur in the last volume of the history which involve questions of great present interest; for instance, relative to the count of the electoral vote, the constitution and powers of the heads of departments, the right of the House of Representatives to be consulted in the concluding of treaties, and the President's power of removal. On the whole, the last volume, giving the history of the events and steps that preceded and attended the formation and adoption of the Constitution, is the ablest and most important one of this invaluable history. It should be read by every American citizen, and, if possible, should be printed separately and placed in the hands of every lad in our high schools and colleges. The topics treated in it are of transcendent interest and importance, and are handled with consummate skill and dispassionateness. No better or safer guide to a knowledge of the principles which underlie and vivify our Constitution and form of government could be placed in the hands of our countrymen.

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[4] *History of the United States of America from the Discovery of the Continent.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. The Author's Last Revision. Volumes V. and VI., 8vo, pp. 581 and 572. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

ALTHOUGH the Swedish hero-king Gustavus Adolphus exerted a powerful and permanent influence upon the history of his own country and of Europe in the seventeenth century, and although his name is as familiar as a household word to thousands of intelligent Americans who have inherited a shadowy knowledge of him as of some paladin of romance, hitherto there has been no work generally accessible to American readers to which they could turn for any tolerably full account of the person and career of this great soldier and defender of the Protestant faith, except the *History of the Thirty Years' War* and the recently published Swedish historical romances of the Swedish novelist Topelius. The little, however, that could be gleaned from these sources was very unsatisfactory, and confined for the most part to the closing years of the great Swede's brief but glorious life. This reproach to our literature has at length been removed, we are glad to be able to say, by an American scholar,

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John L. Stevens, LL.D., recently United States Minister to Sweden, who has employed the opportunity afforded by his residence at the Swedish capital to prepare a *History of Gustavus Adolphus*,[5] which is a very full and capable presentation of the genius and work no less than of the personal and intellectual characteristics of Sweden's greatest king and best-beloved hero. Dr. Stevens's style is stiff, ungraceful, and a little obscure, but this defect is more than compensated for by his directness and earnestness, by the richness and authenticity of the materials that he has collected, by the calmness and dignity of his narrative, and by the ability with which he treats the political and dynastic projects of Gustavus and his minister, the famous Oxenstierna, as well as the moral, intellectual, religious, and military character of Gustavus himself. As its title intimates, the work is a combination of history and biography, the history of Sweden and its institutions during the life of Gustavus being so indissolubly linked with the person and acts of the king as to render their separate treatment almost impossible. In order the better to elucidate the life and deeds of the illustrious hero and the influence that he exerted upon the material and political conditions of Sweden immediately upon his accession to the crown, Dr. Stevens has prefaced his more particular account of the reign of Gustavus by brief and luminous sketches of the earlier Swedish history, of the causes and beginning of the Thirty Years' War, and of some of the chief men with whom his career was identified. The volume is a valuable and substantial contribution to history, and gives the reader a clear view of the great enterprises at home and abroad in which Gustavus engaged, of the essential changes which he and his great minister introduced into the Swedish laws and constitution, of the great political and dynastic designs that were conceived by them, of the motives that inspired them to throw the influence of Sweden into the great Continental struggle, and of the real relations of Gustavus to the Protestant faith and to the states which were its bulwark against the aggressions of the Empire and the Papacy.

THE downright old-fashioned novel-reader, who cares naught for, and indeed rather resents, the analysis and dissection of character or the display of subtle social phases, and who, intent only upon enjoyment, is never more happy than when he is so completely absorbed by a narrative, and so entirely beguiled by its play of character upon character and of incident upon incident, as to become oblivious to the mere trick and method of authorship, will find Miss Braddon's new romance, *Wyllard's Weird*,[6] to be a novel after his own heart. As is commonly the case in Miss Braddon's best stories, in this dramatic and spicily seasoned tale there is mingled with the fine aroma of love and constancy that pervades it a sense of mystery, and a suspicion, gradually ripening into certainty, of inconstancy, infidelity, and murder, which constantly pique the curiosity of the reader and enthrall his attention. We have no time nor inclination to stop to criticise or analyze, but, our sympathies thoroughly enlisted, we are hurried along with the swift strong current of the story, eager to reach, but unwilling to hasten, its *dénouement*.

IF *The Money-Makers* had never been written, or, having been written, if the public curiosity had not been whetted by the shrewd trumpetings that heralded its publication, to the effect that it was the handiwork of a distinguished author whose name would be kept religiously secret; and finally, if its authorship had not been since circumstantially and persistently attributed to Mr. Henry F. Keenan, it is morally probable that *Trajan*,[7] a novel by that gentleman, would have been permitted to continue its protracted slumbers. We do not mean to intimate that, regarded from the literary stand-point and solely as a work of art, there is any intrinsic incompatibility between the two books, or any sufficient reason why both may not have been written by the same author. Still it remains that *The Money-Makers* was successful, and that *Trajan* slept the sleep of the just until the authorship of the successful book was ascribed to the author of the one that was not so successful. Whether the merits of *Trajan* will now become so transparent as to prevent it from relapsing into a comatose condition remains to be seen. It is not, as might be inferred from its title, a historical romance having the emperor of that name for its central figure. Its scene is laid in Paris, with occasional brief shiftings to the suburbs and more distant points. The time of the main action and principal movement of the story is on the eve of and during the late Franco-German war. The actors are Americans, with some sprinklings of French and other folk, and they comprise a talented young artist, a beautiful, unscrupulous, and enterprising adventuress and her equally unscrupulous but less enterprising brother, a handsome and noble-minded young millionaire, his still lovely mother, and his beautiful, highly cultivated, and pure sister and cousin. The remaining actors do service as supernumeraries. The artist, having been madly in love with the brilliant adventuress before he knew her true character, was disillusioned by the discovery of her unscrupulousness and rapacity, and, plunged into despair by the revelation, is on the verge of suicide, from which he is rescued by the delicate tact and dis-

[5] *History of Gustavus Adolphus.* By JOHN L. STEVENS, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 427. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[6] *Wyllard's Weird.* A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 83. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Trajan: the History of a Sentimental Young Man.* With Some Episodes of Many Lives' Errors. A Novel. By HENRY F. KEENAN. 12mo, pp. 642. New York: Cassell and Co.

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cernment of the young millionaire, who becomes his enthusiastic friend, and makes him an honored guest and member of his family and household. Eventually the artist falls in love with and is beloved by his friend's sister, while the friend himself and his charming cousin go through the same experience. But this does not suit the purposes of the daring and dashing adventuress, who lays her plans to win the young and handsome millionaire for herself, and to secure his rich and beautiful sister for her brother. Consequently she spares no wiles, and is fertile of perfidious and unblushing schemes to this end, and more than once is apparently on the verge of accomplishing her designs. But at the last she is ignominiously defeated, is obliged to take up with a rich but boorish and illiterate American with a purchased patent of nobility, and the true and more worthy lovers come together and settle down in humdrum content and happiness. The character of the bold, bad adventuress and her schemes for heaping up wealth by violating the customs laws and other sharp practices are vividly depicted; and the character, tastes, hopes, aspirations, and associations of the young artist are skillfully and vigorously sketched. The remaining actors are mere incidents of the story, their character and actions being of that negative and neutral-tinted kind which does not minister to any very exalted dramatic effects. The tale has some fine and some really brilliant episodes, but, considered as a whole, it is very long, inordinately wire-drawn, and sadly wearisome.

MR. BROWNING'S latest poetical deliverance, *Ferishtah's Fancies*,[8] has the merit of being easily comprehensible. Its rank as poetry is not a high one as compared with his own best work, but the fine moral and religious teachings that gleam through its cloud of fable and parable and paradox are as obvious as they are beautiful and true. Ferishtah is a Persian dervish, poet, and philosopher. In the course of his pilgrimages he is assailed by doubts from within, and importuned with abstruse scruples and questionings from without, as to deity and man, providence and human misery, destiny and duty, fate and opportunity; and he sets himself, as we might imagine that Socrates or Plato would have done if they had been Persians and Mohammedans of his day, instead of ancient Greeks and heathen, to disperse these sneaping doubts, and solve these intentionally puzzling and contradictory questions, by a reference to some simple law, or deed, or phenomenon, or by some humorous and pertinent illustration drawn from reason or experience. Many of these doubts and questionings resemble those with which our modern skeptics and philosophers pester themselves and others, and Ferishtah's wise and logical responses may be commended to their consideration. It is possible that as they will not hear Moses and the prophets, they may be persuaded by the Persian poet-sage, as interpreted by Mr. Browning. Those readers who have been repelled from Browning's recent poems by their obscurity or their ambiguity will find his occasional lapses in that direction more than compensated for by the many deep, many beautiful, many pregnant, and many humorous thoughts that irradiate *Ferishtah's Fancies*.

[8] *Ferishtah's Fancies*. By ROBERT BROWNING. 18mo, pp. 91. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

THERE are few among our American poets whose verse is as richly freighted with melody and with impassioned poetic feeling as are the maturer poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne.[9] The stately and elegantly illustrated edition of his complete poetical works, just published, contains a number of delicious ballads and lyrics, and not a few dramatic and legendary pieces, which, if not gems of the first water, are yet lustrous with beauty. Deeply imbued with a reverential love for the beautiful in nature, of all our homespun poets he is the most successful in picturing her changeful and glowing features, and in draping her myriad forms in a garniture of rich or delicate hues. His poems of the affections, and his love and battle ballads and lyrics, are scarcely less successful in stirring the heart than are his narrative and descriptive poems in giving rein to the fancy. Even his youthful poems are pervaded by an atmosphere of grace and refinement, and are distinguished no less for their earnestness, purity, and delicacy. Seldom has a poet written so long and so much who has written so little that he could wish to blot because of any false ring in the sentiment, or of any unworthiness in the ideals he conjures up and depicts. Many of the poems in the volume are immature, many are defective in some detail of form or spirit, but in all there is visible a sensitive and loyal conscientiousness begotten of their author's ever-present idea of the loftiness and dignity of the poet's calling, with the effect of curbing the vagaries of his rich and versatile fancy and chastening his active imagination.

THE myriads of Christian worshippers whose zeal is quickened and whose devotion is kindled by one or other of the many beautiful hymns that are in common use in the churches will be interested to learn that before his death the late Rev. Dr. Hatfield had left the manuscript of a volume of *Biographical Sketches of Hymn-Writers*[10] nearly ready for the press, and that it is now published. Dr. Hatfield's study

[9] *Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne*. Complete Edition. With Numerous Illustrations. Sq. 4to, pp. 386. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.

[10] *The Poets of the Church*. A Series of Biographical Sketches of Hymn-Writers, with Notes on their Hymns. By EDWIN T. HATFIELD, D.D. 8vo, pp. 719. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

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of hymnology was the occupation of his leisure from professional duty for more than half a century. Himself one of the most successful of our American hymn-writers, he was also an enthusiastic and tasteful student and collector of the best, most inspiring, and most popular hymns used in the churches through all the centuries from Ambrose until the close of his own long and useful life. In connection with his researches as a student of hymnology and collector of hymns he projected the preparation of a series of biographical sketches of the writers of the best and most popular hymns, more than three hundred in number, and the volume under notice is the fruit of his long and intelligent labors. The sketches are arranged alphabetically, after the manner of biographical dictionaries, and while giving satisfactory outlines of the lives of the authors admitted to the volume, they are especially full in their accounts of the hymns written by each, including the circumstances under which they were composed, the motives and feelings that inspired them, and the impression they have made upon the mind and heart of the Christian world, as evinced by the universality of their acceptance and the permanence of their hold upon popularity in the church and the family. The biographical sketches are remarkable for the catholicity of their spirit, and their literary execution is all that the most exacting could desire.

MOST opportune for those who are getting ready for sport with the rod and line during the coming summer and autumn is the publication of Mr. Henry P. Wells's thoroughly practical and very comprehensive treatise on *Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle.*[11] A judicious guide for the angler while making preparations for the fishing season, as relates to the choice and selection of the best and most convenient tools for use when measuring his skill and patience against the strength and cunning of his game, it is also an invaluable companion when mishaps befall any part of his equipment, showing him how to repair or replace or improvise them, and giving such a fillip to his ingenuity generally as to render him comparatively independent of the purveyors of the weapons required in the prosecution of his sport. Mr. Wells enters minutely and instructively into the art and mystery of fish-hooks—how they are made, the principles that enter into their efficiency, and the kind that is best suited to each sort of game—and similarly into the craftsmanship of all kinds of lines, leaders, reels, rods, rod material, and rod-making, and he ekes out his practical instructions and suggestions as to the manufacture and use of these indispensable equipments with a sparkling anecdotic narrative anent fishing incidents, adventures, and triumphs. The volume is at once a *vade mecum* for the angler, abounding in practical directions and instructions, and a compliment to his intelligence, replete as it is with varied information and rare tidbits of philosophy and fancy.

[11] *Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle.* Suggestions as to their Manufacture and Use. By HENRY P. WELLS. Illustrated. Sq. 8vo, pp. 364. New York: Harper and Brothers.

TRUSTEES of public schools, boards of education, teachers, and parents will each find much to repay perusal in a handy little volume which has been published by the Messrs. Harper, containing a collection of juridical decisions bearing upon the power and authority[12] of school officers and teachers in the management and government of public schools, and over pupils out of school. The volume is the fruit of a careful examination and collation of a great many reported cases in the several States by a member of the Massachusetts bar, and the points to which these apply have a direct and practical interest, being such as are liable to be forced upon the attention of school officers and teachers at any moment, and often involving serious personal difficulties and unpleasant legal consequences. The compiler has very properly confined his collection to cases that have been authoritatively decided in the courts of the several States, omitting those which have been pronounced upon by school officials, since these last must eventually succumb to the law as announced by the courts. The subjects illustrated, and treated under separate heads, with the decisions arrived at in each case appended, are such important and often disturbing ones as the following: the general powers of school officers; their special powers as to tardiness and absence, and as to studies, suspension, and expulsion; their rights and powers as relates to corporal punishment, and over pupils out of school; and the authority of teachers generally. The decisions upon cases that have been tried on all these points are stated briefly and clearly, those relating to the same subject-matter being grouped and reported in the order of their date, with cross references and annotations. At the close of the reported cases the compiler adds in four appendixes abstracts of the laws of the States relating to the subjects above enumerated, and to insults to teachers. Familiarity with this compact and useful little manual will save trustees, teachers, and school officers generally, and also parents and pupils, from many vexatious, many irritating, and many demoralizing misunderstandings and conflicts.

[12] *The Power and Authority of School Officers and Teachers in the Management and Government of Public Schools, and over Pupils out of School, as determined by the Courts of the Several States.* By a Member of the Massachusetts Bar. 18mo, pp. 181. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of April.—The following are the most important of the appointments made by President Cleveland: Ministers—Great Britain, E. J. Phelps; France, R. M. McLane; Germany, George H. Pendleton; Turkey, S. S. Cox; Mexico, H. R. Jackson; Italy, A. M. Keiley; Netherlands, Isaac Bell, Jun.; Portugal, E. P. Custis; Denmark, R. B. Anderson;—Assistant Secretary of State, J. D. Porter; Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, C. S. Fairchild; Assistant Secretary of the Interior, H. L. Muldrow; First Assistant Postmaster-General, Malcolm Hay; Postmaster at New York, Henry G. Pearson; Pension Commissioner, General J. C. Black; Commissioner of Patents, M. V. Montgomery; Commissioner of Indian Affairs, J. D. C. Atkins; Commissioner of Railroads, General Joseph E. Johnston.

The constitutionality of the Edmunds Anti-Polygamy Law was affirmed by the United States Supreme Court March 23.

Ex-Governor J. H. Berry has been elected to succeed Attorney-General Garland as United States Senator from Arkansas,

George P. Wetmore, the Republican candidate, was elected Governor of Rhode Island on April 1.

The Rhode Island House, March 24, passed a resolution proposing a constitutional amendment conferring upon women the right to vote, upon the same conditions as men, by a vote of 45 ayes to 19 nays.

The United States Senate adjourned *sine die* April 2.

Henry Lloyd, President of the Senate of Maryland, succeeded Governor McLane, who left the gubernatorial chair to go as Minister to France.

President Barrios, of Guatemala, advanced on San Salvador with a large army March 30. His troops were routed and he was killed.

The Panama insurgents burned the town of Aspinwall March 31, to escape capture by government troops.

The Riel rebellion in the Northwest created great excitement. The town of Battleford was pillaged and burned by the Indians March 31, and later on there was a massacre at Frog Lake.

War is threatened between England and Russia. On March 26 the Queen called out the reserves and militia for permanent service, and war preparations proceeded with the greatest activity at Woolwich, Aldershot, and Portsmouth. On March 30 General Komaroff attacked the Afghans at Penjdeh and defeated them. England asked for an explanation. The situation at the latest is said to be this: England and Russia have agreed upon a basis for a delimitation of the Afghan frontier, subject to a satisfactory explanation by Russia of the recent attack on the Afghans. According to this scheme it is said that Penjdeh will be ceded to Russia, provided the Ameer consents.

The French Chamber of Deputies, after the Tonquin debate, March 28, passed a vote of confidence in the government by 273 to 227. On the following day it was officially announced that the Chinese had defeated the French troops and recaptured the town of Langson. The news led to riotous demonstrations in Paris, and the Ferry ministry resigned. On April 6 a new cabinet was announced under the leadership of M. Brisson.

The Arabs surprised the British troops near Suakin March 22, but were repulsed with a loss of 3000 men. The British lost 600.

DISASTERS.

March 25.—Music Hall, Buffalo, New York, destroyed by fire.

March 27.—Eleven miners killed by explosion of coal dust at McAllister, Indian Territory.—Thirty-five men killed by gas explosion in Chilean mines.

March 30.—British steamer *Orestes* sunk in collision with a Chinese steamer. Seventy men drowned.

April 3.—Fire-damp explosion in a mine at Martinello. Eighteen men killed.

April 4.—Thirty lives lost from the steamer *Marinpol* in the Sea of Azof.

April 13.—Collapse of eight unfinished tenement-houses in West Sixty-second Street, New York. Several workmen injured.

OBITUARY.

March 18.—At Highland Falls, New York, Susan Warner, aged sixty-seven years.

March 23.—In Washington, D. C., Edward D. Clark, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, aged forty years.

March 24.—In Memphis, Tennessee, Jacob Thompson, ex-Secretary of the Interior, in his seventy-fifth year.

March 25.—In Utica, New York, General James McQuade, aged fifty-six years.

March 26.—In Chicago, General Anson Stager, aged sixty years.

March 27.—In Fernandina, Florida, Frederick S. Winston, aged seventy-nine years.

March 28.—In Fontainebleau, France, Prince Orloff, Russian diplomatist, aged fifty-eight years.

April 1.—In New York, Rev. Dr. William R. Williams, aged eighty-one years.

April 2.—At Bournemouth, Earl Cairns, aged sixty-six years.—Franz Abt, aged sixty-six years.

April 7.—In Philadelphia, Rear-Admiral John Marston, aged eighty-eight years.

April 8.—In New York city, Richard Grant White, aged sixty-three years.

April 13.—In London, Admiral Sir George Rose Sartorius, aged sixty-five years.

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Editor's Drawer.

IT is a fortunate thing for literature that it comes into fashion occasionally. It is a good thing for the publishers and the printers, and it is an encouragement to the authors. Say what we will about the superiority of man, and try to believe it, women make and set the fashions. They decide what society shall interest itself in, and when society takes up letters, then and then only there will be what is vulgarly called a "boom" in literary affairs. A little reflection ought to teach man humility. When he has been unassisted, has he been able to make literature in the least degree fashionable? What a poor figure his product cuts all along the Middle Ages, when women paid very little attention to it! and how it expanded and bloomed whenever the interesting sex took it up, as did the coterie of the Hôtel Rambouillet in the time of Louis XIV.! It is impossible to resist the revival at such times or escape its influence, unless one goes out of society altogether. Even literary men have to become literary for the time being.

The Drawer does not recall any period in history when literature was more in fashion than it is now. And perhaps the public does not comprehend how exceedingly opportune and fortunate this fashion is. Owing to various discouragements, particularly the want of an international copyright, it may not be generally known that the literary producers in English were on the point of a strike. All that was necessary was for the authors to come to a common agreement not to produce another line until their rights were admitted and their demands were satisfied, and the public would have been in the condition of the Egyptians when the Nile subsides. Of course the printers and publishers would have suffered first, and a good many industries which depend entirely upon the continued movement of the pens of authors would have come to a standstill. Congress takes notice of these industries, and taxes and protects them; but the industry lying back of them, the motive power of them all, the queer stir in the brains of authors, which is communicated to their fingers and produces "copy," Congress is wholly unaffected by. And probably it never will recognize it until the literary producers strike and go to raising cabbages. The female movement, which has made literature fashionable, has averted this strike for the time being; but it is not out of place to suggest that if the women are really interested in literature—and interested they certainly are, for they produce about half of all that keeps the type foundries and presses running—they will procure an international copyright without delay. If they like, they can make international copyright as fashionable as a four-o'clock tea in New York, or as drawing-room Bible reading was in London a few years ago.

But this strike was not the most imminent danger that was averted by the change in fashion that has taken place recently. When women took up the tea-pot, and the mediæval embroidery, and the limp stayless gown (oh, sweet, clinging thing!), literature began to run to bric-à-brac. The poets were all becoming upholsterers and wall-decorators and designers of women's dresses. Literature was getting to be nothing if not æsthetic and responsive to the divine longing in the soul for broken china, and classic folds of drapery in sick and fainting colors. A volume of verse (studies in mauve and chrome yellow) was hardly to be distinguished from a portfolio of drawings from the nude in night schools, or from a cabinet of bric-à-brac; and perhaps nothing but the climate or the change of fashion saved London, in its devotion to art for art's sake, from the costumes of the ancient Egyptians, from the unconventional and pure ideal of life in which a sufficient dress would have been a poem, not, of course, one of the severe, colorless poems of the Puritanic age, but a ballad symphony in London fog, with just a roundel in invisible yellow thrown over the shoulders.

Thank Heaven it has pleased the arbiters of fashion and the consolers of life to turn their attention partially away from decoration (which was forcing literature as well as art to take its color) to the cultivation of the mind! It is a thought of great encouragement and some solemnity that there is probably not a mind in this country that is not being cultivated; of course we except a few men and boys who are still going on as if ignorance were a distinction, and are not any more counted a part of society. The pursuit of spindle-legged furniture, except as it illustrates the history of literature, has given way to the improvement of the mind. This is not a mere whim, the amusement of a coterie here and there; it is the fashion. It is more prevalent than poke-bonnets just before the outbreak of our Revolution. The mind is cultivated just as much in Oshkosh as it is in Boston. Why, look at Dante. He is as well known in Iowa as in New York. He may have supposed that he had set a riddle that all the ages could not read, but all his mysteries have been penetrated by tens of thousands of eager feminine inquisitors. And Shakespeare. There isn't a town in the United States whose mind is not focussed on his plays with a penetration that leaves nothing unrevealed. Of course Queen Anne and that little era of hers was seen through long ago; it was only a period, and the insatiate mind has gone back to Plato and something substantial. Clubs, circles, readings, lectures, discussions, studying periods and words and isolated authors, devoting a winter to Steele, a season to Pindar, a "course of eight" to Sordello—these are the occupa-

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tions that have taken the place of æsthetics and the previous frivolities.

We are not celebrating this, or rejoicing in it, under any misapprehension. Fashions change, we know. Sometimes it is art, sometimes it is dress, sometimes it is philanthropy, sometimes it is religion, sometimes it is literature, that is in fashion. We like all the fashions, in different degrees, and we like the literary fashion very much, for there is no fashion that is not improved in the long-run by an era of the cultivation of the mind.

My father (writes a correspondent) was a slave-owner in the South before the war, and I was brought up largely by colored nurses, to whom I naturally became very much attached. After the war the blacks were scattered more or less, and but few of my father's former slaves remained in our neighborhood. Among those who did remain, however, was one of my old nurses, a woman of about forty-five or fifty years of age, who lived on the farm of a man who had never owned slaves, and who took no further interest in the blacks than to get work out of them. Returning on one occasion to visit my home, I received word that "Aunt" Ellen wanted me to come to see her, and of course I was glad to go. I found her living very meanly, faring, apparently, much worse than she ever had done when a slave. Her husband was a drunken, worthless fellow, whom she had to support; she had poor health, and a houseful of poorly clad, poorly fed children to care for. Brought up in the midst of slavery, and being at the time a very young man, I had never realized the cruelty of that institution, and as I looked about my old nurse's cabin I could but contrast her surroundings with what they had been when I was a child and she was a slave. So I said to her: "Aunt Ellen, don't you think you fared much better when you were a slave? Then you had a better house to live in, plenty to eat, plenty to wear, no doctors' bills, and never any thought or care about such things."

"Dat's so, Mas' John," she replied. "I did hab mo' to eat, an' mo' to wah, an' none o' dis here kin' o' trouble; but den, de Lawd bless ye, honey, afta all, *da's de feelin's!*"

The statement in Mr. Robinson's entertaining "Saunterings in Utah," in a recent number of the Magazine, that snakes can not jump, calls to mind the massassauga, a species of rattlesnake, hardly as long as one's arm and nearly as thick, that once infested northern Ohio and other portions of the West of forty years ago. This snake would, according to universal belief, jump to the height of a man's knees, while the bite was generally fatal. The following story illustrates anew the power of the imagination. The writer's grandfather once employed a "hired man" who was excessively nervous, and whose existence during harvest-time was imbittered by dread of the massassauga. He expected an attack at all times; and one day when the field hands had bound their legs to above the knees with bands of straw, as was necessary for protection from the reptiles, and had commenced work, this man suddenly dropped his scythe, threw up his hands with a cry that he had been bitten and was a dead man, and fainted. He could not be restored to consciousness by ordinary methods, so was carried to the house and put to bed. The crowd was alarmed, but on looking him over could find not a bite, neither did any snake appear. The removal of his nether garments disclosed the presence in the seat of his unmentionables of a huge bull-frog! He was aroused a little and the "snake" shown him. It completed the cure most swiftly.

A short time ago a New Hampshire man wished to run a telephone wire from his office to his residence. Its best line lay over a cottage wherein resided two venerable maiden ladies, one of whom answered his request for permission to use the route with the statement that while she "should be glad to accommodate him, the noise made by people constantly talking over her head would be too annoying to permit it."

The following story has no moral:

In a brisk New Hampshire city not far from Concord there resided long ago a certain doctor, who by hard work and strict attention to business amassed a goodly fortune, and by constant practice became a close and somewhat crabbed old bachelor. In a moment of recklessness, induced by meditating upon his lonely state, he resolved to get married, and being a business man, went about it in a business-like manner. He looked over all the eligible material in the community, and after careful consideration and inquiry, picked out a lady who had passed the first mile-stone on the "old-maid" path, though she was none the worse therefor. He called upon her, stated his case, and the value of his possessions, was accepted after a little hesitation, and in due time married. He was not accustomed to society, and lacked "polish." In fact, he could see no reason why an able-bodied female couldn't get along under ordinary circumstances without assistance in the way of polite attentions. His wife tried every artifice to cure him, but as all failed, resolved to make a stand; so after a ride, when the doctor drove up to the door, and jumping out, waited for her to alight, she sat still, and told him flatly she'd stay there until he helped her out. The doctor made no comment, but quietly unhitched the horse, took the animal to the stable, and returning, grasped the shafts of the old two-wheeled chaise, and, grievous to state, tipped it over backward, causing the lady to land most ungracefully on her head. She arose in wrath, and hied herself unto her parents', where she remained until cooled off, when

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the doctor came and asked her to come back, saying that "he liked her well enough, and only wanted to take the nonsense out of her." Strangely, she went, and remained to the end, while the pair became indeed one in disposition and all things, living most happily.

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

EL DORADO, 1851.

I'VE jest bin down ter Thompson's, boys,
'N' feelin' kind o' blue,
I thought I'd look in at "The Ranch,"
Ter find out what wuz new;
When I seen this sign a-hangin'
On a shanty by the lake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

I've seen a grizzly show his teeth:
I've seen Kentucky Pete
Draw out his shooter 'n' advise
A "tenderfoot" ter treat;
But nuthin' ever tuk me down
'N' made my benders shake
Like that sign about the doughnuts
That my mother used ter make.

A sort o' mist shut out the ranch,
'N' standin' thar instead,
I seen an old white farm-house,
With its doors all painted red.
A whiff came through the open door—
Wuz I sleepin' or awake?
The smell wuz that of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

The bees wuz hummin' round the porch,
Whar honeysuckles grew;
A yellow dish of apple-sass
Wuz settin' thar in view.
'N' on the table, by the stove,
An old-time "johnny-cake,"
'N' a platter full of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

A patient form I seemed ter see,
In tidy dress of black;
I almost thought I heard the words,
"When will my boy come back?"
'N' then—the old sign creaked;
But now it was the boss who spake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

Well, boys, that kind o' broke me up,
'N' ez I've "struck pay gravel,"
I ruther think I'll pack my kit,
Vamose the ranch, 'n' travel.
I'll make the old folks jubilant,
'N', if I don't mistake,
I'll try some o' them doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

DAVE B——, a handsome, brave, and popular young soldier in the Confederate army, was fond of good living; and if there was anything in the poultry, pork, or mutton line in the country round about camp, Dave was pretty sure to find it out, and to have some of it. He was a shrewd, bold forager. He hardly ever failed in his mission. One day he tramped many miles from camp over an adjacent mountain into a lovely valley beyond, where it had come to his knowledge a flock of sheep were quietly feeding. Stealthily creeping upon them, he levelled his musket, fired, and saw one of the animals tumble over, while the rest scampered away with affright. As he strode toward his victim, two figures in Confederate uniform stepped out from their concealment behind some bushes and ordered him to halt. These were guards, stationed to protect the stock and property of a rich old Virginia farmer. Our friend, with a sad heart, walked dejectedly before his captors toward a large, elegant country mansion near by. The old gray-haired farmer met them at the door, and being fully informed as to how matters stood, showed a savage disposition, and abused our friend unmercifully.

Finally he was asked if he had not visited that side of the mountain before. He was hesitating as to what reply to make, but glancing around, and seeing a pretty young lady a silent witness of the scene, he gathered new courage from her presence, feeling assured that so lovely a creature could not but sympathize and intercede for him. So, looking appealingly toward her, he answered that he had only been on that side of the mountain once before. The question then put was, "When was it?" and he immediately answered, naming the day. No sooner had the words escaped his lips than this lovely girl, in an excited manner, turned to her father and said, "Lor, pa, that was the very day we missed our old black sow!"

That settled the matter, and poor Dave was marched away to a place of security to await trial by court-martial.

AN employé in a factory in a neighboring city is hard of hearing, and when he does not fully catch your words, jumps at hasty conjectures, and will respond, "That's good! that's good!" A worthy woman having lost her husband under circumstances which excited much sympathy, happened to meet our deaf friend, who had not heard of her bereavement, and in reply to his friendly inquiries after her family, she proceeded to tell him of her affliction in all its trying details, and was doubtless more surprised than consoled when the poor man, who had only caught a word here and there, and had ludicrously misunderstood her, responded, cheerily and heartily, "*That's good! that's good!*—good-by," and went on his way in blissful ignorance of his blunder.

A LADY who sympathizes with the climatic woes of which something may have been inadvertently said in this department, wants the Drawer to move over to Santa Barbara, California, which is described as a restful paradise for women. It is admitted that women make a paradise, though they have not always been successful in keeping it. At Santa Barbara the conditions of life seem easy. Not much need to bother about canned fruit, for fresh fruit lasts almost the entire year. Strawberries and cream late in the autumn; melons,

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grapes, figs, pears, plums, abundant; luscious Hamburg grapes one and a half cents a pound; no trouble about servants, for the Chinaman can not only do everything faithfully, but purchase more economically than his mistress; sewing is almost left out of account where the seasons are so nearly the same the year round that changes are unnecessary; society is made up of most interesting and cultivated Eastern people, who have Shakespeare clubs, art circles, Chautauqua, musical, and Kensington cliques, and everybody is not only candid and courteous, but capable of letting everybody else alone; and a climate so gently uniform that life is relieved of all housekeeping anxiety, and woman has nothing to do but to bathe, ride, drive, eat fruit, and rest. Such perfection can not be allowed. There'll be an earthquake some time to swallow it all up.

"WHAT NEXT?"

A SAILOR returning from a long cruise brought with him a young parrot, which he bestowed upon his half-witted son, and then undertook the task of their joint education. Having his own ideas of teaching and "teaching made easy," and sea-voyages having been chief factors in broadening his views of life, he proceeded to institute a course of travel which should combine pleasure with knowledge. From place to place they went, seeing sights and shows, among which none were more in favor than the common play-houses, or places of cheap theatrical entertainment, found everywhere. The old tar, in imagination, here revisited the haunts of his sailor life, the boy "Tommy" gazed with open-mouthed wonder, and Poll chuckled with delight.

L'appétit vient en mangeant, but instead of growing also critical and discriminating, Tommy only became insatiate, and one scene was scarcely off the boards before he cried, "What's next?" And Polly came in with an invariable echo of "What's nex'?"

The old man tried in an ineffectual but probably conscientious way to influence and train their judgment by applause or condemnation, or by exclamations such as "Good playin' that!" or "Mighty poor! Mixed plot—mixed plot!" "Wager 'twon't run a week!" etc., etc. But the boy only turned his head to demand, "What's next?" and the parrot cried, "What's nex'?"

In the course of time they reached San Francisco, and found themselves one day in the Chinese quarter, and "at the front" in one of its celebrated play-houses. Hours of delightful instruction and rapid acquisition followed, and the father's fondest ambitions seemed in a fair way of being realized, when his school was suddenly broken up by the unforeseen event of a premature explosion of a gigantic fire-work. After flames and smoke were subdued, and the police in possession, it was discovered that the unfortunate sailor and his son were victims of the disaster, a flying missile having knocked them off their seats, and in some way caused their death. "Broke their necks," remarked a by-stander. As the veteran charger answers to the well-known bugle note, so forth from the débris came a feeble but distinctly piped "*What's nex'?*" Excavations brought to light the battered, singed, and bruised body of poor Poll. With one weak, ineffectual effort at reconstruction, choking and sputtering, she exclaimed: "Mighty poor playin' that! Mixed plot—dretful mixed! Bet 'twon't run a week!" Then, with an ineffable chuckle, as she took her poor limping way along: "*But it brought down the house, Tommy. What's nex'?*"

PAN.

On its first revolution, astride
Of the new-born world, sat Pan;
He had jumped on board for the sake of the ride,
But he nervously clutched the cliffs of Clyde,
And peninsular Yucatan.

He dared not rise for fear
Of dashing against the stars.
While the world kept on its mad career,
Brushing his head against many a sphere,
And bruising his shoulder on Mars.

Ten cycles had passed away,
And his hair from fright was white;
He had never once dared to work nor play,
And he bitterly cursed the king of day,
And swore at the queen of night.

Then a comet came whizzing by,
Like a wasp darting out from space;
It poised, like a hawk, in the blue-black sky,
And looked at Pan with its blood-red eye,
With a sneer on its blood-red face.

And it said: "You're a worthless thing,
Too big for the ball you ride!
I will pierce your heart with my long sharp sting,
And through the opening I will fling
My igneous eggs inside."

It struck his quivering form.
Its eggs were meteorites,
And it hurled them deep in his corpse still warm,
In a terrible, red-hot, meteor storm,
Which lasted a million nights.

Thus Pan gave up the ghost,
So history (?) doth inform us;
But deep in his body was hatched a host
Of wonderful beasts, like the comet almost,
Red saurians, fierce, enormous!

The mountains, his fossil bones,
Are all that is left of Pan!
His skeleton limbs still gird the zones,
And his skeleton fingers form the stones
In the mountains of Yucatan.

MORAL.

Don't ride in a boat too small
To carry you on your way;
But when you *are* in, whatever befall,
Keep a stiff upper lip! Never think you're too tall
For the work to be done, nor the play!

Don't be in a hurry to ride
The first bubble of glittering greeds,
Lest the bones of your hope should turn white on the Clyde,
Or beside the grim fingers of Pan, which divide
The canals of De Lesseps and Eads.

W. W. FINK.

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PANDORA.

From the painting by F. S. Church, owned by W. T. Evans, Esq.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE MOHAMMADANS IN INDIA.

IN an age which professes to know so much that even school-boys and under-graduates speak with scorn of the state of science ten years back, it is somewhat surprising that the most profound ignorance should prevail concerning the social state, religion, art, and recent history of a civilized nation of two hundred and fifty million souls. What the majority of persons to-day know about India bears about the same relation to the reality as the traditions about the "blessed isles," extant in ancient Greece and Rome, would bear to an accurate description of North America in our own times.

There is doubtless a good excuse for the prevailing ignorance about all that is Indian. We who are Europeans by descent, association in all that civilizes, and by sympathy of interests, have as a rule very definite preconceived ideas of the nations that come more immediately within the range of our observation. It would, indeed, be impossible to devote so much time as is generally given nowadays to the study of history without forming some conception, in the main a correct one, of the countries and peoples we read about. Can any one say, for instance, that until he has himself visited Italy his ideas of that country are not greatly influenced by the first impressions produced from reading the history of ancient Rome? Those ideas will of course be modified if he goes on to study the course of events in Italy during the Middle Ages, and his conception will gain vastly in clearness if he acquires the modern language of the land, and makes himself familiar with Italian thought. But still he will probably continue to judge modern Italy, which he thus surveys vicariously through the book-writers, by the standard of ancient Rome; and though, if he finally goes there, he will be driven to part with some of his most cherished illusions, he will yet make what he sees to fit into what he remembers, and the comparison of these two series of facts will combine to produce a more or less accurate knowledge of the country as it is.

But if we concentrate our attention on a people of whose history we know nothing, whose institutions, social and religious, are enveloped in a mist of complication, and who inhabit a distant country we have never visited, the picture we call up is likely to be kaleidoscopic, to say the least of it. Now India is such a country, and Indians are just such a people. Until the tenth century of our era India has no history whatever, unless the threads of fact supposed to exist in the two great epic poems may be dignified by that name. There are a few ancient inscriptions, all of the reign of a great king named As'oka, who seems to have ruled nearly the whole of India, as these records are found at immense distances from each other, and it is believed that he reigned somewhat earlier than Philip of Macedon. But we have absolutely no other date by which to fix

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the actual value of Indian chronology, even the date of the birth of Buddha being roughly conjectured from these inscriptions, which are Buddhistic. The cause of this singular fact is probably to be found in the character of the Brahmanic belief, speculative in its nature and tyrannical in its application. The priests of India, who alone could have produced a history of the country, doubtless judged such matters beneath their notice, or at least beneath the dignity of being committed to writing, which was an art early set apart for the preservation of religious books. It may be, too, that the great epic poems, the Mahâbhârata and the Ramáyana, contained, for those who could read the truth out of the allegory, a sufficient account of the principal conquests of the Aryan race in the Indian peninsula.

Most religions have an architecture which is peculiarly their own, from the Egyptian to the Christian, so that the mind, dwelling on the beliefs of every particular Church, is tolerably certain to call up sooner or later a picture of some place of that especial worship. Probably very few persons think of Egyptian priests without imagining also an Egyptian temple. In general it may be said that no great religion has flourished and grown strong in men's hearts which has not also impelled their hands to work for it, and to work in some especial fashion whereby its votaries have founded a school of architecture.

The latest-born religion of any importance is that of Mohammad, and so also the latest school of building which can boast of any permanent fame in the world is that known as the Mohammadan. The fact that it was bred upon the Gothic no more deprives it of its intrinsic individuality than the Egyptian origin of Greek art makes the latter un-Greek.

In one respect Mohammadan architecture is peculiar. It spread so rapidly and found such favor in men's eyes that in a comparatively short time it was common to a wider territory than has ever been subject to any school of building of which we know, excepting, perhaps, the hideous and degenerate architecture of the present century. Wheresoever the victorious arms of the Prophet's followers subdued the unbelievers to the worship of Allah, there also mosque and minaret—musjid and minar—soon raised their graceful arch and tracery and spire; and the region conquered by the Islamites has extended at one time and another from Granada to Calcutta.

At present I propose to speak only of the Muslims in India, and of their architecture, which flourishes to this day in the face of another great school of building from which it differs in almost every particular, maintaining its own individual and characteristic beauty with surprising force.

The vast populations of East India, numbering in all some two hundred and fifty million souls, are at the present day chiefly adherents to one form or another of Brahmanism, comprehended under the general term of Hindus, or they are mussulmans. Of these latter there are probably about thirty millions in India. It is a mistake to suppose that there are still any Buddhist communities in the country, if we except the island of Ceylon and the extreme northern territory of Nepaul. The Buddhist movement arose about five hundred years before Christ, and expired, in all probability, in the fourth century of our era. Nevertheless, as far as we can judge, the Buddhists were the first builders and hewers of stone of whose work any traces remain, and to them is commonly attributed the foundation of the Indian school of architecture. With its ultimate origin we have nothing to do, but for those who are unfamiliar with the subject it is sufficient to say that the first specimens of Indian building bear a strong resemblance to the Egyptian. The arch is unknown, and the massive architrave still holds its place, supported by stout pillars and square door-posts. The material in use, being more easily worked by the chisel than the granite of the Egyptians, has been everywhere adorned with an amazing wealth of carving, chiefly representing, in Hindu places of worship, gods and goddesses, animals of all descriptions, real and mythical, and battle scenes, or, in the remains of Buddhist temples, figuring endless processions of Buddhas, pagodas, men, and animals, with elaborate and highly ornamented symbols, such as wheels, trees, *dagops* or domes, and the like. There are the deep porticoes, the broad colonnades, and the gloomy inner shrines that continually remind the observer of Egypt. Under the religious domination of the Buddhistic monastery system, and during the subsequent period which saw the revival of Brahmanic pow-

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TOMB IN OLD DELHI.

er, this style of building grew to its massive perfection, and its main points are found in every sort of edifice, or ruin of an edifice, dating from those times.

But India has in all ages been exposed to the rapacious inroads of northern nations, more warlike, more masculine, and more fierce than herself. The Turks and the Tartars, the Afghans and the Persians, have all overrun northern India since the tenth century. Mahmoud, Mohammad of Ghor, Tamerlane, and Nadir Shah, the Persian conqueror of the last century, have successively conquered the Panjâb, plundered it, and gone their ways. The power of the mussulman faith in the East has been second only to the power of the mussulman arms, and in the successive expeditions of the Muslim conquerors, often ending in the foundation of new cities in place of those destroyed, millions of Hindus were converted to the belief in one God, from their belief in several hundreds of gods. The dominating faith destroyed the sanctuaries of Brahmanism and the remains of Buddhism, and its theological offspring, Jainism, and built mosques and holy places in their stead. Hence the introduction of the Mohammadan architecture, which has now spread from one end of the country to the other, and exists side by side, and often in combination, with the earlier Hindu style.

There is no difficulty whatever in distinguishing the handiwork of Hindus and Mohammadans. The distinction is, broad-

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ly speaking, the same as that between Greek and Gothic building. The one loves the horizontal, the massive, and the heavy; the other tends to the perpendicular, the pointed, the graceful, and the light. Greek and Hindu temples look broad; Gothic and Mohammadan churches look high. Where the Hindu would place a couple of large pilasters, thickly carved with a redundant mass of idol-symbols, supporting a square stone cornice, the Muslim builds a springing arch, twice the height of the Hindu erection, and tapering away to a point. Where the Indian carves a rich confusion of grotesque figures, the Mohammadan gives his chisel full freedom in the creation of every species of tracery and so-called arabesque; for the Islamite is as strictly forbidden to make to himself images of living things as the Hebrew.

Of the present collection of photographs, for the use of which I am indebted to the generosity of Mr. Lockwood De Forest, of New York, by far the most interesting are those representing Mohammadan buildings in Delhi, Old Delhi, and Ahmedabad. It would indeed be hard to conceive of anything more magnificent, more beautiful, than these splendid monuments of the Muslim empire in northern India; nor could the imagination of poets or the skill of artists call up images more moving in their sadness or more stately in their decay. For ruin is everywhere encroaching with the years as they pass, and there is little hope that those mighty architects, whose royal bones lie mouldering in the tombs of their own building, will ever again have one worthy successor. The nineteenth century canker is at work in India as elsewhere, destroying the beautiful and producing the hideous in its place.

But it would be very unjust to lay the blame of Delhi's ruin wholly upon the English, however much they may be responsible for the uncouth masses of ugliness in brick and stone which they delight in rearing as earnests of their power. They destroyed much, it is true, in the disastrous wars of the Mutiny, as well as in the earlier struggles with the Sikh power in northern India; but they are not wanton ruiners of the beautiful. To take Delhi as an instance—there is, perhaps, hardly another city in the known world which has been so often besieged, captured, plundered, destroyed, and rebuilt.

It may not be unprofitable to glance at the history of the Mohammadan conquest of India, inseparably associated as it is with this remarkable place, which has for ages been by far the most important stronghold and capital of northern India.

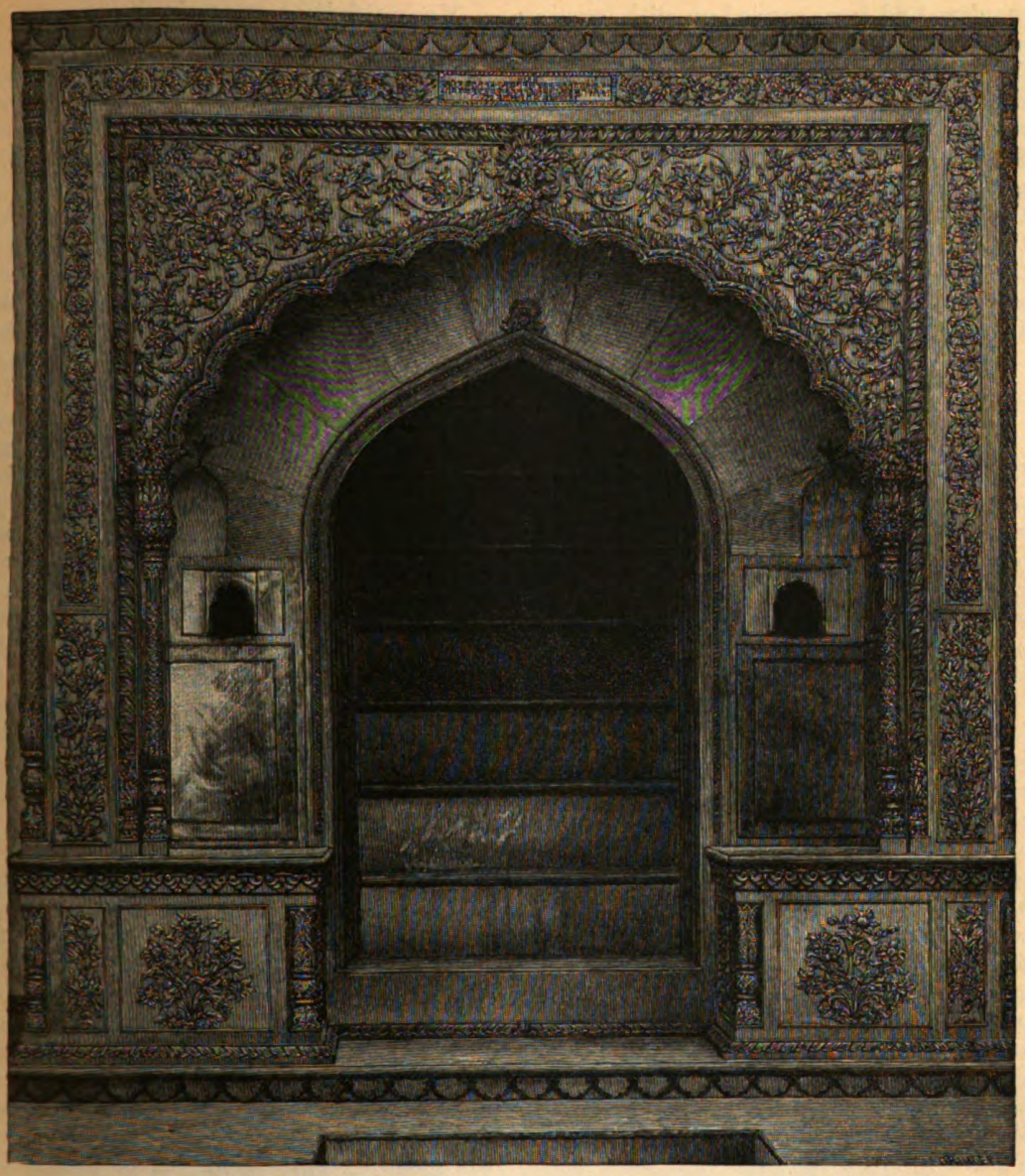
The traditions of Delhi are said to stretch as far back as the fifteenth century B.C.; at all events it is certain that the city is the same with the Indra-prastha of the Mahâbhârata, the residence of the famous Pândavas, with whose wars that immense epic chiefly deals. In the almost total absence of anything like a history of those early times we are thrown principally upon tradition and probability as our means for determining the political position of Delhi. Everything points to its supremacy in the northwest. Situated on the banks of the great river Yamunâ, now called the Jumna, it was in communication by navigable waters with all the country to the eastward as far as the Bay of Bengal; and its wealth, to judge from the accounts of the spoils carried away by Muslim invaders, must have been little short of fabulous.

Delhi was, of course, a Hindu city, and stronghold of Brahmanism; and as such it was exposed to the attacks of the Buddhist movement, which probably reached its height at the beginning of our era. But in the majority of the traditions about Delhi there is no mention whatever of the Buddhist reform. The Persian historians, tracing a series of fabulous or semi-fabulous dynasties from the time of Krishna, make the city of Oudh the ancient capital of the north, but without any sufficient authority; and they attribute the founding of Delhi to a prince called Delu, who reigned about 500 B.C., and was dethroned and slain by a member of his own family, Phoor, governor of Cumaun, who became emperor, and was the father of the Phoor, or Porus, vanquished by Alexander the Great. There is no reason to doubt that Alexander entered Delhi.

In the ninetieth year of our era died Bicker-Majît, a warlike prince, said to be contemporary with Sapor, the King of Persia. There is some confusion here, as Sapor is well known to have been contemporary with Constantine the Great, in the early part of the fourth century. However that may be, it is common for Hindus to date their modern chronology from the death of Bicker-Majît, A.D. 89.

It is at least probable that the Hindu empire began to decline under Partab Chand,

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SANDSTONE DOORWAY, MULTÂN.

about 500 A.D., and soon after his death—say about the time of the birth of Mohammad, which was in 570—the entire empire was divided amongst petty princes and chiefs, who ruled as seemed good in their own eyes, until Maldeo, a Hindu of low birth, temporarily resuscitated the title of Emperor by conquering Delhi and seizing everything he could lay hands on. The most remarkable fact in his conquests appears to be that in the city of Kinoj he found thirty thousand shops where árreca nuts were sold, which the Indians of that time used as tobacco; and he further seized in the same place, say the Persians, no less than sixty thousand bands of musicians and singers, who paid a tax to the government. For these facts I am indebted to Alexander Dow's translations of the Persian histories, and if they are reliable it would appear that the street band and hand-organ nuisances are not of modern invention.

So much for the traditions of Delhi prior to the Mohammadan conquest. During all that early period the north of India had been subjected to the constant invasions of Persian plunderers, and border

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warfare had been carried on with varying success. But the first great conquest was due to Subuctaji, a Tartar, who mounted the throne of Ghizni in the year 977. He overcame in a great battle Jeipal, King of Lahore and Kashmir and the north, together with the kings of Delhi, Ajmir, Callinjer, and Kinoj. This decisive action was fought on the banks of the Nilâb, the blue water, the river known to the ancients as the Hydaspes, and famous by Horace's ode:

"quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes."

It is no wonder Horace called the river fabulous. It is of this place that Herodotus tells the wonderful tale of the ants which were "smaller indeed than wolves, but larger than foxes." The ant-hills were gold-dust, and the Indians came on swift camels, filled a sack or two with the precious sand, and fled before the monstrous insects discovered the theft.

But to return. Jeipal survived his defeat, and lived to oppose Mahmoud I., son of Subuctaji, and being defeated again, he died nobly. "For," says the chronicler, "it was in those ages a custom of the Hindus that whatever rajah was twice worsted by the Muslims should be by that disgrace rendered unfit for further command. Jeipal, in compliance with this custom, having raised his son to the government, ordered a funeral pile to be prepared, upon which he sacrificed himself to his gods."

It is said that when Jeipal was captured he wore about his neck sixteen strings of jewels, of the aggregate value of one million and a half of dollars. The tales of the plunder collected by Mahmoud in his numerous expeditions are adorned with every species of Oriental hyperbole, but it is certain that he brought home enormous wealth. In his sixth expedition he took Delhi, but relinquished the idea of annexing it to his dominions until he should have assured himself of his empire over the more northerly portions of India.

Mahmoud and his successors appear to have reigned at Ghizni, and styled themselves Emperors of India, for a period of about one hundred and fifty years, during which time they seem to have been generally under the necessity of collecting the tribute due to them (and anything else on which they could lay hands) at the point of the sword.

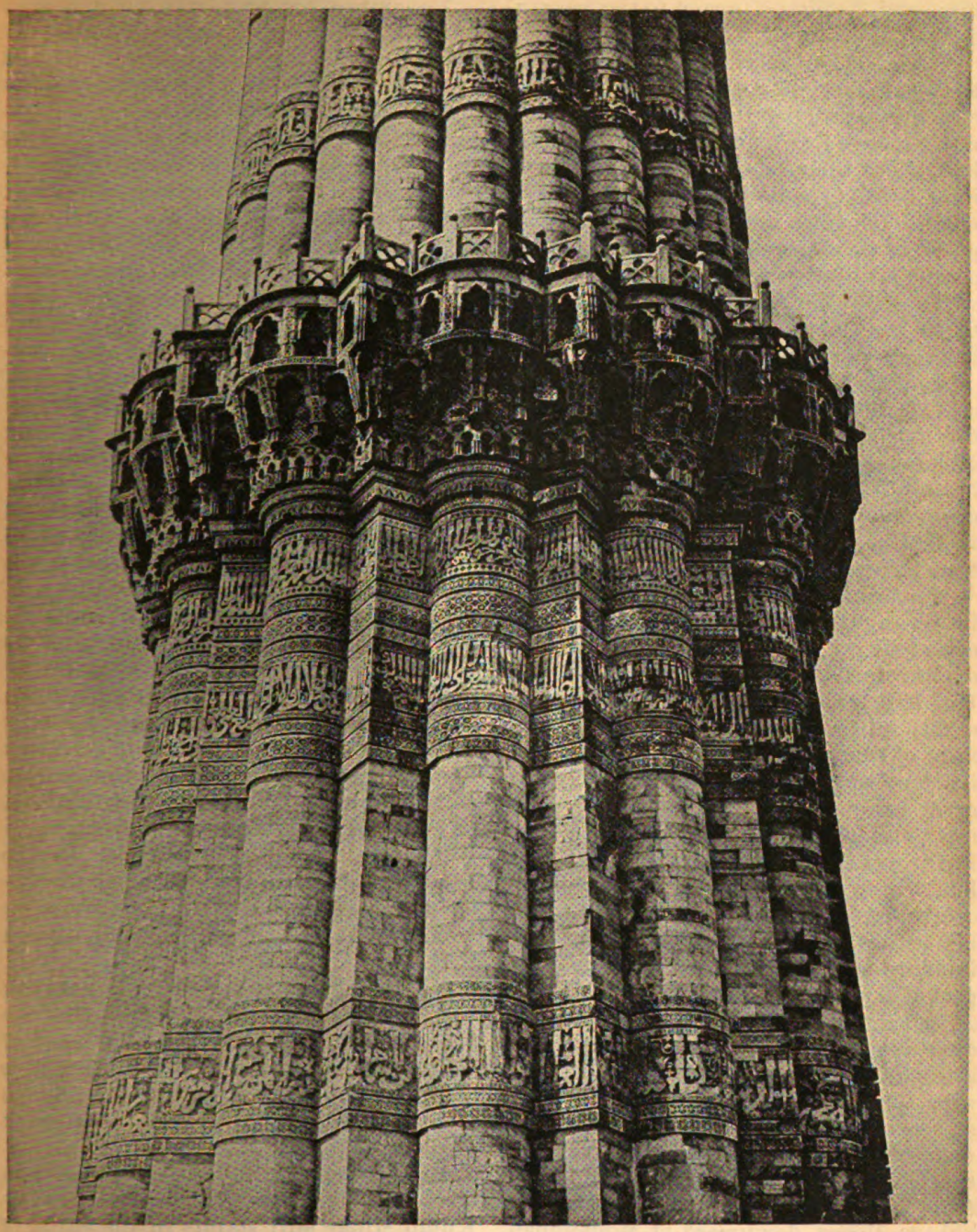
Meanwhile a race of valiant warriors of the same stock was thriving in the mountains of Ghor, from which it was destined that a conqueror should arise, of the same blood as the Ghizni princes, but of sterner mould than any one of them since Mahmoud I.

This was no other than Mohammad of Ghor, the conqueror of India and Khorassan, and the doer of many valiant deeds for the true faith. In the year 1171 (567 of the Hegira) Yias-ud-dîn ascended the throne of Ghor, and appointed his brother Mohammad to be his general. In the course of years Mohammad conquered a vast region, and Yias proclaimed himself Emperor of India in defiance of the house of Ghizni, then represented by Khusero II., a feeble and degenerate descendant of the great Mahmoud; Mohammad vanquished Khusero at Lahore, and forced him to give over his capital and empire, which were thus transferred to Yias. The power of the latter seems to have been nominal, for his strong brother Mohammad made peace or war as he pleased, without condescending to consult any one. This transfer took place in 1184, or thereabouts.

One of Mohammad's earliest exploits is indicative of his character. It happened in the year 1176. The general had reduced Multân to submission, and proceeded to march against Adja, a Hindu stronghold in possession of a rajah whose name is lost. The fort was a strong one, and Mohammad was soon aware that a long siege would be necessary. He seems, however, to have been always averse to long sieges, and he determined to gain possession of the place by stratagem. Accordingly he dispatched a secret messenger into the fort. The man sought an opportunity of speaking with the wife of the rajah, and at a convenient moment he unfolded his master's plan.

"Mohammad, the lord of ages," he said, "whose hand is iron and his breath a destroying flame, bids me greet the most honorable lady of Adja, whose eyes are like fair jewels and her hair as silk; and he furthermore bids me say that if she will accelerate the work of Allah, and shorten the hand of her husband the rajah, so that he drink of the cup of destiny, and being removed from this vale of sorrow, be promoted to everlasting peace—if she will do this good deed, she shall then be the bride of the great and

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SECTION OF KUTAB MINAR, DELHI.

warlike Mohammad, who is like the torrents of the hills of Ghor in his wrath." With that the messenger held his peace.

But the rani looked forth from her castle walls and saw the hosts of Mohammad encamped, that they were boundless as the sea and numerous as the locusts. Moreover, she looked into her mirror, and she saw that the hand of time was upon her, and that she was old and hideous.

Then she said in her heart: "If I do this thing, and offer myself to Mohammad for his bride, he will be very wroth because I am not young and fair to look upon. And perchance he will slay me in his anger. Nevertheless, this thing must be

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managed." So she turned to the messenger.

"Tell the lord of ages, who is your master," said she, "that the face of his handmaiden is no longer smooth with youth, neither have I as much hair as I formerly had. But I have a fair daughter, having long black eyes and a face like the full moon. If your master will marry this pearl of maidens, and leave me also the command of this territory under him, I will speedily cause my husband the rajah to be translated to a better life than he here enjoys."

And so it happened. Mohammad accepted the offer, and we may hope that the rajah's end was a peaceful one. But Mohammad did not keep his promise, for he would not trust the rani with the government of the place, but dispatched her to Ghizni, where she lived but a short time to repent of her evil deeds.

Mohammad was not always victorious in his engagements, though it is said that after four out of his six expeditions to India he returned laden with immense spoils. His first great defeat befell him about eighty miles from Delhi. Kandi Râ was king of that place, and, in company with his brother and some others, brought a great army to oppose Mohammad. Owing to some misunderstanding, the Muslim wings suddenly fell back to right and left, leaving Mohammad exposed in the centre, and the panic quickly spread to his entire army, so that his generals fled in every direction. Infuriated at the prospect of defeat, he spurred his horse straight at the enemy, and the first foe he encountered was Kandi Râ himself, mounted on a huge elephant. Rising high in his stirrups, the mussulman flung his spear right at the elephant's face, and with such tremendous force as to knock out three of the beast's molar teeth. But the Hindu from his high position in the howdah was able to thrust downward at Mohammad, piercing his arm, and the conqueror of Ghor would have perished then and there had not a handful of his chieftains swiftly caught him and removed him to a place of safety. They were, however, hotly pursued by the enemy, and only escaped under the cloak of night. Mohammad had met with a decided check in Guzerat some years before, but it does not appear that he had been ever so signally defeated as in this engagement with the King of Delhi.

Mohammad recovered of his wound and returned to Ghizni, where he invented for those generals who had deserted him one of the most original and facetious punishments ever devised by a sovereign's ingenuity. He caused horses' nose-bags filled with grain to be tied about their necks, and he drove the deserters about the city, forcing them to eat the raw and dusty oats. The alternative, if they refused to eat, was instant decapitation, and the Persian chronicle quietly remarks that they chose the oats. It should be said that Mohammad afterward gave them an opportunity of retrieving their honor in battle, and they covered themselves with glory.

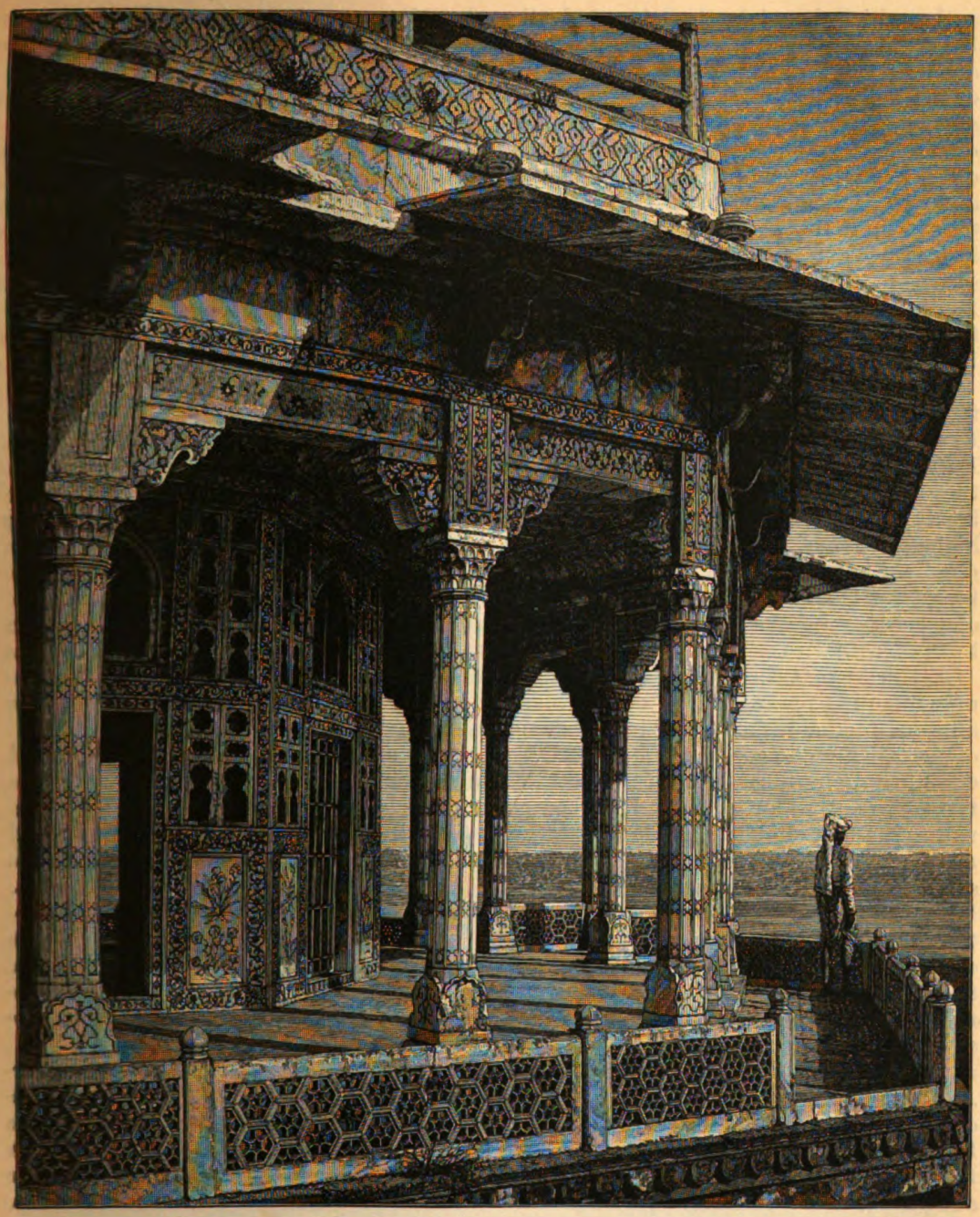
Mohammad of Ghor had a favorite slave, of Turkish origin, named Kutab-ud-dîn Abiek, which, by interpretation, signifies the "Polar Star of Religion with the Broken Finger." This man appears to have been almost as good a general as his master. When Mohammad finally conquered and subdued northern India he left Kutab in charge of Koram, and the slave-general took the first opportunity that offered for seizing Mirat and Delhi. In the latter city he established himself, and became to all intents and purposes King of India, under the supreme empire of Mohammad. But I can not find that he ever showed the least inclination to revolt into independent sovereignty, and he was faithful to Mohammad until the latter was assassinated by the Gikars, after which event he reigned independently in Delhi.

Kutab killed the Rajah of Benares in battle, and so thick was the fight that the prince's body was lost among the heaps of slain, and was only recognized, some time after, by the false teeth he had worn, which were held in place with gold wedges and wires.

Kutab was a great builder as well as a devout believer and a brave general. The Kutab Minar still stands in the ruins of Delhi to testify to his skill and love of the beautiful. It is probably the highest isolated tower in the world, and certainly far exceeds every rival in symmetry and beauty. There was formerly a great mosque standing at its base, and a few crumbling ruins still mark the foundations.

The extent of the ruins about modern Delhi is immense. "Old Delhi," as it is called, covers an area of no less than forty-five square miles. At one end of this

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PALACE IN AGRA.

great space Shah Jehan built modern Delhi in the middle of the seventeenth century. The latter, however, did not make his court at Delhi, but preferred Agra, where he built the famous Taj Mahal as a tomb for his favorite sultana, Mumtâza Zemâni, and endowed a monastery of Fakirs whose sole duty it was to tend the shrine. But Mohammad of Ghor and Kutab, his successor in India, lived some five hundred years before Shah Jehan, and Delhi had yet to suffer the barbarities of Tamerlane the destroyer, who is most likely responsible for a great part of the vast ruins that stretch away from the present city.

There is probably no chapter of the world's history so crammed with fighting

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as that which chronicles the doings in India from the tenth century to the fourteenth, and to endeavor to condense any account of the numerous sieges suffered by Delhi and by many another city of northern India during that period would be to produce a picture of unceasing bloodshed and of wearisome sameness. The character of Timur Beg, or Tamerlane, however, is so very extraordinary as to merit description. From him dates the famous Moghul Empire, finally extinguished in the present century by absorption into the East India Company.

"His successors," says Gibbon, "extended their sway from the mountains of Kashmir to Cape Comorin, and from Kandahar to the Gulf of Bengal. Since the reign of Aurungzebe their empire has been dissolved, their treasures of Delhi have been rifled by a Persian robber (Nadir Shah), and the richest of their kingdoms is now possessed by a company of Christian merchants of a remote island in the Northern Ocean."

It is said that Timur Beg was a grave man, of quiet manners, halt of one hand and one foot, and delighting in the game of chess, which he greatly complicated by doubling the number of pieces from thirty-two to sixty-four. He is described as ruling his household with calm equity, by no means sparing his sons from the observance of the law; temperate and regular in his life, and aiming ever at the establishment of an ideal kingdom where a child might carry a purse of gold in safety from east to west of the Asian continent. How a man of such character could at the same time be so emphatically the arch-destroyer of mankind is not clear. As for the authority he exercised over his children, it is at least certain that when he invaded India, his grandson Pîr Mohammad had made a little war for himself at Multân, and would have perished miserably had his grandfather not come to his rescue. How young Pîr went out to conquer India on his own account is not told, but it is certain that Timur was not provoked to any act of sharp justice. Timur's sons seem to have only waited for his death to tear each other to pieces at their leisure.

Timur, the wild chess-player, signalized his successes in India by a series of barbarous massacres. At one time on one day alone he murdered one hundred thousand prisoners in cold blood, lest they should turn against him. Having conquered the weak Mahmoud III. before Delhi, he entered the city, and had himself proclaimed emperor in all the mosques on Friday (the Muslim Sunday), and immediately left the city to the mercy of his Moghul soldiers, who burned, plundered, and slew till they were weary. He afterward returned, and gave evidence of his taste for the beautiful by ordering the famous mosque of Ferose, which had escaped the flames, to be copied in Samarkand.

These doings of Timur appear the more barbarous when we remember that he was himself a mussulman sacking a mussulman king's city, and slaying by the hundred thousand his mussulman subjects. He had not the excuse which he subsequently alleged in support of his expedition against China, that he was carrying the faith of the Prophet into a heathen country. The kingdom founded by Mohammad of Ghor was essentially Muslim, and its invasion by Tamerlane was as purely arbitrary an act of plunder as was the conquest of his own successors by Nadir Shah, the Persian freebooter of the eighteenth century.

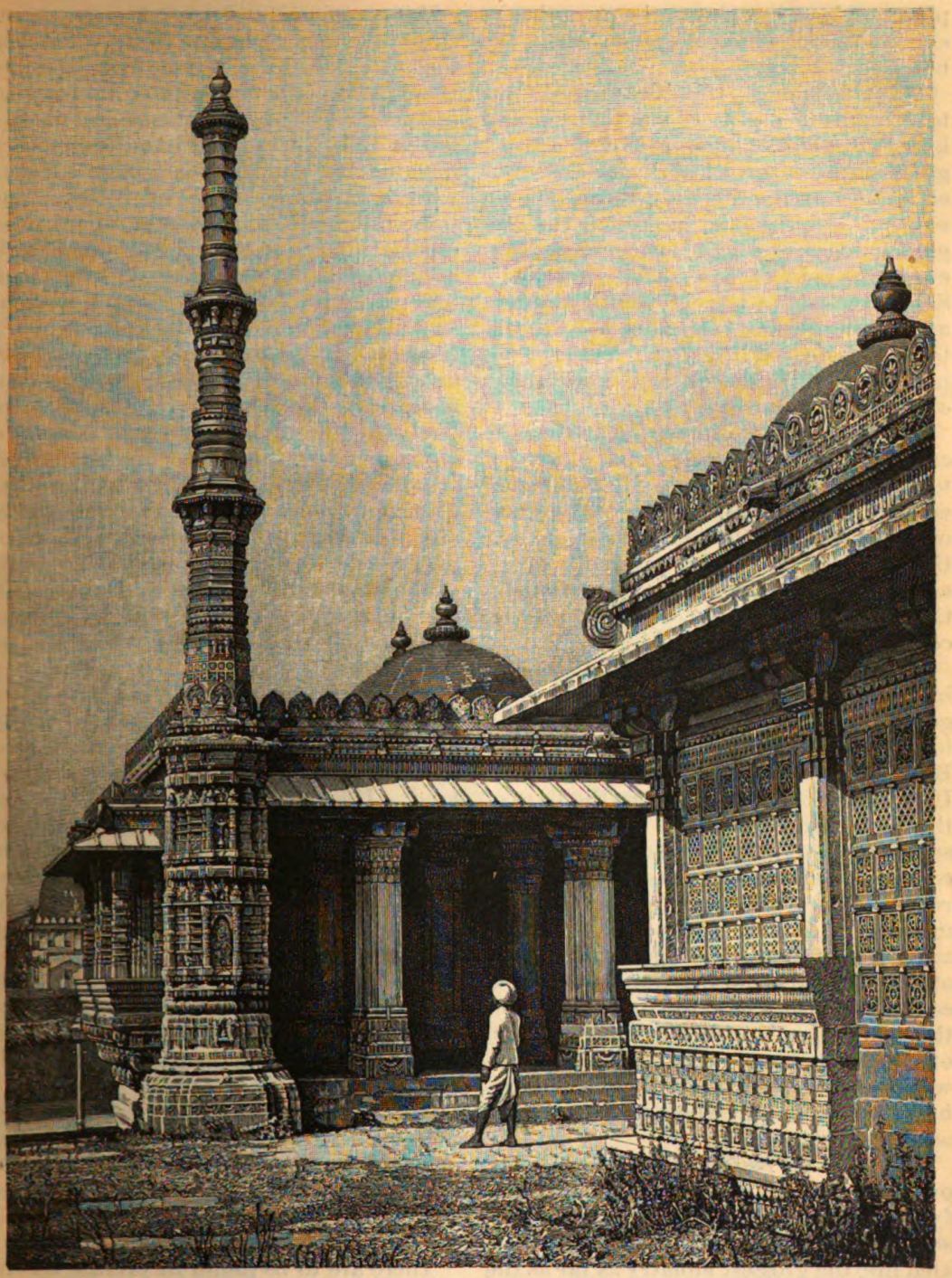
Timur died of drinking too much iced water, on the march to China in 1405. As was to be expected, his kingdom, or empire, fell to pieces, and for a hundred and twenty years a series of parvenu emperors of all sorts reigned at Delhi, besieging it, taking it, and holding it as they were able.

The next great conqueror of India was destined to be a descendant of Tamerlane, Zehir-ud-dîn Mohammad Baber, commonly known as Baber, the founder of the Moghul Empire.

According to Dow's version of the Persian historians, the relation between Timur and Baber was as follows: Sultan Abu Said, the grandfather of Baber, was the son of Muhammad, the son of Miran Shah, the grandson of Tamerlane. Gibbon, however, though quoting from the same source, makes Miran Shah the third son of Tamerlane—a confusion due to the ambiguity of Dow's language.

Baber was one of those extraordinary individuals who seem born to be defeated, trampled upon, and overthrown once in every few years, until some lucky chance gives them a complete and final victory. Twice he was totally discomfited and left with a mere handful of followers, and no apparent hope of retrieving his fortunes. Once his enemies attempted to murder him

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RANI SEPRE MOSQUE, AHMEDABAD.

by stealth, and he escaped alone and very scantily clothed, running barefoot across country for many miles to a place of safety. On another occasion he was deserted in battle, and slew five of the enemy's generals with his own hand.

Nevertheless, this wanderer finally succeeded in winning for himself a throne, which his descendants held until recent times. He used to say of himself that he was "the foot-ball of fortune, like a piece of wood on a chess-board, moved from

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place to place, vagrant as the moon in the sky, and restless as the stone upon the beach."

After four or five fruitless expeditions to Hindustan, he finally overthrew and killed Ibrahim, Emperor of India, in a great battle, entered Delhi, and established himself on the throne. From him descended in unbroken succession the Moghul emperors, whose power was weakened and reduced to a shadow by Nadir Shah of Persia in the eighteenth century, and by the Mahratta Hindus, but was not totally destroyed until the English got possession of Hindustan at the beginning of the present century.

I have thus endeavored to mark out the course of the principal events which led to the establishment of a Mohammadan empire in India. Of the great conquerors who carried thither their arms and their faith, Baber was probably the greatest, and events proved how solid a foundation he laid for the sovereignty of his successors.

As regards the influence of the Muslims in India, there is much to be said, both good and bad. That the mussulman faith is superior as an ethic institution to the Brahmanic belief may well be doubted. If the principles which govern the lives of the best Brahmans could be clearly and succinctly taught, they would be found to contain excellent elements of public morality. Unfortunately, however, Brahmanism is dressed and adorned with a multitude of symbolism and tawdry idolatry which only confuses the simple-minded, and furnishes food for the sarcasms of the wise. The danger of symbolism is everywhere the same. The ignorant will always confound the symbol with the attributes of that God in whose honor symbols are invented.

It is for this reason that Brahmanism, or Hinduism, by which I mean to signify the principal Brahmanic sects of worship now prevalent in India, has degenerated into the grossest idolatry as far as the mass of Hindus are concerned. Mohammadanism, on the other hand, has maintained in a great measure its original faith in an invisible and supreme God. This is due to the extreme simplicity of the religion in its beginnings, excluding as it does every kind of image worship by the prime prohibition, "Thou shalt not make a graven image of anything having a soul." That is the way the Prophet worded his command, and it has been interpreted to mean every living thing. Mohammadan rulers have never even stamped their coins with portraits of themselves, but only with superscriptions and dates.

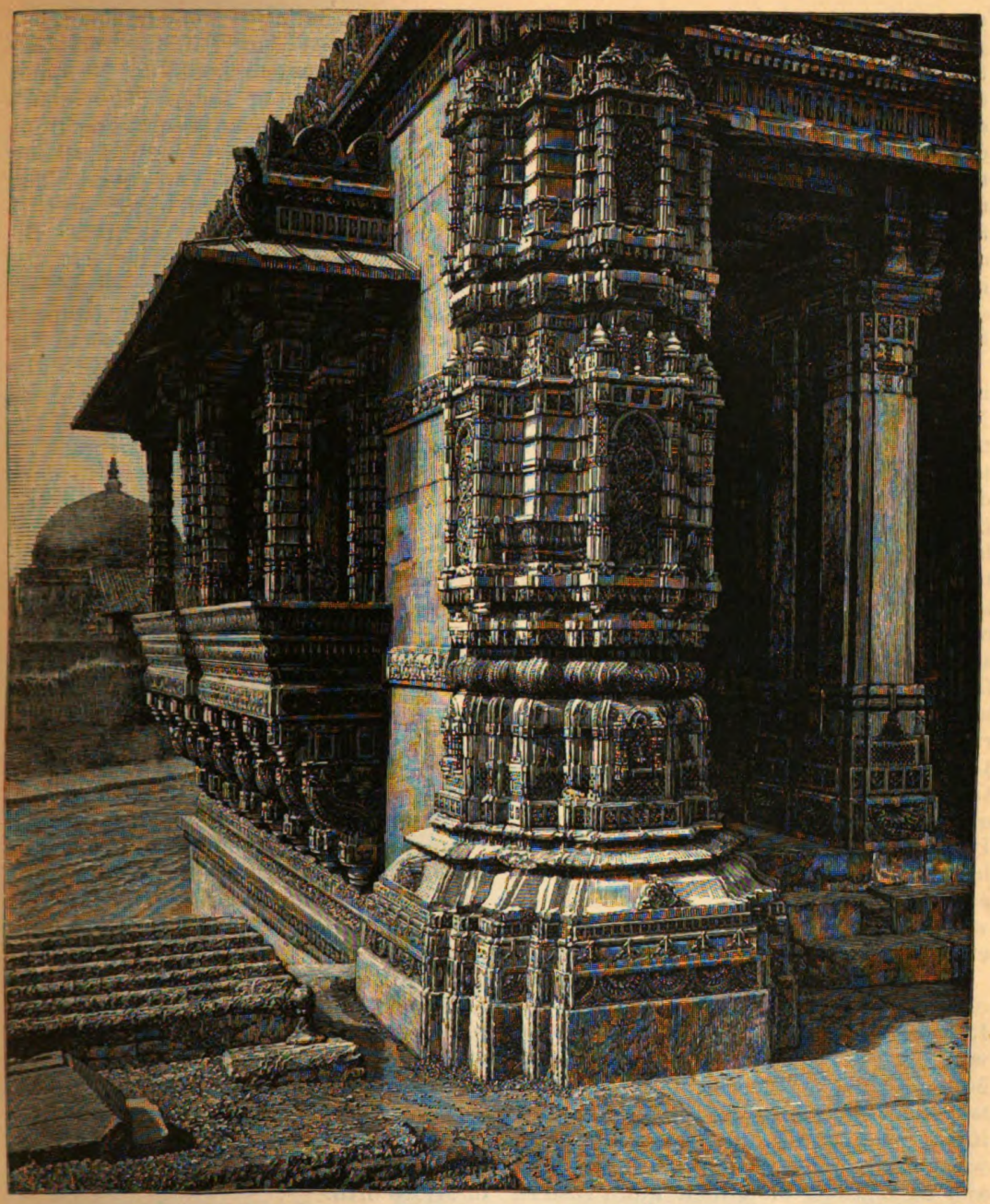
But the Hindu mind is naturally very imaginative, and is not easily satisfied with any simple form of belief. The three-hundredfold pantheon offers some especial attraction to each individual, and, as among the Egyptians of old, every man may carry his god in his pocket, without any particular disbelief in his neighbor's favorite deity, who may be quite as powerful, but is not so sympathetic to his own taste. On the whole, a Hindu is more likely to turn atheist than to become a Mohammadan, and the conversion of Hindus to Christianity has been entirely insignificant. The only conversions of any historical importance were those of St. Francis Xavier, who made Christians of the inhabitants of Goa, in southern India, by a military process of persuasion now no longer employed in matters of religion.

The Mohammadans brought with them to India their faith, their strong, manly characteristics, and their wonderful architecture, which has entirely pervaded the land. It is almost always possible to distinguish Mohammadans from Hindus at sight. They generally wear beards, whereas the Hindu is shaved, save for his mustache; they are more erect, more muscular, and of bolder aspect; they wear their clothes differently, for all Mohammadans button their white linen garments or their cloth caftans as we do—that is to say, the left side is brought over the right—whereas all Hindus button the right side of their coats over the left.

But wherever there are mussulmans, there you will find their graceful minarets and mosques, their domed sepulchres and solitary tombs, their light balconies and pointed doorways, contrasting with the heavy architecture of the Hindus.

There are to be found in private dwellings in Ahmedabad, a mussulman city in the west of India, such specimens of beautiful design and exquisite workmanship as are hardly to be met with anywhere else. There is, for instance, a round balcony, of which there is an illustration on page 179, from a photograph of the South Kensington collection, and which I believe to be wholly unique in conception. The material is wood, but the material is al-

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DETAIL OF RANI SEPRE MOSQUE.

ways a matter of indifference where perfection of form and of proportion is attained. The balcony rests on a semi-pedestal set into the wall. The parapet is very low, and supports five separate fluted columns, which taper to small square capitals, upon which again are raised light arches to carry the circular, umbrella-like canopy. The last projects far out, and is fringed with a number of small wooden balls. The whole construction is richly covered with lotus leaves, and thus affords an illustration of the way the Muslim artists took the beautiful when they found it.

The proportion of this wonderfully perfect balcony is worthy of note, as showing that the relation of parts which most pleases is seldom arbitrary. Upon accurate measurement it will be found that from the foot of the pedestal, unfortunately

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marred by a later wall, to the edge of the parapet, is precisely the length of one of the columns from its foot to the top edge of the square capital. And from the top of the capital to the top of the umbrella is exactly half that length. Considering the whole as divided into five equal parts, the pedestal and parapet have two of them, the columns two, and the umbrella roof, or *baldacchino*, as the Italians would call it, has one part. The dilapidated houses seen immediately adjoining this exquisite bit are of course of recent date.

Another instance of this fine proportion is a sandstone doorway of a palace in Multân—the city where Pîr Mohammad, the grandson of Tamerlane, so nearly came to signal grief. The inside width of this door is just half its height to the top of the fluting of the arch from the lowest step between the stone piers. It is impossible to conceive of anything more artistic than the carving and tracery surrounding and covering the outer arch. The inscription at the top is in Sanskrit character, and as far as I can decipher it sets forth that the house is the abode of the mahârâjah Srirama Candraji, and was built in the year 1522 of the Hindus, or 1609 of our era—that is to say, shortly before the invasion of Nadir Shah—but the date is obscure. It is uncommon to find buildings in the Mohammadan style erected by Hindu princes, and it is probable that this mahârâjah was a convert to Islam at the time he erected his palace.

Among the most beautiful monuments of Muslim genius must be counted the Rani Sepre Mosque at Ahmedabad. The whole city is full of beautiful specimens of Mohammadan as well as of Hindu architecture, and it would seem that the inhabitants of this distant city, being somewhat less frequently massacred and robbed and burned out than their more eastern brethren, had found more leisure and wealth to devote to lasting proofs of their power.

The Rani Sepre Musjid consists of two extensive buildings of sandstone, between which is a broad court, smoothly paved with the same material. Two graceful minarets stand at the angles of one of these buildings. The outer walls of the one building consist entirely of beautiful sandstone screen-work, open to the air, giving the most exquisite play of light and shade through the lace-like patterns.

The domes, the minarets, and the screen-work are essentially Mohammadan, but there are details of the building and some main features which would not be found in a mosque out of India. The square peristyle with the massive square columns and straight architrave show a strong leaning toward the Hindu manner. The curved cylinders of stone which support the balcony on the left are essentially Indian, and the whole structure has the "broad" look which I have already spoken of as characteristic of the Hindu temples. There is also something heavy about the ornamentation at the base of the walls that suggests a Southern bent in the architect's genius. Many of the details of the fretwork have been accurately copied by Mr. De Forest's Indian carvers, in dark wood, and are now in New York. I find the same Indian peculiarities in many of the other photographs of mosques in Ahmedabad.

One of the most remarkable of these is the great Jumma Musjid. The gateway is of gigantic size, for the pilasters at the sides are over forty feet in height, and the arch is over thirty feet to the point. There is a most imposing dignity and grandeur about it, and it might well be copied by our Western architects in preference to the wretched models they select in their shameful attempts at building. One looks at the works of those simple Southern artists, who did not disdain to handle the trowel and the chisel themselves, and one can not help wondering how it is that any creature above the level of an idiot in intelligence can tolerate for a moment the gaudy hideousness of modern buildings. Modern architecture seems as far removed from good taste as the Sunday go-to-meeting rig of an Irish cook is removed from the classic drapery of a Greek statue, or even from the most expensive productions of Mr. Worth.

And yet most ages have agreed in placing architecture at the head of all the arts, not excepting sculpture and painting.

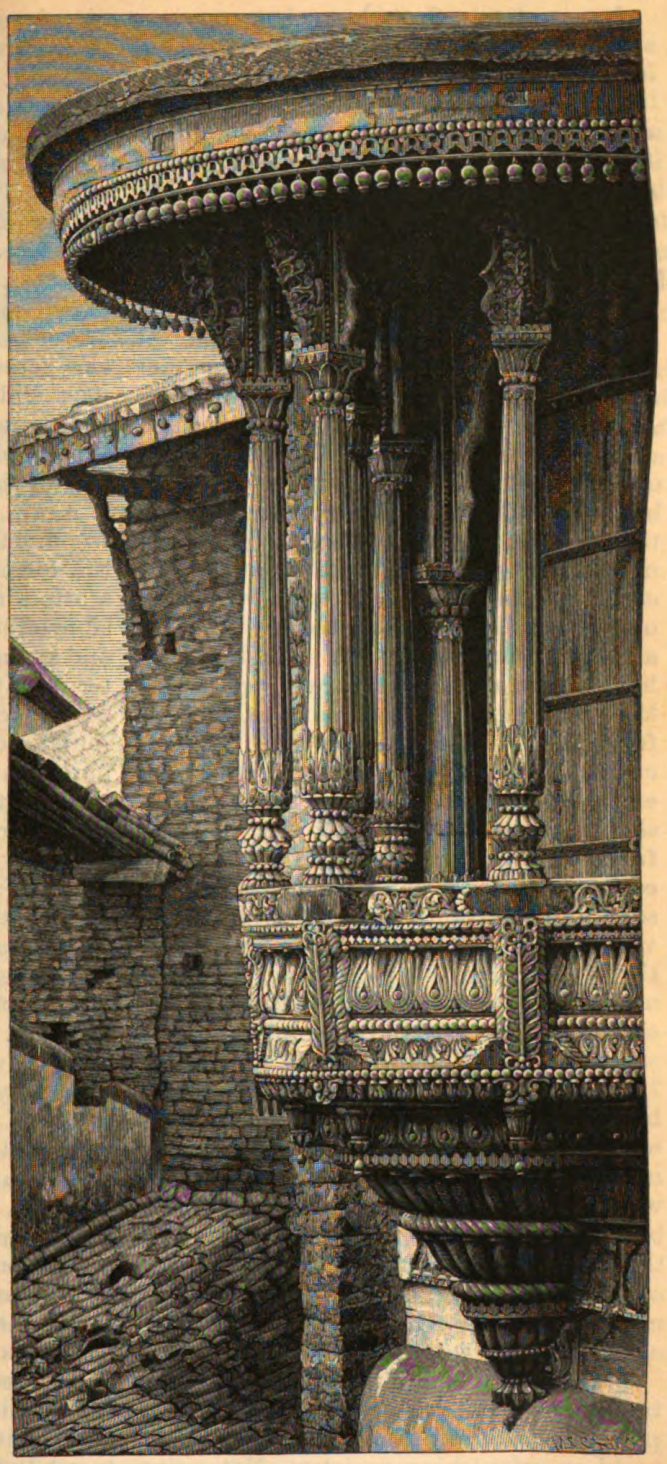
Among the purely Muslim specimens of architecture I would place the palace at Agra, the Kutab Minar, of which I have already spoken, and a tomb in Old Delhi. Of the first it is hardly necessary to speak, for it is famous everywhere. The whole is of white marble, richly inlaid, and the carving is simple, but most exquisite. It is worth while to notice the lightness of the polygonal columns, especially about

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the base, as compared with the heaviness of the same points in the Rani Sepre peristyle. The distinctive character of the Mohammadan style is its lightness and grace; and though the columns here support a flat cornice and not a series of pointed arches, yet the effect is that of height rather than breadth.

Of the Kutab Minar I have already said that it was erected by Kutab, the slave-general of Mohammad Ghori, to accompany a great mosque, which latter has been destroyed. It is therefore a very ancient monument. A section only is here given, from which the whole may be imagined, on the principle of *ex pede Herculem*—Hercules by his foot alone, and none other. The angle of inclination of the sides toward the central perpendicular is apparently about 11° 15′, or the eighth part of a right angle. The whole is higher than the tower of Giotto in Florence, and is, in its own style, quite as perfect a masterpiece of genius.

The tomb is a fine specimen of the severe style of ornamentation. The friezes consist in great part of inscriptions in the Persian character, but so intricately twined and ornamented as to be incomprehensible to any one but an expert in such matters. It is the custom in ornamental writing to dispose the letters rather with regard to effect than with a view to their legibility.



BALCONY IN AHMEDABAD.

India abounds with Mohammadan tombs, from which the bodies have often been removed, so that the buildings are used for other purposes. I remember that while in India I once lived in one of these burial-places. Life is so simple there that the only requisite is a cool and spacious dwelling. Very little furniture suffices for a man's wants, and a tomb is no bad place in the hot weather, though the native servants sometimes quarrel on account of the ghosts, and the ghosts themselves have a sportive fancy for small movable articles of value.

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It is sad to reflect that what was possible in India a hundred years ago and less should now be so no longer. English architects have built court-houses and treasuries of such deformity and ugliness that the very youngest and most beardless officer holds his sides with laughter when he sees them. It seems as though nothing beautiful could any longer be produced, and the true spirit of the country is crushed and stamped out.

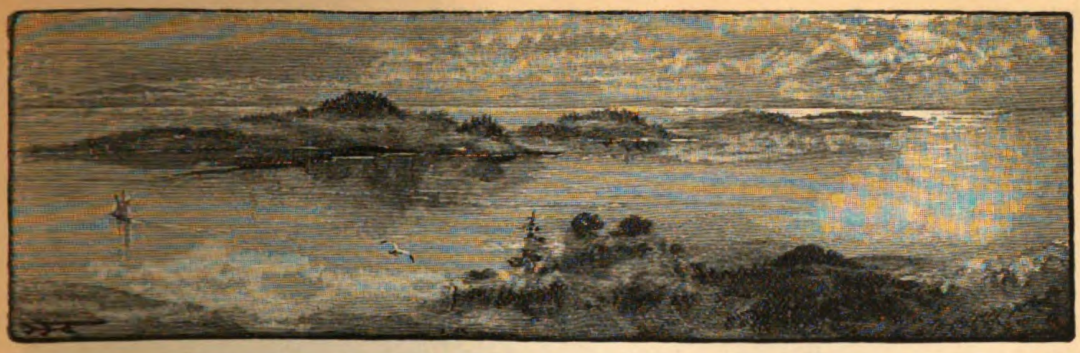
In this state of things the example set by Mr. De Forest, of New York, can not be too highly praised. He has made a bold step toward a revival of one branch at least of Indian art in setting up an establishment for wood-carving at Ahmedabad, where sixty skilled workmen are continually employed in turning out such magnificent pieces of chiselling as the two copies of the Buddha Mosque windows, one of which was illustrated in this Magazine for June, 1883. It should not be long before a demand for carvings of this kind is created, for they surpass, both in freedom of conception and skill of execution, anything now produced by Western artisans. The American artist's workshop has sent to New York many beautiful specimens, some copied from stone traceries on mosques and temples into wood, some the result of original design, but all very excellent products of true art, the art that grows into shape under the workman's hand and eye, instead of being designed by stencil and executed by the steam-lathe. That a revival of such art in India is possible is proved beyond a doubt by Mr. De Forest's experiment. He seems to have had no great difficulty in procuring men more or less fitted to undertake whatever tasks he set them, and, to judge by the results, something of the old enthusiasm must have laid hold on them, and some spark of forgotten pre-eminence must have tingled in their fingers as they carved out the wondrous traceries.

Where such magnificent models exist in such rich abundance, even accurate reproductions of old wood-work may easily yield an astonishing variety. Not a city in India but has some treasure of workmanship expended in the adornment of temple and street. Not a street but has some wonderful carved balcony or graceful latticed *jâl*, behind which flits now and then a white drapery, while a pair of sparkling eyes, not always indicative of other beauties in the possessor, peer curiously out upon the passer-by. And everywhere in these carvings there are wrought symbolical figures and heads of animals and gods, or delicate traceries and arabesques if the work be Mohammadan. The beams that support the balcony are chiselled on the outer end into the semblance of some mythic beast, and the bearing-stays are modelled with marvellous richness. Below is the street door, generally made of two huge slabs of wood, one for each side, and scooped deep in checkered squares, the long movable bolt-lock sliding through the links of short chains and through hasps set in the threshold or lintel. Mr. De Forest has a pair of these doors in New York.

Again, the rude temple, only stucco and wood, has mouldings that at least suggest the forms of beauty; the poor ryot who scatters a few wild flowers, his only possible offering, before the figure of the cow, and sprinkles a scooped-up handful of water over the image, tinkles an old bronze bell to call the god, and laughs at the sound, foolishly enough; but the bell hangs as often as not by a chain so cunningly twisted and hammered that it would grace any hall in Europe.

Thirty years ago, before the Mutiny, India was Indian enough. Now there is great risk of her being turned into a dust-heap for England's architectural rubbish, into a field where the most worthless tares of the world's crop of civilization will grow most speedily. Thirty years of stagnation in art easily grow to fifty, and fifty become a century, and art is lost forever with the death of the last artist, after which Europe will begin to see what has been lost, and her architects and decorators will rush to India, and returning will flood us with cheap imitations of things once beautiful, turned out by the hundred dozen by Birmingham and other "artistic centres," even as we are now suffering at every turn from this slatternly mediævalism that has neither sense, purpose, nor beauty. All honor and encouragement, then, to a foreign artist who has made a bold attempt to set Indians once more to Indian work, to revive the drooping life of a graceful art in the only place where the revival of any art is really possible—in the country to which it belongs by birth and inheritance, where it has grown to maturity under its own sun, and where it may yet bring forth an abundant harvest of beauty.

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MIDSUMMER ON MOUNT DESERT.

I.—FLYING MOUNTAIN.

THE craggy height is won! O smiling sea,
How tranquilly upon thy lulling breast
The islands dream! We too with Memory
Will muse awhile and rest.

St. Savior's Valley, bright with morning dew,
Low at our feet in waking beauty glows,
Its borders tinted with the sea-shell hue
Of the wild way-side rose.

The tide flows inland; not a sound is heard;
No whirl of worldly tumult here is known;
Hither across the wave the ocean bird
Flies homeward and alone.

Twice has the century plant its ripened flower
Opened and scattered on this breezy crag,
And full again its blossom, since the hour
When France her lily flag

Flung o'er these unknown waters. Wild with glee,
The sailors moored, and vowed to roam no more;
But *three*, in priestly vestments, reverently
Knelt as they touched the shore.

To them the grandeur of the mountain isle
Had but one meaning, woke but one desire—
To speed the hour when all these heights should smile
Upon their altar fire.

A cross of rude device was planted here,
The first uplifted on New England's shore,
And "Gloria in excelsis" floated clear
The wondering woodlands o'er.

Brief was the sojourn of these pilgrims brave,
Patient in toil, content to pray and wait,

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For riding fast upon the troubled wave
Came Argall's ship of fate!

A sudden rain of fire, the swift advance
Of gleaming arms upon a helpless band,
And cross of Rome and flowery flag of France
Fell 'neath the Briton's hand.

No sign remains. The dew-bespangled moss
Safe in its breast the burial secret keeps,
But on this plain, beneath his shattered cross,
Du Thet, the gallant, sleeps.

Soldier and priest! From Flying Mountain's height
We render homage to a sacred spot:
Thine the first grave in all this valley bright,
The last to be forgot.

Fall softly, blossoms of the century tree!
Long would we keep our isle's historic fame;
Teach thy blue waves to whisper, faithful sea,
St. Savior's ancient name!

II.—THE SEA-WALL.

Not always Summer rules the isle,
Though here her chosen kingdom be:
Against this surf-beat wall has warred
A wild and angry sea.

For when, in days of old, arose
Fresh from the deep this wave-washed pile,
Down from his throne of mountains looked
The Genius of the Isle,

And bade his Titans, ocean-born,
These strong abutments bring from far,
Against the demons of the storm
To build a mighty bar.

Then wrathfully the Ocean rose;
His gathered waves with sullen roar,
Unbroken over leagues of space,
Came thundering to the shore.

Again, again, with clouds of foam,
White flying banners in his wake,
He smote upon the grand sea-wall
He stormed but could not break.

And still the fisher furls his sail
And hides from breaker and from rock,
When in his hours of wrath the Sea
Renews the ancient shock.

For rocks are scattered in his path
Like leaves in the autumnal gale,
And pallid faces drift to shore
Whose dumb lips tell no tale.

But while the tide shall come and go,
While tempests rage and sunbeams smile,
Safe guarded by its giant wall
Shall bloom the Mountain Isle.

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"O RUSHING WAVE, FLOW PAST THE SEAWARD CLIFF."

III.—MERMAID'S CAVE.

O rushing wave,
Flow past the seaward cliff, the broken shore,
And in the deep recesses of the cave
Call the sea-nymphs once more!

Is it so long
Since here they sat, with pearl and amber wreathed,
And to the sea, that loved them well, a song
Of kindred rapture breathed?

A thousand years!
But what is that to Ocean's memory!

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Still from the cliff drop slow the misty tears
Of the unchanging Sea.

Still ebb and flow,
Seeking and calling with perpetual moan,
Though but the sea-flowers in the twilight glow
And give no answering tone!

With every breeze
Send forth a message, southward, westward blown;
Tell them pink-petaled, bright anemones
Have in their foot-prints grown.

And some soft day
Of rich midsummer may the wanderers bring,
In this dim grotto evermore to stay,
Beloved of Ocean's King.

IV.—BAR HARBOR.

The island city glitters on the bay,
Pride of the summer sea,
And sky and wave exultant homage pay
Her blooming royalty.

The harbor gleams with myriad snowy sail
That wait her queenly will:
She wraps the mist about her like a veil,
And every oar is still.

But as the Sun outpours his ardent ray,
Afar her beauties show;
Bright awnings, snowy tents, pavilions gay,
With life and lustre glow.

No hiding-place is this for mournful fate;
No sorrow here is guest:
These summer palaces are dedicate
To pleasure and to rest.

Here Fashion plumes her brilliant, airy wing
And brightens sea and shore,
A rainbow-colored, transitory thing,
Now here, now seen no more.

Pleased with the brief, exotic revelry
Of this ephemeral train,
In proud delight the city of the sea
Assumes imperial reign;

While in his solitude, serene and high,
The Island Genius sits,
Unconscious of the rose-winged butterfly
Which o'er his footstool flits!

V.—EAGLE LAKE.

Far up the slope, by mountain breezes fanned,
This shining silver cup,
As if to some great spirit's beckoning hand,
The hills have lifted up.

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"THE ISLAND CITY GLITTERS ON THE BAY."

Down the bright wave the shadows come and go,
The answering ripples stir.
Drifting we watch, in gorge and glen below,
Dark woods of pine and fir;

We lift our eyes, and high above us tower
Turrets of barren rock,
Gray, massive heights where foliage and flower
Shrink from the tempest's shock.

How long this fair expanse, so beauteous still,
Only the eagle knew,
When to his eyrie on yon frowning hill
With eager cry he flew!

How long the Indian's stealthy pathway led
Up from the island shore,
And though the wild-eyed deer before him fled,
He paused to gaze once more!

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SUNRISE ON GREEN MOUNTAIN.

Yet as to-day we dip the gleaming oar
And gayly float along,
While happy voices from the further shore
Hail us with shout and song,

As fresh, as full with dew of forest rills,
This silver, mountain cup,
As when to some Great Spirit of the hills
It first was lifted up.

VI.—SUNRISE ON GREEN MOUNTAIN.

A pale gray light, a single line of rose,
Reveal where Night and Dawn
Are scattering blossoms at the Orient shrine
Of the approaching Morn.
The mountain-tops below this utmost height
Are still in shadow; in the vale 'tis night.

Afar the ocean slumbers, and it seems
Upon its tranquil breast
To clasp its islands, lulled last night to sleep,
In morning's sweeter rest.

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"FLOAT NEARER STILL AND DROP THE OAR."

For, leagues away, the sea is silent, save
Where island shores feel the caressing wave.

But from the forest hills which circle round
A long low bugle note
From the white-throated sparrow of the woods
Begins to swell and float;
Bird answers bird; the music soars until
The mountains with their matin chorus thrill.

Now Nature scarcely breathes. A mellow glow,
Broader, intenser, higher,
Flushes the eastern world from zone to zone—
And are the clouds on fire?
For suddenly a dazzling splendor lights
The outer edges of yon heavenly heights.

It is the signal fire! The lower land,
Hushed and unconscious still,
Delays its worship till the coming sun
Salutes the monarch hill.
Awake, ye valleys! lift the jubilant lay!
For on the mountain-top I speak alone with Day!

VII.—ECHO LAKE.

In sunset beauty lies the lake,
A limpid, lustrous splendor!

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The mists which wrapped the mountain break,
And Storm Cliff's rugged outlines take
An aspect warm and tender.

Now listen! for a spirit dwells
High in these mountain nooks and dells.
Echo! *Echo!*
Hail to thee! *Hail to thee!*

Sad Echo, mocked of all her kind,
Here haunts the fleeting summer,
And sends her voice upon the wind,
Still hoping long-lost love to find
In every transient comer.

Not where 'mid silver beeches shines
The lake's pellucid fountain,
But high o'er tangled shrubs and vines
She dwells amid the spectral pines,
The spectre of the mountain.

Float nearer still and drop the oar,
Here where the lilies glisten:
O Echo, we return no more;
For us beyond the island shore
True love doth long and listen.

Thou grievest not, nor dost rejoice,
O wandering, solitary Voice!
Echo! *Echo!*
Farewell! *Farewell!*



A DAY'S "DRIVE" WITH MONTANA COW-BOYS.

SOFTLY outlined in dark masses, a wall in the east against the clear sky, over which the first faint flush of early morning is slowly stealing, height upon height, rise the mountains. Gray in the shadow of still lingering night, the wide plain stretches at their feet. In the blue dome above, the stars, going to rest after their nocturnal vigil over the slumbering earth, extinguish their shining lanterns one by one, and the moon, veiling her mild face in the fleecy folds of a soft, low-lying white cloud, is slowly sinking below the horizon, as if fleeing in maiden modesty before the ardent gaze of the coming sun-god.

Rosy red, glowing as with a deep warm fire, brighter and brighter grows the sky; darker, yet more clearly in the rich purple of their shadows, loom the mountains, until the sun, shooting long, glittering shafts of yellow light up to the zenith from behind them, sheds the reflection of its approaching glory far over the level surface of the prairie, chasing away the shades of night and rousing sleeping nature from her dreams.

Down in the camp, in the shelter of a grove of low trees hard by the bank of the little stream which cuts through the plain, winding in graceful curves until lost in the mouth of the cañon over there in the mountains, they are already astir, and the smoke of the watch-fire, replenished with an armful of the dry sage-brush and burning brightly, rolls upward in a straight blue column, while the black face of the negro cook, shining like polished ebony in contrast with the huge flapping white felt hat that overshadows

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A COW-BOY.

it, is bent over the camp kettle, filled to the brim with steaming coffee for the men's breakfast, some of whom stand, stretching their limbs and yawning, around the fire, while others wander down to the stream to make their hasty toilet, calling to one or two sleepy comrades looking up with slumber-clouded eyes and dishevelled heads from out of the heap of blankets and buffalo-robes spread on the ground. The horses are picketed near by, and are cropping the nutritious "bunch" grass; and scattered on all sides for a mile or more over the plain, some still lying on the soft ground, others standing reposefully in little groups, chewing the cud and sniffing the sweet, cool morning air, are hundreds of sharp-horned, half-

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savage cattle, their forms relieving dark against the yellowish-brown expanse of prairie.

Up comes the sun over the mountains; brighter and brighter glows the sky. Away off there, loping stealthily along, now stopping for a moment to look back over their shoulders, now trotting on again, a few coyotes are sneaking back, with drooping bushy tails and pointed ears, to the cover of the little "coulees" and mound-shaped buttes at the base of the hills, like coward prowlers of the night seeking their dens at the coming of the light. The discordant, laughing cry of the magpie, flitting from bush to bush by the banks of the little river, mingles with the whistle of the broad-winged curlew, and far, far up in the heavens two black specks in the blue ether, swinging round and round in great circles, an eagle and his mate are soaring.

Rustle now, boys, rustle! for you have a long and hard day's work before you. You must get away in the cool of the morning, for these hundreds of cattle must be driven through the narrow cañon in the mountain to-day, and the evening must find them slaking their thirst in the cool streams and feeding on the rich "bunch" grass on the great plains on the other side of the "divide." Rustle there, you lazy fellows! No time for "monkeying" round now. Roll up your bedding, pack your wagon, get your breakfast, and away!

A picturesque, hardy lot of fellows, these wild "cow-boys," as they sit on the ground by the fire, each man with his can of coffee, his fragrant slice of fried bacon on the point of his knife-blade, or sandwiched in between two great hunks of bread, rapidly disappearing before the onslaughts of appetites made keen by the pure, invigorating breezes of these high plains. See that brawny fellow with the crisp, tight-curling yellow hair growing low down on the nape of his massive neck rising straight and supple from the low collar of his loose flannel shirt, his sun-browned face with the piercing gray eyes looking out from under the broad brim of his hat, his lower limbs clad in the heavy "chaps"—or leather overalls—stained a deep reddish-brown by long use and exposure to wind and weather, his revolver in its holster swinging from the cartridge-filled belt, and his great spurs tinkling at every stride, as, having drained the last drop of coffee, he puts down the can, and turns from the fire toward the horses, picking up as he goes the huge heavy leather saddle, with its high pommel and streaming thongs of rawhide, that has served him as a pillow during the night. Quickly his "cayuse" is saddled, the great broad hair-rope girths tightly "sinched," the huge bit slipped into the unwilling mouth, and with a bound the active fellow is in the saddle. Paw, pony, paw; turn your eyes till the whites show; lay your pointed ears back; squeal and kick to your heart's content. Oh, *buck* away! you have found your master; for the struggle does not last long. The practiced hand, the heavy spurs, and stinging whip soon repeat the almost daily lesson, and with one last wicked shake of the head the wiry "cayuse" breaks into his easy lope, and away go horse and rider to their appointed station on the flank of the great drove.

The others soon follow, camp is broken, the wagon securely packed ready for the road, and the work of the day commences. The cattle seem to know what is coming. On the edges of their scattered masses the steers lift their heads and gaze, half stupidly, half frightened, at the flying horsemen; as the flanks are turned they begin closing in toward one another, moving up in little groups to a common centre. Now and then a steer or some young bull, more headstrong or more terrified than his comrades, breaks away and canters off clumsily over the prairie. In a moment he is pursued, headed off, turned, and driven in toward the herd again. As they "close in mass"—to use an apt military phrase—"rounded up" on all sides by the swift-riding cow-boys, they are gently urged onward by the drivers in the rear, until the whole herd is slowly moving forward, feeding as they go, in a loose wide column, headed toward the break in the mountains that indicates the mouth of the cañon through which it is to pass.

Gradually the prairie is crossed; quietly and gently the nervous brutes are crowded more closely together; two or three of the men gallop on ahead to the opening of the pass, guarded by two cone-shaped mounds like redoubts thrown out to protect the entrance to the fastnesses of the mountains, in order to head off stragglers and to turn the leaders of the herd into the narrow trail that runs in between the

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THROUGH THE CAÑON.

high, tree-covered, rocky walls of the cañon. So! so-o-o! gently calling, quietly and patiently urging, the drivers bunch the horned multitude together into one almost compact mass. So-o-o! So! gently! gently! push, boys, push in from both sides, curb your horses, keep them quiet. So! so! drive slowly from the rear, press on slowly, yet firmly, until the head of the herd enters the pass.

Patter! patter! patter! the rushing, confused roar of hundreds of hoofs striking the hard road-bed, a queer sound, filling the air with a low yet penetrating noise, like the falling of millions of hailstones on dry leaves, not the heavy and sharp ringing tramp of iron-shod horses, but a shuffling, soft, although distinctly marked muffled rolling, something like that produced by the distant passage of a heavily laden freight-train. Slowly, irresistibly onward through the wild cañon—the frowning walls of sandstone and gigantic pines towering on one side, on the other and below, rushing and foaming over its rough bed, the river—pushing forward like a stream of liquid lava from some vomiting crater, long drawn out in a crowded, dense column on the narrow, winding trail, moves the mighty herd. A thick, smoke-like cloud of yellow dust—through which the sunlight breaking lights up the tangle of horns, swaying and tossing in the distance like foam cresting the angry billows of some dark, storm-lashed torrent—hovers above; a heavy, sweetish odor fills the air; and mingling with the pattering rush of the hoofs and the roar of the stream comes the occasional booming bellow of some frightened steer.

Very slowly and cautiously the herd moves forward; sometimes there is a halt in front; those in the rear crowd up more closely; very gently, and with soothing cries, the experienced cow-boys urge them on again. It is ticklish work, for a momentary panic may drive scores of them down the precipitous sides of the mountain. Already this morning an unfortunate steer, pushed in a sudden, panicky rush of his companions over the edge of the trail, has fallen down into the foaming torrent, and been dashed to death on the jagged rocks a hundred feet below. Riding slowly in the rear, look along the trail and over the backs of the advancing cattle up the cañon ahead. Sometimes the road descends until the stream licks the earth at its side, spreading in little shal-

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A REFRACTORY STEER.

low pools across it, sometimes cutting through it, as it curves abruptly around some point of rocks, only to recross it again further on.

And now the cañon widens, and, succeeding the high rock walls and great trees, its sides gradually merge into gently rising, grass-covered slopes; the river too is broader, its surface shining like polished silver, and betraying its onward movement only by an occasional soft ripple and low lap-lap of the water against its overhanging banks, from which, breathing out the sweet fragrance of thousands of newly opened buds, the wild rose bushes hang down their slender branches. Away up the slopes, dancing and nodding their pretty heads in the soft breeze, the gayly colored wild flowers—yellow sunflowers, daisies, blue harebells—mingle their bright hues, melting into one another on the distant round hill-tops, covering them as with a carpet of the softest velvet.

Let the herd move more easily now, drifting slowly along, and opening its ranks a little, so as to enable the hungry brutes to crop at the fresh juicy grass as they go; you have leisure to open your saddle-bags and take a little lunch, *sur le pouce*, and a "swig" of whiskey and water, if you have any. Or you can light your pipe as you let your bridle fall on your cayuse's neck, and lounge in your saddle, folding your arms, and resting your elbows on the flat, round top of the high pommel, keeping, however, a watchful eye on your charges lest some adventurous two-year-old wander away from the drove and lose himself in the deep coulees or ravines that, cutting through the rounded spurs of the hills, run down to the edge of the trail. Although the sun is now high in the heavens, and pours down the full power of his rays, the breeze tempers the heat, and there rises no blinding, choking dust from the soft grass, except a little cloud now and then where some tyrannic bull or surly steer widens the space about him by a short, vicious charge at some encroaching comrades. The afternoon wears

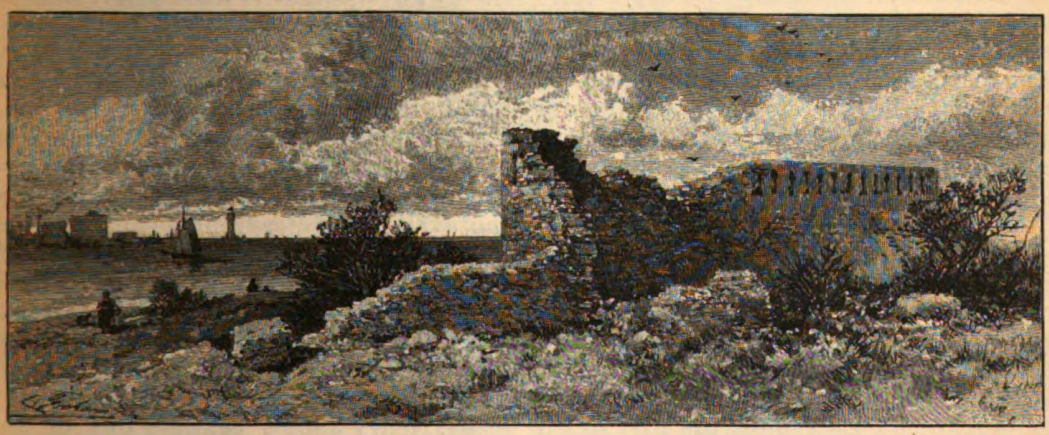
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slowly away, the herd constantly advancing, except for a short halt now and again at some inviting spot, where the grass grows luxuriantly or the stream crosses. The hills are smaller, there are wide openings between them, and soon a broad plain, rich in the marvellous color of its shifting light and shade, and covered with brown waving grass and great patches of bluish-gray sage-brush, stretches to the far horizon, flat and apparently level as a billiard table, full of promise of rest and refreshment for the hot and tired beasts.

There are plenty of good camping places this evening. Grass there is in abundance; the herd is still following the course of the rivulet, so water in plenty is at hand; and fuel of the best for a camp fire can be had for the trouble of cutting a few armfuls of the sage-brush.

The cattle feel that the hour of rest has come, as, unrestrained by the drivers, they wander at freedom out on the prairie, or stand knee-deep in the water, drinking it in in long draughts, and elevating their dripping muzzles to "moo" forth their contentment. The horses are unsaddled and allowed to browse, and as the sun is sinking in the west and the fires are lighted, all hands busy themselves in preparation of the evening meal.

The long twilight sets in, gradually melting into the shades of night; silence reigns over the prairie, broken only by the far-off yelp of the prowling coyote, or the crackling of a dry twig as some restless steer moves about in the sage-brush. The tired cow-boy, the events of the day briefly discussed with the after-supper pipe by the glowing embers of the fire, spreads his bedding on the ground, rolls his blanket about him, and, his head resting in the seat of his saddle, is soon buried in the dreamless sleep of the hardy frontiersman.



OLD FORT ERIE.

THE CITY OF BUFFALO.

LOOKING across Niagara River from the crumbling ruins of Fort Erie, whose most frequent visitors to-day are the cows of the neighboring farmers browsing peacefully on the grass-grown ramparts, whence seventy years ago General Peter B. Porter made his brilliant sortie, one sees the granite tower of the City Hall of Buffalo rising commandingly above the surrounding miles of warehouses and factory chimneys, hooded in an atmosphere of smoke and steam.

Northward, past the high bluff crowned by the ruins of Fort Porter and the stone copings of "The Front," flows the Niagara with a constantly accelerating velocity. Parallel with it, "packed with long lines of freighted boats towed by slow-paced horses," is the Erie Canal, "the author and sure conservator of the fortunes of Buffalo."

South and westward Lake Erie spreads out in endless billows; and at the east, forming a noble background to the city, rise the Chautauqua hills and the highlands of Evans and Wales.

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In the neighborhood of the old Canadian fortress all is stagnation. Peaceful country roads lead off through green lanes, and in the half-decayed frame mansions, surrounded by tall Lombardy poplars, and supported from foundation to cornice by Corinthian columns, is a reminder of that departed grandeur which made Fort Erie in by-gone days what her neighbor over the river is to-day—a centre of gay life.

To understand the past, present, or future of Buffalo as a port of entry, the results of her characteristic industries, and the pluck of her early settlers—and no city in the United States more directly owes her present prosperity to the energy of a few far-seeing pioneers—one must approach her from the harbor side.

In the foreground stands the most imposing row of bread-distributers on the lakes, the mammoth grain elevators of Buffalo Creek, nearly forty of them, making an elephantine procession a mile long, with a combined storage capacity of 9,250,000 bushels, and a transfer capacity of 3,102,000 bushels, or, in other words, the power of receiving from lake vessels and transferring to canal-boats and cars daily 3,000,000 bushels of wheat, a rate unequalled at any other port in this country. It is not uncommon to see a large lake vessel unloading and two canal-boats and two trains of freight-cars loading at the same time.

The site of the Bennett elevator, at the junction of the creek and the Evans ship-canal, is historic as marking the scene of an experiment only less interesting than the first voyage of Robert Fulton's steamboat, for it was here, in 1842, that a Buffalonian, Joseph Dart, built the first steam storage transfer elevator, on the well-known elevator and conveyer principle of Oliver Evans, in the face of the jeers of his townsmen, who predicted that he would find to his cost that "Irishmen's backs were, after all, the cheapest elevators."

The capacity of Joseph Dart's elevator was but 55,000 bushels, with a power of raising 1000 bushels an hour. To-day such an elevator as that of the connecting terminal railroad, having a capacity of 1,000,000 bushels, can elevate 19,000 bushels an hour. Watching the legs of the two towers of this huge elevator drop upon a mass of wheat in the hold of a lake vessel moored at its wharf, the machinery start, and the twelve-quart buckets dip down into the grain and rush with lightning speed up into the roof of the building, where they deposit their load in the bins, it is not difficult to believe that a cargo which by the old method of "Irishmen's backs" would have required a month to discharge can now be stowed away in five hours.

Buffalo Creek is interesting not only for its connection with an invention which, by facilitating the movement of breadstuffs, has a vital concern for all mankind, but as the stream—"a ford then only waist deep"—from across whose entrance some sixty years ago a few citizens, determined that Buffalo should be the western terminus of the Erie Canal, dug away the sand bar which choked its channel. Buffalo Creek Harbor was begun, carried on, and completed principally by three private individuals, who mortgaged the whole of their estate in its behalf. The river is now protected north and south by two breakwaters, but the capacious harbor thus obtained is insufficient for the growing commerce of the city, and the United States government is making an outside harbor by the construction of a breakwater designed to be four thousand feet long, fronting the entrance of the river about a half-mile from the shore. With the completion of this breakwater facilities will exist for the building of new wharves aggregating an additional five miles, making the available water-front about nineteen miles. In other words, the commerce of Buffalo Creek is destined one day to rival the gigantic traffic of the river Mersey, when the harbor of this queen city of the lakes will vie with that of Liverpool in her endless docks and warehouses.

Mr. Henry James banishes one of his characters from the Eternal City to "Buffalo" as to the wild West, forgetting or unaware that the name of this lake city is not without Old World precedent. Bosporus means ox-passage, and Oxford a ford for oxen. That the city derives its name from the river is certain, but whether the river was so called because the buffalo had at one time grazed in the shade of the basswood-trees along its margins, now lined with elevators, floaters, lumber-yards, coal pockets, chutes, and trestles, or from a mistake in the Indian title, has not been satisfactorily determined. The name of the city first appears in a treaty made at Fort Stanwix—now Rome—between the United States and the Iroquois Confederacy.

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THE CITY OF BUFFALO.

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All through the summer the harbor is full of life—tugs dart hither and yon, lake vessels, big and little, receive their cargoes, huge steamers and propellers take on passengers or freight for the upper lakes, while numerous pleasure-yachts, named for sea-nymphs and dryads, steam toward the International Bridge, which opens in the centre with massive swing, and permits them to pass through on their way "down the river." Finally, and most important, stretching in all directions, are the iron rails over which the commerce of the Great West reaches the Eastern sea-board.

To win the heart of this queen city today you must court her in the rôle of a railway king. You must come as the projector of a new trunk line, prepared to lay your millions at her feet in return for a site from which to throw another iron girdle around the city, and with thousands more to invest for a commanding lot on Delaware Avenue, "The Circle," or fronting one of the many park approaches, whereupon to erect a palace of Medina sandstone, or a cypress-shingled villa rivalling those of Newport or the famous Jerusalem Road.

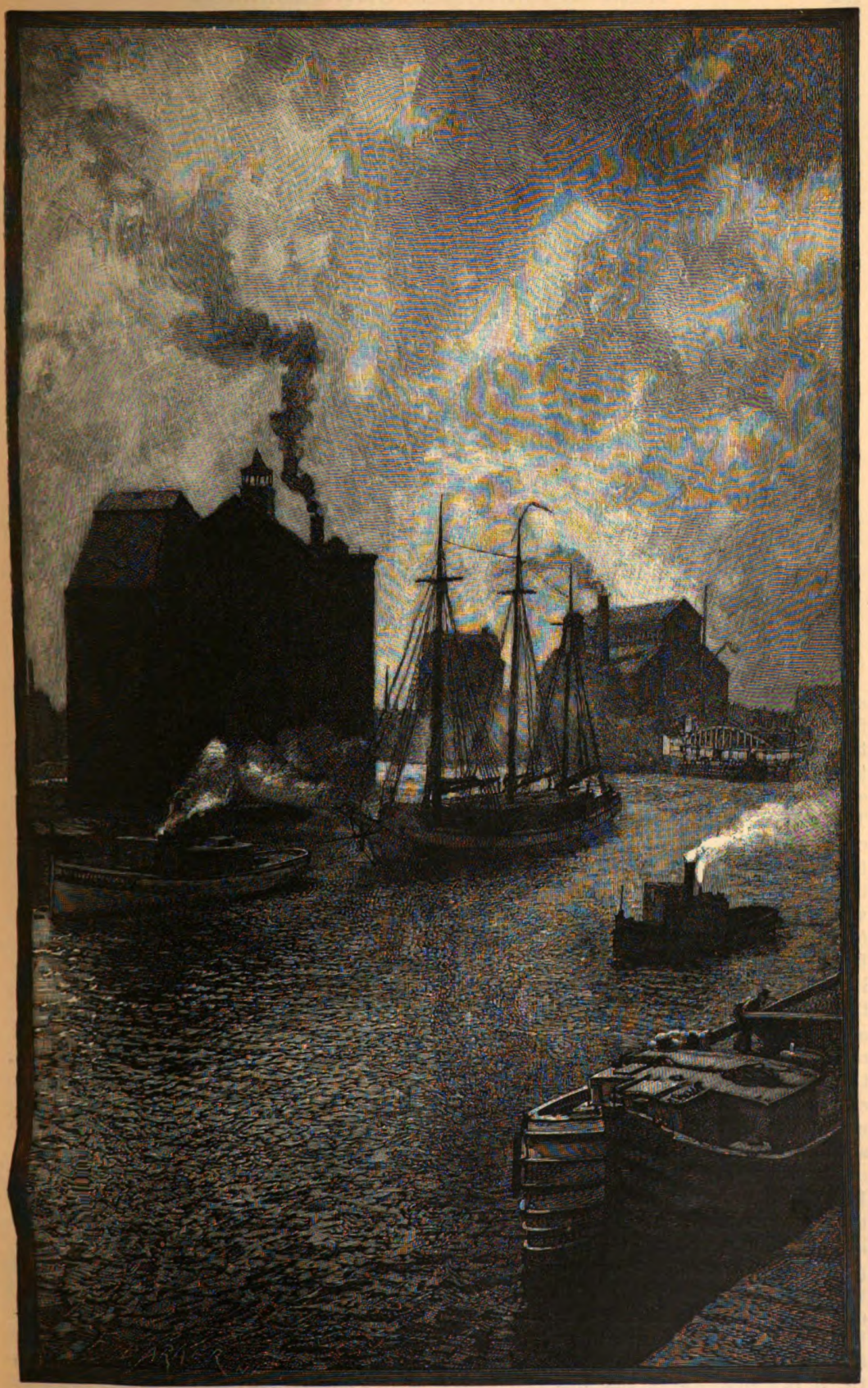
Never was the imperial position of Buffalo appreciated as now, when all signs point to the realization of the prophecy that she is destined to sit "like a commercial Constantinople stretching along the Bosporus of the broad Niagara, and holding the keys of the Dardanelles that shall open and shut the gates of trade for the regions east and west." A study of the globe will show why, from the founder of the city in 1797 down to the latest railway manager of 1885, eager to obtain an approach to the International Bridge, already inadequate to the demands of traffic and mooting the revival of the old scheme of tunnelling under the Niagara, every sagacious person has predicted a great commercial future for the Queen City of the Empire State. With the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad the whole world will pay her tribute. Not only will the products of the immense wheat fields of the Red River, the coal, oil, and iron of Pennsylvania, the lumber of Michigan and the Southern States, the ores of Lake Superior, and the live stock of the great western prairies pass through her gates, but the commerce of Asia with the Atlantic States, with England, and the Continent.

In the year of Buffalo's incorporation, 1832, when there were but one hundred miles of rail in the United States, was granted the first permit to put a railroad through Erie County. Now, without the repetition of a rod, over nine thousand miles of travel are possible on the lines centring at Buffalo alone, as the starting-point or terminus of twenty different railway lines. No city, save one, owes so much to railroads as does Buffalo. Her terminal facilities are unequalled, and her transfer yards at East Buffalo are the largest in the world, with the outlying country encompassed for miles about by a net-work of tracks, approaching closer and closer as they near the city, and extending around the harbor-side to pour their freight of coal, salt, and petroleum into the lake vessels in return for a cargo of grain, flour, lumber, iron, and copper ore. Commercial Buffalo is like a portly and self-satisfied spider, supreme in the centre of her web.

The business man has his choice among six different routes to New York city. The New York Central and Hudson River; the New York, Lake Erie, and Western; the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo; the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western; the Lehigh Valley; and the Buffalo division of the Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia—all lead east amid the beautiful scenery of the interior of the State. Stretching away in an opposite direction toward the western prairies are the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Michigan Central, the Grand Trunk of Canada, the Great Western division, and the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, or "Nickel Plate." The remaining nine roads are local lines. Among the most important of these is the Buffalo Creek Railway, a belt freight line four miles in length, extending down on either side of the ship canal. Every railroad entering the city has a connection with this, and by the terms of the city's grant its rates are uniform to all, thus placing the railroads on equal terms.

Within the city limits railroad corporations own 2746 acres, or more than four square miles of territory. There are 436 miles of standard gauge track—more miles of rails than are contained in any other city on the globe. Within the corporate boundaries of his own town the Buffalonian could enjoy a railroad journey equal to a trip to New York over the Lackawanna, with twenty-six miles to spare.

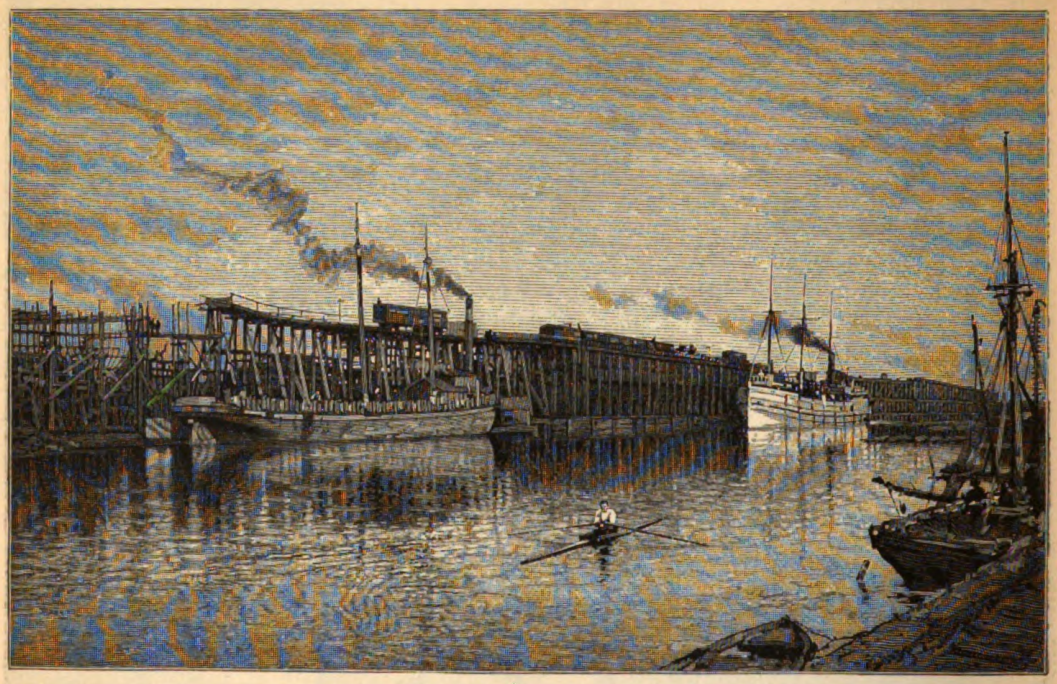
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AMONG THE ELEVATORS.

From photograph by George Barker, Niagara Falls.

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THE COAL DOCKS.

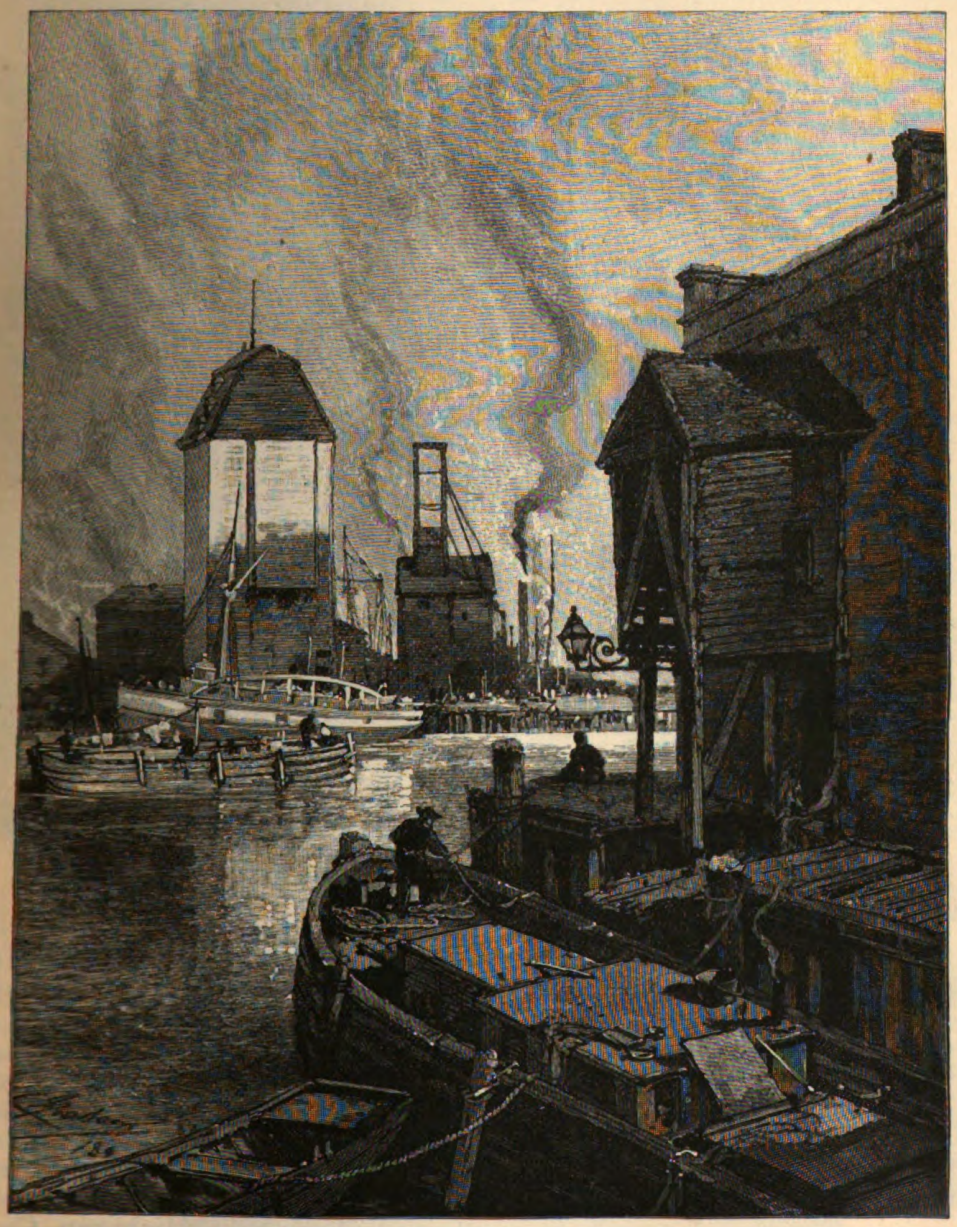
What gives unusual interest to the marvellous railroad improvements in Buffalo since 1880, from which year dates the "new era" of prosperity, is the fact that to this construction all the newer scientific principles have been applied. The railroad kings of America have discovered that the traffic capacity of railroad lines is limited mainly by the extent of their terminal facilities, and with this conviction have been developing the terminal facilities of Buffalo most assiduously. The Lehigh Valley Railroad affords a notable illustration of a successful application of the modern theory, for although it has not a line of its own to Buffalo, but sends its coal-laden cars hither from Waverly over the Erie, the company has nevertheless expended millions in the acquisition of unsurpassed terminal facilities in the southern part of the city for the purpose of transshipping its coal, and sending it up Lake Erie and over other roads. Indeed, the opinion has been expressed that the improvements making on the Tifft Farm property—a tract of 425 acres, belonging to this road, at a cost of $4,000,000, will prove of greater value to Buffalo than any public work since the opening of the Erie Canal. These improvements consist chiefly in the turning of the city ship-canal into the farm, and so cutting it backward and forward at right angles in huge parallelograms as to endow the city with eight additional miles of docks—an amount of water-frontage equal to all she had before—and giving the railway corporations a total of fourteen miles of water-front available for the transfer of freight from lake to rail. The most discreditable fact about the railroad growth is that, notwithstanding the exceeding generosity of the city in the matter of land grants, not one of the roads centring at Buffalo has paid her the compliment of erecting a fine railway station. Those of many New England country towns are far superior.

In no direction has the sudden broadening of Buffalo's business interests been more remarkable than in coal, both for home consumption and distribution. A few years ago the coal traffic was confined to the car-loads necessary for local use. As the city developed into a manufacturing centre the cry went up, "Give us cheap coal." This caused the opening of direct railroad communication between the Pennsylvania mines and the wholesale dealers. The Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia, in addition to its railroad property, controls extensive coal mines and lands in Pennsylvania, from which it feeds Buffalo with a constantly increasing coal, oil, lumber, bark, and grain commerce.

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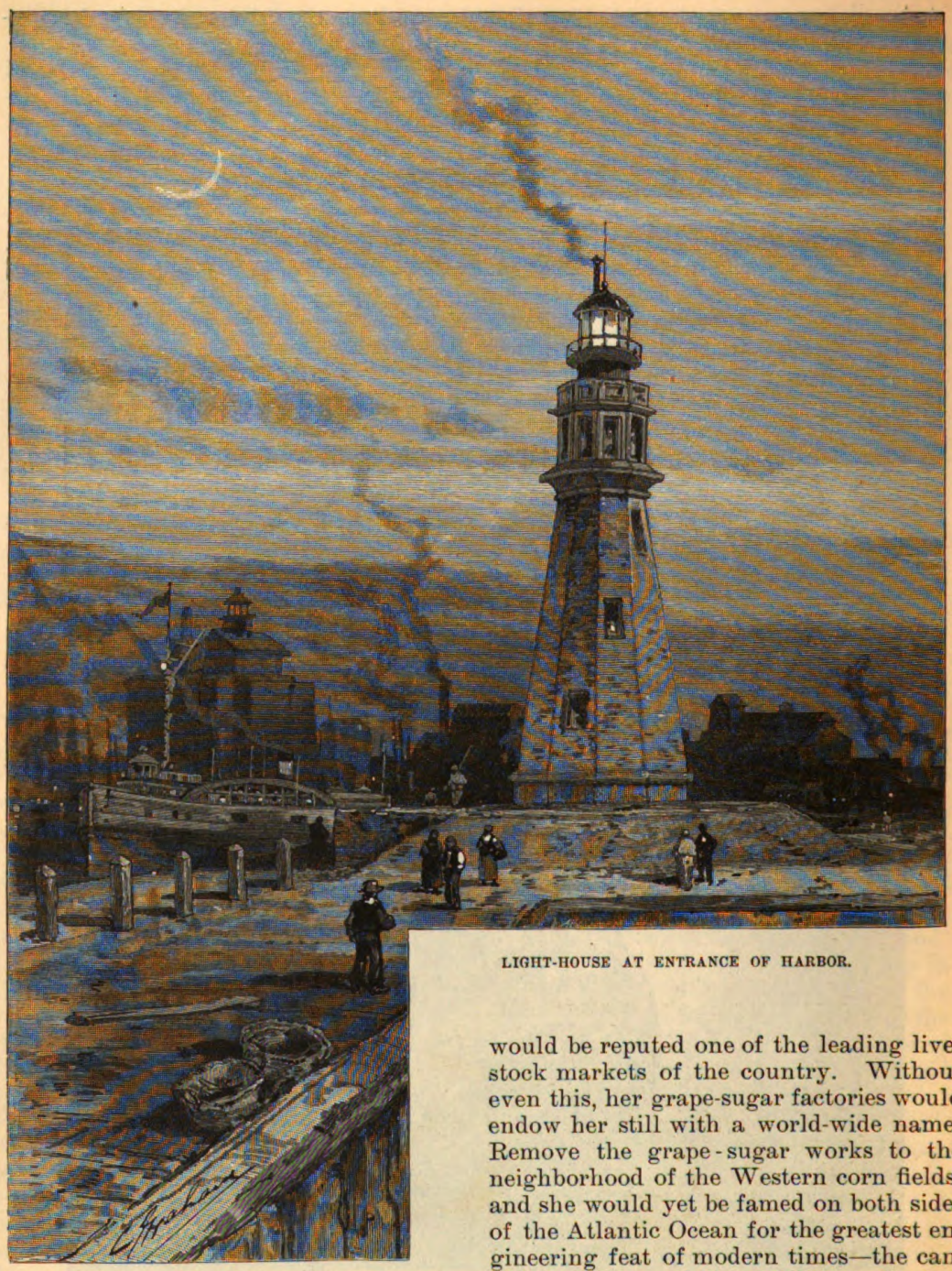
A few years ago vessels started up the lakes carrying coal as ballast, in order to bring return cargoes of grain. To-day, the freights of the two shipments are about the same. Coal as an up freightage is fully as important as the down cargo of grain. Nearly two million dollars of property is engaged, it is estimated, in carrying the product of the coal fields from this port, exclusive of rolling stock.

In the amount of tonnage, Buffalo to-day ranks as the third coal depot of America, also as the most important distributing point for anthracite coal, nearly all of which goes through the city. The bituminous coal trade shows a progressive growth which, if prognosticated a few years ago, would have been deemed incredible. In the year 1874 the receipts were 327,467 tons; in 1884, 1,921,354 tons. Bituminous coal is largely used by the manufacturers of the city, and is one of the



ALONG THE WHARVES.

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LIGHT-HOUSE AT ENTRANCE OF HARBOR.

standing local grievances, on account of the soot it showers over the town. The enormous growth of the anthracite coal trade is shown by the fact that in 1874 the receipts were 472,262 tons; in 1884, 2,451,410 tons.

Thus, were Buffalo not a railway centre, she would be known as a coal depot. Take away both these interests, and she would be reputed one of the leading live-stock markets of the country. Without even this, her grape-sugar factories would endow her still with a world-wide name. Remove the grape-sugar works to the neighborhood of the Western corn fields, and she would yet be famed on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean for the greatest engineering feat of modern times—the cantilever bridge of the Michigan Central Railroad which spans the gorge of the Niagara, built in 1883 at the Central Bridge Works, now the Union Bridge Company, of Buffalo. Aside from these larger and wider-known establishments, there are over two thousand manufactories, numbering among the more important, car-wheels, stoves, and engines, boots and shoes, oil refineries, malt-houses, breweries and distilleries, flouring mills, chem-

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ical works, ship-yards, agricultural implements, and minor industries without number. The mail of one large establishment last year was greater in amount than the entire receipts of the post-office in 1872.

In Buffalo, which practically controls this industry, originated the manufacture of grape-sugar. One alone of the three glucose factories of Buffalo, the American, consumes 10,000 bushels of corn every twenty-four hours, requiring as feed for a single day the average annual product of 434 acres of corn fields, or more than half the entire annual product of all the New England States, more than one-sixth of the entire product of New York, and more than 0.0022 of the total crop of the United States.

daily newspapers in judicious editorial management are unexcelled. The Buffalo *Daily Courier*, which is a descendant of the *Star*, the first daily paper in Buffalo, has had a long line of able editors, among whom was the late William A. Seaver, afterward associated with *Harper's* Drawer.

As she is to-day a highway for the commerce of the nineteenth century, so was Buffalo and Erie County at an earlier period a well-trodden pathway across which passed a motley train of pilgrims and warriors—French hunters and trappers striding to the Northwest, Cardinal Richelieu's Jesuit missionaries holding up the cross, and the Indians of the Long House to put out the camp fires of the Kahquahs and Eries. Since first her soil was



JOSEPH ELLICOTT.

An enormous capital is invested by the *Courier*, *Express*, and *Commercial Advertiser* in the printing, lithographing, and engraving business. Buffalo claims also that, in proportion to population, her

seen by white men the habitations of three distinct races have in turn occupied it; and it is less than sixty years since the second of these, the Seneca Indians, the successors of the Kahquahs, were hunting deer on the

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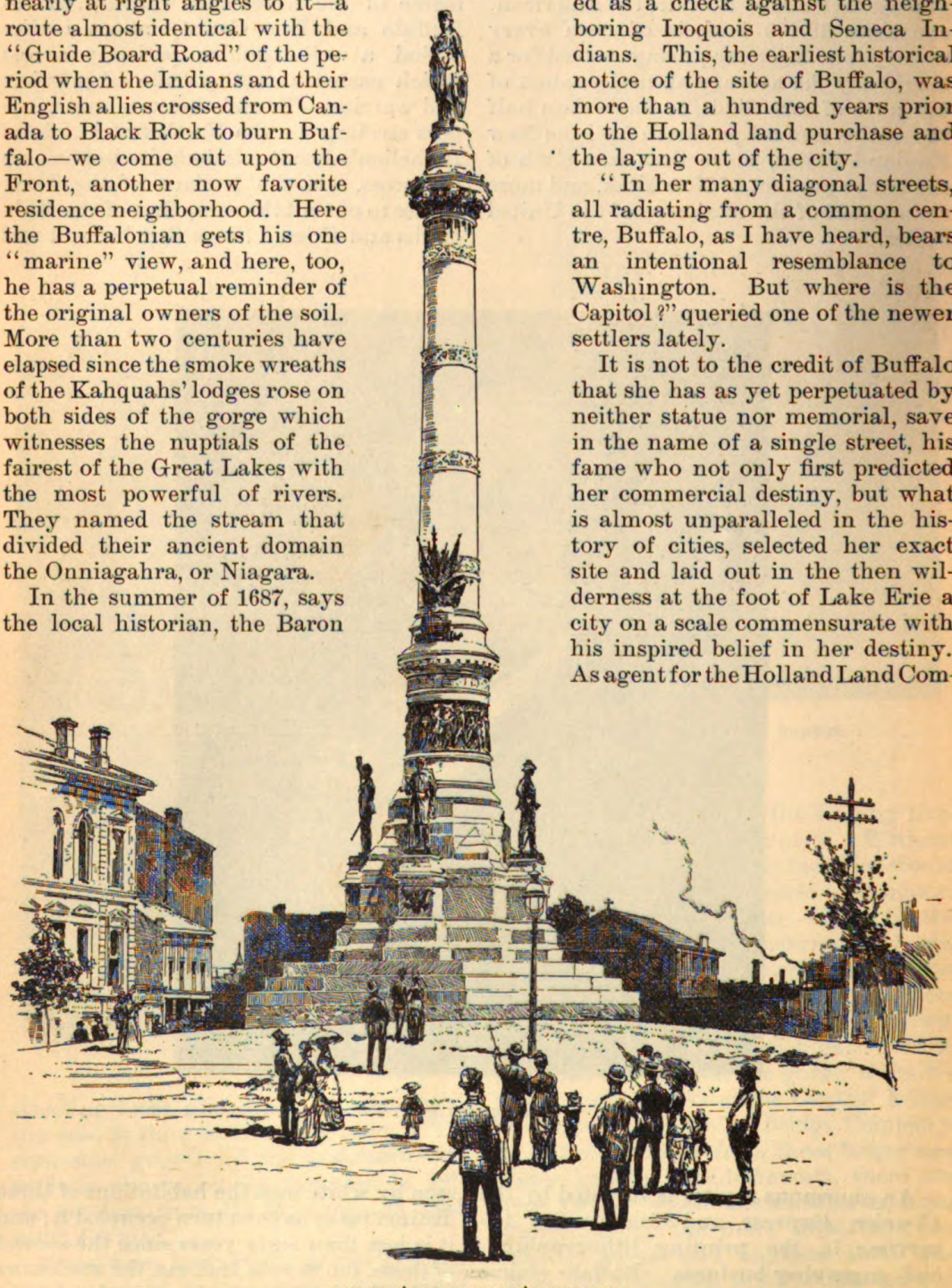
present site of the State Insane Asylum, whose symmetrical red-tiled towers, designed by Richardson, loom up imposingly at the head of Richmond Avenue.

Following North Street, one of the fashionable neighborhoods of Buffalo, which intersects Richmond Avenue at the Circle, down Porter Avenue, nearly at right angles to it—a route almost identical with the "Guide Board Road" of the period when the Indians and their English allies crossed from Canada to Black Rock to burn Buffalo—we come out upon the Front, another now favorite residence neighborhood. Here the Buffalonian gets his one "marine" view, and here, too, he has a perpetual reminder of the original owners of the soil. More than two centuries have elapsed since the smoke wreaths of the Kahquahs' lodges rose on both sides of the gorge which witnesses the nuptials of the fairest of the Great Lakes with the most powerful of rivers. They named the stream that divided their ancient domain the Onniagahra, or Niagara.

In the summer of 1687, says the local historian, the Baron la Hontan ascended the rapids of the Niagara River in his light birchen canoe to Lake Erie. His military eye taking in the commanding situation at once, he recommended the site to the French government for a fort, and marked it Fort Supposé on the map that illustrated his travels. The fort was intended as a check against the neighboring Iroquois and Seneca Indians. This, the earliest historical notice of the site of Buffalo, was more than a hundred years prior to the Holland land purchase and the laying out of the city.

"In her many diagonal streets, all radiating from a common centre, Buffalo, as I have heard, bears an intentional resemblance to Washington. But where is the Capitol?" queried one of the newer settlers lately.

It is not to the credit of Buffalo that she has as yet perpetuated by neither statue nor memorial, save in the name of a single street, his fame who not only first predicted her commercial destiny, but what is almost unparalleled in the history of cities, selected her exact site and laid out in the then wilderness at the foot of Lake Erie a city on a scale commensurate with his inspired belief in her destiny. As agent for the Holland Land Com-



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT.

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A REMINDER OF HOLLAND.

pany, Joseph Ellicott, in the year 1804, completed the survey of the broad streets, diagonal avenues, and public squares, some of which are to-day included in her extensive park system, and all of which form adequate approaches to the newer suburbs of the Buffalo of 1885. To her singularly open and attractive topography it is to be regretted that she does not add that next-to-godly attribute, cleanliness.

Joseph Ellicott was the brother of Andrew Ellicott, then Surveyor-General of the United States. Fresh from assisting his kinsman to lay out the city of Washington preparatory to its becoming the seat of government, he followed the same general plan in surveying the streets of "New Amsterdam," as he proposed to call it, out of respect to his Dutch employers, the members of the so-called Holland Land Company. The chief business thoroughfare now bears the commonplace name of Main Street—one which, to all save the ears of towns-people accustomed to it, wonderfully becomes its still semi-countrified air and the non-imposing character of many of its buildings; for everywhere in her business sections old and new Buffalo jostle each other picturesquely. Had Joseph Ellicott been allowed to complete his design in the nomenclature and laying out of the main

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NEW LIBRARY BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

thoroughfare of trade, Main Street would have been Willink Avenue below "the Churches," and Van Staphorst above, for what was designed to be the site of the Capitol of New Amsterdam forms now the three blocks in Main Street bounded to the north and south by Eagle and Swan streets. Here Mr. Ellicott proposed to erect his palace, with broad vistas opening to view in all directions. The eye of the prince of New Amsterdam could have gazed at pleasure up Van Staphorst Avenue to the rising ground at the north, down Willink Avenue to the harbor, and out Vollenhoven Avenue (Erie Street) to the lake and Canada, along Stadnitski Avenue (Church Street) to the State reservation, and up Shimmelpennick Avenue (Niagara Street) past the elegant residences circling around Niagara Square, which was to be the centre of his city, straight to the setting sun. The westerly limit of this manor, extending beyond the present west side of Main Street, suggested the title of "Ellicott's bow-window" to the towns-folk. So practical a man as President Fillmore expressed just regret that the democratic spirit of that time, jealous of so baronial an establishment, cut the beautiful semicircle by running Main Street through instead of around it, dividing the tract of about one hundred acres by North and South Division streets, since Mr. Ellicott would have left a splendid building for the display of the fine arts and a beautiful park in the midst of the city. It is a curious circumstance that the site was again selected by the visionary and famous Rathbun for his proposed magnificent Chamber of Commerce. Rathbun's dream, unlike Ellicott's, was destined to be fulfilled in part in 1884, when the commerce of the lakes and canal joined hands with the manufacturing and mercantile interests to erect, further down-town, the Merchants' Exchange. The Buffalo Board of Trade, which sunk its identity in the Merchants' Exchange, was a corporation with a noble record. To its unceasing energy and patriotism is due the promotion of many enterprises affecting deeply the commercial interests of the city and nation.

While no one would dare to advance a claim for Buffalo in the months of March and April, she has a thousand charms as a summer home. With a turn of the faucet one may drink of or plunge in the cool waters of the upper lakes. The fruit and vegetables on the breakfast table come fresh and crisp each morning from the market-gardens about the city. The fish

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IN THE CRÈCHE.—[SEE PAGE 214.]

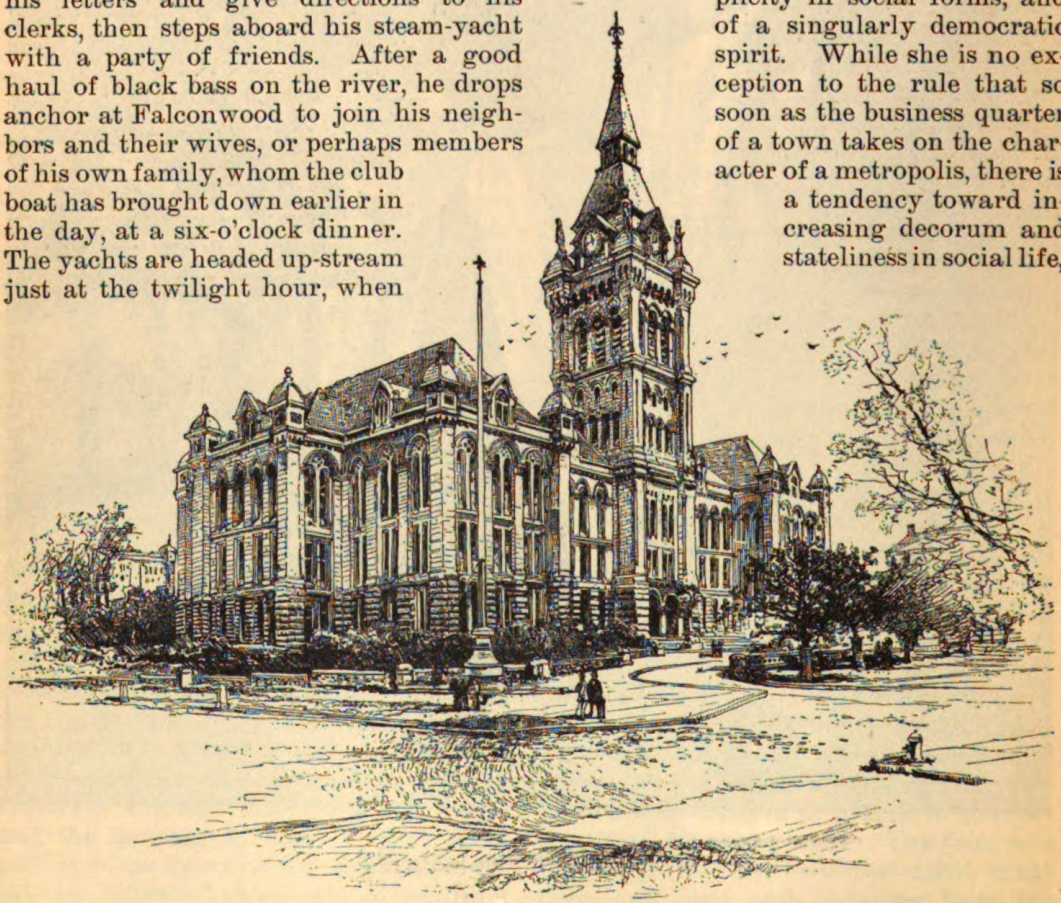
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were caught before daylight from the depths of Niagara, and the beefsteak selected from the herds waiting transportation at the East Buffalo stock-yards, where larger moneyed transactions on a cash basis take place daily than in any other quarter of the city. The roses and the lilies which brighten the morning meal were plucked in the door-yard. If the resident be a man of some leisure and fond of horseflesh, he takes an early morning turn behind his flyer around the Driving Park, one of the best and fastest tracks in the country, and famous in trotting annals as the scene of Dexter's and Goldsmith Maid's best time. The yearly meet on these grounds the first week in August brings a crowd of horsemen and racers to the city. The Driving Park Association own an elegant club-house, in the old colonial style, from the verandas of which there is a fine view over the city to the lake and the river.

The old resident who has somewhat thrown off the cares of active business visits his office summer mornings to read his letters and give directions to his clerks, then steps aboard his steam-yacht with a party of friends. After a good haul of black bass on the river, he drops anchor at Falconwood to join his neighbors and their wives, or perhaps members of his own family, whom the club boat has brought down earlier in the day, at a six-o'clock dinner. The yachts are headed up-stream just at the twilight hour, when the outlines of the Canada shore, across which tall poplar-trees throw their long shadows, are fading into indistinctness, and make their dock at the famous Fort Erie Ferry, where coaches are waiting to take the summer idlers home by way of the park boulevards.

This sketch of summer life would be incomplete without the suggestion that Lake Erie's zephyrs have so tempered the heated midsummer atmosphere that a blanket tends to promote the luxurious slumbers which follow the evening hours spent in the piazza with one's neighbors. The popularity of this form of pleasuring was voiced by the Buffalonian who said, "When I build, I shall build a veranda, with possibly a house attached."

Buffalo now ranks among the gayest and most hospitable cities in America. Her commercial growth has been traced. It would be no less interesting to note how this has reacted on private habits. Since her earliest years she has been a community of great friendliness and hospitality, of comparative simplicity in social forms, and of a singularly democratic spirit. While she is no exception to the rule that so soon as the business quarter of a town takes on the character of a metropolis, there is a tendency toward increasing decorum and stateliness in social life,



THE CITY HALL.

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agreeableness and intelligence, not size of purse, are, as before she became a Mecca for capitalists, the standard of her representative families. Among the innumerable pleasant home centres of Buffalo frontier. To Mr. Marshall's efforts was due largely the organization of the Buffalo Historical Society, which has done diligent and honorable service in collecting and preserving the records of early days.



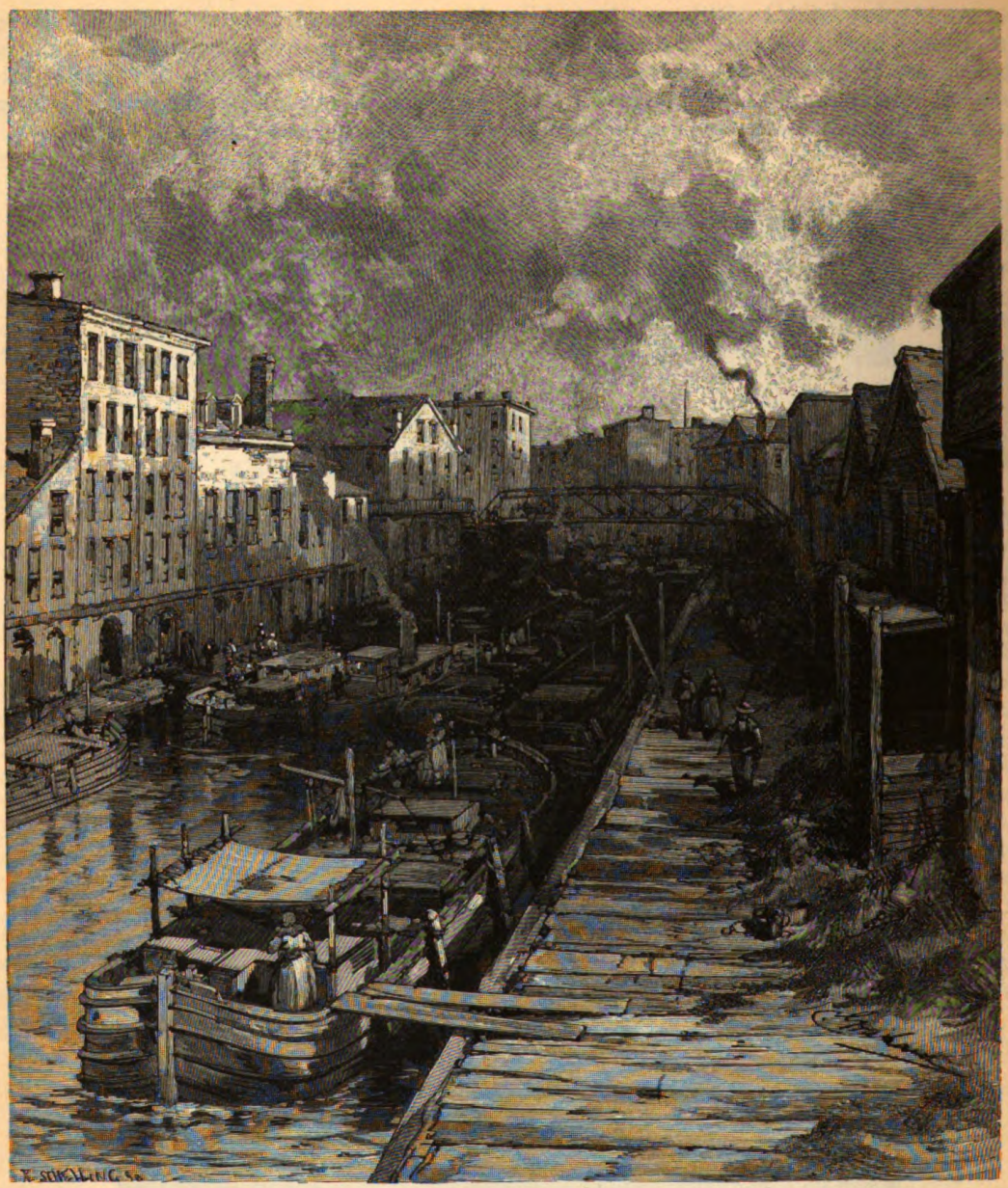
LANDING AT FALCONWOOD.

is that of the Hon. James O. Putnam, lately United States Minister to Belgium. In his high public record, no less than in his liberal culture and exceptional social qualities, Mr. Putnam's fellow-townsmen take great pride.

Buffalo has much reason to honor the literary attainments of the late Orsamus H. Marshall, the historian of the Niagara

While several private individuals have reached what Mr. Howells terms "the picture-buying stage" of development, as a city Buffalo gives no encouragement to the fine arts. Founded in 1862, the Fine Arts Academy presents a curious example of arrested development, and of the stagnation usual to art enterprises in commercial centres. The most beautiful work

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ON THE CANAL.

that adorns its gallery, "The Dead Pearl-Diver," by Paul Akers (owned by his heirs), was immortalized by Hawthorne in *The Marble Faun*.

The Academy owns over two hundred paintings, among them Phillipoteaux's brilliant panoramic picture of the French revolution of '48, an immense canvas, destined to be historic, containing over a hundred figures, remarkable for fine drawing. The interest of the Jewett Fund insures the purchase of a good picture every year or two, and many have been contributed by representative American artists. Mr. L. G. Sellstedt, the able superintendent, for years has given of his time unstintingly and hopefully for the future growth of art in Buffalo.

The Buffalo Club and the City Club are the largest as well as the representative men's clubs. The Buffalo Club, whose first president was Millard Fillmore, is the older and more exclusive organization, and is to that city what the Somerset Club

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DELAWARE AVENUE.

is to Boston. It also upholds the city's reputation for hospitality to distinguished men, dividing the honor in this regard with Falconwood. Ordinarily it is considered the whist centre of the town.

The City Club, for some years the only business men's exchange, numbers over three hundred members, and is an outgrowth of the newer commercial interests. It is the down-town lunching centre. While womankind is discussing the characters of the latest magazine serial, or her newest possessions in pottery and porcelain, over candle-lighted luncheon tables up-town, coal, lumber, oil, grain, and the latest railroad grant, as well as Blackstone and Chitty, furnish the divers topics of the City Club.

Buffalo is remarkable for the number of her fine amateur pianistes, and for the many musical organizations which she sustains—a development due in part to the predominance of the Teutonic element. A year ago the Philharmonic Society, a string orchestra, was started, with a subscription of $14,000. The oldest German musical organization, and one of the oldest in the country, is the Liedertafel.

In 1886, the semi-centennial year of the Young Men's Association, its new library building, designed by Cyrus L. W. Eidlitz, and intended as a home not only for the Young Men's Association Library, but for the Grosvenor (a free reference library), the Historical Society, and the Fine Arts Academy, will be finished, at a cost of nearly $300,000. As the custodian of the chief public library, and promoter of many liberal projects, the Young Men's Association has for nearly half a century been foremost in furthering the literary culture of Buffalo. In its long line of presidents are numbered the most honored names of the city. The new library building is directly in the rear of Lafayette Square. Already crowned by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, with the noble façade and towers of the Young Men's Association in the background, its graceful Norman arches adorned with busts of men eminent in *belles-lettres*, art, science, and music, this square in the heart of the city will do equal honor to Buffalo and to the distinguished name it bears.

Considering that Buffalo ranks as the third city of the State, with over two hundred thousand inhabitants, and talks of numbering half a million when she rounds the century, she has little as yet to be proud of in public buildings. In the im-

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posing Venetian-looking square occupied by the City and County Hall, and in the fair proportions of a few of the newer structures, there is, however, much hope for the future, architecturally speaking.

Old Franklin Square, the first village burying-ground, now occupied by the City and County Hall, is a historic site. In its woods Colonel Cyrenius Chapin reluctantly surrendered the village to the British and their Indian allies December 30, 1813, on condition that they would respect the rights of private property—a condition which they failed to fulfill; for there is no darker chapter in the war of 1812 on this frontier than the burning of the village of Buffalo. To-day the site is interesting to the nation as the scene where its President began his public career. The City Hall extends longitudinally north and south in the form of a double Roman cross, with its main façade in Franklin Street. Opposite its Delaware Avenue front, and connected with it by an under-ground passage, is the jail—a massive limestone structure. The City Hall is surrounded by a terraced lawn bordered by granite copings, and broken here and there by brilliant floral parterres. Clark's Island, Maine, furnished the clear gray granite which in a rough form composes the first story, and in finished blocks completes the two upper stories. From the observatory in the tower, the four corners of which are surmounted by colossal statues of Justice, Mechanic Arts, Agriculture, and Commerce, one of the finest views of the city is obtainable.

Inside the building, which cost less than a million and a half, and was built "without a steal," all the municipal and county business is transacted. To its granite hitching-post the farmer from Willink, Eden, or Wales, dismounting from his rickety straw-stuffed wagon, ties old rawbones, and helping his wife down off her high perch, joins the crowd of lawyers, judges, jurymen, city and county officials, that pours in and out of the building all day long in an unceasing stream. The Surrogate's Court, whither perhaps the old couple wend their way, was the scene of the trial of the famous Fillmore will case, wherein the descendants of the historic American families Jay and Clinton were engaged as opposing counsel.

The Mayor's office now has a peculiar fascination for ambitious country boys, who approach reverentially the portals of the spacious presence-chamber wherein only three years ago President Cleveland transacted his official duties, furnishing the office with a pattern which tax-payers of whatever political affinities demand shall be copied by his successors.

Although in church architecture Buffalo is behind the times, St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, a perfect specimen of Early English Gothic, is the noteworthy exception, being the most beautiful church edifice in Western New York. St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Cathedral contains the celebrated Hook organ from the Centennial Exposition, as well as the finest set of chimes in the country, from the Paris Exposition of 1867, where they took the first prize.

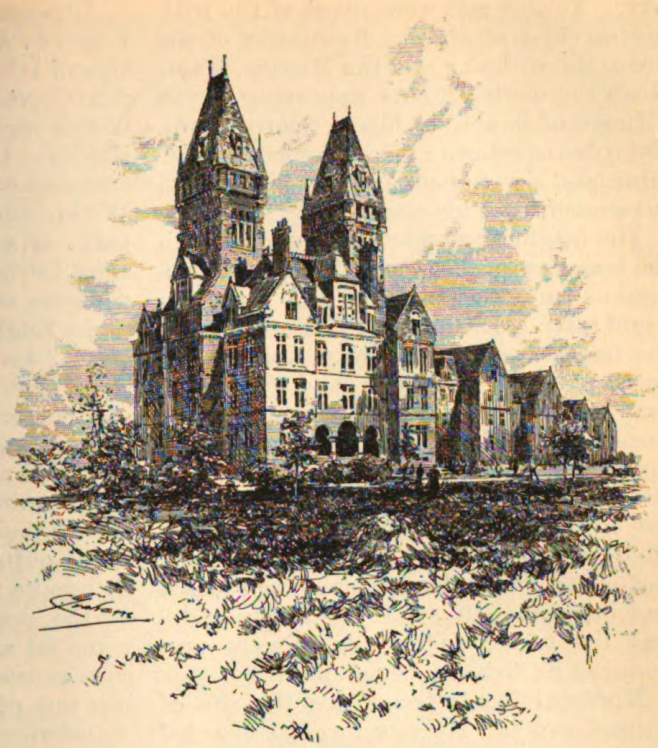
About the site of St. Paul's, the mother parish of Buffalo, and but a stone's-throw from the city buildings, there lingers one of the strangest and most picturesque traditions of Western New York. What could be more romantic or more incongruous than to lay in the chancel of a Protestant Episcopal Church the corner-stone of a Hebrew city within whose precincts it was intended to gather together all the lost tribes of Israel?

The year 1825 is most memorable in the early history of Buffalo. Then occurred the hanging of the three Thayers for the murder of John Love, much celebrated in song and story; then also the reception of General Lafayette at the Eagle Tavern. That year pedagogue Millard Fillmore, who boarded around among the families of his pupils, began to be considered a rising young man; some of the wiseacres thought he might come to be a justice of the peace; others, more sanguine, did not think the Assembly Chamber at Albany beyond the reach of his ambition.

On the 26th of October, 1825, was celebrated the opening of the Erie Canal. About a month before, when the community, eagerly anticipating a connection with tide-water, was excited with visions of prospective greatness, and ready for any display, there arrived from New York Major Manuel Mordecai Noah, high sheriff of the county of New York, consul at Tunis, and self-styled Judge of Israel. He came with glittering robes and insignia of office, to establish the city of Ararat on Grand Island, then covered with a dense forest. Although a loyal and devoted son of Abraham, Major Noah had not succeeded in arousing enthusiasm in his scheme

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among those of his own faith. As a shrewd man of the world, an able lawyer, a successful politician, and the editor of the principal organ of the Tammany party in New York, and withal sanguine that the city would prove a mine of wealth to its founders, he had no difficulty in persuading some of his Gentile friends, among whom was the father of the late Gerritt Smith, to buy nearly the whole of Grand Island, then just surveyed and offered for sale by the United States government.



THE STATE INSANE ASYLUM.

On this lonely but extensive island, between the forks of the Niagara, and lying midway between Lake Erie and the Falls of Niagara, he determined to build a city of Oriental splendor. Already, before his arrival on the scene, a flag-staff bearing the "grand standard of Israel" had been erected on the chosen site, and a stone having an inscription in Hebrew and in English had been prepared to dedicate with imposing ceremonies. This stone, always known in local history as "Mordecai's corner-stone," was intended rather as a memento of the founding of the magnificent city of the Jews than as the support of any particular building. In those days the luxurious steam-yachts of wealthy citizens, which now plough the rapid current of the Niagara, existed not in the imagination of the veriest dreamer; even row-boats were wanting with which to convey the crowd eager to behold the spectacle presented by the birth of an Oriental city in the depths of the forest. The brilliant and audacious Noah conceived the idea of having the ceremony celebrated with due pomp within the walls of St. Paul's Church, twelve miles from the site of his



THE MARKET.

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city. To this end were invoked the willing services of all the dignitaries of the town, the military and the Masons, Major Noah the central figure appearing as the "Judge of Israel" in black, wearing judicial robes of crimson silk, trimmed with ermine, and a richly embossed golden medal suspended from his neck.

The bright September day opened with the booming of cannons. The grand procession embraced the best that the town could offer. Halting at the church door, the troops opened each way, and the pageant entered; while the band played the grand march from *Judas Maccabeus*, the corner-stone of Ararat, the city of refuge for the people who rejected Christ, was laid on the communion table of a Protestant Episcopal church, and dedicated by Hebrew ritual. The Masonic rites were performed with the typical corn, wine, and oil, the choir sang "Old Hundred," and the rector, in full canonicals, pronounced a Christian benediction.

Mordecai Noah never saw the site of Ararat, and the Hebrew race disregarded his grandiloquent proclamation and the tax levied for its building; but its corner-stone, after many curious migrations, occupies a conspicuous place in the rooms of the Buffalo Historical Society, where relic-hunters are frequently seen copying its inscription.

The old church in which these ceremonies took place has yielded to the present beautiful stone edifice of Early English Gothic architecture crowned by a graceful spire. This, with the "Old First" (Presbyterian), gives the neighborhood the name of "The Churches." They stand opposite the square originally intended for Joseph Ellicott's Capitol.

Unique as is the story associated with Grand Island's past, in its private clubs of to-day, Falconwood, Oakfield, and Beaver Island, which crown its western bluff with beautiful villas facing the Canada shore, their lawns sloping trim-shaven to the river, Buffalonians and their hosts of midsummer guests find still greater fascination. Contiguous to Falconwood, cradled by the Niagara, in itself, says N. P. Willis, "the best cradle nature could possibly form for the family of a luxurious exclusive," the "father of the greenback," the Hon. Elbridge Gerry Spaulding, spends his summers. Connected with his country-seat, "River Lawn," is a large stock-farm, famous for its thorough-bred cattle.

Adjacent to this is the farm of the Hon. Lewis F. Allen, the venerable historian of Grand Island, uncle by marriage of President Cleveland, and the pioneer stock-raiser of this region. To a few Buffalo capitalists Erie County owes largely the rapid advance of its important stock interests. Within the city limits, and adjoining the park, is a stock-farm having a herd of short-horned cattle which in numbers and pedigree are not excelled in this country or in England, where its owner employs special agents. But the already famous stock-farms of Erie County are far too numerous for even cursory mention.

Covering territory of about thirty-nine miles, an area greater than is occupied by any municipality in the United States except Philadelphia, the freeholders of Buffalo far outnumber those of any other city. So great a proportion of the laboring class of the population owning their homes gives an air of unusual thrift to the foreign quarter—a vast, closely built tract lying east of Main Street. When, on the occasion of a brief stay in Buffalo, Herbert Spencer was by his own request driven through the thickly settled wards of "Germantown," he remarked particularly upon the hundreds of one and two story cottages which line these streets, and are almost universally in good condition as to paint and window-blinds, and with every inch of the little plot of surrounding land cultivated with vegetables or flowers.

To the early influence of one man, the late Stephen Van Rensselaer Watson, a citizen whose far-seeing genius for practical affairs gave Buffalo her present comprehensive system of street railroads, is due much of the independent comfort now enjoyed by the foreign element of her population. Coming to the city in 1844, he invested largely in uncleared land on the east side. This he divided, and sold out in lots on long payments, principally to Germans, whom he aided not only with money, but with sagacious advice.

It is a significant fact that the first civilized man to settle on the present site of Buffalo was a German. Of few Northern cities can it be affirmed, as of this, that the Teutonic element constitutes nearly one-half the entire population. The Germans of Buffalo have their own press, literary and musical associations, churches, theatres, and, it is unnecessary to add, beer gardens, while in public spirit they have in one notable instance shown themselves

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DINING IN THE CRÈCHE.

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ahead of the Americans. Not only are German names frequent on the business signs of the American quarter, but the Germans have their own long business street running diagonally out through "Germantown," and the German population has been represented frequently in city, county, and State offices.

Artists in search of models and authors making character studies will find few fields richer in local color than the German quarter of Buffalo and her two large markets. These markets are distinctive, and help to make living cheap. Each market occupies a block, and at the stalls everything, from crockery, yarn, buttons, and shining tins, to the finest cuts of beef, poultry, fish, and green truck of all kinds, is exposed for sale. In midsummer they are the market-places of flowers. Pretty young girls in fresh muslins tie their pony-carts outside, and come tripping in among the stalls to cull out bunches of mignonette, sweet-peas, and pansies, jostling against baby wagons, match venders, long-aproned butchers, white-capped Vienna roll men, and German fraus with a generous bulk of waist and shoulders.

Ever since the days when Christy's Minstrels, which originated in Buffalo, merrily sang,

> "Oh, Buffalo girls, are you coming out to-night,
> Are you coming out to-night,
> To dance by the light of the moon?"

the belles of the city have been renowned in two continents. While the ever-increasing social obligations of a gay city life require them to be out at night more than ever, the strict regard for etiquette which now prevails in the rarefied atmosphere of Buffalo society decrees that they shall be accompanied by their chaperons. Of a city that is neither Eastern nor Western, it is natural that the best type of Buffalo womanhood should blend in her personality the salient characteristics of the women of each section of the country; in other words, she has the individuality which is inevitable from her environment. To the mental alertness of the New-Englander she superadds the fearless originality of the belle of the prairie, but without her aggressiveness or tendency to crudeness.

A vital concern for poor and suffering humanity is not characteristic of Buffalo women only, but there are few cities the philanthropic institutions of which are managed so generally by women, and who in their very positive relations toward the charities of Buffalo are, as has been remarked, "the salt of the city."

In 1832 an ambitious young merchant, Benjamin Fitch, settled in Buffalo, where he made a fortune. His subsequent benefactions to the city, amounting in all to about $300,000, entitle him to a name among the great philanthropists of America. Just fifty years after his coming the corner-stone of the Fitch Institute was laid, at which ceremony Mayor Cleveland spoke eloquently of Mr. Fitch's generosity. The old man answered, in simple phrase, "I have done but my duty."

Under the French and Gothic roof of the Fitch Institute, on the corner of Swan and Michigan streets, erected at a cost of over $60,000, there are many and divers philanthropic interests, and its illuminated clock tower is a beacon-light for the working people who pass up and down the crowded thoroughfare. Both the Fitch Institute and the Crèche are managed by the Charity Organization Society, the oldest of the associated charity systems of this country. Buffalo adopted the London method of organized charities in 1877. The Charity Organization Society, officered by the younger professional and business men chiefly, has been indirectly the source of inspiration for many of the newer movements by which Buffalo has striven to cast off her slough of conservatism.

Think of having to take care of twenty thousand babies! This is what the Fitch Crèche has done since 1879. This great public cradle is the most interesting charity in Buffalo, because the most unique. Founded on the model of the London Day Nursery to care for little children whose mothers earn their support as char-women, it has so far outstripped its progenitor as to be called the model crèche of the world.

Delaware Avenue, which "takes its rise in a jail and ends in a tomb," as a wag, sneering at its aristocratic pretensions, said, is shaded its full length of three miles with double rows of elms and maples, which arch overhead. Its beautiful houses and villas standing alone, amid broad lawns, and embowered in vines, give the long avenue the elegantly rural aspect of a suburban rather than a city street. In summer, masses of shade trees, and foliage wreathing itself over side walls and porticoes, serve to soften or conceal the architectural incongruities of some of the older

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LAKE IN THE PARK.

and too elaborate houses. Its reputation as one of the finest of residence streets is likely to grow, rather than diminish, with the city. For when completed on the plan of the original survey, Buffalo Street at Niagara Falls Village and Delaware Avenue will be one long highway, and the most beautiful avenue in America. Then the City Hall of Buffalo and the proposed International Park at Niagara Falls will be connected by the same boulevard. The aspiring Buffalonian goes farther, and predicts that there will be one day a river boulevard from Buffalo to Youngstown, from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario.

Perhaps it is to offset a pardonable conceit over this nearness to the greatest of nature's wonders that Buffalo's immediate suburbs are so strictly commonplace. The city sprawls out in a north and easterly direction over an area as flat as the proverbial pancake. He who tries to drive out into the country is held fast in a net-work of railway tracks. To beautify the city within its limits by creating a continuous circle of driveways was a necessity which gave birth, in 1869, to the park system, comprising over eight hundred acres of pleasure-grounds connected by boulevards, which together afford a drive of over ten miles.

Watching the gay and interminable procession of coaches, landaus, dog-carts, and English phaetons, with their liveried grooms, passing over the asphalt or macadamized park roads in midsummer, one has to rub one's eyes to believe that the first family carriage ever seen in Erie County, owned and driven by Samuel Pratt, rolled into Buffalo only eighty years ago. There are three large parks, the Park proper, about three miles north of the City Hall, the Parade, which is in the precincts of "Germantown," and the Front, on the banks of the Niagara. On the broad and undulating Park meadow the polo club play many of their best games, and horseback parties make this their favorite rallying point. Beneath this smooth-clipped turf, guarded by two monarchs of the forest, lie, unknowing and unknown, three hundred soldier dead, regulars of the United States army, the victims of typhoid fever in the winter of 1812. Haunted in

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midsummer, not by shades of these departed patriots, but by thousands of picnic parties, many of which come from the lower and more crowded parts of the city to get a breath of pure country air, the Park not alone conduces to beautify, but subserves a nobler end as a health-giving outlet and a provider of refreshing recreation at little cost.

Adjacent, sloping down to "Gala Water," freighted with gondolas, canoes, and row-boats, is the white encampment of Forest Lawn, wrapped in a silence broken only by the light tread of the squirrel or chipmunk running boldly up the side of one of the ancient oaks that abound in the well-wooded cemetery.

Among the distinguished dead who rest in Forest Lawn is the late General Albert J. Myer, whose widow is the daughter of Ebenezer Walden, the first lawyer in Erie County, and its first judge. The family mausoleum, overlooking the Park lake, is close by the Pratt Monument, also commemorative of a family prominent among the earliest settlers of Buffalo.

On that panel of the square of granite over the grave of Samuel Wilkeson which faces the harbor is chiselled:

"Urbem condidit. He built the city by building its harbor."

To tell how Buffalo and Black Rock were arrayed against each other as hostile camps in battle, each striving to be the terminus of the Erie Canal, is but to repeat an oft-rehearsed story. Buffalo, through the agency of a few resolute men, with Samuel Wilkeson at their head—who waded Buffalo Creek, and labored with the diggers on the sand bar—having succeeded in scooping out a harbor, argued with success the case against Black Rock.

In her new-found allegiance to the railway king, Buffalo does not forget her foster-mother. As a free highway the Erie Canal holds the balance of power. It regulates the transportation rates by rail, and preserves the supremacy of the great State of New York as the chief thoroughfare of commerce—a supremacy which the railways could not maintain unaided. The statistics of the past year show that the canal did as well as its rivals by rail or water, and has by no means, as has been intimated, survived its usefulness.

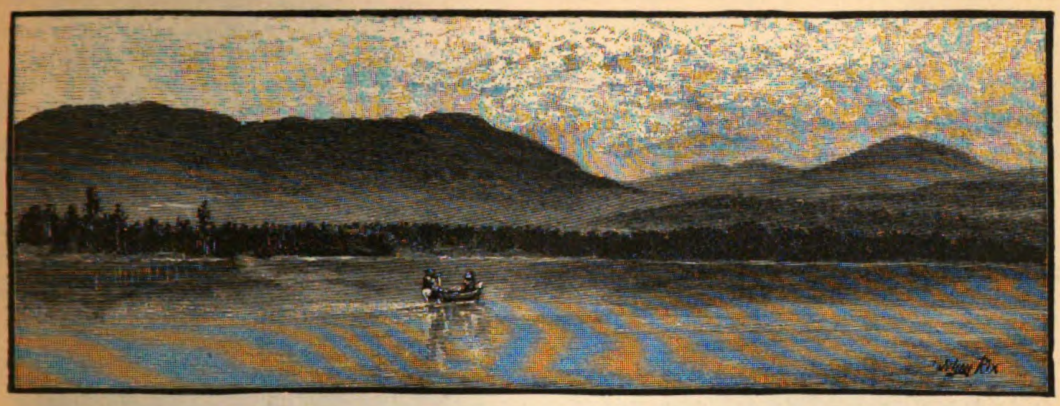
In the name of the rivulet which flows through Forest Lawn, Scajaquada Creek, is a reminder of the aboriginal owners of these lawns and woodlands. Another will soon be there, for under the auspices of the Historical Society is now rising a monument whose apex will be surmounted by a bronze statue of Red Jacket. This monument marks the resting-place of the recently re-interred bones of Sa-go-ye-wa-tha, the Rienzi of the Iroquois, and other distinguished chiefs of the Six Nations.

All through the earlier history of Buffalo the aboriginal lion, Red Jacket, stalks a picturesque figure. Realizing that it was the precursor of the extinction of his nation, Red Jacket was jealous of the encroachments of the white people. Naturally, therefore, although always courteous, he felt unfriendly toward Mr. Ellicott. One day the two met in the Tonawanda Swamp, and sat down together on a log. After a few moments of silence, which Mr. Ellicott knew too much of Indian custom to interrupt, Red Jacket exclaimed, "Move along, Joe." The request was complied with. After a few moments it was repeated. Red Jacket gave the peremptory order several times, until by degrees Mr. Ellicott had moved to the extreme verge of the log. Again came the mandate, "Joe, move along." "But there is no room left," was the answer. "That," cried Red Jacket, "is the way the white man treats us. He first says move along a little, then a little more. When we have moved as far as we can, he shoves us out of the world."

The Tonawanda Swamp, wherein this dialogue was held some seventy years ago, is now covered with the lumber-yards of Buffalo capitalists, for Tonawanda, the great lumber port of the Western lake territory, and Buffalo, are one lumber market to-day, with identical interests. The descendants of Red Jacket, former owners of the soil, are relegated to the Cattaraugus and Alleghany reservations, or have been "shoved" as far west on their way toward the end of the log as the distant reservations of Kansas.

Buffalo has become one of the cosmopolitan cities of the country. Germans, French, English, Italians, Swedes, Poles, Japs, Turks, and Arabs jostle each other in the crowded thoroughfares, and buy and sell in the markets. She has had her saengerfests, her great musical festivals, innumerable conventions, political, scientific, and literary, and has given the United States two Presidents and two cabinet officers.

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AMPERSAND.

THERE are many people in the world who profess to love Nature. But if you inquire somewhat closely you shall find that, for the most part, they love her at a distance, and when they have nothing better to engage their affections. I shall never forget the German gentleman whom I met on the top of the Schneekopf, in the Thüringerwald. At first sight of the lovely view he went into a guttural convulsion of ecstasy, "*Ach! wie wunderschön!*"—which lasted just fifty-three seconds; and the rest of the time he was absorbed in the contemplation of sandwiches and beer. It did seem to me that he could have thus employed himself with less trouble at the foot of the mountain, but perhaps also with less appetite. And, after all, his passion for the beautiful may have been sincere; for it is a well-known fact that even the truest love is subject to pains of hunger.

But my own test for the right lover of Nature is a very simple one. He must be one who in making a journey between two points will choose, not the straight line (the mathematical I abhor), nor the smooth line (the sybaritical I contemn), but the crooked line, the line which wanders up hill and down dale, leading him who follows it through sweet and secret places, delaying him with fragrant meadows, babbling streams, cool shadows of trees and rocks, and bringing him at last to his journey's end with a kind of surprise and regret. Those are the brightest flowers which bloom where the crowd never think to look for them. Those are the fairest views which we discover for ourselves. We feel a certain proprietorship in them. It pleases our sense of originality to find that we do not need a hand-board or a guide-book to tell us when to admire. And does not every man owe something to his sense of originality?

In brief, then, I prefer the by-way to the highway. On principle, not in a lax, immoral way, but on the soundest and most reasonable grounds, I love digressions—in books, in sermons, and in journeys; and to tell the truth, I am digressing now. The gentle reader would recall the wandering pen, and pray to be told what Ampersand is.

It is a mountain. It is a lake. It is a stream. The mountain stands in the heart of the Adirondack country, just near enough to the thoroughfare of travel for thousands of people to see it every year, and just far enough away from the beaten track to be unvisited except by a very few of the wise ones who love to digress. Behind the mountain is the lake, which no lazy man has ever seen. Out of the lake flows the stream, winding down a long untrodden forest valley, until at length it joins the Stony Creek waters and empties into the Raquette River. Which of the three Ampersands has the prior claim to the name I can not tell. Philosophically speaking, the mountain ought to be regarded as the father of the family, because it was undoubtedly there before the others existed. And the lake was probably the next on the ground, because the stream is its child. But man is not strictly just in his nomenclature; and I conjecture that the little river, the last-born of the three,

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AMPERSAND LAKE.

was the first to be called Ampersand, and then gave its name to its parent and grandparent. It is such a crooked stream, so bent and curved and twisted upon itself, so fond of turning around unexpected corners and sweeping away in great circles from its direct course, that its first explorers christened it after the eccentric supernumerary of the alphabet which appears in the old spelling-books as &.

But in spite of this apparent subordination to the stream in the matter of a name, the mountain clearly asserts its natural superiority. It stands up boldly, and dominates not only its own lake, but at least three others. The Lower Saranac, Round Lake, and Lonesome Pond are all stretched at its foot and acknowledge its lordship. When the cloud is on its brow, they are dark. When the sunlight strikes it, they smile. Wherever you may go over the waters of these lakes you shall see Ampersand looking down at you and saying, quietly, "This is my domain."

Now I never see a mountain which asserts itself in this fashion without desiring to stand on the top of it. If one can reach the summit, one becomes a sharer in the dominion. The difficulties in the way only add to the zest of the victory. Every mountain is, rightly considered, an invitation to climb. And as I was resting for a month last summer at Bartlett's, Ampersand challenged me daily.

Do you know Bartlett's? It is the homeliest, quaintest, coziest place in the Adirondacks. A score of years or more ago Virgil Bartlett came into the woods, and built his house on the bank of the Saranac River, between the Upper Saranac and Round Lake. It was then the only dwelling within a circle of many miles. The deer and bear were in the majority. At night one could sometimes hear the scream of the panther or the howling of wolves. But now the wilderness has begun to wear the traces of a conventional smile. The desert is blossoming a little—if not as the rose, at least as the gilly-flower. Fields have been cleared, gardens planted; half a dozen log cabins have been scattered along the river; and the old house, having grown slowly and somewhat irregularly for twenty years, has lately come out in a modest coat of paint and a broad-brimmed piazza. But Virgil himself, the creator of the oasis—well known of hunters and fishermen, dreaded of lazy guides and teamsters—"Virge," the irascible, kind-hearted, indefatigable, is here no longer. He will do his friends no more favors, and put his foes to confusion no more. His short, imperious figure will not meet us again at the landing. For he has "gone out of the

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wilderness," and no man can fill his place. Peace be to thy memory, old friend! There are some who will not forget thy kindnesses in the good days that are past.

The charm of Bartlett's for the angler lies in the stretch of rapid water which flows just in front of the house. The Saranac River, breaking from its first resting-place in the Upper Lake, plunges down through a great bed of rocks, making a succession of short falls and pools and rapids, about a quarter of a mile in length. Here, in the spring and early summer, the speckled trout—brightest and gamiest of all fish that swim—are found in great numbers. As the season advances they move away into the deep water of the lakes. But there are always a few stragglers left, and I have taken them in the rapids at the very end of August. What could be more delightful than to spend an hour or two in the early morning, or about sundown, of each day, in wading this rushing stream, and casting the fly on its clear waters? The wind blows softly down the narrow valley, and the trees nod from the rocks above you. The noise of the falls makes constant music in your ears. The river hurries past you, and yet it is never gone.

The same foam-flakes seem to be always gliding downward, the same spray dashing over the stones, the same eddy coiling at the edge of the pool. Send your fly in under those hanging branches, where the water swirls around by that old log. Now draw it up toward the foam. There is a sudden gleam of dull gold in the white water. You strike too soon. Your line comes back to you. In a current like this a fish will almost always hook himself. Try it again. This time he strikes the fly fairly, and you have him. It is a good fish, and makes the slender rod bend to the strain. He sulks for a moment as if uncertain what to do, and then with a rush darts into the swiftest part of the current. You can never stop him there. Let him go. Keep just enough pressure on him to hold the hook firm, and follow his troutship down the stream as if he were a salmon. He slides over a little fall, gleaming through the foam, and swings around in the next pool. Here you can manage him more easily; and after a few minutes' brilliant play, a few mad dashes for the current, and one splendid leap out of water, he comes to the net, and your skillful guide lands him with a quick, steady sweep of the arm. The scales credit him with an even pound of flesh, and a better fish than this you will hardly take here in midsummer.



BARTLETT'S VILLAGE.

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"On my word, master," says the appreciative Venator, in Walton's *Angler*, "this is a gallant trout; what shall we do with him?" And honest Piscator replies: "Marry! e'en eat him to supper; we'll go to my hostess from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter (J. R. R.), a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I have the best; we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offense to God or man."

Ampersand waited patiently while I passed many days in such innocent and healthful pleasures as these, until the right day came for the ascent. Cool, clean, and bright, the crystal morning promised a glorious noon, and the mountain almost seemed to beckon us to come up higher. My photographic camera and a trustworthy lunch were stowed away in the pack-basket. The backboard was adjusted at a comfortable angle in the stern seat of our little boat. The guide held the little craft steady while I stepped into my place; then he pushed out into the stream, and we went swiftly down toward Round Lake.

The motion of these Saranac boats is delightful. They are light and somewhat cranky—frail shells, through the sides of which you can easily put your heel by a careless step—but in the hands of an experienced oarsman they are as safe as a Cunarder, riding the heaviest sea like a duck, and slipping through the water with magical ease. One can travel in them all day long without fatigue, and forty miles is no uncommon journey with a good guide.

Everything depends in the Adirondacks upon your guide. If he is lazy, or selfish, or stupid, you will not enjoy yourself; but if he is the right kind of a guide, he will be at the same time your "philosopher and friend." He will initiate you into the mysteries of wood-craft. He will tell you the secrets of "spring-holes" and "runways." He will cook for you when you are hungry, and find a cold stream for you when you are thirsty. He will tell you endless stories of hunting and fishing when you are in the talking mood, and keep a discreet silence when you are meditative. And when you are sleepy he will make for you a bed of fragrant balsam boughs on which Insomnia can never find you. Such a guide was mine, rejoicing in the Scriptural name of Hosea, but commonly called, in brevity and friendliness, "Hose."

As we entered Round Lake on this fair morning its surface was as smooth and shining as a mirror. It was too early yet for the tide of travel which sends a score of boats up and down this thoroughfare every day; and from shore to shore the water was unruffled, except by a flock of sheldrakes which had been feeding near Plymouth Rock, and now went skittering off into Weller Bay with great splashing and noise, leaving a long wake of foam behind them. At such a time as this you can see the real color of these Adirondack lakes. It is not blue, as romantic writers so often describe it, nor green, like some of those wonderful Swiss lakes, although of course it reflects the color of the trees along the shore; and when the wind stirs it, it gives back the hue of the sky, blue when it is clear, gray when the clouds are gathering, and sometimes as black as ink under the shadow of storm. But when it is still, the water itself is like that river which one of the poets has described as

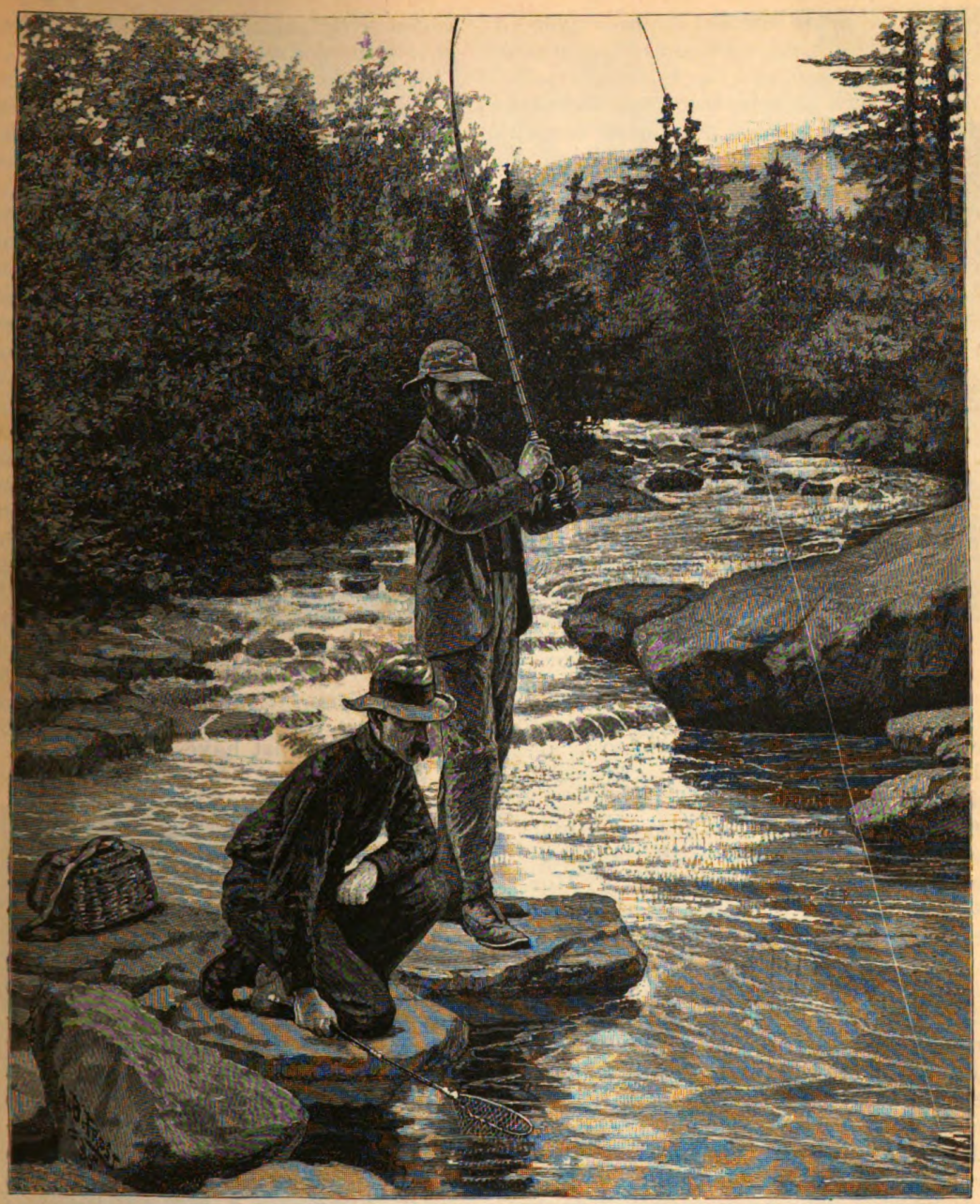
"Flowing with a smooth brown current."

And in this broad burnished mirror the mountains and islands were reflected perfectly, and the sun shone back from it not in broken gleams or a wide lane of light, but like a single ball of fire, moving before us as we moved.

But stop! What was that dark speck on the water which I saw away down toward Turtle Point? It was just the color and size of a deer's head. It seemed to move steadily out into the lake. A little ripple, like a wake, appeared behind it. Hose turned to look at it, and then sent the boat darting in that direction with long, swift strokes. It was a moment of pleasant excitement, and we began to conjecture whether the deer was a buck or a doe, and whose hounds had driven it in. But when Hose turned to look again, he slackened his stroke, and said: "I guess we needn't to hurry; he won't get away. It's astonishin' what a lot of fun a man can get in the course of a natural life in chasin' chumps of wood."

We landed on a sand beach at the mouth of a little stream, where a blazed tree marked the beginning of the Amper-

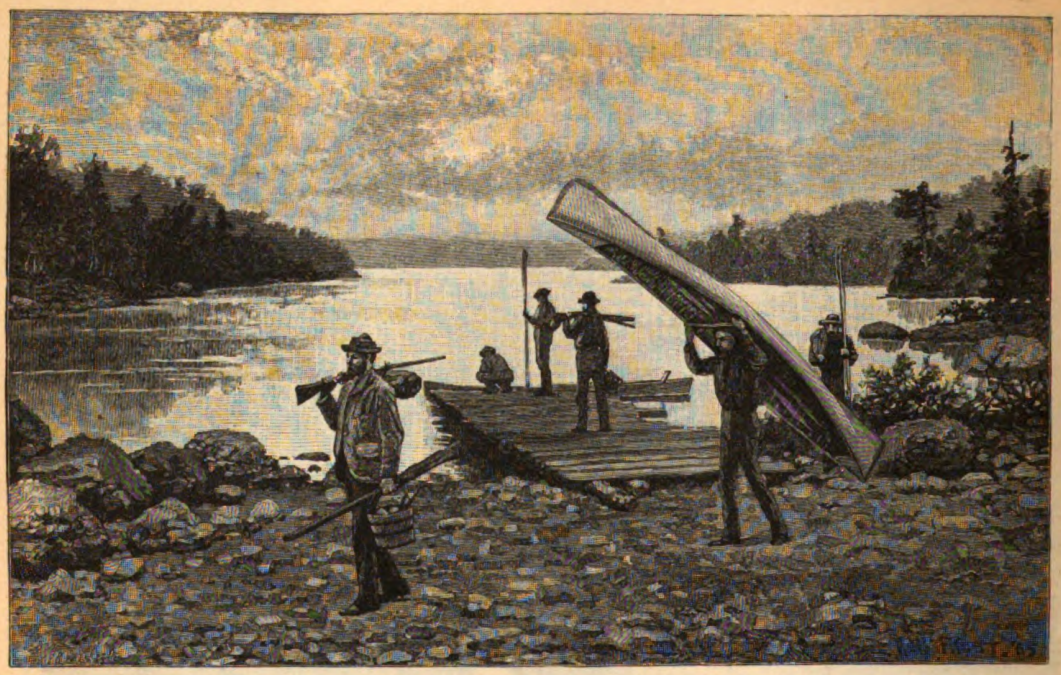
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TROUTING.

sand trail. This line, or path, through the forest was first made some fifteen years ago by that ardent sportsman and lover of the Adirondacks Dr. W. W. Ely, of Rochester. Since that time it has been shortened and improved a little by other travellers, and also not a little blocked and confused by the lumbermen and the course of Nature. For when the lumbermen go into the woods they cut roads in every direction, leading nowhither, and the unwary wanderer is thereby led aside from the right way, and entangled in the undergrowth. And as for Nature, she is entirely opposed to the continuance of paths through her forest. She covers them with fallen leaves, and hides them with thick bushes. She drops great trees across them, and blots them out with windfalls. But the blazed line—a succession of broad axe-marks on the trunks of the trees, just high enough to catch

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MAKING A PORTAGE.

the eye on a level—can not be so easily obliterated, and this, after all, is the safest guide through the woods.

Our trail led us at first through a natural meadow, overgrown with waist-high grass, and very spongy to the tread. Hornet-haunted also, was this meadow, and therefore no place for idle dalliance or unwary digression, for the bite of the hornet is one of the saddest and most humiliating surprises of this mortal life. Then through a tangle of old wood roads my guide led me safely, and we struck up on the long ridges which slope gently from the lake to the base of the mountain.

Here walking was comparatively easy, for in the hard-wood timber there is little underbrush. The long massive trunks seemed like pillars set to uphold the level roof of green. Great yellow birches, shaggy with age, stretched their knotted arms high above us, sugar-maples stood up straight and proud under their leafy crowns, and innumerable smooth beeches—the most polished and park-like of all the forest trees—offered special opportunities for the carving of lovers' names in a place where few lovers ever come.

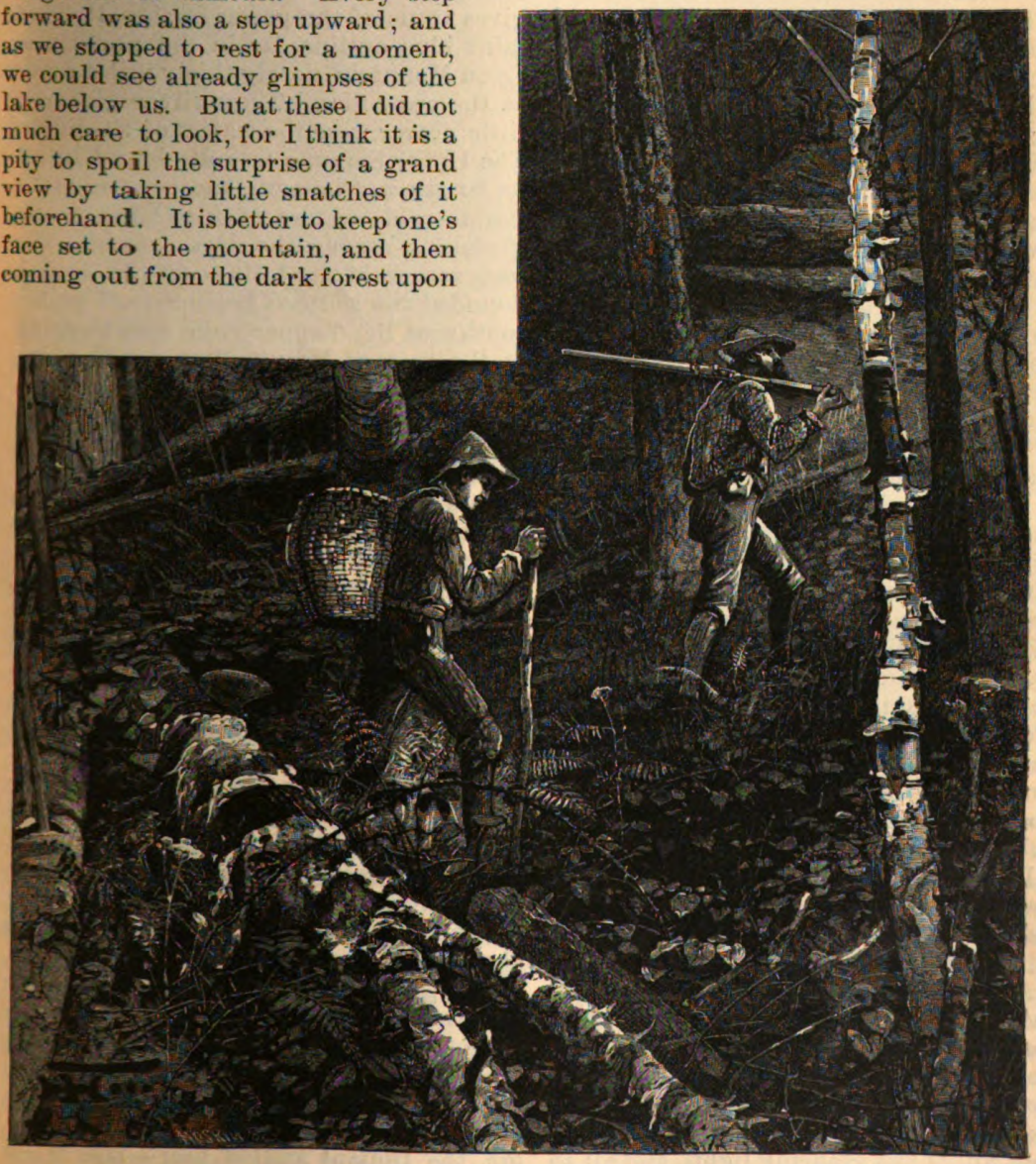
As we walked onward the woods were very quiet. It seemed as if all living creatures had deserted them. Indeed, if you have spent much time in our Northern forests you must have often wondered at the absence of life, and felt a sense of pity for the apparent loneliness of the solitary squirrel that chatters at you as you pass, or the little bird that hops noiselessly about in the thickets. The middle of the day is an especially silent and deserted time. The deer are asleep in some leafy covert. The partridge has gathered her brood in a quiet nook for their noonday nap. The squirrels are perhaps counting over their store of nuts in a hollow tree, and the wood-thrush spares her sweet voice until the evening. The woods are close—not cool and fragrant as the foolish romances describe them—but warm and still; for the breeze which sweeps across the hill-top and ruffles the surface of the lake does not penetrate into these shady recesses, and therefore all the inhabitants take the noon-tide as their hour of rest. Only the big woodpecker—he of the scarlet head and mighty bill—is indefatigable, and somewhere unseen is "tapping the hollow beech-tree," while a wakeful little bird, invisible though near at hand, pierces the air with his long-drawn "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-ee!"

After about an hour of this easy walking our trail began to ascend more sharply. We passed over the shoulder of a ridge and around the edge of a fire-slash, and

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then we had the mountain fairly before us. Not that we could see anything of it, for the woods still shut us in, but the path became very steep, and we knew that it was a straight climb; not up and down and round about did this most uncompromising trail proceed, but right up, in a direct line for the summit. Now this side of Ampersand is steeper than any Gothic roof I have ever seen, and withal very much encumbered with rocks and ledges and fallen trees. There were places where we had to haul ourselves up by roots and branches, and places where we had to go down on our hands and knees to crawl under logs. It was breathless work, but not at all dangerous or difficult. Every step forward was also a step upward; and as we stopped to rest for a moment, we could see already glimpses of the lake below us. But at these I did not much care to look, for I think it is a pity to spoil the surprise of a grand view by taking little snatches of it beforehand. It is better to keep one's face set to the mountain, and then coming out from the dark forest upon the very summit, feel the splendor of the outlook flash upon one like a revelation.

The character of the woods through which we were now passing was entirely different from that on the lower levels. On these steep places the birch and maple will not grow, or at least they occur but sparsely. The higher slopes and sharp ridges of the mountains are always covered with black timber. Spruce and hemlock and balsam strike their roots among the rocks, and find a hidden nourishment. They stand close together; thickets of small trees spring up among the large ones; from year to year the great trunks are falling,



ON THE TRAIL.

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one across another, and the undergrowth is thickening around them, until a spruce forest seems to be almost impassable. The constant rain of needles and the crumbling of the fallen trees form a rich, soft forest mould, into which the foot sinks noiselessly. Deep, wonderful beds of moss, many feet in thickness, and softer than feathers, cover the rocks and roots. There are shadows never broken by the sun, and dark, cool springs of icy water hidden away in the crevices. You feel a sense of antiquity here which you can never feel among the maples and beeches. Longfellow was right when he filled his forest primeval with "murmuring pines and hemlocks."

The higher one climbs the darker and gloomier and more rugged the vegetation becomes. The pine-trees soon cease to follow you; the hemlocks disappear, and the balsams can go no farther. Only the hardy spruce keeps on bravely, growing more and more rough and stunted, with branches matted together and pressed down flat by the weight of the winter's snow, until finally, somewhere about the level of thirty-four hundred feet above the sea, even this bold climber gives out, and the weather-beaten rocks of the summit are clad only with the hardiest mosses and Alpine plants.

Thus it is with mountains, as perhaps with men, a mark of superior dignity to be naturally bald. Ampersand, falling short by a thousand feet of the needful height, can not claim this distinction. But what Nature has denied, human labor has supplied. Under the direction of Mr. Verplanck Colvin, of the Adirondack Survey, several acres of trees were cut away from the summit, and when we emerged, after the last sharp scramble, upon the very crest of the mountain, we were not shut in by a dense thicket, but stood upon a bare ridge of granite in the centre of a little clearing.

I shut my eyes for a moment, drew a few long breaths of the glorious breeze, and then looked out upon a wonder and delight beyond description.

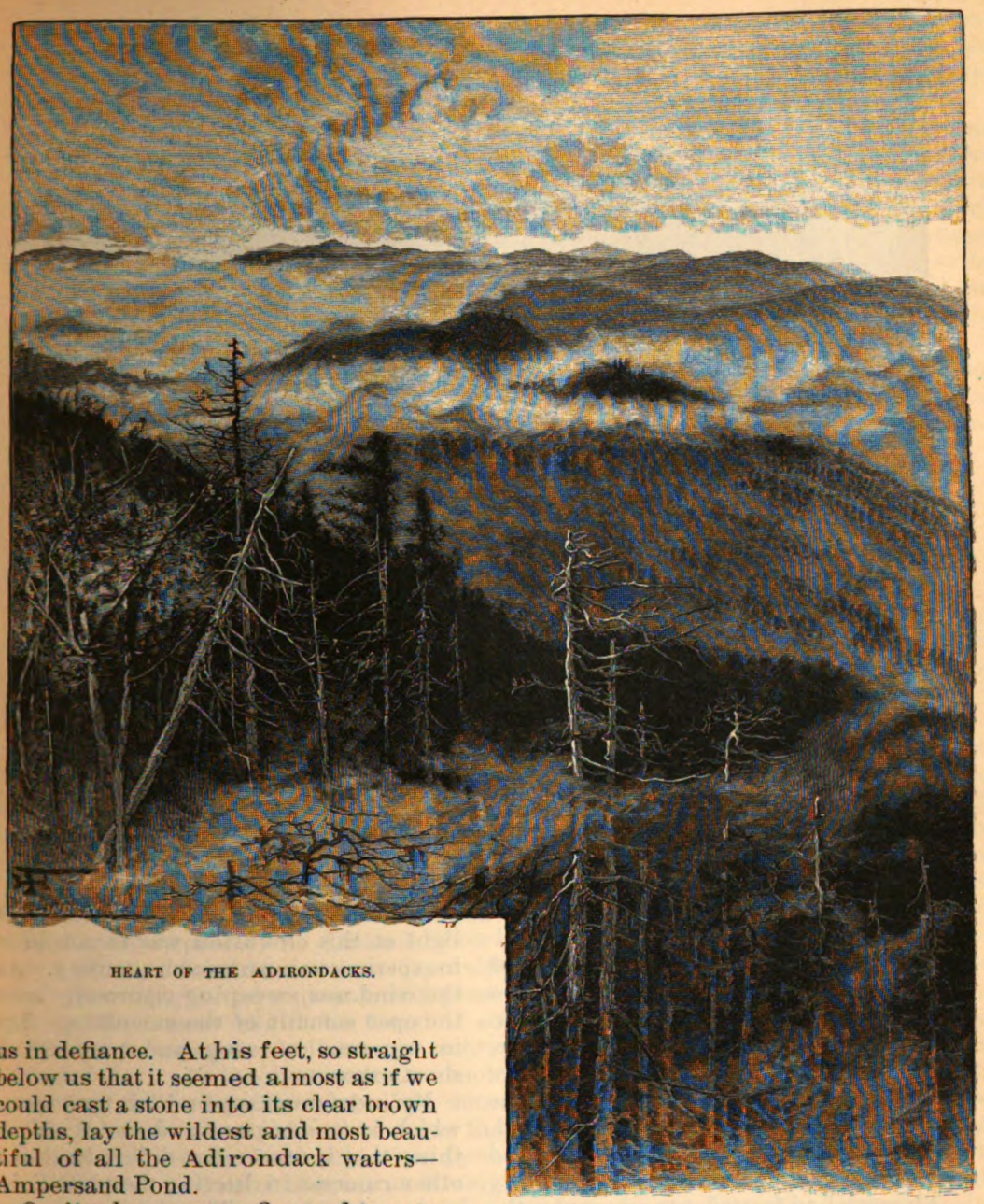
A soft, dazzling splendor filled the air. Snowy banks and drifts of cloud were floating slowly over a wide and wondrous land. Vast sweeps of forest, shining waters, mountains near and far, the deepest green and the faintest, palest blue, changing colors and glancing lights, and all so silent, so strange, so far away, that it seemed like the landscape of a dream. One almost feared to speak lest it should vanish.

Right below us the Lower Saranac and Lonesome Pond, Round Lake and the Weller Ponds, were spread out like a map. Every point and island was clearly marked. We could follow the course of the Saranac River in all its curves and windings, and see the white tent of the hay-makers on the wild meadows. Far away to the northeast stretched the level fields of Bloomingdale. But westward from that all was unbroken wilderness, a great sea of woods as far as the eye could reach. And how far it can reach from a height like this! What a revelation it gives to us of the power of sight! That faint blue outline far in the north was Lyon Mountain, nearly thirty miles away as the crow flies. Those silver gleams a little nearer were the waters of St. Regis. The Upper Saranac was displayed in all its length and breadth, and beyond it the innumerable waters of Fish Creek were glistening among the dark woods. The long ranges of the hills about the Jordan bounded the western horizon, and on the southwest Big Tupper Lake was sleeping at the base of Mount Morris. Looking past the peak of Stony Creek Mountain, which rose sharp and distinct in a line with Ampersand, we could trace the path of the Raquette River from the distant waters of Long Lake down through its far-stretched valley, and catch here and there a silvery link of its current.

But when we turned to the south and east, how wonderful and how different was the view! Here was no wide-spread and smiling landscape with gleams of silver scattered through it, and soft blue haze resting upon its fading verge, but a wild land of mountains, stern, rugged, tumultuous, rising one beyond another like the waves of a stormy ocean—Ossa piled above Pelion—McIntyre's sharp peak and the ragged crest of the Gothics, and, above all, Marcy's dome-like head, raised just far enough above the others to assert his royal right as monarch of the Adirondacks.

But grandest of all, as seen from this height, was Mount Seward—a solemn giant of a mountain, standing apart from the others, and looking us full in the face. He was clothed from base to summit in a dark unbroken robe of forest. *Ou-kor-lah*, the Indians called him—the Great Eye; and he seemed almost to frown upon

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HEART OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

us in defiance. At his feet, so straight below us that it seemed almost as if we could cast a stone into its clear brown depths, lay the wildest and most beautiful of all the Adirondack waters—Ampersand Pond.

On its shore, some five-and-twenty years ago, the now almost forgotten Adirondack Club had their shanty—the successor of "the Philosophers' Camp" on Follensbee Pond. Agassiz, of Cambridge, the genial and witty Tom Appleton, of Boston, Charles E. Norton, Emerson, Lowell, Judge Hoar, Judge Gray, John Holmes, and W. J. Stillman, of *The Nation*, were among the company who made their resting-place under the shadow of Mount Seward. They had bought a tract of forest land completely encircling the pond, cut a rough road in to it through the woods, and built a comfortable log cabin, to which they purposed to return from summer to summer. But the civil war broke out, with all its terrible excitement and confusion of hurrying hosts; the club existed but for two years, and the little house in the wilderness was abandoned. Ten years ago, when I spent three weeks at Ampersand, the cabin was in ruins, tenanted only by an interesting family of what the guides quaintly call "quill pigs," and surrounded by an almost impenetrable growth of bushes and

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VIEW EAST FROM AMPERSAND.

saplings, among which a brood of partridges were in hiding. The roof had fallen to the ground; raspberry-bushes thrust themselves through the yawning crevices between the logs; and in front of the sunken door-sill lay a rusty, broken iron stove, like a dismantled altar on which the fire had gone out forever. Since that time two new trails have been cut to the pond, and it has become more accessible and more frequented.

After we had feasted our eyes upon the view as long as we dared, counted the lakes and streams, and found that we could see without a glass more than thirty, and recalled the memories of "good times" which came to us from almost every point of the compass, we unpacked the camera, and proceeded to take some pictures.

If you are a photographer, and have anything of the amateur's passion for your art, you will appreciate my pleasure and my anxiety. Never before, so far as I knew, had a camera been set up on Ampersand. I had but eight plates with me. The views were all very distant and all at a downward angle. The power of the light at this elevation was to me in my inexperience an unknown quantity. And the wind was sweeping vigorously across the open summit of the mountain. I put in my smallest stop, and prepared for short exposures.

My instrument was a Blair tourograph, which is as compact and useful as anything that is made, but differs from most other cameras in having the plate-holder on top of the box. The plates are dropped into a groove below, and then moved backward or forward into focus, after which the cap is removed and the exposure made.

I set my instrument for Ampersand Pond, sighted the picture through the ground glass, and measured the focus. Then I waited for a quiet moment, dropped the plate, moved it carefully forward to the proper mark, and went around to take off the cap. I found that I already had it in my hand, *and the plate had been exposed for about thirty seconds, with a sliding focus!*

I expostulated with myself. I said:

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"You are excited; you are stupid; you are unworthy of the name of photographer. Light-writer! You ought to write with a whitewash-brush!" The reproof was effectual, and from that moment all went well. The plates dropped smoothly, the camera was steady, the exposure was correct. Six good pictures were made, to recall, so far as black and white could do it, the delights of that day.

It has been my good fortune to climb many of the famous peaks of the Adirondacks—Dix, the Dial, Hurricane, the Giant of the Valley, Marcy, and Whiteface—but I do not think the outlook from any of them is so wonderful and so lovely as that from little Ampersand; and I reckon among my most valuable chattels the plates of glass on which the sun has traced for me (who can not draw) the outlines of that loveliest landscape.

The downward journey was swift and pleasant. We halted for an hour or two beside a trickling spring a few rods below the summit to eat our lunch and rest. Then, jumping, running, and sometimes sliding, we made the proverbially easy descent, passed in safety by the dreaded lair of the hornet, and reached Bartlett's as the day was declining to its peaceful close.

Tell me, I pray you, my gentle reader, was not this a day to be grateful for? and are not these pleasures, as Izaak Walton saith, without offense to God or man?

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S LOVE AFFAIR.

WHEN Colonel Chowery, late of the Madras Infantry, went to settle at Altenstadt with his wife and seven children, he was impelled only by motives of economy. If it had been predicted to him that his going to reside at the capital of Gothia would nearly cause a revolution in that country, and would lead to complications threatening a European war, the disturbance of the balance of power, and the upsetting of an English ministry, he would have thought such contingencies highly improbable. Colonel Chowery was not an imaginative man; he could not even imagine how it was that, practicing the utmost thrift, he found it so difficult to square his accounts every quarter-day. As for wars and other such exciting things, he fancied he had done with them all when he retired from the Indian service on half-pay, with three medals, and a thankful mind at having not the slightest touch of liver complaint.

But as a man can never make quite sure of where he is going when he drives a gig, so a father can never plainly foresee what trials are in store for him when he owns a pretty daughter. Mabel Chowery, the colonel's eldest girl, was one of the sweetest maidens you can picture in your mind's eye, and it pleased his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Gothia to fall in love with her. Here you have at once all the elements for the very pretty kettle of fish above mentioned.

The thing came about, quite naturally, in this way: Mabel, who was then seventeen, used to go every afternoon at four to fetch home her two younger sisters, Alice and Mary, who attended the High School for young ladies. One December day, as the three girls were close to their home in the Blumenstrasse, and were walking very fast and gayly because of the frost, they saw a small Gothian boy, aged four, with his shirt tail sticking out of his trousers (as the fashion for boys is in that kingdom), toddle across the road just as a phaeton and pair were coming down at a spanking trot. "Oh, Mab, he'll be run over!" shrieked Alice and Mary together; but before they could add another word, Mabel had rushed to the small Gothian's rescue, and had borne him out of harm's way so fast that she lost her balance and fell down with him. The small Gothian, feeling deeply aggrieved, roared and kicked out. The driver of the phaeton pulled up his team on their haunches, and Mabel, as she stood up pink with confusion, recognized the Crown Prince in the tall, dark, and handsome man who had alighted, hat in hand, and was asking her, in a voice of sincere concern, whether she was hurt.

"No, sir, not in the least," faltered Mabel, blushing all the more now she saw who the speaker was. Everybody knew the Crown Prince by sight: his photograph was in a hundred shop windows.

"You had a bad fall," he said, kindly, "and it was my fault. Will you let me offer you my arm and escort you home?"

"Thank you," said Mabel. "We live

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"IF SHE WENT TO THE PIANO, HE FOLLOWED HER, AND TURNED HER MUSIC."—[SEE PAGE 233.]

From a drawing by C. S. Reinhart.

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over the way." But the Crown Prince escorted her across the road, praising her courage, and apologizing for his own carelessness in so nearly causing an accident. When he had seen her safe to her door he made her a low bow and retired. The small Gothian who had been the occasion of this fuss had retreated up a side street, squalling with all his might.

You may be sure this little adventure with the Crown Prince became the principal topic of conversation at Colonel Chowery's tea table that evening. Mabel laughed at the affair, and thought that the Prince had made too much of it; but she owned that he had been very polite, and her sisters declared that he was the most charming man they had ever seen. The Colonel, being unimaginative, listened without saying much. He could not realize the scene as it had happened, and fixed his thoughts only on this palpable fact, that Mabel had slightly grazed her wrist. He suggested an embrocation, and there he supposed the matter would end.

But next morning the newspapers of Altenstadt published a paragraph about the bravery of the young English lady, and toward noon Colonel Von Schmeikelmund, the court Chamberlain, called at the Colonel's lodgings, saying he had been sent by their Majesties the King and Queen, as well as by his Royal Highness the Crown Prince, to inquire whether the Fräulein Mabel had suffered no injuries from her accident. The Herr Graf was a very urbane old gentleman, with a white head like a ball of cotton-wool. He said many pretty things to the Chowerys, and concluded by announcing that he had the royal orders to send them an invitation to the next court ball, on New-Year's Day.

Now Colonel Chowery had not come to Altenstadt with any intention of attending court balls, which are, at the best, expensive affairs, entailing an outlay for white gloves and cab hire, but such a gracious invitation as the King of Gothia had sent could not be refused. Mrs. Chowery would not hear of its being refused, and Mabel was as pleased as all girls are at the prospect of going to her first grand ball in a new dress. The Colonel had to send his old uniform to a tailor to be touched up a little and let out in the waist, for German living was making him stout. He then called on Sir Passmore Stoley, the British Minister, and was received by his Excellency with a coldness not devoid of irritation. Sir Passmore could not call to mind any precedent for a presentation in this irregular way. His son and secretary, young Gow Stoley, could not remember any precedent either. Both these magnates contrived to make the old Indian officer feel that he was transgressing the routine of the legation in a manner not creditable to his sense of propriety. The Colonel returned home much mortified from this interview with his country's representative, and vented some of his displeasure on his wife and daughter. He was a short, puzzled-headed man, who had always lived on good terms with constituted authorities, and thought it hard that at his age he should get a wigging because his eldest girl had been so incautious as to draw down public attention on herself. "I wish, Mab," he said, "that in future when you see dirty little boys in the street you would let them alone."

Nevertheless the Colonel, his wife, and Mabel did go to the ball, and amongst all the ladies there, married or single, there was not one who looked so well as Miss Chowery. She wore a white silk dress with bunches of roses, and had roses in her hair. Many of the Gothia nobility stared at her large soft blue eyes, her pretty little mouth, and her bright brown curls. But Lady Stoley, a proud and portly dame, covered with jewels, ignored the Chowerys utterly, and she pinched the arm of her son Gow when she saw the latter gaze at Mabel with sheepish wonder. This did not prevent Gow Stoley from gazing again as soon as he could do so undetected. At these German courts people to be presented are ranged down the two sides of a long room, foreigners standing beside the ministers of their respective countries. The ministers and their attachés are in uniform. At ten o'clock a pair of folding-doors are thrown open, and the King, Queen, royal family, ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and maids of honor all stream in, preceded by the Chamberlain, whose gold key of office dangles from his button-hole. The court procession moves slowly down one side of the room and then up the other, stopping every time a presentation is made, and their Majesties generally address a few gracious words to visitors of distinction.

Now on this occasion the King and Queen of Gothia spoke to nobody except the Chowerys. His Majesty was a tall, bluff, and dignified potentate, with a

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healthy belief in the divine right of German monarchs, but with a good deal of hearty kindness toward people who treated him reverently. He not only smiled with a fatherly condescension on Mabel, but he kissed her on both cheeks, the Queen did the same, and they both called her a brave girl. After this the King turned to the Colonel and Mrs. Chowery, and shook hands with them both. Sir Passmore, in his gold-laced swallow-tail, looked blue, and Lady Stoley looked still bluer; but the King paid no attention to them, once ceremonious bows had been exchanged. A colonel was sacred in his Majesty's eyes. No matter if he had only been in the Indian service; he had commanded a regiment, he had been in battle, and was consequently, to the King's thinking, a much worthier individual than a civilian like Sir Passmore Stoley. "Colonel Chowery, I like the sight of your English redcoats," said his Majesty; "you must tell me all about your campaigns."

Soon after this the band struck up, quadrilles were formed, and Mabel found herself dancing in the royal set with the Crown Prince. His Royal Highness was splendidly attired in a hussar uniform blazing with diamond stars. But, without any flattery, it may be said that his eyes sparkled as much as his diamonds. There was not a comelier prince among the heirs-apparent of Europe, nor a faster, for he made the thalers of his royal papa fly like sparks off a grindstone. He spoke to Mabel in English, and after conducting her to her seat at the end of the quadrille, begged the pleasure of dancing the supper valse with her by-and-by. He had no sooner retired than a whole rush of Gothian princes, counts, and barons, all in uniform and all decorated, pressed forward to offer themselves as partners. Not a man boasting less than thirty-two quarterings had a chance in this throng. Mabel had been raised *per saltum* to the post of the belle of the Gothian court, and a romantic interest attached to her because her adventure with the dirty little street boy had been much magnified by rumor. So her card was filled up in a trice with so many great names that it read like a leaf torn out of the *Almanach de Gotha*.

But amongst all these Fürsten, Grafen, and Freiherren there was not one who looked so handsome as the Crown Prince, or danced so well. This, at least, was Miss Chowery's opinion. There were many noble Gothian ladies and girls who had expected to have their turns footing it over the floor with his Royal Highness, but they were disappointed. The Crown Prince danced with nobody except Mabel that evening. After the quadrille he withdrew into a window embrasure, and entered into a long conversation with Count von Stolz, the Prime Minister, an old gentleman with a face impenetrable as cast iron. Old Stolz was pleased to see the Prince so attentive, for it was not often that the King's son sought the society of his father's wise counsellors, and therefore the veteran statesman proceeded to improve the occasion. But the Prince was not listening at all. His eye kept wandering toward Mabel, and presently a moody look stole over his face, and he stroked his mustache nervously, as if displeased to see her dance with so many men.

It is the best of princes that they seldom care to hide their displeasure. Mabel found the Prince sulky when he came to dance with her for the second time. "You are very fond of dancing," he said, in a pettish tone.

"Oh, very, sir," she answered, innocently; "this is my first ball."

"Your first, is it? I should have thought you did nothing but dance all day and night, it seems so natural to you."

Mabel made no reply, for they had begun to spin round to the strains of a new waltz composed by Herr Zingel, the Hofcapellmeister; but when his Royal Highness had waltzed off some of his ill humor, and had brought Mabel to a sudden stand-still, flushed and a little breathless, he whispered: "I have never had such a partner as you. I feel as if I should never again care to dance with anybody else."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Mabel, blushing and astonished.

"You must come to all the other court balls this winter," proceeded the Prince. "But you will dance with me only, won't you? It makes me jealous to see you dance with other men."

Mabel glanced up. Her eyes met the Prince's, and she instantly lowered them. But the mischief was done. It requires only a spark to explode a magazine; but the Prince's look had wrought a cruel disturbance in the little English girl's heart. She was too flurried to say anything or to

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understand much of what he said from that moment. He took her in to supper, contrary to all rules of etiquette, for there was a Serene Highness present who had a claim to his escort, and the court Chamberlain, Count von Schmeikelmund, observed this breach of duty with consternation. The Queen also noticed it, and her Majesty's eyes were suddenly opened to the fact that the heir-apparent had been paying rather too much attention all the evening to Fräulein Chowery. But the King of Gothia noticed nothing, for he was deep in conversation with the little Colonel as to the comparative advantages of close or open order in skirmishing with rebellious Hindoos. The General Count von Schwertspiel, commander-in-chief of the Gothian forces, had been called, with some other generals, to adjudicate upon this dispute, and there was quite a big circle of military men all as one with their monarch in demonstrating the superiority of close order to Colonel Chowery, while the more frivolous spirits of both sexes were stepping to Herr Zingel's measures.

"You are not drinking your champagne," murmured the Crown Prince to Mabel, in the supper-room. "You are not angry at the words I spoke to you?"

"No, sir," answered Mabel, faintly.

"Smile, then; else I shall think I have offended you."

She tried to smile; but it was a weak effort. She wished that she were beside her mother, and that this ball were over; all the joy of it had died out from her heart. Oh, why did he look at her like that, and talk in such a way when he could mean so little by what he said? Was he not a king's son, and how could she forget that?

Mabel danced no more that night, and riding home she sat silent and trembling in her corner of the cab, while the Colonel discoursed with great complacency upon what the King had said, and what he had said to the King, and what a fine country Gothia was, and what learned fellows those Gothian generals were.

On the morning after the ball the Crown Prince and his august mother had a little conversation. The Prince wanted her Majesty to appoint Fräulein Chowery to be reader and companion to his young sisters, the Princesses Wilhelmina, Frederica, and Sophia. He was very affectionate in urging this request, as it was his custom to be when he wanted anything; and the Queen, who was dotingly fond of him, generally humored his most unreasonable wishes for the sake of being petted by him a little. But this request about Fräulein Chowery was really too stiff. Her Majesty had matrimonial views for her son, and reminded him that he was as good as engaged to the Princess Carolina, daughter of the King of Swabia. "It is time, my dear Fritz, that you went to the Swabian court and commenced your wooing," observed her Majesty. "Your marriage ought to be settled, in order that our Parliament and that of Swabia may vote the necessary grants during this session."

"Will you give Fräulein Chowery the appointment, I beg?" asked the Crown Prince, deliberately avoiding the main issue.

"No, Fritz; it would excite remark," answered the poor Queen, nervously; for when she resisted any of her Fritz's whims there was almost always a scene that made her weep. "But—but—don't be angry. You can get this English maiden placed in the household of your aunt Dorothea. That will be much better, for you will be able to see her there as often as you like without anybody talking scandal about it. Dorothea will be happy to serve you in the matter, as she is so good-natured."

"Will you speak to Aunt Dorothea about it?" asked the Crown Prince, who had already begun to scowl.

"Yes, Fritz, I will speak to Aunt Dorothea, if you promise to obey me about the marriage." The Queen would have promised anything to put her son into a good humor.

"Very well; as soon as Fräulein Chowery is settled at the Old Palace I will see about marrying Carolina," answered his Royal Highness, and thereupon gave his mother a kiss which made her glad for the rest of the day.

The good Queen of Gothia therefore arranged that little matter for him with the Princess Dorothea without her royal conscience troubling her with the reproach that she was doing any wrong. The Princess Dorothea was a good-humored plump widow of forty, the King's sister. She kept a small court of her own in the Old Palace of Altenstadt, and was understood to be a patron of the arts because she favored good-looking tenors and young poets who wrote sonnets in her honor. She was not particularly fond of her nephew the Crown Prince, for he had been heard to say sarcastic things about her;

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but this rendered her the more anxious not to incur his rancor by refusing the small favor he asked on behalf of his *protégée* Fräulein Chowery. In a few words the Queen explained to her how the wind lay, and her Royal Highness by a womanly twinkle showed that she understood. Accordingly, a paper was signed appointing Mabel Chowery to be reader in ordinary to her Royal Highness at a salary of fifteen hundred thalers, and Baron von Kammerkel, the Princess's chamberlain, secretary, and most confidential adviser, a stalwart and chubby nobleman six feet high, was sent to the Colonel's lodgings to request that Mabel would attend at the Old Palace.

Since the ball Mabel had been perplexed and sad, though there was no change in her manner that could attract her parents' notice. Returning from the ball she had made up her mind that she would next day tell her mother all that had happened; but next day it seemed to her that there was nothing to tell. The Prince had looked strangely at her, he had told her that he should never care to dance with any other girl again, and he had slightly squeezed her hand. But what was there in that? Mabel knew that there was a great deal in it; but she might not be able to convey the same impression to her father and mother. They might say she was prudish and absurd. Colonel Chowery was not in a mood for hearing any evil spoken of the Gothian royal family, for on the day after the ball the King had graciously sent him a work on military tactics, and had begged him to draw up a report on his theories about open order in skirmishing, which report was to be submitted to the Gothian War-office. So the little Colonel was very busy with pen and paper, and that is why Mabel was afraid to trouble him with her story about how the Crown Prince had behaved.

When the Princess Dorothea's message arrived it was received by the Chowery family with gratified surprise as a signal mark of the royal favor. Mabel herself was greatly relieved and pleased. The position offered was such a respectable one, and then there was the salary, which to people circumstanced as the Chowerys were was no small consideration. But what pleased poor Mabel most was to think that since she was going to be admitted into the Princess Dorothea's household there could be no intention on the part of anybody at court to treat her slightingly. Perhaps the Crown Prince was sorry for having made fun of her, and had helped to get her this post as an atonement. Thinking this might be the case, Mabel felt already disposed to forgive his Royal Highness.

Hasty preparations had to be made that Mabel might go to the Old Palace with a suitable outfit. "What a lucky girl you are!" exclaimed the overjoyed Colonel. "You must have two new dresses, dear child," said Mrs. Chowery. Two days were devoted to shopping, and Mrs. Chowery made Mabel a present of all her spare trinkets, including her watch and chain, that she might appear as smartly as possible in her new situation. Privately both the Colonel and his wife indulged the idea that their daughter's fortune was made. She would probably make a fine marriage with a Gothian nobleman of wealth. There could be no question that she was a very lucky girl.

Mabel thought this too, during the first week of her sojourn in the palace, for she was treated with great kindness. She had a charming suite of rooms all to herself, and one of the Princess's maids to attend to her. The Princess called her "my dear child," and was very generous, for she gave her three new dresses as soon as she had ascertained what the extent of her wardrobe was. Mabel thought at first she would never know what to do with so many fine frocks. As to her duties, they were merely nominal. She breakfasted by herself, and was free to walk about the palace gardens, or do anything else she pleased, until noon, when she joined her mistress at luncheon. After luncheon the Princess used to go out for a drive, and Mabel accompanied her. On their return her Royal Highness took some *café au lait* and cakes, and talked scandal with Baron von Kammerkel, who retailed to her all the chitchat of court and city. While this was going on Mabel and a buxom maid of honor named Fräulein Louisa von Gluck used to take it in turns to play waltzes and galops on the piano. It was very seldom that the Princess asked Mabel to read to her, for her Royal Highness preferred French novels to all other literature, and she enjoyed these most when she read them herself. At five o'clock dinner was served, and at seven, on two nights a week, his Royal Highness took Mabel to the opera. On two other nights there used to

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be receptions at the Old Palace, and Mabel helped to do the honors to the Princess's guests. Altogether she had a very easy life of great dignity and liberty, for the servants showed her the utmost respect; her companion, Louisa von Gluck, took a strong liking to her; and Mabel had the privilege of receiving visits from her parents, brothers, and sisters in her own apartments as often as she liked.

But when Mabel had been a week at the palace the Crown Prince one evening dropped in to dinner unannounced; and from that henceforth he managed to come to the Old Palace every day on business of some sort. Sometimes he dropped in of a morning, in military undress uniform, switching a riding-whip; at other times he came late, in evening dress, with a broad blue ribbon across his waistcoat. He was careful about his appearance, and always anxious to please. He paid Mabel such marked attention that his visits became a torment. There were times when she was really frightened by the pertinacity of the Prince's attentions. She dared not raise her eyes lest they should meet his. If she shifted her position, he changed his. If she went to the piano, he followed her and turned her music. At table he scarcely ate, but sat devouring her with his eyes.

The Princess Dorothea appeared to be utterly unconscious of what was going on, and it was this that made the trial so much the harder for Mabel to bear. So far from protecting Mabel, she frequently contrived to leave her and the Prince alone; but Mabel always foiled this move by retiring from the room as quickly as possible, without heeding whether she infringed etiquette or not. At last one evening the Princess, going to the opera, took Louisa with her, and left Mabel at home. "I expect some visitors," she said, as her gallant chamberlain was helping her to put on her cloak. "Please entertain them till I return, and do not leave the drawing-room."

His Royal Highness arrived about half an hour after his aunt was gone. Mabel was seated at a table, turning over the leaves of an album, when he entered softly, unannounced. She raised her eyes, and saw him standing before her with his blue ribbon and star.

Starting up in affright, Mabel made her most formal courtesy, and was then going to withdraw; but he stopped her by standing between her and the door.

"Why do you always run away from me like that, Miss Chowery? Do I frighten you?"

"No—o, sir," faltered Mabel.

"You are the only woman who has ever fled from me, and," added he, slowly, "you are the only woman for whose company I care."

"Your Royal Highness does me too much honor," murmured Mabel, retreating gradually till she had placed herself behind a chair.

"Don't call me 'sir' or 'Royal Highness'; I have enough of that from others. I am only a man when I stand before you, and I feel very small."

No answer from Mabel.

"I do not believe you care in the least who I am or what I say," continued the Prince, in a melancholy tone. "I wish, though, it were otherwise."

Still no answer.

"Will you not say a friendly word to me, Miss Chowery?"

"You must know by this time what I feel toward you," Mabel did reply then. Her heart beat, and she raised toward the Prince a glance that moved him strangely. "I implore you, sir," she said, clasping her little hands, "to remember that I am only a poor girl. You can make me very miserable, and do me great injury. As a man of honor, I entreat you to leave me."

"You despise my love, then? I see you are trembling, and I frighten you. Mabel, listen to me one minute."

"No, no," said Mabel; and as the Prince advanced toward her, she turned the chair round, pushing it against him, and running to the door, darted out.

After this scene Mabel felt that she must consult her parents as to whether she ought to remain any longer at the Old Palace. Her agitation was so painful that she could not delay an instant without seeking her mother. Hurriedly putting on a hat and cloak, she ordered a maid to accompany her, and went home. Two hours later, when the Princess Dorothea returned, expecting to find the Crown Prince and Mabel in the drawing-room, she found Colonel Chowery, who had called to apprise her Royal Highness of what had taken place, and to solicit explanations.

No pleasant errand was this for Colonel Chowery. Had there been any means of avoiding it, he would have done so; but

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assuming Mabel's version of facts to be correct, she had been either grossly insulted or honored in an extraordinary degree. Colonel Chowery, as her father, was bound to ascertain how the case stood, and he could only hope that the Princess Dorothea might be able to assure him that Mabel had been laboring under some delusion as to the meaning of the Prince's words. This was, indeed, what her Royal Highness did say at once. She expressed well-acted astonishment, but had noticed of late that Mabel had been looking poorly, and was a little fanciful in her talk. Perhaps the sudden change in her habits had affected her nerves, and she had need of country air. In fact, the good Princess conveyed the idea that poor Mabel had possibly fallen in love with the Crown Prince, but that it was laughable to suppose that his Royal Highness, who, as all the world knew, was engaged to the Princess Carolina of Swabia, could have troubled his thoughts about Mabel. Colonel Chowery at once saw the justice of this observation, and retired, feeling deeply ashamed of himself and his daughter. "Foolish girl," he muttered to himself, as he trudged home; and he was minded to read her a severe lecture on her folly. But Mabel had been put to bed when he reached the house, for the excitement of the evening had given her a nervous headache, so it was to his wife that the little Colonel delivered his opinions as to the mischievous nature of the nonsense that had got into his girl's head. "No one ever heard such preposterous folly," he said. "The silly girl will have thrown away her position by this conduct, and perhaps have got us all into a scrape, too."

"But I don't think that what Mabel said was mere fancy," remarked Mrs. Chowery, who, with a mother's alarm, had a truer insight into the situation.

"Now, Maria, do be quiet," besought the Colonel. "I tell you this may prove a most awkward affair for us."

Much more awkward than the Colonel fancied when he spoke these words; for, in the dead of that night, as he lay awake musing on all that happened, he was startled by a loud knock, and presently Mulehen, the cook, rapped at his door to say that three gentlemen of the police were waiting to see him. Huddling on his dressing-gown and slippers, the Colonel went down, with no little trepidation depicted on his countenance. His visitors were Herr Starklaune, Chief of the Police in Altenstadt, and two subordinates. Herr Starklaune was a man with a cold, keen eye and a stiff gray mustache. "I am very sorry to be the bearer of a disagreeable communication to you, Colonel," he said, dryly. "The orders of the government are that you leave the kingdom immediately."

"Who?" stammered the Colonel, dumfounded.

"Not only you, but all your family, and especially your daughter Fräulein Mabel."

"Surely this is not owing to the Crown Prince?" remonstrated the Colonel. "I assure you, sir, my poor child has been unwell. I trust you will allow me time to explain this to their Majesties. We are really most grieved, Mrs. Chowery and I."

"I can allow you no time," was Herr Starklaune's answer. "You must all dress at once. Your baggage will be sent after you. I can let you take away no papers. Nothing, in fact, except the clothes you wear. Those are my orders. Be quick, if you please, for two carriages are waiting for you."

Expostulation was useless. The Colonel had to rouse his wife and children; and as soon as they were dressed they were hurried, wondering and shivering, for it was a bitterly cold night, into the carriages, which drove them to a railway station ten miles outside the capital. All the way Mabel cried, and the Colonel kept moaning, "Wretched girl, see what you have brought upon us by your folly!"

This summary expulsion of the Chowerys from Gothia was due to a very simple cause. The Crown Prince, after leaving Mabel, had gone to the royal palace and declared to his father and mother that he would not marry the Princess Carolina of Swabia. He was in love with the Fräulein Chowery, and nobody else should be his wife.

The good Queen of Gothia wept, and the King of Gothia stormed. He had great cause for dissatisfaction in the conduct of his heir, who had lately been very remiss in his military duties, insomuch that the First Regiment of Hussars, of which his Royal Highness was Colonel, were leading quite easy and pleasant lives—a thing never before known in the service.

"I'll put you into another regiment, and send you to command the garrison of a fortress," cried his Majesty, shaking his

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fist. "Now go to your palace, and consider yourself under arrest until my good pleasure is known."

Naturally the Crown Prince obeyed; but there was that in his manner of obeying which showed that he was not to be shaken from the projects he had conceived toward Fräulein Chowery. He had been accustomed to have his own way in everything, generally without difficulty, and Mabel was the only girl who had ever withstood him. This made her the more worth winning. His Royal Highness was persuaded that there could be no more happiness for him in life unless Mabel became his left-handed consort, and having betaken himself to his palace, he wrote her a respectful and well-turned letter expressive of his honorable intentions. Meanwhile his royal papa and mamma had in dismay sent for Baron von Stolz, the Prime Minister, whose advice they besought in a matter which was of such sovereign importance to the dynasty and to the state of Gothia. The Prime Minister was quite as much scandalized as the King and Queen, but being a statesman of prompt action, he at once advised that the Chowerys should be expelled from the country, and that the Crown Prince should be dispatched to the court of Swabia without delay. Baron von Stolz did not believe in the eternity of love affairs between princes and pretty damsels of inferior station, and, besides, he had his political reasons for wishing to see Prince Fritz marry the daughter of the King of Swabia. Gothia and Swabia had not of late been living on quite such friendly terms as was desirable, and it was to be feared that there was some project afoot for concluding an alliance between Swabia and Westphalia, in which case Gothia would find itself in a minority in the German Diet. The Diet still flourished in those days, and Gothia, thanks to the able policy of Baron von Stolz in managing alliances, had a paramount influence there, but this influence could only be maintained if Prince Fritz and the Princess Carolina, who did not care a pin for each other, became man and wife. Therefore the Chowerys were expelled from Gothia, as we have seen, and Baron von Stolz went to bed appeased.

The Crown Prince had also retired to rest, well satisfied, after writing his letter to Mabel, and the first thing he did next morning upon rising was to send that epistle to the Blumenstrasse by one of his equerries. You may imagine his Royal Highness's feelings when the equerry returned in an hour saying that he had found the Chowerys' house in the possession of the police, who were overlooking papers and packing trunks. Herr Starklaune was superintending these operations in person, and he had told the equerry that all the Chowerys, including the Fräulein, had been exiled by "superior order." Prince Fritz had a royal habit of swearing when little things put him out, but on this occasion his language was really so strong that it was a wonder where he could have learned the startling words he used. He was even more awful to behold, however, when he grew calmer, for his complexion remained livid with rage, and he took a terrible oath not to be dissuaded from his purpose by anything which the wrath of his parents or the craft of statesmen could devise against him. "This is a trick of Von Stolz's," exclaimed his Royal Highness, shaking both his fists. "But I'll be even with him. I'll join the Opposition." And this significant threat, reaching Baron von Stolz's ears the same evening, was, of course, destined to have a vital effect on Gothian politics, for till then Prince Fritz had belonged to the party which was in power, whereas if he now lent his countenance to Baron von Zweifelwitz, who headed the Opposition, Baron von Stolz was likely to have some difficult work cut out for him.

But it was not enough to anathematize Von Stolz: the Crown Prince had to evince his spirit by action. He first dashed off a letter to the Swabian ambassador apprising his Excellency that it was not his intention to sue for the Princess Carolina's hand, as his affections were engaged elsewhere. No such indiscreet letter was ever penned by a Crown Prince, for, as every one will admit, a communication of such a nature as this ought to have been couched in the proper diplomatic terms of circuitous periphrases, and it ought to have been forwarded through Von Stolz. The Prince must have known that in telling the ambassador that he did not mean to marry the daughter of his Excellency's master he was inflicting a slight upon the whole nation of Swabia, from the King on his throne to the lowest coster-monger on his donkey-cart, and that, under such circumstances, the ambassador would feel bound instantly to demand his passports.

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But the Crown Prince was not in the least concerned about the ambassador's demanding his passports, for the only person on earth of whom he was thinking just then was Mabel. Having sent off his letter, his Royal Highness ordered his confidential valet to pack him a portmanteau, cash him a check, and be ready to start with him on a journey in an hour. At the time appointed the Crown Prince committed the unpardonable offense of breaking his arrest; he and his valet left Altenstadt together privately, and before it was known that they had decamped, the express that carried them was over the frontier. That same night his Royal Highness crossed the Channel by the Ostend packet, and was very sick; so was his valet. Toward six in the morning they reached London, and alighted at Claridge's Hotel, where, as his Highness was travelling *incognito*, he gave his name as Count von Altenstadt.

The Prince had not the least idea as to where he could find the Chowerys; but he recollected having heard that the Colonel was a member of the Army and Navy Club, so when he had dressed and breakfasted he ordered a brougham round and drove to Pall Mall. Fortune was kind to him, for the very first person he saw in descending from his carriage was Colonel Chowery coming down the steps of the club, opening some letters. The little Colonel, who was looking very miserable, started at the sight of Prince Fritz as if he doubted his own senses.

"How do you do, Colonel?" said the Crown Prince, politely lifting his hat. "I heard yesterday of the indignity that had been put upon you, and I have hastened to England to express my utmost concern, and to offer you my sincerest apologies for what has happened." How sweet are the words of princes! Colonel Chowery, who had been cursing Prince Fritz all the way from Gothia, was almost moved to tears.

"It is very good of you, sir," he whimpered. "Will you do me the honor of walking in? It was a great trouble to us all to think that their Majesties were offended."

"I hope at least you acquitted *me* of all share in your expulsion."

"Of course, sir, I knew that your Royal Highness would not put any unfavorable construction on my poor child's actions."

"Colonel Chowery, let me speak out the truth frankly: I love your daughter."

"Oh, sir, you do her a great honor; but—"

"There is no 'but' about it. If you will give your consent, I want Miss Mabel to become my wife."

"Is your Royal Highness speaking seriously?"

Colonel Chowery pronounced the words "your Royal Highness" rather louder than he need have done, for his friend General Brown, a great respecter of persons, was within ear-shot just then. The Prince and the Colonel were passing through the hall of the club. "I am so far serious," said his Royal Highness, as they walked into a private room, "that I will call on Miss Chowery this very day to make my offer. You are staying in London?"

The Colonel was too much flurried to have any clear perception of what was said to him. He was asking himself whether it could be possible that his Mabel was going to be a queen. So the Prince had to repeat his question.

"Yes, sir; we arrived in London yesterday," answered the Colonel.

"At what hotel are you staying?"

"At the—at the Clarendon."

This, of course, was a figment. The Chowerys had put up at a small family hotel in Craven Street, close to Charing Cross, but the Colonel saw that if his Royal Highness was going to call with a matrimonial object in view he must be received in state, and so he resolved to remove to the Clarendon without loss of time. He and the Prince remained talking anxiously together for nearly an hour, and then his Royal Highness left, promising to call and lunch at the Clarendon punctually at one. The little Colonel thereupon hurried back to Craven Street as fast as a hansom could carry him. He was in a more excited state than if he had been on active service again and about to fight a battle.

This was all very well; but, as may be imagined, the Crown Prince's escapade had produced a sensation something like the explosion of a bomb at the Gothian court, and wild telegrams were being wired about him in all directions. Poor little innocent Mabel was causing ever so many distinguished personages in different parts of Europe to put their wits and legs in violent motion.

First came a telegram from the Gothian court to the Queen of England, at

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Windsor, explaining the grievous thing that had happened, and praying her Majesty to exert her authority that Prince Fritz might be packed home (the Queen being in Scotland, this message was forwarded to Balmoral); second, came a telegram from Baron von Stolz to Count von Schinkenspeise, the Gothian Minister in London, explaining facts, and ordering that his Excellency should exert his influence, etc.; third, a message from Balmoral to Altenstadt, conveying sympathy, and promising prompt action; fourth, a message from Balmoral to one of the royal princes in London, commanding him to ascertain where Prince Fritz was, to call upon him, exert influence, etc.; fifth, ditto from Balmoral to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, explaining facts, and commanding him to use influence, etc.; sixth, a message from the Secretary of Foreign Affairs to Sir Passmore Stoley, the British Minister at Altenstadt, requesting a full report of all that had occurred; seventh, eighth, and ninth, notes from the Gothian Minister, the Secretary of Foreign Office, and the Royal Prince to the Chief Commissioner of Police, demanding that the address of Prince Fritz should instantly be found; tenth, a note from Secretary of Foreign Office to the War-office, asking for information about Colonel Chowery; eleventh, an identical note from the War-office to the India Office propounding the same question; twelfth, a note from the India Office giving a list of Colonel Chowery's services.

Then there were runnings to and fro, as follows: Six detectives started from Scotland Yard to scour the principal hotels. The Chief Commissioner called at Marlborough House, in Downing Street, and at the Gothian Legation. The Royal Prince and the Gothian Minister called at Scotland Yard. The Secretary of Foreign Office, the Royal Prince, and the Gothian Minister all called at Claridge's Hotel, and missed the Crown Prince, who was out. These three exalted persons subsequently called on one another, and missed one another. The Chief Commissioner had an interview with the manager of Claridge's. The Secretary of Foreign Office had an interview with the Prime Minister. The Crown Prince's valet had interviews with everybody.

In the upshot it was ascertained that the Crown Prince had gone to the Clarendon, but his Royal Highness had been there some hours before this discovery was made. He had lunched with the Chowerys, he had spent the afternoon with them, and he intended to stay for dinner and spend the evening. Poor Mabel had been much agitated by this visit, for, after having been scolded over several hundreds of miles of railway travelling about "her foolish conduct" toward the Crown Prince, she was disposed to look with terror upon his Royal Highness.

Yesterday her parents were abusing the Prince and her together; to-day they were for throwing her into his arms. Her father and mother had told her that the Prince meant to propose marriage, and they had loaded her with caresses on the strength of her brilliant new prospects. But Mabel felt giddy at the mere idea of marrying a crown prince. She could not realize it, and trembled all the afternoon in his presence. At last, toward dusk, her parents left her alone with the Prince, and she sat by the fire, whose fitful light flickered on her face, too nervous to speak or move. She would have given anything for an excuse to fly, but this time there was no running away.

"Listen to me, dear Mabel," said the Prince, taking both her hands and gazing ardently into her face. "I have come to England to ask you to be my wife."

"I am not fitted to be a queen, sir," she answered, with a weak attempt at a smile.

"You would make an adorable queen," cried the Prince, who did not see fit as yet to explain that she was only to be a morganatic spouse. "I do not frighten you, do I?"

"Yes, sir, you do," she replied, with rueful frankness.

"Why, am I so very terrible?" and he smiled.

She laughed slightly too, to give herself a countenance. "What I mean is that you are so much above me, sir."

"But if I raise you to my side, and love you with my whole heart, all my life long?"

"You could not; your parents would not allow it."

"Must I ask their permission to love? My dear child, I am my own master, and I prove it by my demand. Will you marry me?"

"Oh, sir, will you not give me a little time to consider?" prayed Mabel, in her distress.

"Of course I will, my darling little one,"

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answered the generous Prince. "You shall have any amount of time. How much do you want? Half an hour; an hour?"

"Oh, sir, I was thinking of months and months—or at least weeks."

"Months! weeks!" echoed the Prince. "Why, Mabel, feel my heart;" and so saying, he drew her little hand to his waistcoat. "See how it thumps. Do you think I could wait for weeks? To do so would kill me. No, my precious one; say 'Yes' to me at once. Breathe it in my ear as I kiss you tenderly. Eh?—eh?" and encircling her waist with his arm, the Prince drew Mabel's head on to his shoulder and kissed her fervently a good many times, leaving her no power of resistance.

He had reached this interesting crisis in his love affair when the door opened, and Colonel Chowery walked in quickly to say that the Gothian Minister had called and craved an audience of his Royal Highness. The Prince and Mabel had sprung apart, and Mabel was blushing a good deal.

"I—I wish Count von Schinkenspeise would have better manners than to dog me to the houses of my private friends," cried the Prince, angrily.

"Perhaps your Royal Highness had better see his Excellency," suggested the Colonel. "He says that he has an important dispatch from Altenstadt to communicate."

"Very well, I will see him. Excuse me for a moment, dear Mabel. I will not be away long;" and gracefully lifting the girl's hand to his lips, he kissed it whilst her father stood by, and then left the room.

But he was scarcely gone when the Colonel, who was in a very fidgety state, and looked quite upset, said: "Now, Mabel dear, go off quickly to your room. I'll send for you when I want you."

"Has anything happened, papa?" inquired Mabel, astonished.

"Yes—at least no. If anything happens I will tell you. Run off now, there's a good child."

"But, papa, if the Prince returns?"

"Never mind the Prince;" and the little Colonel was in such haste to see his daughter go that he almost pushed her out of the room.

"I wonder what's up now?" mused Mabel, as she retreated to her chamber. "At one moment I am scolded because the Prince makes love to me, then I am told that he is to be my husband, and now papa says I am not to mind him."

And Mabel concluded that this was a funny world.

Mabel never knew for certain what passed on that eventful evening; at all events, she did not see the Prince. Nor did she see him on the next day, or for the six days following. During this time Colonel Chowery was continually on the move. He wore his best clothes; he was mysterious; broughams called for him at the Clarendon at all sorts of odd hours and fetched him away. When he saw Mabel he patted her head and kissed her, but vouchsafed no explanation as to what he was doing. Mrs. Chowery of course knew what was going on, but she was as reticent as her husband.

The truth is that Colonel Chowery, thanks to his pretty daughter, had become an important person. The courts of England and Gothia and the Foreign Offices of those two states were exerting their influence upon him. The little man had frequent interviews with Lord Baxtayre, an astute and well-bred nobleman connected with the government, whose business it was in this affair to convey remonstrances, arguments, threats, compliments, and promises unofficially to the Colonel, turn by turn, as they might serve his purpose. Naturally his lordship made use of remonstrances and threats so long as it was hoped the Prince might be induced to return quietly to his native land and forget Mabel. Lord Baxtayre spoke haughtily to the Colonel, and reminded him that it was his duty as an officer and a gentleman not to encourage a suit which could lead to no creditable results, but only to complications, political and social, of a very troublesome character. Unfortunately Colonel Chowery stood in such a position that he had no longer anything to fear from soul alive. A week previously had he been threatened with expulsion from Gothia, the dread of such a fate would have rendered him cautious, but now that he had been expelled, what more could be done to him? He had been subjected to great annoyance and pecuniary loss, and feeling how very strong his position had become on this account, the little man was not disposed to eat humble-pie before Lord Baxtayre.

"You must not presume to lecture me, my lord," said he, with some dignity. "The Gothian government owes me apol-

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ogy and compensation for the wrong that was done to me. It is not my fault if the Crown Prince chooses to love my daughter."

"He would degrade your daughter, sir," responded his lordship.

"I don't see how that can be, since he offers to marry her."

"Pooh! a morganatic marriage! However, I have warned you for your own good. You must do as you please."

This was the substance of what passed between the Colonel and Lord Baxtayre at their first two interviews; but the Crown Prince positively refused to budge from England, and then the business assumed a much more serious complexion. His Royal Highness was virtually kept a prisoner at Claridge's. The Royal Prince, the Gothian Minister, the Secretary of Foreign Office, saw him daily, and exhausted their ingenuity in trying to make him hear reason. The Gothian court Chamberlain, Count von Schmeikelmund, and two Gothian generals had come over to reason with him, and the Prince found it impossible to leave his hotel without being followed. But such a state of things as this could not last forever. The Gothian court, who had but hazy notions of English institutions, were telegraphing frantically to know whether Colonel Chowery and his daughter could not be clapped into the Tower, and the British government were fain to answer that this could not be done. Why had not the Gothian government rather put the whole Chowery family into some Gothian fortress? From the first the astute Lord Baxtayre declared that this was the course that ought to have been taken.

"That expulsion was a most hopeless blunder," said his lordship. "It just set these wretched Chowerys free to bark and howl all over the place. The Colonel is a most intractable subject. What on earth is to be done?"

What, indeed? A week after the Crown Prince's arrival in England the serious news came that popular demonstrations were being organized in Altenstadt. The Swabian Minister having asked for his passports, a belief had arisen that Baron von Stolz's government were going to declare war against Swabia, and Baron von Zweifelwitz, the leader of the Opposition, was stirring up the populace to shout for a summoning of Parliament and the downfall of the Stolz ministry. The situation was most perilous. The alarmed King of Gothia apprehended a revolution, and wrote saying that the overthrow of Von Stolz was just the step most likely to precipitate the war with Swabia which the Opposition affected to dread, and there was no saying but that a war with Swabia might lead to a general conflagration. Now at this prospect the whole English ministry quaked in their seats. They had no wish for a European war. Foreign policy was not their strong point. What was to be done? It was evident that Colonel Chowery held the fate of Europe in his hands. "We must get this man and his brood out of the way," said Lord Baxtayre, plainly, to one of the ministers. "Couldn't you give him a colonial Governorship? The Backward Isles are vacant."

"Do you think that would satisfy him?" asked the Minister.

"You might promise to knight him when he had been out there two years. Then he must have a pecuniary compensation, and an apology from the King of Gothia."

"How much compensation?"

"The King of Gothia must pay that. I suppose he would give ten thousand pounds to see this matter settled."

"Ten thousand pounds is a large sum."

"I shall begin by offering five only, and I shall make everything contingent on Miss Chowery telling the Prince flatly that she rejects his addresses. On those terms I think his Royal Highness would toddle."

"For Heaven's sake do that, then!" cried the Minister, anxiously. "Go at once, Baxtayre, and if you succeed we'll never forget it."

"Not when you give away the next Garter?" asked his lordship, with a smile.

"The next Garter shall be yours," was the eager response. "But please go; don't lose a minute."

So Lord Baxtayre went. This time he was as pleasant as possible with Colonel Chowery. He used no threats. He spoke in whispers. He was insinuating, and finally he triumphed; for when he left the Clarendon he had got the Colonel to accept the Governorship of the Backward Isles, an indemnity of £10,000, and an apology from the Gothian government, in return for which he (the Colonel) was to arrange that his daughter should dismiss the Crown Prince of Gothia from her forever.

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The little Colonel rubbed his hands when Lord Baxtayre was gone, and he sent for Mabel.

"Come here, my dear," he said, "and attend to my instructions. The Crown Prince is coming to see you this evening. You must be very cold to him, and tell him that you refuse to become his wife."

"But, papa, you told me to say just the contrary a week ago."

"Never mind what I said then. You assured me yourself that you had no love for the Prince. I hope you were not so deceitful as to tell me an untruth."

"No, papa; but—"

"But if you don't love him you can't wish to marry him. That's clear."

"I was going to say, papa—that—I had not had time to think on the matter."

"Reason the more why I should think for you. Now are you going to be a good girl, and do as you are told?"

"Oh yes, papa; but I do hope you won't come to me next week and scold me for having obeyed you."

"I am sure you are a very foolish child," replied the little Colonel.

You may guess the epilogue of this story. The Crown Prince returned crestfallen to Altenstadt, and Colonel Chowery went off to the Backward Isles with his family. He is now Sir Victor Chowery, and his daughter Mabel is married to a Captain Bellair, who was for a time in the garrison of the islands. The Crown Prince of Gothia married the Princess Carolina of Swabia, after all; but his Royal Highness's love affair was no such passing fancy as his parents had thought, for when he heard of Mabel's marriage he sent her a very beautiful bracelet, with one single word incrusted on it in diamonds: "Vergissmeinnicht."

A SILK DRESS.

MORE than a million human beings depend upon the industry of the petty silk-worm for their daily bread; "all the world," at least of womankind, owes to him much of the splendor of its nightly gayety. "With patience and perseverance," says the Spanish proverb, "the mulberry leaf will become satin," and in the whole range of human vanities there is no contrast more strange and no lesson more significant than our dependence upon the patience of the "despisèd worm" and the perseverance of the human toiler, adding thread to thread, for the richest and most splendid fabric known to man.

It is fitting that history should endeavor to trace the silk industry to female genius, in the person of Mistress Si-ling-chi, wife of the Emperor Hoang-ti, who reigned in China, according to celestial authorities, about 2600 B.C., or, following profane critics, about 1700 B.C., the time of Joseph's primacy in Egypt. She is now the "goddess of silk-worms," and at her annual festival the reigning empress performs a ceremony of feeding the worms. The word "silk," used twice in the Old Testament, is considered by many critics a mistranslation, and the first certain mention seems to be that by Aristotle, who credits Pamphilia, a lady of Cos, with the first weaving of a transparent silk gauze, so fine that it was called "woven wind." She probably received her material from China or Persia, *viâ* Phœnician express, and it is supposed that she ravelled woven fabrics to get the thread. The Greeks knew the silk peoples as *Seres*—there is much dispute as to the real origin of the name—and called the product *serikon*, whence, through the Latin *sericum* and an intermediate form, *selic*, comes our word "silk." In Rome, silk, there worth its weight in gold, was a mark of effeminate luxury. Heliogabalus crowned his extravagance with a silken robe, and would have ended it with the silken rope he had prepared for the purpose had not his murderers forestalled him. Aurelian refused his empress a silk dress. The ancients generally considered silk the fibre of a plant, and it was not until the wars of Justinian with the Persians, in the sixth century, cut off the supply of raw silk that silk-culture was introduced into Europe by the help of two grateful Nestorian monks, who traversed Asia with silk-worm eggs hidden in their hollow pilgrim staffs, and a thorough knowledge of the industry stored in their heads. Justinian made silk-culture an imperial monopoly, under charge of the monks, im-

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ported weavers from Tyre and Berytus, raised the price of silk eight and that of royal purple twenty-four fold, and filled his treasury. It was not till death disposed of him and his monopoly, in 565, that the Byzantine and Grecian looms fairly began the industry afterward so famous.

Silk-weaving in western Europe dates from the Saracen conquests, but the return of King Robert of Sicily from the Second Crusade, in 1146, with captive silk-weavers from Greece, gave it a new impetus. In the thirteenth century both Genoa and Venice ennobled their silk merchants. Tours and Lyons had by this date started the industry in France. The famous white mulberry-tree of Montmeliart, the reputed stock of most of those in the kingdom, spoken of in 1810 as still standing, was planted by a knight of the Second Crusade. But it was Henry of Navarre who, about 1603, taking a hint from the book of Olivier de Serres, "the father of agriculture," really made France the great silk country it now is. His minister, Sully, opposed him, and scoffed at the silk merchants of Paris, who came before the king in quaint garb, ornamented with various silks. Sully argued that luxury should be repressed. "I would rather," replied Henry, "fight the King of Spain in three pitched battles than all those gentlemen of the robe, of the inkstand, and of the city, besides their wives and daughters, whom you will bring down upon me with your fantastic regulations." At first the experiments which the king urged his subjects to make failed, and the people petulantly destroyed trees and worms. But Henry persevered, shamed his subjects by turning a great orange grove on one of his ancestral estates into a prosperous silk farm, and, at a cost of 1,500,000 livres, succeeded. The revocation, in 1685, of his Edict of Nantes nearly annihilated the industry for a time: Lyons, which had 18,000 looms, could not find weavers for 4000; the 11,000 looms of Tours were reduced to 1200, and her 800 mills to 70; and the 100,000 Huguenots who fled to England made possible a thriving silk industry there.

King James I. had, however, taken a hand at the industry long before this, in the hope that the culture of silk would help him to root out tobacco. He imitated Henry, and stocked the royal gardens at Oatlands with trees and worms; and he drafted with his own hand a letter to the lord-lieutenants of counties directing that they "persuade and require" that ten thousand mulberry plants, at three farthings the plant, should be bought in each county. But it was manufacture rather than the production of raw silk that was to succeed in England and in America.

In the New World silk-culture had been a plan of the Spaniards for Mexico immediately after its discovery. Cortez, in his scheme of government for "New Spain," 1522, included officers to oversee silk-growing; silk-worm "seed" (eggs) was sent from Spain; some export of raw silk is recorded, and woven silk goods were made in and exported from Mexico; but the industry did not outlive the century. When King James's plan for silk-making in England was prominent in his mind, he began also to look to his colonies for a supply of silk, and most of the early schemes for developing Virginia included silk-culture. The English of that day held that the purchase of raw materials from other nations was so much loss to them. In 1622 one John Bonoell was sent over to Virginia as instructor in silk-culture, and with him went the most peremptory instructions for the compulsion of any person found, "either through negligence or willfulness, to omit planting of *vines* and *mulberry-trees*, in an orderly and husbandly manner, as by the Booke is prescribed." Twenty pounds of tobacco was made by the Legislature the penalty of neglect, and a premium of fifty pounds of tobacco was offered for every pound of reeled silk produced. "Bottomes," or "silk coddes" (cocoons), were quoted at "two shillings sixpence the pound," and raw silk at thirteen shillings and fourpence to twenty-eight shillings the pound. During Cromwell's time many pious tracts were written to promote silk-culture in the colonies, one writer arguing that if the Indian were led "to see this untaught artist spin out his transparent bowels," it would not be impossible "to drive him to an acknowledgment of Redemption," while another embellished his tract on "The Reformed Virginian Silk-Worm," with the following curious bit of doggerel:

"Where Wormes and Food doe naturally abound,
A Gallant Silken Trade must there be found.
Virginia excells the World in both:
Envie nor malice can gaine say this troth....
Her Worms are huge, whose bottoms dare
With Lemmons of the largest size compare...
Master William Wright of Nansamound
Found Bottoms above seven Inches round."

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There is a tradition that King Charles II. wore a robe and hose of silk from Virginia at his coronation in 1660; it is certain that his Majesty gave pressing instructions to promote the industry. But even the bounties were not effective; they were repealed, and silk-culture in Virginia died with the century. Some efforts had been made toward manufacture as well as silk-growing, and the Virginia Legislature ordered each county to establish a loom and support a weaver; but the mother country did not favor colonial manufacturing, and one of the colonial Governors, Nicholson, in 1698, even memorialized Parliament to forbid the people of the plantations making their own clothing.

While silk-culture was waning in Virginia, new efforts were made further south. Some of the French Huguenots came to the Carolinas, and wove a wool-silk mixture, and Sir Samuel Johnson, about 1700, founded the plantation of "Silk Hope." The use of the negro slaves for silk-growing was urged, and it was shown—on paper—that they could thus earn twice as much as from sugar or tobacco. Another pamphleteer found here a panacea for pauperism at home: twenty-five thousand of "the most helpless people in Great Britain" were to be sent across sea, at a cost of £500,000, to the annual saving of £200,000 in parish charges, besides which many "pretended Invalids" would be driven to industry by fear of the voyage. Law's prospectus of the South-Sea Bubble, in 1716, included silk-culture in Louisiana, and many mulberries were planted near New Orleans.

An act of Parliament in 1749 declared that "Georgia and South Carolina should have the honor of being denominated silk colonies," and King George II. ordered for Georgia a seal on which the genius of the colony offered a skein of silk to the king. A public garden at Savannah, called the "Trustees' Garden," was devoted to vines and mulberry-trees, and a filature for reeling the silk was built. Georgia, in fact, made what seemed a fair start; in 1766, 20,000 pounds of cocoons were produced, and in 1768, 1084 pounds of reeled silk were exported. But the industry was a forced one, the bounties being at one period two or three times the value of the cocoons, and it did not find commercial justification. Mrs. Pinckney, of Charleston, South Carolina, was indeed proud of the three silk dresses woven in 1755 from her own raising, of which one was presented to the dowager Princess of Wales, and another long remained a precious family possession; and before this, Queen Caroline, in 1735, appeared in a dress woven from Georgia silk. But with the ceasing of bounties production disappeared.

Shortly before the Revolution there was a renewal of the silk fever, chiefly in the northern colonies of Pennsylvania and Connecticut. Silk had been grown in both States in the first half of the century. Governor Law, of Connecticut, wore a coat and stockings of New England silk in 1747, and three years later procured a silk dress for his daughter. The London Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, from 1755 on, paid many premiums to colonists for mulberry-trees and silk. A good many trees were grown on Long Island, and Dr. N. Aspinwall, about 1762, went across to Connecticut and started silk-growing in the village of Mansfield and at New Haven, where he found a fellow-enthusiast in President Ezra Stiles, of Yale. They procured from the Legislature a bounty of ten shillings for every hundred trees kept thrifty for three years, and threepence per ounce for raw silk from them, and in 1766 a half-ounce of mulberry seed was sent to every parish in the colony. The eager president wore official robes made from silk of his own raising, and he kept for nearly twenty years a careful record of his experiments, which, fastened with a silken cord, is still to be seen in the college library—one of the twenty quarto volumes of observations which he left to it. In the mean time another philosopher lent a hand. Benjamin Franklin, writing from London in 1770, induced the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia to take steps to start "a public filature," which was opened in June of that year. Two-thirds of the supply of cocoons seem to have come from New Jersey. Mrs. Susanna Wright made "a piece of mantua" sixty yards long, but most of the weaving was done in England. In 1776 the United Society for Promoting American Manufactures, of Philadelphia, recommended a bounty of £40 to John Marshall for improved machinery for twisting silk. But the war came, the colonists had their hands full with fighting and raising breadstuffs, and the silk industry was suspended.

It was not altogether dead. The Revo-

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lution was a step of commercial and industrial as well as political freedom. Silk-making revived literally as a "household industry"; the women and children of Connecticut families raised from five to as much as 130 pounds of silk, and the production of Mansfield town, 1820–1831, reached $50,000 a year. Sewing-silk was the bridge between silk-growing and the present manufacture. The women reeled from the cocoon upon clumsy hand-reels, spun on the spinning-wheels made for wool, dyed the skeins at home, and bartered them at the country store. About half the raw silk was waste: this helped to make coarse mixed stuffs for every-day wear. In the lack of money for currency, skein-silk took its place, and the Legislature provided for a fine of seven dollars against any one convicted of offering for sale "any sewing-silk, unless each skein consists of twenty threads, each thread of the length of two yards." Twenty-five skeins or sticks made a bunch, and four of these a package—offering a convenient currency of units, quarters, and cents. Ipswich, Massachusetts, was at this period making silk laces, and trimmings of various kinds were made at Philadelphia.

The year 1826 marked the origin of the *Morus multicaulis* mania, which raged as a fever from 1830 until it culminated and collapsed in 1839. Congress had referred an inquiry on silk-culture, in 1825, to the Committee on Agriculture, which, in 1826, reported in favor of its promotion, stating in the report that the imports of silk goods in 1825 were nearly double the exports of breadstuffs—a fact scarcely credible now. The same year Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, planted there what is claimed to have been the first *Morus multicaulis* tree in America. The Secretary of the Treasury, Richard Rush, was directed to provide a manual on silk-culture, and the famous "Rush Letter" was accordingly issued in 1828, together with several other treatises, and circulated broadcast. In 1830 an article by a Dr. Pascalis, on the *Morus multicaulis*, in the *American Journal of Science*, directly started the mulberry fever. The Massachusetts Legislature, in 1831, provided for a manual of silk-culture, which was made by a manufacturer of Dedham, Mr. Cobb, and most of the States began to offer bounties and premiums on trees, cocoons, and reeled silk — commonly ten cents a pound on cocoons and fifty on silk. A report to Congress in 1830 proposed a grant of $40,000 to one M. D'Homergue for the establishment of a normal school of filature at Philadelphia, where sixty young men might have gratuitous instruction for two years, and for travelling about the country to teach silk-growing to farmers; and this "silk bill," though defeated in 1832, and reported against as unconstitutional in 1835, would not down till 1837, when still another committee reported as a substitute a scheme to lease public lands without rent for the cultivation of the mulberry-tree or the sugar-beet.

The whole country now went wild. The fever seemed only to get fresh fuel of excitement from the panic of 1837. Orchards of the *multicaulis* were planted in every State; farmers everywhere set their wives and children to feeding worms; multitudinous books, public documents, periodicals on silk-culture, constituted the bulk of the reading of the day; stock companies for raising and manufacturing silk sprang up like puff-balls; silk conventions were held, and a United States Silk Society was organized.

A thrifty nurseryman on Long Island gave help to the excitement by a canny plan. After selling a considerable supply of the trees to New England dealers, he started off one night by the Providence boat, and with great pretense of eagerness made the rounds of all his customers, excitedly offering fifty cents apiece for trees. Of course he didn't get them, but he presently was able to sell all he had for a dollar instead of fifty cents apiece.

In Burlington, New Jersey, over 300,000 trees were raised and sold; in December, 1838, offerings at $1 per tree or per twig were refused at Boston sales, and $5 was sometimes got for trees one season old. It was satisfactorily proved—again on paper—that an acre of trees was good for $1000 worth of silk, but the price of trees had no relation to figures, even the most rose-colored. One farmer sold $6000 worth of trees from three-quarters of an acre. In a single week in Pennsylvania $300,000 worth were sold.

In 1839 the bubble burst, and the biters were bitten. Among them was the speculative Long-Islander. He had caught the disease by which he had profited, and had sent an agent to France with $80,000 to buy a million more trees. When they came, they were worth a part of a cent apiece for pea-brush. Some speculators

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endeavored to get even with fate by shipping a cargo from the East to Indiana by way of New Orleans in an unseaworthy ship heavily insured, but the goods unfortunately reached their destination. Multitudes of men were ruined by the crash. But Americans have a faculty of falling on their feet, and some of the unhappy mulberry-growers of the thirties became the successful manufacturers of later days.

For there are two distinct departments of industry that go to the making of "a silk dress": sericulture, or silk-raising, which consists in the raising of mulberry-trees and the rearing of the silk insect on "silk-farms"—a division of agriculture whose crop is the cocoon; and silk manufacture proper, by which the silk fibre is worked into thread and fabric. These industries are not necessarily associated, and the commercial interests of the grower and of the manufacturer sometimes seem to clash, yet most silk countries pursue both.

The insect is in one sense a tiny manufacturer himself, finding his "raw material" chiefly in the leaf of the mulberry-tree (*morus*), which gives name to the common silk-moth (*Bombyx mori*), the caterpillar of which is the silk-worm. The tree is said by a proverb to be made for the worm and the worm for the tree, and it seems to have a fibre peculiarly suitable for textile use, some of the Pacific islanders making clothing by macerating the bark of the paper mulberry, without the intervention of the silk-worm. Most of the silk of commerce is made by this one moth from this one food, yet it can feed, in whole or in part, upon other leaves, as those of the Osage orange in this country, and it has a score of cousins or more distant relations, as the Tussah moth (*Antheria paphia*) of India, which live upon other trees, and produce a similar material.

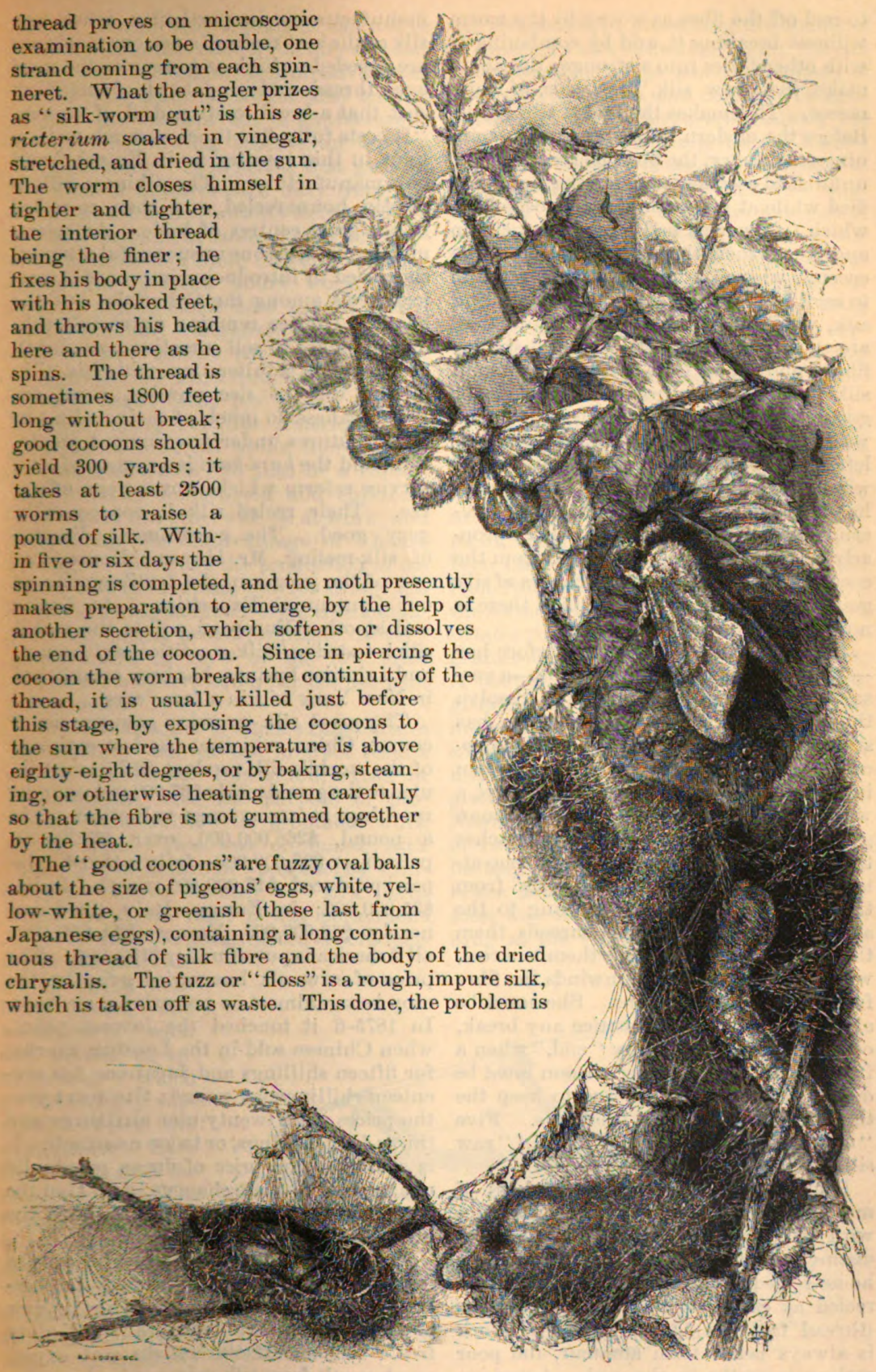
The moth is about an inch long, whitish, with brown stripes, and lays at the close of summer numerous eggs about the size of a pin-head, attached singly to the leaf by a kind of gum, which, when dry, has a silky appearance. The moths soon die; the eggs do not hatch until the next summer, and can meanwhile be sent around the world. The sale of "grain," or "seed," as the eggs are also called, is of itself a business, for it brings as much as four dollars the ounce, tenfold the price years ago, before an epidemic swept through the silk world. Each moth lays from 400 to 700 eggs, but it takes over 600,000 to make a pound. In obtaining eggs for breeding, the grower usually places the moths on cloths in a dark, warm room, where they contentedly lay their eggs and die. In tropical countries, as southern China and India, the eggs hatch by natural heat; in others, artificial warmth is necessary; and in old times hot-beds were used, or the eggs were carried about by women in little bags in their bosoms. The careful grower makes ready for the hatching by providing latticed trays or bundles of twigs, about which the food, of finely chopped mulberry leaves, is distributed. The tiny worm at first eats two meals a day; at the end of five days he casts his first skin, on the ninth day his second; again, on the fifteenth, twenty-second, and thirty-second days he "moults," becoming torpid, and exchanging old skins for new. Like his fellow-worm man, he has "seven ages"; the sixth, when he has attained the mature age of thirty-two days, is the spinning, the last the breeding, period. At the approach of the spinning age the worms from a single ounce of eggs (nearly 40,000 eggs) will have required over 1200 pounds of leaves, and will need about 184 square feet space for their homes. Each day's hatching is kept together, lest the older eat up the food of the weaker brethren, and every care must be taken to prevent the growth of the minute fungus which makes "silk-worm rot," and to ward off other diseases. In 1857 Europe was swept of much of its silken wealth by one of these parasitic diseases, and one of Pasteur's early triumphs was in discovering its nature.

The worm is conservative, and never attempts to move from his place until it is time to begin spinning; he then becomes distended with the silk juice, and semi-transparent, like a ripe yellow plum, and can presently be observed lifting his head and looking about for a good site for his cocoon-building, which has been furnished by the cocoon-grower in arches of twigs or lattice-work. Some of the worms are lazy, and the twig has to be applied. The spinner with careful forecast adjusts his body in the best position for the cocoon, and commences to throw the floss that forms its outer coating. The material of the silk is a gummy secretion in the *sericteria*, two large glands along each side of the body, terminating each in a *spinneret* in the mouth; each fibre of the

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thread proves on microscopic examination to be double, one strand coming from each spinneret. What the angler prizes as "silk-worm gut" is this *sericterium* soaked in vinegar, stretched, and dried in the sun. The worm closes himself in tighter and tighter, the interior thread being the finer; he fixes his body in place with his hooked feet, and throws his head here and there as he spins. The thread is sometimes 1800 feet long without break; good cocoons should yield 300 yards: it takes at least 2500 worms to raise a pound of silk. Within five or six days the spinning is completed, and the moth presently makes preparation to emerge, by the help of another secretion, which softens or dissolves the end of the cocoon. Since in piercing the cocoon the worm breaks the continuity of the thread, it is usually killed just before this stage, by exposing the cocoons to the sun where the temperature is above eighty-eight degrees, or by baking, steaming, or otherwise heating them carefully so that the fibre is not gummed together by the heat.

The "good cocoons" are fuzzy oval balls about the size of pigeons' eggs, white, yellow-white, or greenish (these last from Japanese eggs), containing a long continuous thread of silk fibre and the body of the dried chrysalis. The fuzz or "floss" is a rough, impure silk, which is taken off as waste. This done, the problem is



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to reel off the fibre as woven by the worm without breaking it, and by combining it with other fibres into a stronger thread, to make the "raw silk," or *grège*, of commerce. This makes the reeled silk goods. Before the modern improvements in spinning machinery, the floss, pierced cocoons, unfinished cocoons in which the worm had died while at his work, double cocoons in which two worms had joined partnership and mixed their threads, the inside of the cocoons where the thread became too fine to reel, and all the waste made in winding silk, were almost worthless. Now they are spun into yarn, like wool and similar fibres, and made into *schappe* or "spun silk" fabrics, not so lustrous as reeled silk goods, but stronger and cheaper. The waste in the manufacture of this is in turn left as a rough, burry yarn called *noil*, which is woven into the fabric sold by upholsterers for portières and furniture coverings as "raw silk," a term which properly belongs to silk as it is reeled from the cocoon. Each of these three classes of silk goods has its own usefulness, and there is now almost no waste.

In reeling, the operative has before her —for this is mostly women's work—a vessel of water, kept so heated as to dissolve the gum with which the silk-worm has stuck the thread together to make the cocoon. A score or so of cocoons are thrown into the kettle, and as the gum softens, a whisk-broom with which the work-woman gently stirs the cocoons presently detaches the end of the silk-worm's thread. She attaches together the tenuous "ends" from three or more cocoons, according to the size of thread to be made, threads them through eyelets and fastens them to a reel, which, as it is revolved, unwinds the fibre from each of the cocoons. She must be always on the watch to notice any break, or the running out of any "end," when a fresh "end" from another cocoon must be deftly thrown upon it so as to keep the thread always of like thickness. Five "ends" make the usual thickness of "raw silk."

Reeling, though properly a process of manufacture, is done mostly in connection with silk-growing. Commerce makes a distinction between country silk, which is house-reeled, and filature silk, which is reeled at establishments called *filatures* (thread factories), for professional work is always better than amateur, and poor reeling is costly in the end. American manufacturers, in particular, must buy silk of the best reeling, since our machines are speeded so high as to require the most even thread, and our labor is of such high cost that a break costs a deal of money. "It costs fully five times as much to tie a knot in this country as in France," said one manufacturer. The Chinese silk is mostly house-reeled, and then re-reeled in the great centres of trade. American merchants, after one unsuccessful attempt, succeeded in introducing improved American reels among the Celestials; but the heathen Chinee remains untrustworthy, and manages to sell sometimes an eighth of worthless adulteration with his silk, in the way of rice powder, gum, etc. The Japanese do much of their reeling in large filatures under government inspection, and the *hari-kari* is a system of civil service reform which proves very effective. Their reeled silk is consequently very good. The government director of silk-reeling, Mr. Hayami Kenzo, was one of the judges in the textile group at our Centennial Exposition. At Lyons and at other European points the reeled silk is tested in "silk-conditioning" houses, and a similar business has been established in New York within a few years.

The great silk-growing country is, of course, China, which at the last estimate of the world's silk product (1876) contributed to the grand total of 67,000,000 pounds, reaching, at an average valuation of $4 a pound, $268,000,000, over 23,000,000 pounds, or $93,000,000—fully a third. Japan produced $17,000,000 worth, India, $35,000,000; in Europe, Italy produced nearly $60,000,000, France, $31,000,000; all America is put at under $100,000. The price of raw silk has varied greatly, the crop being almost as precarious as hops. In 1875–6 it touched the lowest point, when Chinese sold in the London market for fifteen shillings and Japanese for seventeen shillings per pound; the next year the prices were twenty-nine shillings and thirty-four shillings, or twice as much. It is said that the price of dress goods did not respond to these changes, and that the speculators and manufacturers bore the brunt of the fluctuations.

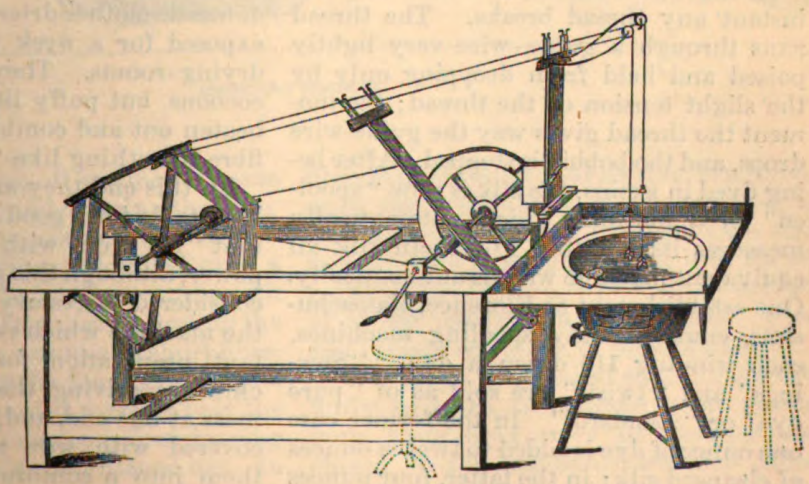
The silk industry which has become so large an interest in this country is purely a manufacturing one, getting its raw material altogether from abroad, duty free. The manufacturers do not expect much result from silk-raising in America,

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chiefly because they think silk can not be well reeled in this country at any satisfactory price. A demand for protective duties on the raw material would also tend to reduce the margin for manufacturers, should silk-growing become an interest of importance. It is stated that girls in the French filatures earn only from one to one and a half francs (twenty to thirty cents) a day, and in those of Italy seventy-five centimes to a franc (fifteen to twenty cents) for fourteen hours' work, while equally skilled labor here should return nearly a dollar. Moreover, silk valued at four to five dollars per pound can be brought to New York from Japan at from three to eight cents per pound freight. The promising field for American silk-growing in America seems, therefore, to be restricted chiefly to that of a subsidiary industry for women and children, who would not otherwise be at work, and then under the disadvantage of "house reeling." Whether the production of cocoons, not for reeling, but for direct use by the growing industry of spun-silk manufacture, might prove profitable, is very questionable, in view of the low price (about seventy-five cents per pound) paid for cocoons.

Nevertheless, a "Women's Silk-culture Association," one of the indirect results of the Centennial Exposition, exists in Philadelphia, with the purpose of promoting silk-culture as profitable work for women. This was organized, with "purely philanthropic" purpose, by Philadelphia ladies, headed by Mrs. John Lucas, in April, 1880; it has permanent offices at 1328 Chestnut Street, where reeling is taught, silk-worm eggs, mulberry-trees, and hand-reels sold, and books of instruction, which it publishes, supplied. Two silk exhibitions have been held, and the association boasts twelve auxiliaries in as many States, and has had, it states, over thirty thousand correspondents. It is hoped ultimately to open a filature. Its prospectus, in presenting the claims of "America's new industry," says: "It can be prosecuted by the feebler members of the family, women and children, or aged persons, to whom the severer country life is a burden, and the compensation is sure; for if our country is sending annually to foreign lands $18,000,000 for raw silk, there is no reason why this amount of money can not be divided among our own American culturists. The crop or product is not perishable, like much of the farm product, and the trees, once planted and grown, yield a perpetual supply of food for the silk-worms, care being taken only in the annual picking of the leaves."

The production of 60,000 pounds of cocoons was reported by correspondents of the association in 1883, largely from southern New Jersey and from the South. The most interesting fields of present experiment, apart from the latter section, have been California and Kansas. A botanist from Normandy commenced sericulture in the former State during the gold fever, and in later years he distributed silk-worm eggs gratuitously in various parts of the State. A bounty of $250 was offered by the Legislature for every 5000 newly planted mulberry-trees, but speculators soon showed the folly of this course by planting merely for the bounty, and the next Legislature repealed the law. Mr. Joseph Neumann in 1867 reeled the first skein of raw silk produced in California, and he backed his opinion that California is better adapted to the industry than almost any country in the world by exhibiting at the Centennial a fine collection



A HAND-REEL.

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of cocoons and raw silk. A similar exhibit from M. De Boissière, of Silkville (now Williamsburg), Kansas, obtained the surprised approval of the Japanese judge, but his experiment has since been abandoned.

The making of sewing silk, a direct development from the fireside industry, was the first factory work, and sewing silk and machine twist, of which nearly $10,000,000 worth is yearly required, still lead in the total product. When the sewing-machine was invented, a strong, even thread wound on spools was called for, but with the best that could be made the needle still missed a loop occasionally when silk was used. Mr. Lilly, a Massachusetts manufacturer, set himself to learn why, and presently brought to Mr. Singer a sample, which he asked him to try. Mr. Singer "threaded up, and commenced sewing." After examining the result he said, "Can you make any more like this?—I shall want all you can make"—which proved literally true. The difference is simple: "sewing silk" is of two threads, twisted from left to right; "machine twist" is of three, twisted from right to left. The sewing-machine thus developed a new industry, which in time produced another, the machine manufacture of spools, and this is supplemented by an ingenious American machine automatically stamping the labels into the wood in red and blue ink at the rate of a hundred and twenty a minute, until now foreign manufacturers are buyers of our spools. Reeled silk mainly is used for "sewings" and "twist." It is "wound," "doubled," "spun," and "twisted"—processes which are the work of the silk "throwster," and are yet to be described—on ingenious machines which stop the instant any thread breaks. The thread runs through a guide-wire very lightly poised and held from dropping only by the slight tension of the thread; the moment the thread gives way the guide-wire drops, and the bobbin is stopped. After being dyed in skeins, the silk is now "spooled" on a machine which automatically measures its length. For skein silk an equivalent machine weighs automatically. One establishment at Florence, Massachusetts, employs sixty spooling machines, each winding 110 dozen a day. "Sewings" and "twists" are sold as of "pure dye" or "standard." In the former case one ounce of dye is added to twelve ounces of cleansed silk; in the latter, four ounces are added, equalizing, it is claimed, the gum subtracted in cleansing. Beyond this proportion if the silk is "weighted" with dye it is not so strong as its weight would imply; dealers therefore test the strength of silk thread on a little tension-machine, and multiply the length of the skein or spool by the number of pounds' pull it will bear, to get its commercial value.

"Broad goods" or fabrics are of two kinds, according as they are made of "reeled" or "spun" silk. In working the latter there is no attempt to use the continuous thread as spun by the silk-worm within the cocoon, but the cocoon is treated as a bundle of fibres, and spun like wool or cotton by the usual textile machinery, adapted of course to the characteristics of the particular fibre. The cocoons for this purpose are imported in bales—largely from Lyons, the centre of the European silk commerce, and from Asiatic ports. The bales are opened, and the piles of ugly, tough little shells pour out upon the floor. The cocoons are picked over, freed from adhering dirt, and assorted, all this preliminary work being done in a room in which dust seems to be the breath of life.

The cocoons are now ready for the first manufacturing process in the spun-silk industry, the freeing of the silk fibre from the gum with which the silk-worm has glued it together to make its cocoon, and the loosening of the fibre itself. This is done either by maceration, which is a fermentation process, or by boiling in soap-water. The cocoons, in either case, are emptied into huge iron vats of circular shape, and stirred about by mechanical means. They are then rinsed in clear water, dried in a centrifugal drier, like the domestic clothes-drier on a large scale, and exposed for a week to free air in great drying-rooms. They emerge no longer cocoons, but puffy little balls ready to be beaten out and combed out into sheets of fibre something like "cotton-wool."

To this end they are first laid out on a long table for a good thrashing from rods that "lay it on" with a 250-school-master-power, although this process is not always considered necessary. The "lapper" is the machine which really does the important preparation for the combing-machines, receiving the cocoon balls in a mass at one end, and, by a great cylinder covered with wire teeth, amalgamating them into a continuous sheet or "lap," which emerges at the other.

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These loose sheets of silken batting, doubled over, are the food of the combing or carding machines, which come next in order. There are several patterns or varieties of these machines, all serving the same purpose of combing and cleaning the fibre, much as one combs his hair. A stretch of the sheet of batting is doubled over a strip of wood, and "cards," or combs with wire teeth, comb out the dirt (including the remains of the poor worm) and short fibre, leaving on the strip the longer fibres, just as in combing a tangled mass of hair the shorter and looser hairs come out, leaving the cleaned long hair straightened out. In the first combing the longest and strongest fibres, the "first draft," left on the strip, are used for the finest goods; the waste left on the cards becomes the food of the next combing-machine. The poorer fibre goes through four or five machines, until the possibilities of the material as fibre are exhausted. The last fibre that can be used is roughly spun into the irregular "noil" yarn, which is the material of the irregular and lustreless "raw-silk" goods, so called, of the upholsterer.



ASSORTING COCOONS.

We follow the combed silk, in its loose, fluffy bunches, from these great rooms, with their long rows of carding-machines, to the ingenious machine called the "spreader," which perhaps requires

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more labor in proportion to its product than any other machine of the series. One girl feeds the bunches of combed fibre into a trough, crosswise of the fibre, and in this trough they are beaten out into an approximate evenness by a rod that, by an ingenious combination of mechanical movements, oscillates from side to side, keeping up a rat-tat-tat of superhuman persistency. This first trough feeds the bunches into a second, set at right angles to the first, so that it receives them lengthwise of the fibre. Here a second operator sees that the fibres are properly overlapped, so as to make them continuous, and they pass along to rollers, which amalgamate them together, and turn them out again as a "lap." The product of this machine is a sort of thick, loose tape of fibre, which it delivers upon a large drum. A third attendant, looking after two machines, removes the silk from this drum, as it is filled, to the drawing-frame.

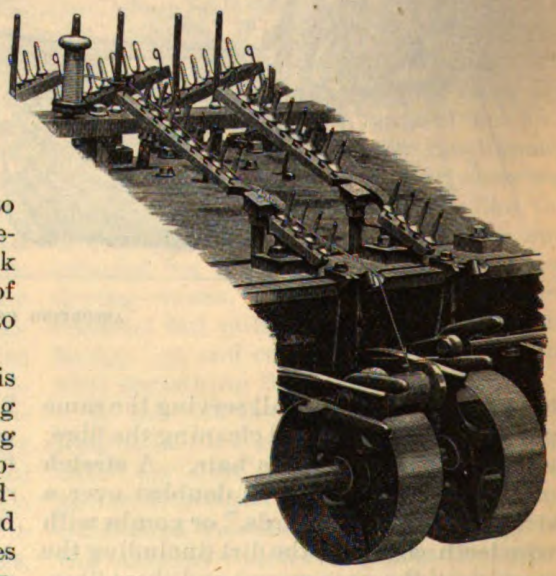
The office of the "drawing-frame" proper is simply to even these laps and reduce them to a "sliver," which again it "draws out" into a finer and thinner sliver, until, after several repetitions of the drawing process by different machines, each of which feeds its product as the supply of the finer machine next in order, the sliver has become smaller and smaller and finer and finer, and is ready to be made into yarn in the roving-machines. The most common type of drawing-frame is a long horizontal table, on which the tapes are fed side by side from a number of long, slender tin cans, and at the end of which, by rollers of different speed, the slivers are thinned out and drawn together until they emerge into another can as slivers of greater fineness, one process advanced. The silk usually goes through four or more of these drawing-frames before it is ready to be spun.

The "speeder," or "roving-frame," is really the first machine of the spinning department. Each operator tends a long frame of spindles, each spindle with its appurtenances being practically an individual machine joined with others of its kind on the long frame. The "speeder" takes the sliver from the cans of the last drawing-frames and spins it into a coarse yarn called "roving," which is the food of the spinning-frame proper.

The spun silk, after passing through sixteen or eighteen machines from its original shape in the cocoon, is now a yarn, corresponding to the "reeled" silk as it is ready for the manufacturer, after having passed from the filature in skeins through the processes of boiling and drying, to rid it of the gum, as described in the case of the cocoons. "Hard silk" is the name given to the reeled silk "in the gum"; after boiling, it is "soft silk." "Oil-boiled" is a catchpenny cry in the retail trade; there is no such process as boiling silk in oil.

Either reeled or spun silk has yet to be wound, single-twisted, doubled, and again twisted, on as many different machines, and at last reeled, all these processes being included in the work of the "throwster." The name means simply "twister," our word "throw" having reference originally to a motion in which the object left the hand with a twist, as a pitcher sends it at base-ball. The business is in many cases a distinct calling, the throwster buying the imported raw silk, and selling the twisted thread to the weaver.

The machines are of the same general type—long "frames" filling a great room, on each of which scores of spindles buzz away distractingly. The silk runs off the spool or spindle at the top, and is doubled by two spools feeding together, or twisted by a flyer or ring, and is delivered to the spool at the bottom.



GASSING-MACHINE.

A curious process sometimes used with spun silk after the twisting is the "gassing," or singeing, in which process the

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IN THE DYEING-ROOM.

yarn is run continuously through a gas flame at a speed carefully regulated so that the flame shall burn off the loose filaments and clean up the fibre without burning the body of the yarn itself. If the thread slackens, a guide-wire, similar to that already described, instantly turns off the flame.

The last machine, the "reeler," delivers the yarn upon a reel, which permits the making of skeins, in which shape all the dyeing, except for piece-dyed or printed silks, is done. Within a few years a simple attachment, invented by an operative, has been added to the reeler, so important that one Paterson manufacturer declares that the savings by it in his own manufactory have reached eighty thousand dollars. The Grant improvement is simply a bar moving slowly a few inches sideways and back again between the feeding spool and thread, directing the yarn from each spool to and fro, so that the skein is wound upon the reel overhanded, as a boy winds his kite-string. By passing a thread in and out as the skein is complete, and fastening each end, a skein many-fold the old length can be handled absolutely without waste, whereas of old the smaller skeins were easily tangled to great waste. The skeins of yarn are now carefully inspected, and if they pass muster, are ready for the dye-house.

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Dyeing is always a hand process, as the color of a dyer's hand suggests, and here machinery does not attempt to interfere. Long troughs fill the sloppy and steamy room, in which the great skeins of silk yarn are dipped from cross-sticks, by party-colored human beings, who move them occasionally to and fro to make sure all parts have a fair chance. The muddy hues suggest little of the brilliancy of color that is to be the glory of the completed fabric, and we will not enter into any trade secrets of their composition. But there is good dyeing and bad dyeing, honest dyeing and false dyeing, and a silk-maker who has intent to deceive can make his yarn take 300 per cent. of extra weight by the use of metallic substances in the dye-pot. This accounts for some of the cheapness as well as the bad wear of certain foreign fabrics which look as well at first sight as goods at a much higher price. Some of the foreign black silks are so highly "loaded" with nitrate of iron as to give color to the belief in "spontaneous combustion" in silk which caused the North German Steam-ship Company in 1879 to refuse the weightier foreign silks. The carbon of the silk and the nitrate make a compound closely parallel to gun-cotton, which is simply cotton fibre soaked with nitric acid. American manufacturers challenge consumers to test the purity of their fabrics, which may be done by ravelling the silk into threads. If heavily loaded they will break easily, feel rough to the touch because of the particles of dye, taste inky to the tongue, and burn smoulderingly into a yellow, greasy ash instead of crisply into almost nothing. These are tests lady buyers of a silk dress should not forget. The range of tint in colored silks is remarkable, and the variety of shade required from year to year by fashion makes a curious pictorial history of the times. One dealer at the Centennial showed a rainbow in silk threads.

To return to our yarn—after dyeing, it is washed and dried, and is now ready for the process of weaving. Like all fabrics, woven silk is composed of a series of continuous threads lengthwise of the piece, called the warp, and of cross threads woven in and out of the warp according to the pattern of the cloth, called the woof. Warp yarn is first spun, then doubled, then close twisted, and is called "organzine"; woof yarn is first doubled, then spun, is but slightly twisted, and is called "tram."

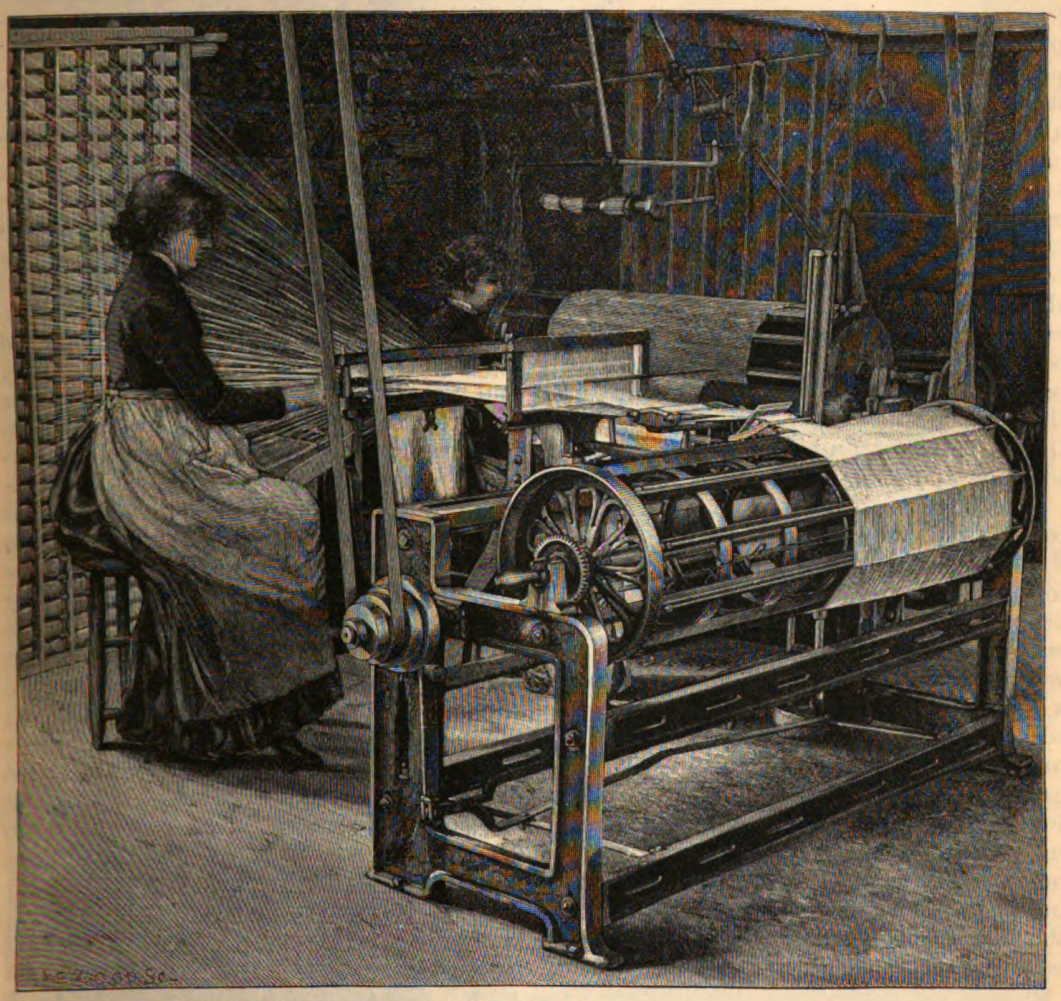
The first process of weaving must be to get the warp, and the manufacturer gives word that he wants a warp 250 yards long, and of 3000 to 6000 "ends" or threads, which last would make a very wide piece of goods. The yarn has again been wound, or unreeled from skeins upon bobbins, and these are set in a frame from which the warp-machine is to be fed. The old-fashioned warp-machine was an enormous wooden reel, like a clothes-drier, revolving slowly on its upright axis, and drawing from as many bobbins as the woof was to have ends. A quick-eyed girl watched every thread at once, and if any broke, stopped her reel and mended. The warp is then "drawn off" upon a "beam," which is the feed for the ordinary loom. A later Swiss machine has partially superseded the old method, and permits any width and fineness of warp to be wound. This is accomplished by winding, say, the threads from 200 bobbins at a time on a long reel which at one end swells into the shape of an inverted cone. When all the sections are thus wound they all unwind together, making a warp as wide as the full length of the reel. This reel is itself the beam, and fits into the ordinary loom as its feed. But it must first pass before a quick human eye for the process of picking out any imperfections.

The winding of the woof is a simpler matter. It is done on a quilling-frame, which reels off each yarn on a "quill," as the spindle which fits into the bobbin is specifically called.

The loom, which is the single machine used in weaving, is one of the oldest and essentially one of the simplest machines in the world. In its latest development, as the Jacquard loom, it is one of the most marvellous. Whether for cotton, wool, or silk, the principle and general construction are the same, and the power-loom, which only can be profitably used in this country, is a simple adaptation of the hand-loom of the earliest days. The purpose of the loom is to get the continuous woof thread woven in and out through the row of warp threads. Children, in their Kindergarten weaving, do this in the simplest manner, probably as it was done in the earliest times. The threaded needle goes under one warp thread and over the next, and as the child reaches the last warp thread it pushes the new line of woof compactly against the part already completed. By skipping two warp

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threads instead of one, or by like variations, the child easily produces various patterns in its paper fabric. The most ingenious loom does no more.



MAKING THE WARP.

The essential difference between the loom and this child's play is that instead of moving the end of the woof thread up and down under and over the warp threads, some of the warp threads are pulled up and the others down, so that the woof thread passes the whole width of the fabric at one motion in the clear space thus made. Instead of a needle pulling a thread after it, this permits the use of a shuttle, in which the whole thread is wound on the quill, and from which it unwinds as the shuttle flies across.

The shuttle is thrown across the width of the fabric by a blow from a lever at one side; then a batten beats up the new thread firmly against the woven web, then the woof threads that were below are raised, and those above lowered, and then the shuttle is thrown back again to the side from which it came. At each throw the cloth is made longer by the diameter of one thread, and this simple process goes quietly on until the desired length is made. Sometimes a warp is pieced on the beam if a very long piece is to be woven—a delicate and difficult operation.

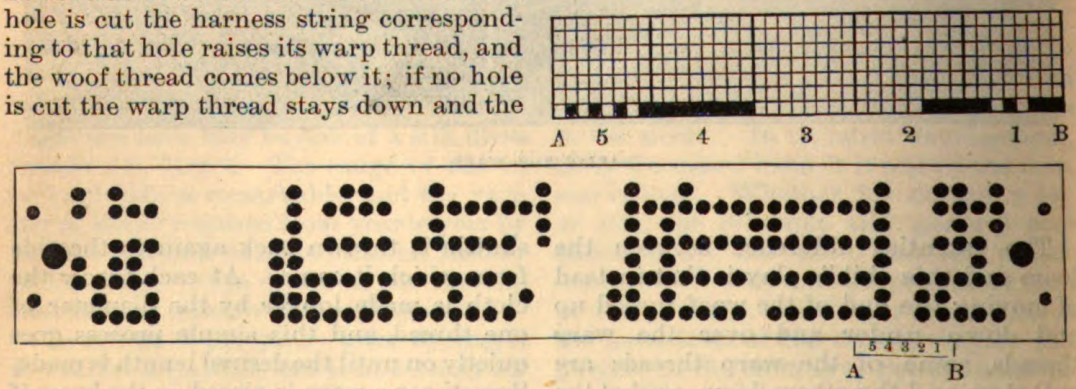
To accomplish this purpose and perform these operations a loom is essentially a stout frame, at the back of which is the horizontal beam or roller from which the warp unwinds, and at the front the roller on which the web is wound as it is made. Between these two is the harness, which is

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a series of frames with eyelets, one eyelet for each thread or set of threads of the woof. In simple weaving the harness-frames are in two sets, of three frames each, one set of which is up while the other is down. The number is increased to as many as sixteen frames, acting independently of each other, for complicated patterns, and in the Jacquard loom the harness becomes a set of strings instead of a frame, so that each thread of the warp can be raised or lowered separately. Between the beam and the harness is the reed, through which the warp threads pass in their proper position to the harness, and between the harness and the web roller, the shuttle and the batten. As the machine revolves, the warp threads pass from the beam through the reed, are lifted or depressed by the harness; in the space left the shuttle flies, the batten beats up the thread it leaves, and a new woof is added to the warp.

The Jacquard loom, with its marvellous power of producing infinite detail of figure, is really an ordinary loom with a modified harness, which is the Jacquard attachment. The harness-frame has become a set of strings, one for each of the warp threads, each string suspended from a bearing at the top. The pattern is worked out by cards pierced with round holes, much like the perforated music of the orguinette. Each card has holes or spaces for from 400 to 1200 warp threads, arranged in several rows on the card. Where a hole is cut the harness string corresponding to that hole raises its warp thread, and the woof thread comes below it; if no hole is cut the warp thread stays down and the drops, and a fresh one is presented. Thus an infinity of patterns can be produced. There must be as many cards as there are throws of the woof shuttle required to complete the full pattern; the whole series of cards is strung into an endless chain, which is seen at the top of the Jacquard loom.

The invention of this simple improvement, about 1800, won for Jacquard a bronze medal, the notice of Napoleon, and a pension of 1000 crowns; but in 1804 he was mobbed by his fellow-weavers of Lyons, who thought labor-saving machinery would destroy their livelihood. Two years later the government bought up his rights, and made the improvement public property; it furnished employment for thousands of workers, and years afterward the Lyons weavers honored him by weaving a picture of him in his workshop, which required the enormous number of 24,000 cards. His invention has also furnished work to designers and to card-cutters, who by means of a perforating machine make in the card the holes required by the pattern laid out by the designer on sheets divided into minute squares, each of which corresponds to one hole in the card, one string of the harness, one thread of the warp. The diagram represents a small piece of one of these sheets, in its true size, and a Jacquard card of 400 holes, reduced to about one-third its size; the forty spaces B to A correspond to



JACQUARD CARD (ONE-THIRD SIZE), AND PIECE OF PATTERN FOR SAME.

woof thread goes above it. The "needles," to which the harness strings are connected by a device which transfers the motion from a vertical to a horizontal one, are pressed by spiral springs against the face of the card presented to the machine, and thus respond to each hole. This card then the forty holes, in five rows of eight holes each, marked B to A on the card. Where the little square is covered by the pattern, the cutter punches a hole in the card, and the warp thread shows; where there is no mark on a square, the card is left unperforated, and the woof thread with its col-

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THE JACQUARD LOOM.
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or shows in the fabric. By having a number of woof shuttles, carrying each a different color, lifted into place to be shot each in its turn across the warp automatically by another ingenious device, designs of extraordinary complication, such as those on the woven silk book-marks, are produced in the fabric. The cards can be duplicated, after the first set is made, by an automatic duplicating machine, so that the same pattern may be run on many looms at once.

One of the most ingenious features of the modern loom is the device for stopping it automatically if the woof thread breaks. The device is very simple. At each throw of the shuttle the line of thread strikes a finger, which, if not struck, acts as a catch and shuts off the power. When the thread breaks, the finger is not struck, the catch acts, and the machine can not go on.

Besides the varieties of pattern made by the arrangement of the harness-frames, which include the difference between silk and satin, there are other means of varying goods. In satin the warp is thrown mostly to the upper surface, and as the warp silk is the most lustrous, the satiny effect is produced. Grenadine is made by threading the warp only into alternate eyelets in the reed and harness, and by feeding the woof slowly, so that a mesh is produced. Stripes, if in the length, are produced by warp threads of different colors; if in the width, by feeding the woof from shuttles carrying different colors of thread, each of which, by an automatic device, is lifted into bearing to be thrown at the proper moment; and plaids by making both warp and woof threads of different colors. Gros grain is made by plain weaving, "half up and half down," with a woof of a thickness to correspond with the rib or grain. Foulard is simply the general name for plain-woven silk not dyed in the yarn, of which pongee is the Asiatic kind. The finest and most expensive silk fabric made is bolting-cloth, for the use of millers, woven almost altogether in Switzerland.

Reeding and harnessing are subsidiary processes in putting the warp in proper shape on the loom. These consist in putting each warp thread through its proper slit in the reed and eyelet in the harness, much of the first work being done by children. The harnessing requires greater care, for if any thread is put through the wrong harness opening, it is, of course, lifted at the wrong time, the woof thread goes under instead of over it, and the pattern is disturbed.

After the cloth is woven, it is taken from the loom for finishing. In silk this is sometimes a considerable business in itself. Two of the preliminary processes are gassing and burling. Gassing is a repetition of the process used for the yarn, viz., the passing quickly in contact with a light flame, which removes any stray filaments without injuring the fabric. In burling, the fabric is unwound from one roller and wound upon another, the quick eye of a woman being on the alert to catch any knots or "burls" in the silk, which she removes with a pair of tweezers. The fabric is then calendered, like paper, by being run between copper rollers, or pressed between smooth sheets of binders' boards; it is measured off, folded, and is now ready for the packer. In some kinds of finishing the silk is subjected to a steam spray of "finish," containing gum and shellac, which improves its lustre; and foreign silk is sometimes "refinished" in this way by American finishers.

If the material, however, is not yarn-dyed, it must go from the loom to the dye-shop, or to the printing-press. Silk, like calico, is printed on a stout upright press, having a roller for each color to be used. On this roller, which is of copper, is cut the portion of the pattern to be printed in this color, and when the silk, carried around a great cylinder in the centre, has been pressed in turn against each of these rollers, the pattern is complete. In either case it must be washed, dried, and finished before it is ready to sell.

Velvet is made in two ways, that of the finest grade being woven by looping the warp thread over fine wires, which give by their size the desired length of pile. When the weaver has made a few inches of web, requiring several hundred of these wires, he stops the loom, and with deft hand runs a keen knife along each of these wires, guided by a fine groove in its upper surface. The other system is that made possible by the power-loom for the production of pile fabrics. In this two cloths are really woven together, the pile binding the two until a knife working like a shuttle cuts them apart. Velvets must be carefully looked over to obviate imperfections, and are then ironed, brushed, and, if necessary, sheared to the finest possible

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HOOKING THROUGH THE HARNESS.

degree of evenness. Watered silks and moiré antique are now made by the pressure of hot rollers upon the parts showing the "water lines"—a method which has superseded the old hand method of scraping down or hammering in the lines. Brocades are simply figured goods, the figure being produced by throwing the warp or the woof thread to the top in the Jacquard weaving.

The patriotic American woman may not only have the fabric of her "silk dress" woven on American looms and sewn together by American silk thread, but she may trim it with American ribbons, silk laces, fringes, or other silk products at her pleasure. Most of these are made by machinery; ribbons on a "gang loom," which makes from four to forty pieces at a time, each with its separate shuttle making a separate throw. The diagram (p. 259) figures the essential parts of the most usual type

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of ribbon loom. The warp, wound on bobbins as a loose cord, is carried over a glass rod and through a reed close to it. The shuttle moves in a curved orbit, and the batten is a heavy frame running the whole length of the gang loom, and moved by an eccentric wheel not shown in the diagram. Ribbon-weaving is a calling separate from broad-goods weaving, and ribbon-weavers are the best paid of all operatives, but the high rate of wage is largely to cover the two or three weeks lost, each time the warp runs out, in putting the several warps through the reed, harness, and batten, which labor is not directly paid for by the employer. Fringes are woven double and cut apart. Laces are woven on an entirely different machine, in which the warp is vertical instead of horizontal, and the shuttles are replaced by little disks bearing bobbins, which shoot to and fro. The Jennings works, in Brooklyn, use 300,000 of these little disks, which till a few years since had to be sent to England for repair. These lace looms are among the most complicated machines human invention has yet devised; they weave the most varied patterns of open-work in a web as wide as twelve and a half feet, requiring as many as 5500 bobbins; they are all of English production, costing as much as $10,000 each, though some of them have American improvements. A new kind of loom, the Earnshaw "needle loom," was perfected a few years since by an American inventor, who applied the principle of the sewing-machine needle to weaving, but it does not seem to have obtained success.

The greatest centre of the silk industry in America is the city of Paterson, New Jersey. New York, indeed, had at the census of 1880 the largest number of factories (126), ranging from the great factory of the Stearns in Forty-second Street, where several hundred hands, mostly girls, are employed—and where, by the co-operation of some interested ladies, a reading-room and other comforts are interesting features—to very humble workshops; but its annual product, $7,500,000, was exceeded by the $10,000,000 of Paterson, with its 82 factories, Philadelphia ranking third with $2,600,000 product from 47 factories. Paterson, in fact, then centred a third of the entire silk manufacture of the United States. Since the stimulus of the war and its high duties upon imported silk goods, silk-weaving has become a chief feature of this industrial city, making it the Lyons of America. The Passaic Falls are falls no longer; their picturesque basin seldom catches so much as a drop from the sheer precipice above, and is filled only by the back-water from below the race; but instead the water from dams up-stream and the reservoirs on the hill-tops rushes through the open raceway along Mill Street, turning thousands of spindles and of looms, as it finds its way again to the lower river. The city built about this water-power relies, nevertheless, largely upon steam. Far from the river as well as near are the huge brick factories which are the hives of industry. After the census of 1880 Paterson increased its silk product until it reached nearly half the total of silk goods manufactured in this country, but within a year or two past it has suffered both from the removal of many of the simpler processes to country factories and from the general industrial depression.

Outside the great cities the largest silk factories of the country are at South Manchester, Connecticut, where the Cheney Brothers conduct, with another mill at Hartford, one of the most interesting industrial organizations in America. The old farm-house, of the days of the *multicaulis* fever, when the father of the original brothers took to silk, still stands, and about it cluster the great brick mills, the fine residences of the Cheneys, the neat and comfortable cottages of the workers, which make up this pretty and thriving New England village. It is in a pleasant rolling country ten miles east from Hartford. Dotted about the place, with no fences between, are a couple of hundred of neat brown cottages of wood, some of which the men own, but most of which are still held and rented by Cheney Brothers. Their rent roll shows 173 such cottages, renting from $5 or $6 to $12 a month, and averaging $8. They would cost from $1000 to $1500 to build. There are fine roads, pleasantly varied, three churches, two boarding-houses, charging $3 50 to $4 a week to operatives, and a neat brick hall, at once theatre, lecture-room, and concert-room, with drill-room above, and a free library and reading-room, a billiard-room, and other amusements below, all free to the operatives of the firm. The investment has risen from the small beginnings of 1838 to over $3,000,000 (including the Hartford mill); there

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are 550 looms; over 1500 operatives are kept at work, earning, including foremen, etc., about $600,000 yearly; and the product of finished goods is above $2,500,000.

Another most interesting rural centre of silk manufacturing is at Florence, Massachusetts, where the manufacture of sewing silks was started in 1834.

The American silk trade is an interest of much importance and power, numbering over 700 manufacturers, importers, and dealers. The prominent manufacturers are organized into the "Silk Association of America," which has a permanent office in New York, with Mr. W. C. Wyckoff as its secretary. While the division of labor is carried in America to a very great extreme, many of our factories nevertheless group almost all the processes under one roof, in direct contrast to the Lyons manufacturers, who simply own the material, and give it out first to the spinners, then to the weavers, and so on, each working in his own little shop. Our manufacturers have little to learn from foreign factories, except in one interesting particular, in which the French industrial organization has a great advantage over our own. This is in the "Conseils de Prud'hommes," one of which presides over the Lyons silk industry, elected on manhood suffrage by masters and men, and ready always to settle differences by arbitration. There exist also in Lyons, and in such other European silk centres as Zurich and Crefeld, silk-weaving schools, in which the art is taught, chiefly to those destined to become manufacturers or superintendents. Coventry, England, has a most interesting new type of industrial organization in its "cottage factories," where some of the silk-weavers dwell in rows of cottages, at the top of each of which is a work-room, supplied with power by a line of shafting outside.

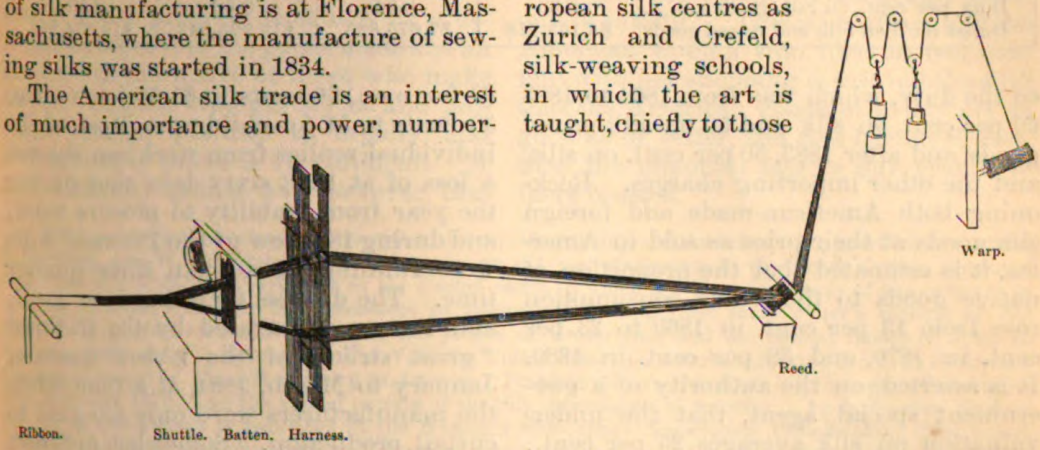


DIAGRAM OF RIBBON LOOM.

The table herewith gives the facts of American silk manufacture as reported in the United States Census:

SILK MANUFACTURE: STATISTICS FROM UNITED STATES CENSUS.*

	1850.	1860.	1870.†	1880.
Whole Number of Establishments..	67	139	86	382
Persons employed	1723	5435	6649	34,521§
Capital.....	$678,300	$2,926,980	$6,231,130	$19,125,300
Wages.....	297,416	1,050,224	1,942,286	9,146,705
Materials used	1,093,860	3,901,777	7,817,559	22,467,701§
Value of Product.....	1,809,476	6,607,771	12,210,662	41,033,045§
Wages per Employé	$172 61	$194 75	$292 11‡	$264 96

* The census of 1870 was considered by the silk trade so inadequate that figures were gathered independently by the silk trade for 1873, showing 156 establishments and 10,651 persons employed.

† Currency. ‡ Currency = $233 69 gold.

§ These figures represent the *greatest* number of hands, *all* materials, whether twice used or not, and *gross* product, corresponding probably to previous census returns. The average of hands is reported at 31,337, making wages $291 88; net material, $18,569,166; net product, $34,519,723 of finished goods.

The latest report of the Silk Association gives the total product of the United States, in finished goods only, at $40,659,964 in the year 1883.

The table on following page gives the facts as to importation both of the raw material and of manufactured silks.

To the valuation of imported silk goods, as shipped from foreign ports, must be add-

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SILK IMPORTATION: STATISTICS FROM CUSTOMS RETURNS.

	1850.	1860.	1870.	1880.
Raw Silk (free of duty)....(Pounds)	120,010	297,877	583,589	2,562,236
Raw Silk.....(Value)	$401,385	$1,340,676	$3,017,958	$12,024,699
Silk Manufactures.....	$17,659,728	$32,961,120	$23,904,048	$33,308,112
Duty, per cent., on Silk goods.....	0.30	0.24	0.60	0.60
Duties rec'd on Silk and mixed goods	$5,163,918	$7,675,825	$13,925,347	$19,654,946

ed the duty, which was from 1864 to 1883 60 per cent. on silk and 50 on silk-mixed goods, and after 1883, 50 per cent. on silk, and the other importing charges. Reckoning both American-made and foreign silk goods at their price as sold in America, it is estimated that the proportion of native goods to the whole consumption rose from 13 per cent. in 1860 to 23 per cent. in 1870, and 38 per cent. in 1880. It is asserted, on the authority of a government special agent, that the undervaluation on silk averages 25 per cent., so that on goods whose market price is $1 abroad, only 37½ cents instead of 50 cents duty is collected, making the cost, duty paid, $1 37½, instead of $1 50. Three-quarters of all the raising of invoices in the New York imports has been in silk. But undervaluation is a small evil in comparison with the overweighting of silks with dyestuffs in its effect on the honest manufacturer here. Silk comes next to sugar and wool as a source of customs revenue.

The condition of operatives varies greatly with the place of location. The average pay of all employed rose steadily from $172 61 yearly in 1850 to $194 75 in 1860, to $233 69 (currency) in 1870, and to $264 96 or $291 88 (according as the division is among all operatives employed, as probably in previous censuses, or among the actual average number) in 1880. This, at its highest, however, is less than a dollar per working day, and there has been considerable reduction since 1880, which was the "boom" year, estimated in Paterson at from 10 to 15 per cent. for ribbon weavers, 25 per cent. for broad-goods weavers, and 30 per cent. on less skilled work. According to Colonel Wright's Massachusetts figures of 1884, the average weekly wages of male silk-workers at day work was, in 1860, $7 60; 1875, $8 22 (and for women, $6 72); 1878, $12 50; 1883, $10 (and for women $6 04)—the average of all being, for 1860, $5 91; 1875, $6 12; 1878, $8 32; 1883, $7 58. The labor statistics of New Jersey for 1883 give an average for the year for the 16,834 operatives recorded of $332, stating the day figures at $1 20 to $2 for men, 66 cents to $1 50 for women, 50 cents to $1 for children. Most of the individual replies from workmen showed a loss of at least sixty days' time during the year from inability to procure work, and during 1884 few of the Paterson mills were running more than three-quarter time. The distress there has been great, and it was aggravated by the ill-timed "great strike" of the ribbon weavers, January to March, 1884, at a time when the manufacturers were only too glad to curtail production. Somewhat different rates are paid in different States, and as between city and country. The census figures of 1880 give the average weekly pay of hand-loom weavers at $14 15 for men and $8 44 for women; power-loom weavers, $11 43 and $7 94; raw-silk spinners, $5 57 and $4 87; soft-silk warpers, $10 71 and $7 62. Young's report of 1875 gave $12 to $18 per week as the range of pay for men weavers, dyers, etc., $6 to $12 for unskilled male labor, $5 to $10 for skilled and $2 to $5 for unskilled female labor, in American mills, the rates midway between these figures—$15, $9, $7 50, $3 50—forming probably a fair average. The same report quotes the weekly wages of English male operatives at $3 87 to $6 29, women at $1 81 to $2 66; and the pay of French operatives in Lyons was given, on the authority of the Council of the silk trades, at 40 cents to $1 20 (2 to 5½ francs) for males and 45 to 50 cents for females, per day of eleven hours. An estimate by Mr. W. C. Wyckoff figures that American silk operatives are paid twice as much as those of England, three times as much as those of France or Germany, and four times as much as those of Italy. The product of the American operative is, however, much the larger per man per hour in silk as in other mechanical industries; for while an American operative handles 87 pounds of silk material, the English operative will handle but 71 pounds, or 81½ per cent. of the American standard, and the German 59 pounds, or 65½ per cent. The cost of labor per yard of silk, owing to this fact and to the more

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general use of machinery, is by no means so much higher in America as the mere rate of wages suggests.

It is almost impossible to bring American silk production exactly to that double test in which progress is shown by a decrease in the cost of the goods made and an increase in the wages of those who make them. Fashion changes styles and processes change qualities so rapidly that comparison of prices is very difficult. A silk authority points out, however, that "one operative will spin more silk and do it much better than two thousand could a half-century ago; the room occupied would be only one-four-hundredth part as much, and the cost of the machinery about one-twentieth." This is progress; and the American woman who likes to feel content with her shopping is safe in believing that the American goods of to-day are as good as or better, and cost her much less, than the imported fabrics our grandmothers boasted.

NOTE.—Among the best and latest authorities on silk growing and manufacturing, to which this article is indebted, are—W. C. Wyckoff's special report on silk manufacturing, in the Tenth Census, reprinted under the title of *Silk Manufacture in the United States*, in which his historical study of the industry in America is accompanied by full references to original authorities; the same writer's manual of *The Silk Goods of America;* the reports of the judges of Group IX.; and the special report of John L. Hayes on "Silk and Silk Fabrics," in Vol. V. of the United States Centennial Reports; Dr. L. P. Brockett's Centennial history of *The Silk Industry in America;* Franklin Allen's *American Silk Industry Chronologically Arranged*, 1876; and the annual reports of the Silk Association of America. An *Instruction-Book in the Art of Silk-Culture* is published by the Women's Silk-culture Association, Philadelphia. The report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, 1878, contains a valuable treatise on the silk-worm and the silk industry by the entomologist of the department, Professor C. V. Riley, which has since been issued as a separate pamphlet.

INDIAN SUMMER.

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I.

MIDWAY of the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, where three arches break the line of the little jewellers' booths glittering on either hand, and open an approach to the parapet, Colville lounged against the corner of a shop and stared out upon the river. It was the late afternoon of a day in January, which had begun bright and warm, but had suffered a change of mood as its hours passed, and now from a sky dimmed with flying gray clouds was threatening rain. There must already have been rain in the mountains, for the yellow torrent that seethed and swirled around the piers of the bridge was swelling momently on the wall of the Lung' Arno, and rolling a threatening flood toward the Cascine, where it lost itself under the ranks of the poplars that seemed to file across its course, and let their delicate tops melt into the pallor of the low horizon.

The city, with the sweep of the Lung' Arno on either hand, and its domes and towers hung in the dull air, and the country with its white villas and black cypresses breaking the gray stretches of the olive orchards on its hill-sides, had alike been growing more and more insufferable; and Colville was finding a sort of vindictive satisfaction in the power to ignore the surrounding frippery of landscape and architecture. He isolated himself so perfectly from it, as he brooded upon the river, that, for any sensible difference, he might have been standing on the Main Street Bridge at Des Vaches, Indiana, looking down at the tawny sweep of the Wabash. He had no love for that stream, nor for the ambitious town on its banks, but ever since he woke that morning he had felt a growing conviction that he had been a great ass to leave them. He had, in fact, taken the prodigious risk of breaking his life sharp off from the course in which it had been set for many years, and of attempting to renew it in a direction from which it had long been diverted. Such an act could be precipitated only by a strong impulse of conscience, or a profound disgust, and with Colville it sprang from disgust. He had experienced a bitter disappointment in the city to whose prosperity he had given the energies of his best years, and in whose favor he imagined that he had triumphantly established himself.

He had certainly made the Des Vaches *Democrat-Republican* a very good paper; its ability was recognized throughout the State, and in Des Vaches people of all par-

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ties were proud of it. They liked every morning to see what Colville said; they believed that in his way he was the smartest man in the State, and they were fond of claiming that there was no such writer on any of the Indianapolis papers. They forgave some political heresies to the talent they admired; they permitted him the whim of free trade, they laughed tolerantly when he came out in favor of civil service reform, and no one had much fault to find when the *Democrat-Republican* bolted the nomination of a certain politician of its party for Congress. But when Colville permitted his own name to be used by the opposing party, the people arose in their might and defeated him by a tremendous majority. That was what the regular nominee said. It was a withering rebuke to treason, in the opinion of this gentleman; it was a good joke, anyway, with the Democratic managers who had taken Colville up, being all in the Republican family; whichever it was, it was a mortification for Colville which his pride could not brook. He stood disgraced before the community not only as a theorist and unpractical doctrinaire, but as a dangerous man; and what was worse, he could not wholly acquit himself of a measure of bad faith; his conscience troubled him even more than his pride. Money was found, and a printer bought up with it to start a paper in opposition to the *Democrat-Republican*. Then Colville contemptuously offered to sell out to the Republican committee in charge of the new enterprise, and they accepted his terms.

In private life he found much of the old kindness returning to him; and his successful opponent took the first opportunity of heaping coals of fire on his head in the public street, when he appeared to the outer eye to be shaking hands with Colville. During the months that he remained to close up his affairs after the sale of his paper, the *Post-Democrat-Republican* (the newspaper had agglutinated the titles of two of its predecessors, after the fashion of American journals) was fulsome in its complimentary allusions to him. It politely invented the fiction that he was going to Europe for his health, impaired by his journalistic labors, and adventurously promised its readers that they might hope to hear from him from time to time in its columns. In some of its allusions to him Colville detected the point of a fine irony, of which he had himself introduced the practice in the *Democrat-Republican;* and he experienced, with a sense of personal impoverishment, the curious fact that a journalist of strong characteristics leaves the tradition of himself in such degree with the journal he has created that he seems to bring very little away. He was obliged to confess in his own heart that the paper was as good as ever. The assistants, who had trained themselves to write like him, seemed to be writing quite as well, and his honesty would not permit him to receive the consolation offered him by the friends who told him that there was a great falling off in the *Post-Democrat-Republican*. Except that it was rather more Stalwart in its Republicanism, and had turned quite round on the question of the tariff, it was very much what it had always been. It kept the old decency of tone which he had given it, and it maintained the literary character which he was proud of. The new management must have divined that its popularity, with the women at least, was largely due to its careful selections of verse and fiction, its literary news, and its full and piquant criticisms, with their long extracts from new books. It was some time since he had personally looked after this department, and the young fellow in charge of it under him had remained with the paper. Its continued excellence, which he could not have denied if he had wished, seemed to leave him drained and feeble, and it was partly from the sense of this that he declined the overtures, well backed up with money, to establish an independent paper in Des Vaches. He felt that there was not fight enough in him for the work, even if he had not taken that strong disgust for public life which included the place and its people. He wanted to get away, to get far away, and with the abrupt and total change in his humor he reverted to a period in his life when journalism and politics and the ambition of Congress were things undreamed of.

At that period he was a very young architect, with an inclination toward the literary side of his profession, which made it seem profitable to linger, with his Ruskin in his hand, among the masterpieces of Italian Gothic, when perhaps he might have been better employed in designing red-roofed, many-verandaed, consciously-mullioned sea-side cottages on the New

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England coast. He wrote a magazine paper on the zoology of the Lombardic pillars in Verona, very Ruskinian, very scornful of modern motive. He visited every part of the peninsula, but he gave the greater part of his time to North Italy, and in Venice he met the young girl whom he followed to Florence. His love did not prosper; when she went away she left him in possession of that treasure to a man of his temperament, a broken heart. From that time his vague dreams began to lift, and to let him live in the clear light of common day; but he was still lingering at Florence, ignorant of the good which had befallen him, and cowering within himself under the sting of wounded vanity, when he received a letter from his elder brother suggesting that he should come and see how he liked the architecture of Des Vaches. His brother had been seven years at Des Vaches, where he had lands, and a lead mine, and a scheme for a railroad, and had lately added a daily newspaper to his other enterprises. He had, in fact, added two newspapers; for having unexpectedly and almost involuntarily become the owner of the Des Vaches *Republican*, the fancy of building up a great local journal seized him, and he bought the *Wabash Valley Democrat*, uniting them under the name of the *Democrat-Republican*. But he had trouble almost from the first with his editors, and he naturally thought of the brother with a turn for writing who had been running to waste for the last year or two in Europe. His real purpose was to work Colville into the management of his paper when he invited him to come out and look at the architecture of Des Vaches.

Colville went, because he was at that moment in the humor to go anywhere, and because his money was running low, and he must begin work somehow. He was still romantic enough to like the notion of the place a little because it bore the name given to it by the old French *voyageurs* from a herd of buffalo cows which they had seen grazing on the site of their camp there; but when he came to the place itself he did not like it. He hated it; but he staid, and as an architect was the last thing any one wanted in Des Vaches, since the jail and court-house had been built, he became, half without his willing it, a newspaper man. He learned in time to relish the humorous intimacy of the life about him, and when it was decided that he was no fool—there were doubts, growing out of his Eastern accent and the work of his New York tailor, at first—he found himself the object of a pleasing popularity. In due time he bought his brother out; he became very fond of newspaper life, its constant excitements and its endless variety; and six week before he sold his paper he would have scoffed at a prophecy of his return to Europe for the resumption of any artistic purpose whatever. But here he was, lounging on the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, whither he had come with the intention of rubbing up his former studies, and of perhaps getting back to put them in practice at New York ultimately. He had said to himself before coming abroad that he was in no hurry; that he should take it very easily—he had money enough for that; yet he would keep architecture before him as an object, for he had lived long in a community where every one was intensely occupied, and he unconsciously paid to Des Vaches the tribute of feeling that an objectless life was disgraceful to a man.

In the mean time he suffered keenly and at every moment the loss of the occupation of which he had bereaved himself: in thinking of quite other things, in talk of totally different matters, from the dreams of night, he woke with a start to the realization of the fact that he had no longer a newspaper. He perceived now, as never before, that for fifteen years almost every breath of his life had been drawn with reference to his paper, and that without it he was in some sort lost and as it were extinct. A tide of ridiculous homesickness, which was an expression of this passionate regret for the life he had put behind him, rather than any longing for Des Vaches, swept over him, and the first passages of a letter to the *Post-Democrat-Republican* began to shape themselves in his mind. He had always, when he left home for New York or Washington, or for his few weeks of summer vacation on the Canadian rivers or the New England coast, written back to his readers, in whom he knew he could count upon quick sympathy in all he saw and felt, and he now found himself addressing them with that frank familiarity which comes to the journalist, in minor communities, from the habit of print. He began by confessing to them the defeat of certain expectations

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with which he had returned to Florence, and told them that they must not look for anything like the ordinary letters of travel from him. But he was not so singular in his attitude toward the place as he supposed; for any tourist who comes to Florence with the old-fashioned expectation of impressions will probably suffer a disappointment, unless he arrives very young and for the first time. It is a city superficially so well known that it affects one somewhat like a collection of views of itself: they are from the most striking points, of course, but one has examined them before, and is disposed to be critical of them. Certain emotions, certain sensations, failed to repeat themselves to Colville at sight of the familiar monuments, which seemed to wear a hardy and indifferent air, as if being stared at so many years by so many thousands of travellers had extinguished in them that sensibility which one likes to fancy in objects of interest everywhere.

The life which was as vivid all about him as if caught by the latest instantaneous process made the same comparatively ineffective appeal. The operatic spectacle was still there. The people, with their cloaks statuesquely draped over their left shoulders, moved down the street, or posed in vehement dialogue on the sidewalks; the drama of bargaining, with the customer's scorn, the shop-man's pathos, came through the open shop door; the handsome, heavy-eyed ladies, the bare-headed girls, thronged the ways; the caffès were full of the well-remembered figures over their newspapers and little cups; the officers were as splendid as of old, with their long cigars in their mouths, their swords kicking against their beautiful legs, and their spurs jingling; the dandies, with their little dogs and their flower-like smiles, were still in front of the confectioners' for the inspection of the ladies who passed; the old beggar still crouched over her *scaldino* at the church door, and the young man with one leg, whom he thought to escape by walking fast, had timed him to a second from the other side of the street. There was the wonted warmth in the sunny squares, and the old familiar damp and stench in the deep, narrow streets. But some charm had gone out of these things. The artisans coming to the doors of their shallow booths for the light on some bit of carpentering, or cobbling, or tinkering; the crowds swarming through the middle of the streets on perfect terms with the wine carts and cab horses; the ineffective grandiosity of the palaces huddled upon the crooked thoroughfares; the slight but insinuating cold of the southern winter, gathering in the shade and dispersing in the sun, and denied everywhere by the profusion of fruit and flowers, and by the greenery of gardens showing through the grated portals and over the tops of high walls; the groups of idle poor permanently or temporarily propped against the bases of edifices with a southern exposure; the priests and monks and nuns in their gliding passage; the impassioned snapping of the cabmen's whips; the clangor of bells that at some hours inundated the city, and then suddenly subsided and left it to the banging of coppersmiths; the open-air frying of cakes, with its primitive smell of burning fat; the tramp of soldiery, and the fanfare of bugles blown to gay measures—these and a hundred other characteristic traits and facts still found a response in the consciousness where they were once a rapture of novelty; but the response was faint and thin; he could not warm over the old mood in which he once treasured them all away as of equal preciousness.

Of course there was a pleasure in recognizing some details of former experience in Florence as they recurred. Colville had been met at once by a *festa*, when nothing could be done, and he was more than consoled by the caressing sympathy with which he was assured that his broken trunk could not be mended till the day after to-morrow; he had quite forgotten about the festas and the sympathy. That night the piazza on which he lodged seemed full of snow to the casual glance he gave it; then he saw that it was the white Italian moonlight, which he had also forgotten....

II.

Colville had reached this point in that sarcastic study of his own condition of mind for the advantage of his late readers in the *Post-Democrat-Republican*, when he was aware of a polite rustling of draperies, with an ensuing well-bred murmur, which at once ignored him, deprecated intrusion upon him, and asserted a common right to the prospect on which he had been dwelling alone. He looked round with an instinctive expectation of style and poise, in which he was not disappointed. The lady, with a graceful lift

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of the head and a very erect carriage, almost Bernhardtesque in the backward fling of her shoulders and the strict compression of her elbows to her side, was pointing out the different bridges to the little girl who was with her.

"That first one is the Santa Trinità, and the next is the Carraja, and that one quite down by the Cascine is the iron bridge. The Cascine, you remember—the park where we were driving—that clump of woods there—"

A vagueness expressive of divided interest had crept into the lady's tone rather than her words. Colville could feel that she was waiting for the right moment to turn her delicate head, sculpturesquely defined by its toque, and steal an imperceptible glance at him; and he involuntarily afforded her the coveted excuse by the slight noise he made in changing his position in order to be able to go away as soon as he had seen whether she was pretty or not. At forty-one the question is still important to every man with regard to every woman.

"Mr. Colville!"

The gentle surprise conveyed in the exclamation, without time for recognition, convinced Colville, upon a cool review of the facts, that the lady had known him before their eyes met.

"Why, Mrs. Bowen!" he said.

She put out her round, slender arm, and gave him a frank clasp of her gloved hand. The glove wrinkled richly up the sleeve of her dress half-way to her elbow. She bent on his face a demand for just what quality and degree of change he found in hers, and apparently she satisfied herself that his inspection was not to her disadvantage, for she smiled brightly, and devoted the rest of her glance to an electric summary of the facts of Colville's physiognomy: the sufficiently good outline of his visage, with its full, rather close-cut drabbish-brown beard and mustache, both shaped a little by the ironical self-conscious smile that lurked under them; the non-committal, rather weary-looking eyes; the brown hair, slightly frosted, that showed while he stood with his hat still off. He was a little above the middle height, and if it must be confessed, neither his face nor his figure had quite preserved their youthful lines. They were both much heavier than when Mrs. Bowen saw them last, and the latter here and there swayed beyond the strict bounds of symmetry. She was herself in that moment of life when, to the middle-aged observer, at least, a woman's looks have a charm which is wanting to her earlier bloom. By that time her character has wrought itself more clearly out in her face, and her heart and mind confront you more directly there. It is the youth of her spirit which has come to the surface.

"I should have known you anywhere," she exclaimed, with friendly pleasure in seeing him.

"You are very kind," said Colville. "I didn't know that I had preserved my youthful beauty to that degree. But I can imagine it—if you say so, Mrs. Bowen."

"Oh, I assure you that you have!" she protested; and now she began gently to pursue him with one fine question after another about himself, till she had mastered the main facts of his history since they had last met. He would not have known so well how to possess himself of hers, even if he had felt the same necessity; but in fact it had happened that he had heard of her from time to time at not very long intervals. She had married a leading lawyer of her Western city, who in due time had gone to Congress, and after his term was out, had "taken up his residence" in Washington, as the newspapers said, "in his elegant mansion at the corner of & Street and Idaho Avenue." After that he remembered reading that Mrs. Bowen was going abroad for the education of her daughter, from which he made his own inferences concerning her marriage. And "You knew Mr. Bowen was no longer living?" she said, with fit obsequy of tone.

"Yes, I knew," he answered, with decent sympathy.

"This is my little Effie," said Mrs. Bowen, after a moment; and now the child, hitherto keeping herself discreetly in the background, came forward and promptly gave her hand to Colville, who perceived that she was not so small as he had thought her at first; an effect of infancy had possibly been studied in the brevity of her skirts and the immaturity of her corsage, but both were in good taste, and really to the advantage of her young figure. There was reason and justice in her being dressed as she was, for she was really not so old as she looked by two or three years; and there was reason in Mrs. Bowen's carrying in the hollow of her left arm the India shawl sacque she had taken off and hung there; the deep cherry silk lining gave life

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to the sombre tints prevailing in her dress, which its removal left free to express all the grace of her extremely lady-like person. Lady-like was the word for Mrs. Bowen throughout—for the turn of her head, the management of her arm from the elbow, the curve of her hand from wrist to finger-tips, the smile, subdued, but sufficiently sweet, playing about her little mouth, which was yet not too little, and the refined and indefinite perfume which exhaled from the ensemble of her silks, her laces, and her gloves, like an odorous version of that otherwise impalpable quality which women call style. She had, with all her flexibility, a certain charming stiffness, like the stiffness of a very tall feather.

"And have you been here a great while?" she asked, turning her head slowly toward Colville, and looking at him with a little difficulty she had in raising her eyelids: when she was younger the glance that shyly stole from under the covert of their lashes was like a gleam of sunshine, and it was still like a gleam of paler sunshine.

Colville, whose mood was very susceptible to the weather, brightened in the ray. "I only arrived last night," he said, with a smile.

"How glad you must be to get back! Did you ever see Florence more beautiful than it was this morning?"

"Not for years," said Colville, with another smile for her pretty enthusiasm. "Not for seventeen years at the least calculation."

"Is it so many?" cried Mrs. Bowen, with lovely dismay. "Yes, it is," she sighed, and she did not speak for an appreciable interval.

He knew that she was thinking of that old love affair of his, to which she was privy in some degree, though he never could tell how much; and when she spoke he perceived that she purposely avoided speaking of a certain person, whom a woman of more tact or of less would have insisted upon naming at once. "I never can believe in the lapse of time when I get back to Italy; it always makes me feel as young as when I left it last."

"I could imagine you'd never left it," said Colville.

Mrs. Bowen reflected a moment. "Is that a compliment?"

"I had an obscure intention of saying something fine; but I don't think I've quite made it out," he owned.

Mrs. Bowen gave her small, sweet smile. "It was very nice of you to try. But I haven't really been away for some time; I've taken a house in Florence, and I've been here two years. Palazzo Pinti, Lung' Arno della Zecca. You must come and see me. Thursdays from four till six."

"Thank you," said Colville.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Bowen, remotely preparing to offer her hand in adieu, "that Effie and I broke in upon some very important cogitations of yours." She shifted the silken burden of her arm a little, and the child stirred from the correct pose she had been keeping, and smiled politely.

"I don't think they deserve a real dictionary word like that," said Colville. "I was simply mooning. If there was anything definite in my mind, I was wishing that I was looking down on the Wabash in Des Vaches, instead of the Arno in Florence."

"Oh! And I supposed you must be indulging all sorts of historical associations with the place. Effie and I have been walking through the Via de' Bardi, where Romola lived, and I was bringing her back over the Ponte Vecchio, so as to impress the origin of Florence on her mind."

"Is that what makes Miss Effie hate it?" asked Colville, looking at the child, whose youthful resemblance to her mother was in all things so perfect that a fantastic question whether she could ever have had any other parent swept through him. Certainly, if Mrs. Bowen were to marry again, there was nothing in this child's looks to suggest the idea of a predecessor to the second husband.

"Effie doesn't hate any sort of useful knowledge," said her mother, half jestingly. "She's just come to me from school at Vevay."

"Oh, then, I think she might," persisted Colville. "Don't you hate the origin of Florence a little?" he asked of the child.

"I don't know enough about it," she answered, with a quick look of question at her mother, and checking herself in a possibly indiscreet smile.

"Ah, that accounts for it," said Colville, and he laughed. It amused him to see the child referring even this point of propriety to her mother, and his thoughts idled off to what Mrs. Bowen's own untrammelled girlhood must have been in her Western city. For her daughter there were to be no buggy rides or concerts or dances at the invitation of young men;

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no picnics, free and unchaperoned as the casing air; no sitting on the steps at dusk with callers who never dreamed of asking for her mother; no lingering at the gate with her youthful escort home from the ball—nothing of that wild, sweet liberty which once made American girlhood a long rapture. But would she be any the better for her privations, for referring not only every point of conduct, but every thought and feeling, to her mother? He suppressed a sigh for the inevitable change, but rejoiced that his own youth had fallen in the earlier time, and said, "You will hate it as soon as you've read a little of it."

"The difficulty *is* to read a little of Florentine history. I can't find anything in less than ten or twelve volumes," said Mrs. Bowen. "Effie and I were going to Viesseux's Library again, in desperation, to see if there wasn't something shorter in French."

She now offered Colville her hand, and he found himself very reluctant to let it go. Something in her looks did not forbid him, and when she took her hand away, he said, "Let me go to Viesseux's with you, Mrs. Bowen, and give you the advantage of my unprejudiced ignorance in the choice of a book on Florence."

"Oh, I was longing to ask you!" said Mrs. Bowen, frankly. "It is really such a serious matter, especially when the book is for a young person. Unless it's very dry, it's so apt to be—objectionable."

"Yes," said Colville, with a smile at her perplexity. He moved off down the slope of the bridge with her, between the jewellers' shops, and felt a singular satisfaction in her company. Women of fashion always interested him; he liked them; it diverted him that they should take themselves seriously. Their resolution, their suffering for their ideal, such as it was, their energy in dressing and adorning themselves, the pains they were at to achieve the trivialities they passed their lives in, were perpetually delightful to him. He often found them people of great simplicity, and sometimes of singularly good sense; their frequent vein of piety was delicious.

Ten minutes earlier, he would have said that nothing could have been less welcome to him than this encounter, but now he felt unwilling to leave Mrs. Bowen.

"Go before, Effie," she said; and she added, to Colville, "How very Florentine all this is! If you dropped from the clouds on this spot without previous warning, you would know that you were on the Ponte Vecchio, and nowhere else."

"Yes, it's very Florentine," Colville assented. "The bridge is very well as a bridge, but as a street I prefer the Main Street Bridge at Des Vaches. I was looking at the jewelry before you came up, and I don't think it's pretty, even the old pieces of peasant jewelry. Why do people come here to look at it? If you were going to buy something for a friend, would you dream of coming here for it?"

"Oh *no!*" replied Mrs. Bowen, with the deepest feeling.

They quitted the bridge, and turning to the left, moved down the street, which with difficulty finds space between the parapet of the river and the shops of the mosaicists and dealers in statuary cramping it on the other hand.

"Here's something distinctively Florentine too," said Colville. "These table-tops, and paper-weights, and caskets, and photograph frames, and lockets, and breast-pins; and here, this ghostly glare of under-sized Psyches and Hebes and Graces in alabaster."

"Oh, you mustn't think of any of them!" Mrs. Bowen broke in, with horror. "If your friend wishes you to get her something characteristically Florentine, and at the same time very tasteful, you must go—"

Colville gave a melancholy laugh. "My friend is an abstraction, Mrs. Bowen, without sex or any sort of entity."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bowen. Some fine drops had begun to sprinkle the pavement. "What a ridiculous blunder! It's raining! Effie, I'm afraid we must give up your book for to-day. We're not dressed for damp weather, and we'd better hurry home as soon as possible." She got promptly into the shelter of a doorway, and gathered her daughter to her, while she flung her sacque over her shoulder, and caught her draperies from the ground for the next movement. "Mr. Colville, will you please stop the first closed carriage that comes in sight?"

A figure of *primo tenore* had witnessed the manœuvre from the box of his cab; he held up his whip, and at a nod from Colville he drove abreast of the doorway his broken-kneed, tremulous little horse, gay in brass-mounted harness, and with a tall turkey feather stuck upright at one ear in his headstall.

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Mrs. Bowen had no more scruple than another woman in stopping travel and traffic in a public street for her convenience. She now entered into a brisk parting conversation with Colville, such as ladies love, blocking the narrow sidewalk with herself, her daughter, and her open carriage door, and making people walk round her cab, in the road, which they did meekly enough, with the Florentine submissiveness to the pretensions of any sort of vehicle. She said a dozen important things that seemed to have just come into her head, and, "Why, how stupid I am!" she called out, making Colville check the driver in his first start, after she had got into the cab. "We are to have a few people to-night. If you have no engagement, I should be so glad to have you come. Can't you?"

"Yes, I can," said Colville, admiring the whole transaction and the parties to it with a passive smile.

After finding her pocket, she found that her card-case was not in it, but in the purse she had given Effie to carry; but she got her address at last, and gave it to Colville, though he said he should remember it without. "Any time between nine and eleven," she said. "It's so nice of you to promise!"

She questioned him from under her half-lifted eyelids, and he added, with a laugh, "I'll come!" and was rewarded with two pretty smiles, just alike, from mother and daughter, as they drove away.

III.

Twenty years earlier, when Mrs. Bowen was Miss Lina Ridgely, she used to be the friend and confidante of the girl who jilted Colville. They were then both so young that they could scarcely have been a year out of school before they left home for the year they were spending in Europe; but to the young man's inexperience they seemed the wisest and maturest of society women. His heart quaked in his breast when he saw them talking and laughing together, for fear they should be talking and laughing about him; he was even a little more afraid of Miss Ridgely than of her friend, who was dashing and effective, where Miss Ridgely was serene and elegant, according to his feeling at that time. He never saw her after his rejection, and it was not till he read of her marriage with the Hon. Mr. Bowen that certain vague impressions began to define themselves. He then remembered that Lina Ridgely in many fine little ways had shown a kindness, almost a compassion, for him, as for one whose unconsciousness a hopeless doom impended over. He perceived that she had always seemed to like him—a thing that had not occurred to him in the stupid absorption of his passion for the other—and fragments of proof that she had probably defended and advocated him occurred to him, and inspired a vain and retrospective gratitude; he abandoned himself to regrets, which were proper enough in regard to Miss Ridgely, but were certainly a little unlawful concerning Mrs. Bowen.

As he walked away toward his hotel he amused himself with the conjecture whether he, with his forty-one years and his hundred and eighty-five pounds, were not still a pathetic and even a romantic figure to this pretty and kindly woman, who probably imagined him as heart-broken as ever. He was very willing to see more of her, if she wished; but with the rain beginning to fall more thick and chill in the darkening street, he could have postponed their next meeting till a pleasanter evening without great self-denial. He felt a little twinge of rheumatism in his shoulder when he got into his room, for your room in a Florentine hotel is always some degrees colder than out-doors, unless you have fire in it; and with the sun shining on his windows when he went out after lunch, it had seemed to Colville ridiculous to have his morning fire kept up. The sun was what he had taken the room for. It was in it, the landlord assured him, from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon; and so, in fact, it was, when it shone; but even then it was not fully in it, but had a trick of looking in at the sides of the window, and painting the chamber wall with a delusive glow. Colville raked away the ashes of his fire-place, and throwing on two or three fagots of broom and pine sprays, he had a blaze that would be very pretty to dress by after dinner, but that gave out no warmth for the present. He left it, and went down to the Reading-Room, as it was labelled over the door, in homage to a predominance of English-speaking people among the guests; but there was no fire there; that was kindled only by request, and he shivered at the bare aspect of the apartment, with its cold piano, its locked book-cases, and its

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table, where the London *Times*, the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, and the *Italie* of Rome exposed their titles, one just beyond the margin of the other. He turned from the door and went into the dining-room, where the stove was ostentatiously roaring over its small logs and its lozenges of peat. But even here the fire had been so recently lighted that the warmth was potential rather than actual. By stooping down before the stove, and pressing his shoulder against its brass doors, Colville managed to lull his enemy, while he studied the figures of the woman-headed, woman-breasted hounds developing into vines and foliage that covered the frescoed trellising of the quadrangularly vaulted ceiling. The waiters, in their veteran dress-coats, were putting the final touches to the table, and the sound of voices outside the door obliged Colville to get up. The effort involved made him still more reluctant about going out to Mrs. Bowen's.

The door opened, and some English ladies entered, faintly acknowledging, provisionally ignoring, his presence, and talking of what they had been doing since lunch. They agreed that it was really too cold in the churches for any pleasure in the pictures, and that the Pitti Gallery, where they had those braziers, was the only place you could go with comfort. A French lady and her husband came in; a Russian lady followed; an Italian gentleman, an American family, and three or four detached men of the English-speaking race, whose language at once became the law of the table.

As the dinner progressed from soup to fish, and from the *entrée* to the roast and salad, the combined effect of the pleasant cheer and the increasing earnestness of the stove made the room warmer and warmer. They drank Chianti wine from the wicker-covered flasks, tied with tufts of red and green silk, in which they serve table wine at Florence, and said how pretty the bottles were, but how the wine did not seem very good.

"It certainly isn't so good as it used to be," said Colville.

"Ah, then you have been in Florhence beforhe," said the French lady, whose English proved to be much better than the French that he began to talk to her in.

"Yes, a great while ago; in a state of pre-existence, in fact," he said.

The lady looked a little puzzled, but interested. "In a state of prhe-existence?" she repeated.

"Yes; when I was young," he added, catching the gleam in her eye. "When I was twenty-four. A great while ago."

"You must be an Amerhican," said the lady, with a laugh.

"Why do you think so? From my accent?"

"Frhom your metaphysics too. The Amerhicans like to talk in that way."

"I didn't know it," said Colville.

"They like to strhike the key of perhsonality; they can't endure not being interhested. They must rhelate everything to themselves or to those with whom they are talking."

"And the French, no?" asked Colville.

The lady laughed again. "There is a large Amerhican colony in Parhis. Perhaps we have learned to be like you."

The lady's husband did not speak English, and it was probably what they had been saying that she interpreted to him, for he smiled, looking forward to catch Colville's eye in a friendly way, and as if he would not have him take his wife's talk too seriously.

The Italian gentleman on Colville's right was politely offering him the salad, which had been left for the guests to pass to one another. Colville thanked him in Italian, and they began to talk of Italian affairs. One thing led to another, and he found that his new friend, who was not yet his acquaintance, was a member of Parliament, and a republican.

"That interests me as an American," said Colville. "But why do you want a republic in Italy?"

"When we have a constitutional king, why should we have a king?" asked the Italian.

An Englishman across the table relieved Colville from the difficulty of answering this question by asking him another that formed talk about it between them. He made his tacit observation that the English, since he met them last, seemed to have grown in the grace of facile speech with strangers; it was the American family which kept its talk within itself, and hushed to a tone so low that no one else could hear it. Colville did not like their mumbling; for the honor of the country, which we all have at heart, however little we think it, he would have preferred that they should speak up, and not seem afraid or ashamed; he thought the English man-

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ner was better. In fact, he found himself in an unexpectedly social mood; he joined in helping to break the ice; he laughed and hazarded comment with those who were new-comers like himself, and was very respectful of the opinions of people who had been longer in the hotel, when they spoke of the cook's habit of underdoing the vegetables. The dinner at the Hôtel d'Atene made an imposing show on the *carte du jour;* it looked like ten or twelve courses, but in fact it was five, and even when eked out with roast chestnuts and butter into six, it seemed somehow to stop very abruptly, though one seemed to have had enough. You could have coffee afterward if you ordered it. Colville ordered it, and was sorry when the last of his commensals, slightly bowing him good-night, left him alone to it.

He had decided that he need not fear the damp in a cab rapidly driven to Mrs. Bowen's. When he went to his room he had his doubts about his dress-coat; but he put it on, and he took the crush hat with which he had provided himself in coming through London. That was a part of the social panoply unknown in Des Vaches; he had hardly been a dozen times in evening dress there in fifteen years, and his suit was as new as his hat. As he turned to the glass he thought himself personable enough, and in fact he was one of those men who look better in evening dress than in any other: the broad expanse of shirt bosom, with its three small studs of gold dropping, points of light, one below the other, softened his strong, almost harsh face, and balanced his rather large head. In his morning coat, people had to look twice at him to make sure that he did not look common; but now he was not wrong in thinking that he had an air of distinction, as he took his hat under his arm and stood before the pier-glass in his room. He was almost tempted to shave, and wear his mustache alone, as he used to do: he had let his beard grow because he found that under the lax social regimen at Des Vaches he neglected shaving, and went about days at a time with his face in an offensive stubble. Taking his chin between his fingers, and peering closer into the mirror, he wondered how Mrs. Bowen should have known him; she must have remembered him very vividly. He would like to take off his beard and put on the youthfulness that comes of shaving, and see what she would say. Perhaps, he thought, with a last glance at his toilet, he was overdoing it, if she were only to have a few people, as she promised. He put a thick neckerchief over his chest so as not to provoke that abominable rheumatism by any sort of exposure, and he put on his ulster instead of the light spring overcoat that he had gone about with all day.

He found that Palazzo Pinti, when you came to it, was rather a grand affair, with a gold-banded porter eating salad in the lodge at the great doorway, and a handsome gate of iron cutting you off from the regions above till you had rung the bell of Mrs. Bowen's apartment, when it swung open of itself, and you mounted. At her door a man in modified livery received Colville, and helped him off with his overcoat so skillfully that he did not hurt his rheumatic shoulder at all; there were half a dozen other hats and coats on the carved chests that stood at intervals along the wall, and some gayer wraps that exhaled a faint, fascinating fragrance on the chilly air. Colville experienced the slight exhilaration, the mingled reluctance and eagerness, of a man who formally re-enters an assemblage of society after long absence from it, and rubbing his hands a little nervously together, he put aside the yellow Abruzzi blanket portière and let himself into the brilliant interior.

Mrs. Bowen stood in front of the fire in a brown silk of subdued splendor, and with her hands and fan and handkerchief tastefully composed before her. At sight of Colville she gave a slight start, which would have betrayed to him, if he had been another woman, that she had not really believed he would come, and came forward with a rustle and murmur of pleasure to meet him: he had politely made a rush upon her, so as to spare her this exertion, and he was tempted to a long-forgotten foppishness of attitude as he stood talking with her during the brief interval before she introduced him to any of the company. She had been honest with him; there were not more than twenty-five or thirty people there; but if he had overdone it in dressing for so small an affair, he was not alone, and he was not sorry. He was sensible of a better personal effect than the men in frock-coats and cut-aways were making, and he perceived with self-satisfaction that his evening dress was of better style than that

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of the others who wore it; at least no one else carried a crush hat.

At forty-one a man is still very much of a boy, and Colville was obscurely willing that Mrs. Bowen, whose life since they last met at an evening party had been passed chiefly at New York and Washington, should see that he was a man of the world in spite of Des Vaches. Before she had decided which of the company she should first present him to, her daughter came up to his elbow with a cup of tea and some bread and butter on a tray, and gave him good-evening with charming correctness of manner. "Really," he said, turning about to take the cup, "I thought it was you, Mrs. Bowen, who had got round to my side with a sash on. How do you and Miss Effie justify yourselves in looking so bewitchingly alike?"

"You notice it, then?" Mrs. Bowen seemed delighted.

"I did every moment you were together to-day. You don't mind my having been so personal in my observations?"

"Oh, not at all," said Mrs. Bowen, and Colville laughed.

"It must be true," he said, "what a French lady said to me at the *table d'hôte* dinner to-night: 'the Amerhicans always strhike the note of perhsonality.'" He neatly imitated the French lady's guttural accent.

"I suppose we do," mused Mrs. Bowen, "and that we don't mind it in each other. I wish *you* would say which I shall introduce you to," she said, letting her glance stray invisibly over her company, where all the people seemed comfortably talking.

"Oh, there's no hurry; put it off till to-morrow," said Colville.

"Oh no; that won't do," said Mrs. Bowen, like a woman who has public duties to perform, and is resolute to sacrifice her private pleasure to them. But she postponed them a moment longer. "I hope you got home before the rain," she said.

"Yes," returned Colville. "That is, I don't mind a little sprinkling. Who is the Junonian young person at the end of the room?"

"Ah," said Mrs. Bowen, "you can't be introduced to *her* first. But *isn't* she lovely?"

"Yes. It's a wonderful effect of white and gold."

"You mustn't say that to her. She was doubtful about her dress because she says that the ivory white with her hair makes her look just like white and gold furniture."

"Present me at once, then, before I forget not to say it to her."

"No; I must keep you for some other person: anybody can talk to a pretty girl."

Colville said he did not know whether to smile or shed tears at this imbittered compliment, and pretended an eagerness for the acquaintance denied him.

Mrs. Bowen seemed disposed to intensify his misery. "Did you ever see a more statuesque creature—with those superb broad shoulders and that little head, and that thick braid brought round over the top? Doesn't her face, with that calm look in those starry eyes, and that peculiar fall of the corners of the mouth, remind you of some of those exquisite great Du Maurier women? That style of face is very fashionable now: you might think he had made it so."

"Is there a fashion in faces?" asked Colville.

"Why, certainly. You must know that."

"Then why aren't all the ladies in the fashion?"

"It isn't one that can be put on. Besides, every one hasn't got Imogene Graham's figure to carry it off."

"That's her name, then—Imogene Graham. It's a very pretty name."

"Yes. She's staying with me for the winter. Now that's all I can allow you to know for the present. Come! You must!"

"But this is worse than nothing." He made a feint of protesting as she led him away, and named him to the lady she wished him to know. But he was not really sorry; he had his modest misgivings whether he were equal to quite so much young lady as Miss Graham seemed. When he no longer looked at her he had a whimsical impression of her being a heroic statue of herself.

The lady whom Mrs. Bowen left him with had not much to say, and she made haste to introduce her husband, who had a great deal to say. He was an Italian, but master of that very efficient English which the Italians get together with unimaginable sufferings from our orthography, and Colville repeated the republican deputy's saying about a constitutional king, which he had begun to think was neat.

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"I might prefer a republic myself," said the Italian, "but I think that gentleman is wrong to be a republican where he is, and for the present. The monarchy is the condition of our unity; nothing else could hold us together, and we must remain united if we are to exist as a nation, It's a necessity, like our army of half a million men. We may not like it in itself, but we know that is our salvation." He began to speak of the economic state of Italy, of the immense cost of freedom and independence to a people whose political genius enables them to bear quietly burdens of taxation that no other government would venture to impose. He spoke with that fond, that appealing patriotism which expresses so much to the sympathetic foreigner in Italy: the sense of great and painful uncertainty of Italy's future through the complications of diplomacy, the memory of her sufferings in the past, the spirit of quiet and inexhaustible patience for trials to come. This resolution, which is almost resignation, poetizes the attitude of the whole people; it made Colville feel as if we had done nothing and borne nothing yet.

"I am ashamed," he said, not without a remote resentment of the unworthiness of the Republican voters of Des Vaches, "when I hear of such things, to think of what we are at home, with all our resources and opportunities."

The Italian would have politely excused us to him, but Colville would have no palliation of our political and moral nakedness; and he framed a continuation of the letter he began on the Ponte Vecchio to the *Post-Democrat-Republican*, in which he made a bitterly ironical comparison of the achievements of Italy and America in the last ten years.

He forgot about Miss Graham, and had only a vague sense of her splendor as he caught sight of her in the long mirror which she stood before. She was talking to a very handsome young clergyman, and smiling upon him. The company seemed to be mostly Americans, but there were a good many evident English also, and Colville was dimly aware of a question in his mind whether this clergyman was English or American. There were three or four Italians and there were some Germans, who spoke English.

Colville moved about from group to group as his enlarging acquaintance led. and found himself more interested in society than he could ever have dreamed of being again. It was certainly a defect of the life at Des Vaches that people, after the dancing and love-making period, went out rarely or never. He began to see that the time he had spent so busily in that enterprising city had certainly been in some sense wasted.

At a certain moment in the evening, which perhaps marked its advancement, the tea-urn was replaced by a jug of the rum punch, mild or strong according to the custom of the house, which is served at most Florentine receptions. Some of the people went immediately after, but the young clergyman remained talking with Miss Graham.

Colville, with his smoking glass in his hand, found himself at the side of a friendly old gentleman who had refused the punch. They joined in talk by a common impulse, and the old gentleman said, directly, "You are an American, I presume?"

His accent had already established the fact of his own nationality, but he seemed to think it the part of candor to say, when Colville had acknowledged his origin, "I'm an American myself."

"I've met several of our countrymen since I arrived," suggested Colville.

The old gentleman seemed to like this way of putting it. "Well, yes, we're not unfairly represented here in numbers, I must confess. But I'm bound to say that I don't find our countrymen so aggressive, so loud, as our international novelists would make out. I haven't met any of their peculiar heroines as yet, sir."

Colville could not help laughing. "I wish *I* had. But perhaps they avoid people of our years and discretion, or else take such a filial attitude toward us that we can't recognize them."

"Perhaps, perhaps," cried the old gentleman, with cheerful assent.

"I was talking with one of our German friends here just now, and he complained that the American girls—especially the rich ones—seem very calculating and worldly and conventional. I told him I didn't know how to account for that. I tried to give him some notion of the ennobling influences of society in Newport, as I've had glimpses of it."

The old gentleman caressed his elbows, which he was holding in the palms of his hands, in high enjoyment of Colville's sarcasm. "Ah! very good! very good!" he said. "I quite agree with you; and I

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think the other sort are altogether preferable."

"I think," continued Colville, dropping his ironical tone, "that we've much less to regret in their unsuspecting, unsophisticated freedom than in the type of hard materialism which we produce in young girls, perfectly wide awake, disenchanted, unromantic, who prefer the worldly vanities and advantages deliberately and on principle, recognizing something better merely to despise it. I've sometimes seen them—"

Mrs. Bowen came up in her gentle, inquiring way. "I'm glad that you and Mr. Colville have made acquaintance," she said to the old gentleman.

"Oh, but we haven't," said Colville. "We're entire strangers."

"Then I'll introduce you to Rev. Mr. Waters. And take you away," she added, putting her hand through Colville's arm with a delicate touch that flattered his whole being, "for your time's come at last, and I'm going to present you to Miss Graham."

"I don't know," he said. "Of course, as there *is* a Miss Graham, I can't help being presented to her, but I had almost worked myself up to the point of wishing there were none. I believe I'm afraid."

"Oh, I don't believe that at all. A simple school-girl like that!" Mrs. Bowen's sense of humor had not the national acuteness. She liked joking in men, but she did not know how to say funny things back. "You'll see, as you come up to her."

IV.

Miss Graham did, indeed, somehow diminish in the nearer perspective. She ceased to be overwhelming. When Colville lifted his eyes from bowing before her he perceived that she was neither so very tall nor so very large, but possessed merely a generous amplitude of womanhood. But she was even more beautiful, with a sweet and youthful radiance of look that was very winning. If she had ceased to be the goddess she looked across the length of the salon, she had gained much by becoming an extremely lovely young girl; and her teeth, when she spoke, showed a fascinating little irregularity that gave her the last charm.

Mrs. Bowen glided away with the young clergyman, but Effie remained at Miss Graham's side, and seemed to have hold of the left hand, which the girl let hang carelessly behind her in the volume of her robe. The child's face expressed an adoration of Miss Graham far beyond her allegiance to her mother.

"I began to doubt whether Mrs. Bowen was going to bring you at all," she said, frankly, with an innocent, nervous laugh, which made favor for her with Colville. "She promised it early in the evening."

"She has used me much worse, Miss Graham," said Colville. "She has kept me waiting from the beginning of time. So that I have grown gray on my way up to you," he added, by an inspiration. "I was a comparatively young man when Mrs. Bowen first told me she was going to introduce me."

"Oh, how *good!*" said Miss Graham, joyously. And her companion, after a moment's hesitation, permitted herself a polite little titter. She had made a discovery: she had discovered that Mr. Colville was droll.

"I'm very glad you like it," he said, with a gravity that did not deceive them.

"Oh yes," sighed Miss Graham, with generous ardor. "Who but an American could say just such things? There's the loveliest old lady here in Florence, who's lived here thirty years, and she's always going back and never getting back, and she's so homesick she doesn't know what to do, and she always says that Americans may not be *better* than other people, but they are *different*."

"That's very pretty. They're different in everything but thinking themselves better. Their native modesty prevents that."

"I don't exactly know what you mean," said Miss Graham, after a little hesitation.

"Well," returned Colville, "I haven't thought it out very clearly myself yet. I may mean that the Americans differ from other people in not thinking well of themselves, or they may differ from them in not thinking well enough. But what I said had a very epigrammatic sound, and I prefer not to investigate it too closely."

This made Miss Graham and Miss Effie both cry out "Oh!" in delighted doubt of his intention. They both insensibly drifted a little nearer to him.

"There was a French lady said to me at the *table d'hôte* this evening that she knew I was an American because the Americans always strike the key of personality." He practiced these economies of material in conversation quite reck-

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lessly, and often made the same incident or suggestion do duty round a whole company.

"Ah, I don't believe that," said Miss Graham.

"Believe what?"

"That the Americans always talk about themselves."

"I'm not sure she meant that. You never can tell what a person means by what he says—or *she*."

"How shocking!"

"Perhaps the French lady meant that we always talk about other people. That's in the key of personality too."

"But I don't believe we do," said Miss Graham. "At any rate, *she* was talking about *us*, then."

"Oh, she accounted for that by saying there was a large American colony in Paris, who had corrupted the French, and taught them our pernicious habit of introspection."

"Do you think we're very introspective?"

"Do you?"

"I know I'm not. I hardly ever think about myself at all. At any rate, not till it's too late. That's the great trouble. I wish I could. But I'm always studying other people. They're so much more interesting."

"Perhaps if you knew yourself better you wouldn't think so," suggested Colville.

"Yes, I know they are. I don't think any young person can be interesting."

"Then what becomes of all the novels? They're full of young persons."

"They're ridiculous. If I were going to write a novel, I should take an old person for a hero—thirty-five or forty." She looked at Colville, and blushing a little, hastened to add: "I don't believe that they begin to be interesting much before that time. Such flat things as young men are always saying! Don't you remember that passage somewhere in Heine's Pictures of Travel, where he sees the hand of a lady coming out from under her mantle, when she's confessing in a church, and he knows that it's the hand of a young person who has enjoyed nothing and suffered nothing, it's so smooth and flower-like? After I read that I hated the look of my hands—I was only sixteen, and it seemed as if I had had no more experience than a child. Oh, I like people to be *through* something. Don't you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I do. Other people."

"No; but don't you like it for yourself?"

"I can't tell; I haven't been through anything worth speaking of yet."

Miss Graham looked at him dubiously, but pursued with ardor: "Why, just getting back to Florence, after not having been here for so long— I should think it would be so romantic. Oh dear! I wish I were here for the second time."

"I'm afraid you wouldn't like it so well," said Colville. "I wish I were here for the first time. There's nothing like the first time in everything."

"Do you really think so?"

"Well, there's nothing like the first time in Florence."

"Oh, I can't imagine it. I should think that recalling the old emotions would be perfectly fascinating."

"Yes, if they'd come when you do call them. But they're as contrary-minded as spirits from the vasty deep. I've been shouting around here for my old emotions all day, and I haven't had a responsive squeak."

"Oh!" cried Miss Graham, staring full-eyed at him. "How delightful!" Effie Bowen turned away her pretty little head and laughed, as if it might not be quite kind to laugh at a person's joke to his face.

Stimulated by their appreciation, Colville went on with more nonsense. "No; the only way to get at your old emotions in regard to Florence is to borrow them from somebody who's having them fresh. What do *you* think about Florence, Miss Graham?"

"I? I've been here two months."

"Then it's too late?"

"No, I don't know that it is. I keep feeling the strangeness all the time. But I can't tell you. It's very different from Buffalo, I can assure you."

"Buffalo? I can imagine the difference. And it's not altogether to the disadvantage of Buffalo."

"Oh, have you been there?" asked Miss Graham, with a touching little eagerness. "Do you know anybody in Buffalo?"

"Some of the newspaper men; and I pass through there once a year on my way to New York—or used to. It's a lively place."

"Yes, it is," sighed Miss Graham, fondly.

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"Do the girls of Buffalo still come out at night and dance by the light of the moon?"

"What!"

"Ah, I see," said Colville, peering at her under his thoughtfully knitted brows, "you do belong to another era. You don't remember the old negro minstrel song."

"No," said Miss Graham. "I can only remember the end of the war."

"How divinely young!" said Colville. "Well," he added, "I wish that French lady could have overheard us, Miss Graham. I think she would have changed her mind about Americans striking the note of personality in their talk."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, reproachfully, after a moment of swift reflection and recognition, "I don't see how you could let me do it! You don't suppose that I should have talked so with every one? It was because you were another American, and such an old friend of Mrs. Bowen's."

"That is what I shall certainly tell the French lady if she attacks me about it," said Colville. He glanced carelessly toward the end of the room, and saw the young clergyman taking leave of Mrs. Bowen; all the rest of the company were gone. "Bless me!" he said, "I must be going."

Mrs. Bowen had so swiftly advanced upon him that she caught the last words. "Why?" she asked.

"Because it's to-morrow, I suspect, and the invitation was for one day only."

"It was a season ticket," said Mrs. Bowen, with gay hospitality, "and it isn't to-morrow for half an hour yet. I can't think of letting you go. Come up to the fire, all, and let's sit down by it. It's at its very best."

Effie looked a pretty surprise and a pleasure in this girlish burst from her mother, whose habitual serenity made it more striking in contrast, and she forsook Miss Graham's hand and ran forward and disposed the easy-chairs comfortably about the hearth.

Colville and Mrs. Bowen suddenly found themselves upon those terms which often succeed a long separation with people who have felt kindly toward each other at a former meeting and have parted friends: they were much more intimate than they had supposed themselves to be, or had really any reason for being.

"Which one of your guests do you wish me to offer up, Mrs. Bowen?" he asked, from the hollow of the arm-chair, not too low, which he had sunk into. With Mrs. Bowen in a higher chair at his right hand, and Miss Graham intent upon him from the sofa on his left, a sense of delicious satisfaction filled him from head to foot. "There isn't one I would spare if you said the word."

"And there isn't one I want destroyed, I'm sorry to say," answered Mrs. Bowen. "Don't you think they were all very agreeable?"

"Yes, yes; agreeable enough—agreeable enough, I suppose. But they staid too long. When I think we might have been sitting here for the last half-hour, if they'd only gone sooner, I find it pretty hard to forgive them."

Mrs. Bowen and Miss Graham exchanged glances above his head—a glance which demanded, "Didn't I tell you?" for a glance that answered, "Oh, he *is!*" Effie Bowen's eyes widened; she kept them fastened upon Colville in silent worship.

He asked who were certain of the company that he had noticed, and Mrs. Bowen let him make a little fun of them: the fun was very good-natured. He repeated what the German had said about the worldly ambition of American girls; but she would not allow him so great latitude in this. She said they were no worldlier than other girls. Of course they were fond of society, and some of them got a little spoiled. But they were in no danger of becoming too conventional.

Colville did not insist. "I missed the military to-night, Mrs. Bowen," he said. "I thought one couldn't get through an evening in Florence without officers?"

"We have them when there is dancing," returned Mrs. Bowen.

"Yes, but they don't know anything but dancing," Miss Graham broke in. "I like some one who can talk something besides compliments."

"You are very peculiar, you know, Imogene," urged Mrs. Bowen, gently. "I don't think our young men at home do much better in conversation, if you come to that, though."

"Oh, *young* men, yes! They're the same everywhere. But here, even when they're away along in the thirties, they think that girls can only enjoy flattery. *I* should like a gentleman to talk to me without a single word or look to show that he thought I was good-looking."

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"Ah, how could he?" Colville insinuated, and the young girl colored.

"I mean if I were pretty. This everlasting adulation is insulting."

"Mr. Morton doesn't flatter," said Mrs. Bowen, thoughtfully, turning the feather screen she held at her face, now edgewise, now flatwise, toward Colville.

"Oh no," owned Miss Graham. "He's a clergyman."

Mrs. Bowen addressed herself to Colville. "You must go to hear him some day. He's very interesting, if you don't mind his being rather Low-Church."

Colville was going to pretend to an advanced degree of ritualism, but it occurred to him that it might be a serious matter to Mrs. Bowen, and he asked instead who was the Rev. Mr. Waters.

"Oh, isn't he lovely?" cried Miss Graham. "There, Mrs. Bowen! Mr. Waters's manner is what I call *truly* complimentary. He always talks to you as if he expected you to be interested in serious matters, and as if you were his intellectual equal. And he's so *happy* here in Florence! He gives you the impression of feeling every breath he breathes here a privilege. You ought to hear him talk about Savonarola, Mr. Colville."

"Well," said Colville, "I've heard a great many people talk about Savonarola, and I'm rather glad he talked to me about American girls."

"American girls!" uttered Miss Graham, in a little scream. "Did Mr. Waters talk to you about *girls?*"

"Yes. Why not? He was probably in love with one once."

"Mr. Waters?" cried the girl. "What nonsense!"

"Well, then, with some old lady. Would you like that better?"

Miss Graham looked at Mrs. Bowen for permission, as it seemed, and then laughed, but did not attempt any reply to Colville.

"You find even that incredible of such pyramidal antiquity," he resumed. "Well, it *is* hard to believe. I told him what that German said, and we agreed beautifully about another type of American girl which we said we preferred."

"Oh! What could it be?" demanded Miss Graham.

"Ah, it wouldn't be so easy to say right off-hand," answered Colville, indolently.

Mrs. Bowen put her hand under the elbow of the arm holding her screen. "I don't believe I should agree with you so well," she said, apparently with a sort of didactic intention.

They entered into a discussion which is always fruitful with Americans—the discussion of American girlhood, and Colville contended for the old national ideal of girlish liberty as wide as the continent, as fast as the Mississippi. Mrs. Bowen withstood him with delicate firmness. "Oh," he said, "you're Europeanized."

"I certainly prefer the European plan of bringing up girls," she replied, steadfastly. "I shouldn't think of letting a daughter of mine have the freedom I had."

"Well, perhaps it will come right in the next generation, then; she will let her daughter have the freedom she hadn't."

"Not if I'm alive to prevent it," cried Mrs. Bowen.

Colville laughed. "Which plan do you prefer, Miss Graham?"

"I don't think it's quite the same now as it used to be," answered the girl, evasively.

"Well, then, all I can say is that if I had died before this change, I had lived a blessed time. I perceive more and more that I'm obsolete. I'm in my dotage; I prattle of the good old times, and the new spirit of the age flouts me. Miss Effie, do you prefer the Amer—"

"No, thank you," said her mother, quickly. "Effie is out of the question. It's time you were in bed, Effie."

The child came with instant submissiveness and kissed her mother good-night; she kissed Miss Graham, and gave her hand to Colville. He held it a moment, letting her pull shyly away from him, while he lolled back in his chair, and laughed at her with his sad eyes. "It's past the time *I* should be in bed, my dear, and I'm sitting up merely because there's nobody to send me. It's not that I'm really such a very bad boy. Good-night. Don't put me into a disagreeable dream; put me into a nice one." The child bridled at the mild pleasantry, and when Colville released her hand she suddenly stooped forward and kissed him.

"You're so *funny!*" she cried, and ran and escaped beyond the *portière*.

Mrs. Bowen stared in the same direction, but not with severity. "Really, Effie has been carried a little beyond herself."

"Well," said Colville, "that's *one* conquest since I came to Florence. And merely by being funny! When I was in Florence before, Mrs. Bowen," he contin-

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ued, after a moment, "there were two ladies here, and I used to go about quite freely with either of them. They were both very pretty, and we were all very young. Don't you think it was charming?" Mrs. Bowen colored a lovely red, and smiled, but made no other response. "Florence has changed very much for the worse since that time. There used to be a pretty flower girl, with a wide flapping straw hat, who flung a heavy bough full of roses into my lap when she met me driving across the Carraja bridge. I spent an hour looking for that girl to-day, and couldn't find her. The only flower girl I could find was a fat one of fifty, who kept me fifteen minutes in Via Tornabuoni while she was fumbling away at my button-hole, trying to poke three second-hand violets and a sickly daisy into it. Ah, youth! youth! I suppose a young fellow could have found that other flower girl at a glance; but *my* old eyes! No, we belong, each of us, to our own generation. Mrs. Bowen," he said, with a touch of tragedy—whether real or affected he did not well know himself—in his hardiness, "what has become of Mrs. Pilsbury?"

"Mrs. Milbury, you mean?" gasped Mrs. Bowen, in affright at his boldness.

"Milbury, Bilbury, Pilsbury—it's all one, so long as it isn't—"

"They're living in Chicago!" she hastened to reply, as if she were afraid he was going to say, "so long as it isn't Colville," and she could not have borne that.

Colville clasped his hands at the back of his head and looked at Mrs. Bowen with eyes that let her know that he was perfectly aware she had been telling Miss Graham of his youthful romance, and that he had now touched it purposely. "And you wouldn't," he said, as if that were quite relevant to what they had been talking about—"you wouldn't let Miss Graham go out walking alone with a dotard like me?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Bowen.

Colville got to his feet by a surprising activity. "Good-by, Miss Graham." He offered his hand to her with burlesque despair, and then turned to Mrs. Bowen. "Thank you for *such* a pleasant evening! What was your day, did you say?"

"Oh, any day!" said Mrs. Bowen, cordially, giving her hand.

"Do you know whom you look like?" he asked, holding it.

"No."

"Lina Ridgely."

The ladies stirred softly in their draperies after he was gone. They turned and faced the hearth, where a log burned in a bed of hot ashes, softly purring and ticking to itself, and whilst they stood pressing their hands against the warm fronts of their dresses, as the fashion of women is before a fire, the clock on the mantel began to strike twelve.

"Was that her name?" asked Miss Graham, when the clock had had its say. "Lina Ridgely?"

"No; that was *my* name," answered Mrs. Bowen.

"Oh yes!" murmured the young girl, apologetically.

"She led him on; she certainly encouraged him. It was shocking. He was quite wild about it."

"She must have been a cruel girl. How *could* he speak of it so lightly?"

"It was best to speak of it, and have done with it," said Mrs. Bowen. "He knew that I must have been telling you something about it."

"Yes. How bold it was! A *young* man couldn't have done it! Yes, he's fascinating. But how old and sad he looked as he lay back there in the chair!"

"Old? I didn't think he looked old. He looked sad. Yes, it's left its mark on him."

The log burned quite through to its core, and fell asunder, a bristling mass of embers. They had been looking at it with downcast heads. Now they lifted their faces, and saw the pity in each other's eyes, and the beautiful girl impulsively kissed the pretty woman good-night.

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

O LONG and lagging hours of time,
How heavily the hope you mock,
How slow you creep across the clock,
When the child waits for you to chime
The year returning in its prime—
Yet all so glad! yet all so glad!

O hurrying hours, when age is nigh,
So breathlessly you sweep along,
So fast your flashing circles throng
By failing sense and dazzled eye,
We scarcely see them as they fly—
And all so sad! and all so sad!

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AUNT POWELL'S WILL.

YOU wouldn't believe me if I told you what an excitement it raised when Abner got Aunt Powell's letter saying how the doctor had ordered her away from the New England climate, and that she was coming to Pennsylvania, and wanted him to look up a quiet little country house for her near by to Gloster. Nothing extravagant, she said; just a little home where she could end her days within call of her brother's children, and feel that she wasn't alone in the world. She wouldn't want to pay over $20,000, she said.

Law me! the buzzing there was in the family when we all learned the news! And it was nearly a whole day before we knew anything about it! Jennie Powell always was mercenary and selfish. I saw that, and said so too, long before Abner married her, and she persuaded her husband to keep that letter a secret, so as to have Aunt Powell's affairs in their own hands. Just as though Aunt Powell wasn't as dear to the other children as she could be to a woman who never so much as heard of her until she married into our family. But Jennie was just as gossipy and talkative as she was mercenary, and more too, and she couldn't go to bed with such news as that and live through the night, and she knew it. So, before sunset, out it all came, in solemn confidence, to half a dozen acquaintances and three or four relations.

And then how we raced from house to house, and how our tongues run and run, and how we tried to find out everything and tell nothing! And the family consultations held in every Powell house that night after the children were put to bed! And the shower of letters that fell into the Gloster post-office that night after all the town was asleep, addressed to Miss Lucinda Powell, Skenadoquonooksis, Maine! Lem said he was too sleepy to write for me, but I made him do it, and posted him off with it. And what should he do but go over to Abner Powell's and tell Abner he was going to the post-office, and ask him if he had any letters he could carry down and post for him!

Abner sat there at the table, up to his eyes in ink and paper. He stared at Lem, and then began to stammer, and finally looked at Jennie.

"No," snapped Jennie, "we haven't any letters you can post for us. What did you want to know for?"

And Lem laughed, and said he only wanted to be neighborly, and went on. And if that aggravating man didn't sit down on the office steps, and stay there in the dark until past midnight, waiting for the others to come! And they came right along, Abner Powell first one, and Jasper Blake and Hamer Powell and 'Siah Bradley and Warder Martin. And every time one of them men come along and began fumbling and feeling in the dark for the box, Lem would call him by name and say: "Good-evening. You'll find the letter-box in the lower right-hand panel of the door."

Abner Powell jumped so when he called to him that he knocked off his hat and broke his spectacles against the door. Abner's a little near-sighted; and none of 'em thanked Lem for making them look so ridiculous; but when I told him I didn't think it was just the thing to aggravate the rest of them and get them down on us, he said he was only a brother-in-law to this family anyhow, and he was willing to take his thirds out in fun. And next morning if old Bert Cramer, the postmaster, didn't ask Hamer, right before all the loungers in the store, if the Powell family had got special rates on letters to Skenadoquonooksis! As though it was any of his business how many letters people wrote to their own father's only sister!

To tell the truth, we hadn't none of us corresponded much with Aunt Powell, only for some five or six years back. She and father, you see, were only children, and were left orphans at an early age. Father came to Pennsylvania when he was quite a young man, married here, and settled down in Gloster. He didn't accumulate much of anything but a family, and he never felt able to go back to see the sister he left teaching school down in Maine. After mother died he wrote to Aunt Powell, offering her a home with him. It was very generous in father, for he was not a rich man—far from it. But Aunt Powell wrote a very sympathetic letter, and kind of incidentally asked how many children he had; and when he told her six, her next letter was just as kind as it could be, and she thanked him for finding time, in the midst of his numerous house-

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hold and business cares, to remember her, and think of her so kindly in connection with his own dear ones, but she was very comfortable, she said; she needed nothing; she preferred school-teaching to housekeeping, and was too busy to take the time for such a long journey. So we never saw her; but I don't think anybody was very much disappointed at the time, except father.

But by-and-by came stories of a very romantic chapter in Aunt Powell's history. We didn't hear anything about it until long after father died.

She was engaged to a young sea-captain, and that was before our mother died. One day he came to bid Aunt Powell good-by. He was going to India and Australia before he returned, and when he came back they were to be married. As he walked away down the little garden path that led from the cottage door he turned, and loosing the blue kerchief from about his neck, tossed it back toward her, where she stood trying in vain to fight back her tears, and called, "Dry your blue eyes with this while I'm gone, sweetheart."

But a breath of wind caught the drifting bit of silk away from her outstretched hands and tossed it into the climbing branches of a rose-tree that arched above the window.

"Oh, my love-token!" cried Aunt Powell. "The wind takes away my lover, and then snatches his keepsake away from me!"

"Never mind," he called back, in his cheery way—"never mind, heart of mine; let it flutter aloft there till I come back."

And Aunt Powell threw him a kiss, and then the tears in her blue eyes shut out her lover like a mist, and the mist never cleared away. For summer and winter came and went, and the blue kerchief in the rose-tree paled in the sun and faded in the rain. The winds rent and tattered it, the roses came and hid it, and the winter days showed it a ragged signal of faded blue fluttering like a flag of distress from some storm-beaten ship; but the hand that set the signal was gleaming white down in the red coral. The angry winds that had driven her lover's ship upon the pitiless rocks came in the June days and kissed the faded kerchief softly, and caressed it tenderly, as though in sorrow for what they had done; and in December they snatched and tore at it angrily, as though they would destroy every trace of the sailor from off the face of the earth.

But Aunt Powell never touched it. "Let it wave there till he comes back," she said: "he may see it yet, some day, and know that I am waiting for him."

And so it fluttered and faded, and little by little the winds tore it away, and the blue in her eyes faded with the silken token, and their light grew dim as the hope in her heart went out.

All that her sailor had in the world he had left to his sweetheart. He was an only child, and when his heart-broken old father followed him, in a few years, he too left his fortune, which was an ample one, to the girl he lovingly called his daughter, in his will. And so our dear aunt Powell was very rich. But she never married. Lovers knelt at her feet, for she was still beautiful, but there was only one image in her heart. And so she grew old and rich and lonely.

But when, little by little, this story came to us, our hearts warmed to our father's only sister. We wrote to her often and most affectionately. We learned her birthday, and always remembered her with loving messages and such little presents as we could afford. I encouraged the children to write to her, and Lem went and told Abner about it, and if Jennie didn't keep every one of her four children away from Sunday-school, the very next Sunday afternoon, to make them write to Aunt Powell! I told Mrs. Roberts I thought she ought to be disciplined for it, if she was my own brother's wife. The idea that any woman could imperil the souls of her own children for her own mercenary schemes! For my own part, I loved Aunt Powell honestly and disinterested. Jennie, I know, was mercenary from the very start, and so was Hamer's wife, but they wasn't neither of them Powells. When Jasper Blake built his new house on Wayne Street Maria wrote to Aunt Powell that they had built the largest room in the house with a big bay-window especially for her; it would always be called "Aunt Powell's room," and whether she ever came to stay in it or not, no one else would ever occupy it. And for a very good reason too: they weren't able to furnish it; and they didn't even paint it, for that matter, for nearly two years after they lived in that house, and they used it for a general lumber-room. A nice time Aunt Powell, or any-

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body else, except the rats, would have had living in that "nice large room"!

Well, at last Aunt Powell came, with seven trunks and a French maid. Abner drove over to the station to bring her home. He and Jennie had it all fixed up to take her right to their house, and shut all the rest of us out on the plea that Aunt Powell was fatigued and needed rest. But Jennie, as usual, confided her little plan to three or four confidential friends outside the family. She seemed more surprised than delighted to see us as we came dropping in about fifteen or twenty minutes before stage time, and when Abner came, leading Aunt Powell into a parlor just full to the windows with his brothers and sisters and their children, his face was a study for a photographer. He didn't even have the pleasure of being master of ceremonies in his own house either, for before he could recover from his amazement we had captured Aunt Powell, introduced ourselves, and made the most of our first opportunity.

If ever Aunt Powell had been beautiful, it was a long time before we saw her. Her eyes were bright as diamonds, but one of them was a little "set," and she could pin you with that eye like a gimlet. She was tall and angular; dressed like a lady, but very quietly, and wore no jewelry, save an elegant pearl pin at her throat. Her maid was the ugliest and crossest creature in all this world, I do believe, and as none of us understood a word of French, the bits of conversation those two used to have when we were with them were fairly maddening, epecially if Aunt Powell happened to transfix you with her "set" eye, while she looked at her maid with the other.

In about a month Aunt Powell felt strong enough to look at the places Abner had selected for her. But none of them suited, and at last she grew weary of lawyers and agents, and began to talk mournfully about going back to her home in Maine.

"Where I know I will die of homesickness," she said, "because I have, for the first time in my life, learned how sweet it is to live among those of your own blood."

"Aunt Powell," I spoke up, quick as a flash, "why should you wear yourself out looking for a home when you always seem so contented in the little blue room at our house? It isn't what you've been accustomed to, I know, but if you like it, or will endure it, I can't tell you how glad we will all be to call it yours, and all the rest of your days you can—"

With that Aunt Powell stopped my words with kisses, and began to cry. When she could command her voice she blessed me, and said my home should be hers "for the little time," she faltered, "that I want a home."

And that very afternoon Aunt Powell and the seven trunks and the French maid were moved to our house, and I was hated most cordially and politely by all the sisters and brothers in the Powell family.

Once settled, I am free to say Aunt Powell was anything but a pleasant companion. She had her breakfast at all hours of the morning, sometimes in the dining-room, sometimes in her own room, and sometimes in my sitting-room. She was generally irritable and imperious, and acted as though the house belonged to her. At other times she had a wonderfully sweet, winning way with her that charmed you in spite of herself. The children never liked her, however, and as she detested tobacco, Lem's one little weakness, his after-supper cigar was reformed in short order. "Mark the perfect man," said Lem; but I caught him once or twice puffing away at a great black pipe out in the wood-shed, so I wasn't much afraid that his reformation was going to strike in on him. And Aunt Powell "couldn't abide a great blinding glare of light," so our cheery little home was shut up until it was as dismal as a spare room. She slept the greater part of the morning, and we had to sit up and entertain her late every night, so that we who had to rise with the lark nearly died of sleepiness. It was very wearing, but we bore it bravely.

"We can work a great deal harder than this for $50,000," Lem used to groan as he fell into bed at night, and the unmeasured envy of my brothers and sisters kept me bravely up.

After we had endured this for two full years, if Aunt Powell didn't up and go to Abner's! I was so mad I broke down and cried.

"Don't be so heart-broken about it, my dear child," said Aunt Powell, tenderly. And then she put her arms about me, and told me how sorry she was to go away from the little blue room that had become so dear to her; but some talk had reached

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her ears, she said, that convinced her the other children were jealous of her staying so long with me, and she could not bear to be the cause of any contention. She was going to stay with Abner for a little while to pacify Jennie (Jennie, I knew myself, was really outrageous, and talking dreadfully). "But it's only for a little while," Aunt Powell said. "Keep the little blue room for me."

And away went Aunt Powell, French maid, and the seven trunks—"the Pleiades," Lem called them. And vexed as I was about it all, the children were so delighted, Lem looked so comfortable with his cigar—for he fell from grace the minute the restraining cause was gone—and the house was so bright and cheery, that I felt half reconciled to it.

"Let's go to bed before supper," said Lem. "I haven't had a square ration of sleep in two years."

Aunt Powell led Jennie a dance, and I was glad of it. Jennie, whatever other faults she had, and I do not screen her, even though she is my own brother's wife, is a model housekeeper. Everything goes by clock-work in that house. The very cat goes to bed at nine o'clock, and knows better than to get up before the alarm-clock rings at half past five in the morning. Jennie wouldn't put off her regular sweeping days not for a funeral in the house. But Aunt Powell, as soon as she found what were the sweeping days, settled upon those very days for taking her morning nap in the parlor. Abner Powell was as afraid of a horse as a cat is of water, and Aunt Powell made him drive her out twice a week. I wonder the man didn't turn gray. I don't believe a single wash-day passed while she was living with Abner that she didn't insist on having some of us to dinner, although that was nearly as hard on the rest of us as it was on Jennie.

I think she lived at Abner's for two years, and then she went to Warder Martin's, Sarah's husband. They refurnished the parlor for her, and gave up their own room to that hateful French maid. Aunt Powell ruled them with a rod of iron for ten months, and then actually quarrelled with Sarah Martin, the sweetest, best-tempered woman in the world! It was the first quarrel, I believe, Sarah ever had in her life. None of us ever thought she knew how to quarrel, but Aunt Powell managed to goad her into it somehow, and then went off in a huff to Hamer Powell's, leaving poor Sarah heart-broken, and Ward Martin so mad that he tumbled the seven trunks out into the middle of the street in broad daylight, and let them stand there, a spectacle for the gossipingest street in Gloster, until Hamer Powell heard of it, and came with a dray to get them. Hamer went to Ward while the man was loading on the trunks, and began to talk to him, a little severely, I guess, about the way he had acted; but Ward roared out that if he said a word to him he'd stand him and the whole Powell family on their heads alongside the trunks, to the great delight of the whole street, and the unbounded wrath of Aunt Powell, who heard of it.

That very night she sent for a lawyer, and before she went to bed we knew that a new will had been made, and Sarah and Ward were left out of it. Of course Aunt Powell felt so strongly in the matter we couldn't well go against her. She refused to see Sarah or her husband, or go where they were, and so we had to leave them out of all the family gatherings, and cut them dead on the street if we met them when Aunt Powell was with us. They acted very unreasonable about it, and ignored the rest of us everywhere; all except Lem. Lem visited there just as usual, and told Ward he intended to divide his portion of the Powell fortune with him.

Well, our aunt lived with Hamer Powell a year. Hamer was a teller in the Gloster bank, and it was through him we learned that Aunt Powell had a big tin box, locked and sealed, deposited in the vault of the bank. She got along pretty well that year, for Hamer and Alice were young people, very lively, and had lots of young company, and didn't mind Aunt Powell's ways very much. They had no settled ways of their own to be rooted out of, and no children for Aunt Powell to train, and on the whole they seemed to have an easy time with her. From Hamer's she went to Ellen Bradley's, quarrelled with Ellen straight along every day for two months, and then lived quietly enough for the rest of the year; and then went to Maria Blake's, revolutionized everything about the house, scolded the children, quarrelled with Maria, and bullied Jasper, and just as I was beginning to hope she was coming back to us, she melted into her very sweetest temper, lived like an angel for a few months, and died one morning with her head pillowed in Maria's arms.

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Well, the day after the funeral we all gathered at Abner Powell's to hear the will read. I know my heart was full of real sorrow, but if there was one throb of genuine grief in another heart in that room, their faces didn't show it. Jennie Powell's countenance was the very impersonation of greedy eagerness, and I thought 'Siah Bradley was going to snatch the will out of the lawyer's hands. Lem sat with his face buried in his handkerchief, and I was really delighted with the way he was behaving until I saw him wink at Ward Martin—for Ward and Sarah were both with us now—over the top of his handkerchief. For my part, I think such an occasion as that is fully as solemn as the funeral.

Ward and Sarah, as we all knew, got one dollar apiece. The seven trunks, with all their contents, were left to the French maid. The rest of the will devised all her property in Maine. Abner Powell got some pine lands, her close carriage and black horses, and Jennie got a pearl necklace and $10,000 in bank stock. Hamer got 180 acres of pine lands on the St. Croix River, and $4000 in mining stock, and Alice was left two houses in Bangor and $500. She gave to myself and Lem $40,000, $15,000 in money and the rest in Boston and Maine railroad stock. Ellen Bradley and 'Siah got the manor-house and grounds at Skenadoquonooksis, with all the contents and appurtenances thereunto appertaining, save a few trinkets and some bits of furniture especially bequeathed to old servants. Maria Blake got $10,000, and Jasper got the yacht and four town lots in Bangor.

It did seem too good to be true. I cried as I thought of the dear, loving soul who had planned all this happiness for us, and wished I could have known her and loved her in the earlier years of her lonely life. The rest of them tried to cry, but it was easy to see that it was a false, strained effort, and none of them succeeded very well except Sarah. Poor Sarah! we were all so sorry for her. They all seemed to think I should do something for her, but I didn't see how I could spare $10,000 from what we got, when we had such a family on our hands. Our first duty was to our children, of course. Hamer said he couldn't say what he could do until he found what his pine lands and mining stock were worth. Ellen and 'Siah had no ready money, and they couldn't tell yet whether they would sell the manor-house or live in it; and Jasper said he could let them have one of his town lots in Bangor for a reasonable price and on long time, if they wanted to go there and build on it. And so Ward got up, by-and-by, and took Sarah home with him, and Lem stepped to the front window and fired a wink at them as they went down the steps that brought a grateful smile through Sarah's tears and a grimace to Ward Martin's rough face. All the same, I made up my mind that Lem Wasson wasn't going to rob my children so long as they had a mother to love and care for them. And, after all, it was Ward Martin's own fault: we all agreed that if he hadn't acted the way he did about the trunks, Aunt Powell could have been reconciled.

Then, after Ward and Sarah went away, the French maid came in. She protested and stormed and vowed she would contest the will, and threatened all sorts of dreadful things, and at last she became hysterical, and screamed until the neighbors began to run out into the street. Finally the boys had us pack all Aunt Powell's trunks, and then they gave the maid fifty dollars to take them away and be satisfied, and so they sent the hateful thing away, and we saw her no more.

In due time Abner Powell and Lawyer Bonney started away for Maine to take possession of things. I wanted Lem to go too, but he said it wasn't the thing for recruits to be too fresh, and he would stay home and sit up with Ward. The rest of us whiled away the long days of Abner's absence by planning and quarrelling in the most excited manner, now and then tormented by the sight of Sarah's disappointed face, although she seldom met with us now. Before Abner went away he resigned his place as superintendent in the paper-mills, and Ward, who needed it so much, was appointed in his place.

"So that, after all," said Sarah, "we have got something out of Aunt Powell's will."

Seven long, long, weary days, eight days, nine days, and no Abner. We began to speak darkly in separate groups, and watch Jennie closely, for we suspected that Abner had embezzled all the property and ran away to Europe, where Jennie and the children would join him. But on the tenth day, when most of the family was assembled in Abner's house, the stage

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drove up from the station and Abner staggered into the house.

Haggard, pale as a ghost, his beard unshaven, his eyes sunk in his head and glaring like a maniac's, his hair tangled, his clothing rumpled and awry, and his whole appearance rough and unkempt, the man looked so gray and ghastly we were afraid of him.

"What is it?" I screamed, seized with a horrible fear. "Abner Powell, what have you done with my forty thousand dollars?"

"Where is my bank stock?" shrieked Maria.

"Where is my wife's dollar?" roared Ward Martin.

"Man!" shouted Hamer Powell, seizing him by the collar, "don't tell me you have been gambling on the cars, for I'll strike you dead if you do!"

"Where is our aunt's legacy?" roared 'Siah Bradley, collaring the haggard man on the other side.

The wretched creature gasped twice or thrice, and said, in a hoarse, strange voice, "There ain't none."

"Then what have you done with it, you wretch?" we all screamed, gathering close around him.

The very life seemed to die out of his face, and only the glaring eyes turned toward us as he groaned, "There never was any."

"Liar!" everybody shouted. "Oh, you awful liar! You robber! You thief! Oh, you miserable scoundrel! You dreadful thief!"

And Hamer Powell started Alice's boy off on the run to bring a policeman and the burgess and the bank watchman to arrest the brazen-faced embezzler.

But just before the policeman made the arrest, Lawyer Bonney, who had stopped at the bank on the way to get Aunt Powell's tin box, came in and told us everything, for Abner was now incapable of coherent speech.

Aunt Powell's "manor-house" at Skenadoquonooksis was a little four-room cottage, swallowed up clear out of sight, Lawyer Bonney said, by two mortgages and a tax-title, and that was all. She never had a dollar in the world beyond her savings from her salary as a school-teacher, and those were all spent since she came to Gloster. The pine lands on the St. Croix, the railroad and mining stock and Bangor town lots described in the will, were pleasant fictions of Aunt Powell's brain.

There was one hope left. The sealed and brass-locked tin box. While we sat, stunned and dumb, staring at each other, the box was opened. It contained all our letters of years past, written to her when we thought she was very wealthy. Only these and nothing more.

There was a hollow groan run all around the room. "For mercy's sake," said Alice, "do pull down the blinds, somebody!"

And then the boys and Lawyer Bonney counted up all the expenses of the funeral and Abner's trip and the lawyer's expenses and fees, and we had to throw in and make up the amount. All but Sarah's husband, he only grinned when Hamer told him what his share would be.

"Not a cent," he protested, shaking his resolute head. "Aunt Powell didn't leave me anything in her will."

"It seems to me," said Lem, by-and-by, breaking an awful silence with the welcome sound of the human voice, "that our aunt Powell kind of played it on us."

"That ain't the worst of it," groaned Abner, rolling his hollow eyes up toward us—"that ain't the worst of it."

We caught our breath and waited.

"Tell us the worst, man," said Hamer.

"She ain't our aunt Powell, and never was," said Abner, speaking like a dying man. "Father's sister Lucy married a ship-builder and moved down to Bath fifteen years ago, and she's living there now. This woman was her housekeeper when she lived in—"

If he finished the sentence nobody heard him. When four women faint and one goes into hysterics at the same time, nobody in that room pays much attention to conversation.

Well, Lem was tender as a mother to me that night. Only once, after he had put me to bed and got me quieted down, and was smoothing away my headache, he said, "Well, I'm only a Powell by brevet, and I never can take full rank, but—"

But I guess I looked too miserable to be teased, for he smiled, stooped to kiss me, and suddenly changed his tone.

"And after all," he said, "Ward and Sarah are the only ones who got anything out of Aunt Powell's will. The guerrillas are in luck."

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CHAPTER IX.

MRS. THORNE improved. She was still very weak, confined to her bed, and the cough continued at intervals to rack her wasted frame. But there was now no fever; she slept through the nights; she had always been so delicate in appearance that she did not seem much more fragile now. These at least were the assertions of her Gracias friends. Her Gracias friends were determined to believe that time and good nursing would restore her. The nursing they attended to themselves, and with devoted care, one succeeding the other day after day. Mrs. Thorne appreciated their good offices. But she no longer concealed her preference for the companionship, whenever it was to be obtained, of Margaret Harold.

"I have pretended so long!" she said to Margaret, when they were alone together. "I am so tired of pretending! and with you I can be myself. It isn't really necessary now to be any one else, now that I shall so soon have to go; but I have got into such a habit of it with the others that I shouldn't know how to stop. With you I can talk freely. And you are the only one."

"So long as it doesn't tire you," Margaret answered.

"It tires me a great deal more to be silent," said Mrs. Thorne. And Margaret believed her.

Often, therefore, when Margaret came down to East Angels, Mrs. Thorne would send Garda into the open air to stroll about, or rest under the rose-tree, and then, while Madam Ruiz, or Mrs. Carew, or whoever happened to be in attendance, was sleeping to make up for the broken rest of the coming night, she would talk to her Northern friend, talk with an openness which was in itself a sign that the many cautions of a peculiarly cautious life were drawing to a close. One reason for this freedom was that in spite of the apparent improvement, there were now no illusions between these two regarding the hoped-for recovery. "We are Northerners, Margaret, and *we* know," Mrs. Thorne had said one day, when Margaret had raised her so that she could cough with less difficulty. "Consumption—*our* kind—these Southerners can not grasp." She did not wish to die, poor woman; she clung to life with desperation. Nevertheless, she found a momentary satisfaction in a community of feeling with Margaret over this Southern lack.

"Oh, all these Southern lacks—how Garda would have been part of them!" she went on. "If I had had to leave her here, if you had not promised to take her, how inevitably she would have been sunk in them, lost in them! she would never have got out. Oh! I so hate and loathe it all—the idle, unrealizing, contented, purely local life of this idle coast. They amounted to something once, perhaps. But their day is over, and will never come back. They don't know it; you couldn't make them believe it even if you should try. That is what makes you rage—they're so completely mistaken and so completely satisfied. Every idea they have in the world is directly contrary to all the principles of the government under which they exist. But what is that to them? They think themselves superior to the government. I'm not exaggerating; it's really true. I can speak from experience after my life with that"—she paused, then chose her word clearly—"with that devilish Old Madam!"

It seemed to Margaret as if this poor little exile were imbibing a few last draughts of renewed vitality from the satisfaction which even this late expression of her real belief gave her; she had been silent so long!

Her Thorne and Duero envelope was dropping from her more and more. "Oh yes, I have stood up for them," she said, another time. "And oh yes, I have boasted of them; I knew how. I knew better than any of them; I made a study of it. The first Spaniards were all blue-blooded knights and gentlemen, of course; *they* never worked with their hands. But the Puritans were blacksmiths and ploughmen and wood-choppers—anything and everything. I knew how to bring this all out, make a picture of it. 'Think what their *hands* must have been!' I used to say" (and here her weak voice took on for a moment its old crispness of enunciation) —"'what great coarse red things, with stiff, stubby fingers, gashed by the axe, hardened by digging, roughened and cracked by the cold. Estimable men they were, no doubt; heroic, if you like. But *gentlemen* they were not.' I have said it

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hundreds of times. For those idle, tiresome, wicked old Dueros, Margaret (the English Thornes too, for that matter), were Garda's ancestors, and the right to talk about them was the only thing the poor child had inherited from them; naturally I made the most of it. They were the feature of this neighborhood, of course —the Spaniards; I knew that. I had imagination enough to appreciate it far more, I think, than the very people who were born here. I made everything of it, this feature; I dwelt upon it. I learned all the history and all the beliefs and ideas. I always hoped to get hold of some Northerners to whom I could rehearse it all, tell it in such a way that it would be of use to us, make a good background for Garda some time. That's all ended; I have never had the proper chance, and now of course never shall. But at least I can tell *you*, Margaret, now that it is all over, that in my heart I have always hated the whole thing—that in my heart I have always ranked the lowest Puritan of them all far, far above the very finest Spaniard they could muster. They didn't work with their hands, those knights and gentlemen; and why? Because they caught the poor Indians and made them work for them. Because they imported Human Flesh, they dealt in negro slaves!" It was startling to hear the vehemence there could be in a whisper, and to see the blue eyes send forth such a flash, a flash of the old abolitionist fire, which for a moment made them young again.

Margaret tried to soothe her. "It is nothing," said Mrs. Thorne, smiling faintly and relapsing into quiet.

But the next day Melissa Whiting blazed forth anew. "I detest every vestige of those old ideas of theirs (do let me say it all out once); I hate the pride and shiftlessness of all this land. I am attached to our friends here, of course; they have always been very kind to me. But—it is written! They will go down, down, they and all who are like unto them. Already they belong to the Past. Their country here will be opened up, improved; but not by them. It will be made modern, made rich under their very eyes; but without their consent. It will be filled with new people, new life. But they will reap no benefit from it; their faces will always be turned the other way. They will dwindle in numbers; but they will not change. Generations must pass before all the old leaven will be worn out. *Could* I leave Garda to that? Could I die, knowing that she would live over there on Patricio, on that forlorn Ruiz plantation, or down the river in that tumble-down house of the Girons—that Manuel with his insufferable airs, or that wooden De Torrez with his ridiculous pride, would be all she should ever know of life and happiness—my beautiful child? I could not, Margaret; I could not." Her eyes were now wet.

"But she is not to be left to them," said Margaret.

"No; you have saved me from that," responded the mother, gratefully. She put out her hand and took Margaret's for a moment; then relinquished it. The brief clasp would have seemed cold to their Southern friends; but it expressed all that was necessary to these two Northerners.

Another day the sick woman resumed her retrospect; she spoke of her early life. "I was a poor school-teacher, you know; I had no near relatives, no home; I was considered to have made a wonderful match when I married as I did. Everybody was astonished at my good luck—perfectly astonished. They couldn't comprehend how it had happened. When they knew, in Reesville, that I was to marry Mr. Edgar Thorne, of Florida; that I was to be taken down to an old Spanish plantation which had been in his family for generations; that I was to live there in luxury, and 'a tropical climate'—they all came to see me again, to look at me. They seemed to think that I must have changed in some way, that I couldn't be the same Melissa Whiting who had taught their district school. At Reesville the snow in the winter is four feet deep. At Reesville everybody is busy, and everybody is poor. But I was to live among palm-trees in a place called Gracias-á-Dios; I was to go down by sea; roses bloomed there at Christmas-time, and oranges were to be had for the asking. Gracias-á-Dios *is* very far from Reesville, Margaret," said Melissa Whiting, pausing. "It is all the distance between a real place and an ideal one. I know how far that is, because I have been ever since on the road."

She was silent for some minutes; then she went on. "My elevation—for it seemed that at Reesville—was like a fairy story. I presume they are telling it still. But if I hadn't you behind me, Margaret, I would put Garda back there in all the snow, I would put her back in my old red school-

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house on the hill (only she wouldn't know how to teach, I'm afraid), in a moment, if I had the power, rather than leave her here in the 'fairy story,' among the 'roses,' and 'oranges,' and 'palms.'" (Impossible to give the accent with which she pronounced these words.) "My husband was very good to me. But the Old Madam was here! He only lived a short time; and then, more than ever, the Old Madam was here! Well, I did the best I could—you must give me that credit: there was Garda to think of, and I had no other home. It's so unfortunate to be poor, Margaret—have you ever thought of it?—unfortunate, I mean, in other ways besides the necessities it brings. So many people could be as amiable and agreeable and yielding as any one, if they only had a little more money—just a little more! I could have been, I know. But how could I be yielding when I had everything on my hands and everybody opposing me? Oh! you have no idea what it has been, how I have worked! We had no income to live upon, Garda and I; there hasn't been any for a long time. We have had the house and furniture, the land, Pablo and Raquel, and that's all. We have lived on the things that we had, the things that came off the place, with what Pablo has been able to shoot, and the fish and oysters from the creeks and lagoon. The few supplies which one is obliged to buy, such as tea and coffee, I have got by selling our oranges; I have taken enormous pains with the oranges on that account. The same way with Garda's shoes and gloves; I couldn't make shoes and gloves, though I confess I did try the shoes. Then, if any one broke a pane of glass, that took money; and there were a few other little things. But, with these exceptions, I have tried to do everything myself, and manage without spending. I have kept all the furniture in repair; I have painted and varnished and cleaned with my own hands. I learned to mend the crockery and even the tins. I have made everything that Garda and I have worn, of course. I braid the palmetto hats we both wear. I have dyed and patched and turned and darned—oh! you haven't a conception. Some of the table-cloths are nothing *but* darns. I could put in myself the new panes of glass, after they were once bought. And, every month or two, I have had to mend the roof to keep it from leaking; generally I did that at sunrise, but I have done it, too, on moonlight nights, late, when no one was likely to come. Then, every single day, I have had to begin all over again with Pablo and Raquel. Three times every week I have had to go out myself and stand over Pablo to see that he did as I wished about the orange-trees. Always the very same things; but we have been at it in this way for years! Every day of my life I have had to go out and see with my own eyes whether Raquel had wiped off the shelves; three hundred and sixty-five times each year, for seventeen years, she has pretended to forget it."

She lay silent for a while, as if reviewing it all. "Perhaps I have always been over-thorough," she resumed. "But somehow I couldn't help it. Thoroughness has always been my mania. It has taken me to great lengths—I can see it now; it has made burdens where there needn't have been any, or at least not such heavy ones. Still, I couldn't have helped it, Margaret; I really don't think I could. After sweeping, I always used to go down on my hands and knees and dust the carpets with a cloth. And I used to pick up every seed that Dick, my canary, had dropped. Dear little Dick, how I cried when he died! He was the last Northern thing I had left. Yet, would you believe it? I pretended I didn't care for him, that I was tired of his singing. I pretended I preferred the mocking-birds. Mocking-birds!" repeated Melissa Whiting, with whispered but scathing contempt.

She came back to the subject of her thoroughness when Margaret paid her next visit. "Yes, it has been a hard task-master; I have been thinking it all over," she said. "Still, without it, should I have got on as well even as I have? I don't believe I should. Take the way I have made myself over—made myself a Thorne. I couldn't have lived here at all as I was; there was no room for any such person as Melissa Whiting; she couldn't have breathed. I saw that; and so, while I was about it, I made the change complete. Oh yes; I was very complete! I swallowed everything. What is more, I assimilated it, made it part of me. I even swallowed slavery, became its advocate—I, a New England girl. What do you say to that?—a New England girl, abolitionist to the core! It was the most heroic thing I ever did in my life. Very likely you don't think so; but it was. For, never for one instant were my real feelings al-

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tered, my real beliefs changed—I couldn't have changed them if I had tried. And I could have died for them at any moment, if I had been called upon to do so, though I *was* playing such a part. But I wasn't called upon. And so I made them stay down; I covered every inch of myself with a Southern skin. But if any one thinks that it was easy or pleasant, let him try it—that's all."

"When the war began," she went on, "I remember how much more clearly reasoned out were *my* views of the Southern side of the question than were those of the Southerners themselves about here. They were as warm as possible in their feelings, of course, but they hadn't studied the subject as I had, got their reasons into shape, into words. So it ended in their borrowing my reasons. They took mine and adopted them. But every night through all that time, Margaret, on my knees I prayed for my own people, and I used to read the accounts of their victories—when I could get them—with an inward shout. Never once, never once, had I a doubt of their success."

"It's a curious story, isn't it?" Margaret said to Winthrop, when she had repeated to him some of these confidences. "She wanted me to tell you; she asked me to do so; she said she should like you to understand her life."

"Does she expect me to admire it?" said Winthrop, rather surprised himself to feel how quickly the old heat could rise in his heart again when confronted with a tale like this. For the Southern women, who had everywhere suffered so much, given so much, and lost their all, he had nothing but the tenderest pity. But a Northern woman who had joined their cause—that seemed to him apostasy. That the apostasy had been but pretense only made it worse.

"She expected you to remember her motive for it, after she is gone," Margaret answered.

"Her motive can't make me like it. However, I can at least admire her determination. Even in the midst of her mistakes she has been a wonderful little creature. But you say 'after she is gone'—do you think her worse, then? I thought she was so much better."

"So she is better. But she will fail again; at least that is what she thinks herself, and I can not help fearing she is right."

"I am very sorry to hear it." He seemed to have the idea that she would say more, and waited. But she did not speak.

"I suppose, then, you have had some further talk about Garda?" he said at last, breaking the pause.

"Yes."

"You would rather not tell me?"

"I will tell you later."

"I hope you will; I don't know whether it is necessary for me to say, in so many words, that I am greatly interested in any plans you may have for Garda Thorne."

"It isn't necessary; I know you are interested. I shall tell you all soon; and I shall—probably I shall—ask your advice."

Winthrop looked at her. He was a good deal surprised.

She saw it. "Do you think I never need advice?" she asked, smiling.

"I must confess I haven't thought you cared much for it," he answered, with the tinge of sarcasm which (he said to himself) would keep cropping out lately, in spite of him.

At this moment Mrs. Rutherford came into the room. But, if she had not, he felt sure that Margaret would soon have gone; he had come to know that she was very apt to leave him when he said things of that sort. Often, too, when he did not, but almost invariably when he did. He called it, in his own mind, fleeing. But in his own mind, also, he knew very well that it did not wear the air of flight; it was much too quiet and composed. He sat there asking himself vaguely what could be her motive for taking so much interest in Garda. He had never thought her in the least impulsive, or restless, and fond of experiment. He had always been convinced that sympathy (save, of course, the outward forms of it) she totally lacked. If she had had sympathy, she would both have felt and shown more interest in Lanse; she would not have been so cold to him. He was silent so long, his eyes resting absently on Margaret's dusky hair as she bent her head over a long seam (she seemed to like long seams!), that at last his aunt asked him if he knew that he was growing absent-minded.

"Absent-minded—impossible! No one has ever accused me of that before. I have always been terribly present-minded; viciously so, they say."

"People change," remarked Mrs. Rutherford, with dignity. "There have been many changes here lately."

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Her voice had an under-tone that suggested displeasure, a tone which had been perceptible now for some little time. When Margaret promised that she would tell Winthrop what had been said about Garda, she reckoned without this tone; but she soon found herself obliged to count it in. And this left her no time for other subjects; Mrs. Rutherford became the subject. This lady was in the fixed condition of finding nothing right. The state appeared to have been caused by the absences of her niece at East Angels, as (though she never acknowledged any sequence of cause and effect) it dated from that time. The household wheels had apparently moved on with their usual smoothness; Mrs. Rutherford herself appeared to be in the enjoyment of her usual (agreeably) weak health; her attire was as rich and becoming as ever, her hair as artistically arranged. But in spite of all this there was the under-tone; nothing was as it should be—that might have been the general summing up. If she leaned back in her chair, that was not comfortable; if she sat erect, that was not comfortable either. There were draughts everywhere; it was insupportable — the draughts. The floors were cold; they were always cold. She was convinced that the climate was damp; it must be, with all that water about. Then, again, she was sure that it was parched; it must be, with all that sand. The eyrie had become "tiresome." The fragrance of the orange flowers everywhere was "enervating." As for pine-barrens, she never wished to see a pine-barren again.

These things were not peevishly said; Mrs. Rutherford's well-modulated voice was never peevish. They were said with a sort of majestic coldness by a majestic woman who was, however, above complaints. She was as handsome as ever; but it was curious to note how her inward dissatisfactions had deepened lines which before had been scarcely visible, had caused her fine profile to assume for the first time a little of that expression to which regular profiles, cut on the majestic scale, are liable as age creeps on — a certain hard, immovable appearance, as though the features had been cut out of wood, and the changing feelings, therefore, of the person within could not affect them, could not alter, by a hair's-breadth variation, their rigid line.

"She's missed you oncommon," confided Celestine to Margaret, in the privacy of the north piazza. "Every single time you've staid overnight she's looked awful wamble-cropped; *nothin's* ben right. 'Most every mornin' when she was all dressed I sez to her, 'Mrs. Rutherford,' sez I, 'what's the preposition for now!' And there never warn't any preposition, or, ruther, there was so many we couldn't begin to manage 'em. Mr. Evert—he's ben down to the Thornes' a good deal too, you know. An' Dr. Kirby—*he* hasn't ben in much, nuther. Nor, for that matter, has the Reverend Middleton B. Moore. Even Mrs. Carew's ben gone. An' so she's rather petered out, you see. Glad you're back, Miss Margaret; dear me suz! yes. A person needn't be a murderer, nor yet an arson, to make a house almighty uncomfortable by just sheer grumpiness. But she'll pick up now."

Celestine had imagined for herself that the Reverend Mr. Moore had a middle name, and had even decided that it was, or might easily have been, Barnabas. She could not reconcile herself to the idea that a "minister of the Gospel" should be without the dignity of a middle initial: all the ministers she had known in Vermont had had it. So she gave him one, and always pronounced it rigidly when she had occasion to mention him, in spite of her mistress's repeated corrections.

She had been right when she said that that lady's mental condition would improve now that her niece had returned. Gradually, as Margaret's touch on the household helm brought back the atmosphere she loved, the atmosphere of few questions and no suggestions, suggestions as to what she had "better" do (Mrs. Rutherford hated suggestions as to what she had "better" do), of all her small customs silently but promptly furthered, her little wishes remembered without the trouble of having to express them, her remarks listened to and answered, and conversation (when she wished for conversation) kept up—all this so quietly done that she could with ease ignore that it was anything especial to do, maintain the position that it was but the usual way of living, that anything else would have been unusual—gradually, as this congenial atmosphere re-established itself, Mrs. Rutherford recovered her geniality, that geniality which had always been so much admired. Her majestic remarks as to the faults of Gracias and everything in Gracias became fewer, the under-note of cold

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displeasure in her voice died away, her profile grew flexible and personal again, and was less like that of a Roman matron in a triumphal procession—a procession which has been through a good deal of wind and dust.

This happy revival of placidity at the eyrie (to which possibly the re-appearance of Dr. Kirby and the Reverend Mr. Moore added something) was sharply broken one morning by bad news from East Angels. Mrs. Thorne was worse—"sinking" was the term used in the note which Betty Carew had hastily scribbled; she was anxious to see Mrs. Harold.

It had come, then, the end, and much sooner than even she herself had expected. She had suffered severely for twenty-four hours. The suffering was over now. But she had not the strength to rally.

"It's because she's always worked *so* hard; I can't help thinking of it," said Betty, who sat in the outer room, crying (she had been up all night, but did not dream of taking any rest). "She *never* stopped. We all knew it, and yet somehow we didn't half realize it, or try to prevent it. And now it's too late."

All the Gracias friends were soon assembled at East Angels. Even Mrs. Moore, invalid though she was, made the little journey by water, and was carried up to the house in an arm-chair by her husband and old Pablo. Recovering, if not more strength, then at least that renewed command of speech which often comes back for a time just before the end, Mrs. Thorne, late in the afternoon, opened her eyes, looked at them all, and then, after a moment, asked to be left alone with Garda, Margaret, and Evert Winthrop. Margaret thought that she had spoken Winthrop's name by mistake.

"She doesn't mean you, I think," she said to him, in a low tone.

"Yes, I mean Mr. Winthrop," murmured Mrs. Thorne, with a faint shadow of her old decision.

Her Gracias friends softly left the room. Even Dr. Kirby, after a few whispered words with Winthrop, followed them.

When the door was closed, Mrs. Thorne signified that she wished to take Margaret's hand. Then, her feeble fingers resting on it, "Garda," she said, in her husky voice, "Margaret—whom I trust—entirely—has promised—to take charge of you—for a while—after—I am gone. Promise me—on your side—to obey her—to do as she wishes."

"Do not make her promise that," said Margaret. "I think she loves me; that will be enough."

Garda, crying bitterly, kissed Margaret, and then sank on her knees beside the bed, her head against her mother's arm. The sight of her child's grief did not bring the tears to Mrs. Thorne's eyes—already the calm that precedes death had taken possession of them; but it did cause a struggling effort of the poor harassed breath to give forth a sob. She tried to stroke Garda's hair, but could not. "How can I go—and leave her?" she whispered, looking piteously at Margaret, and then at Winthrop, as he stood at the foot of the bed. "She had—no one—but me." And again came the painful sound in the throat, though the clogged breast had not the strength to rise.

"If I could only know," she went on, desolately, to Margaret, the slow turning of the eyes betraying the approach of that lethargy which was soon to touch the muscles with numbness. "You have said—for a while. But you did not promise for longer. If I could only know, Margaret, that she would be under your care as long as she is so alone in the world, then, perhaps, it would be easier to die."

These words, pronounced with difficulty one by one, separated by the slow breaths, seemed to Winthrop indescribably affecting. It was the last earthly effort of mother-love.

Margaret hesitated. It was only for a moment that she was silent. But Evert took that moment to come forward; he came to the side of the bed where she was standing. "Give *me* your permission, Mrs. Thorne," he said to the dying woman. "Trust *me*, and I will fill the trust. Garda shall have every care; my aunt shall take charge of her." He was indignant with Margaret for hesitating.

But Margaret hesitated no longer. "I think I am the better person," she interposed, gently. Then, bending forward, she said, with distinctness, "Mrs. Thorne, Garda shall live with me, or near me under my charge, as long as she is so young and alone, as long as she needs my care. You have given me a great trust. I hereby accept it, and will keep it with all the faithfulness I can." Her voice took on an almost solemn tone as the last words were spoken.

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Winthrop, glancing at her as she bent forward beside him, perceived that though she was holding herself in strict control, she was yet moved by some hidden emotion. And he could feel that she was trembling. Again, even then and there, he gave an instant to the same conjecture which had occupied his thoughts before: Why should she show any emotion? why should her voice take on that tone? She was not excitable. He had had occasion to know that she was not afraid of death: she had stood beside too many death-beds in her visits among the poor (not that he admired philanthropy abroad and misanthropy at home). It could not be that she had suddenly become so fond of poor Mrs. Thorne. But he left his conjectures unsolved. A faint but beautiful smile was passing strangely over the mother's face, strangely, because no feature stirred or changed—she was beyond that—and yet the smile was there. The eyes became so transfigured that the two who were watching stood awe-struck; for it seemed as if she were beholding something, just behind or above them, which was invisible to them, something which had lifted from her all the pains and cares of her earthly life, and set her free. For some moments longer the beautiful radiance shone there. Then the light departed, and death was left, though the eyes retained a consciousness. They seemed to try to turn to Garda, who was still kneeling with her head hidden against her mother's shoulder.

"Take her in your arms, Garda," whispered Margaret; "your face is the last she wishes to see."

Winthrop had summoned Dr. Kirby; the other friends came softly in. For twenty minutes more the slow breaths came and went, but with longer and longer intervals between. Garda, lying beside her mother, held her in her arms, and the dying woman's fixed eyes rested on her child's for some time; then consciousness faded, the lids drooped. Garda put her warm cheek against the small white face, and, thus embraced, the mother's earthly life ebbed away, while in the still room ascended the words of the last prayer—"O Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of men after they are delivered from their earthly prisons, we humbly commend to Thee the soul of this thy servant, our dear sister." Our dear sister: they were all there, her Gracias friends—Mrs. Kirby, Mrs. Carew, Mrs. Moore, Madam Giron, Madam Ruiz—and they all wept for her as though she had been a sister indeed. In the hall outside, at the open door, stood handsome Manuel, not ashamed of his tears; and near him, more devout as well as more self-controlled, knelt De Torrez, reverently waiting, with head turned away, for the end.

Dr. Kirby laid the little hand he had been holding, down upon the coverlet. "She has gone," he said, in a low voice. And, with a visible effort to control his features, he passed round to the other side of the bed, and lifting Garda tenderly, tried to draw her away. But Garda clung to the dead, and cried so heartbrokenly that all the women, with fresh tears starting at the desolate sound—that sound of audible sobbing which first tells those outside the still room that the blow has fallen—all the women came one by one and tried to comfort her. But it was not until Margaret Harold took her in her arms that she was at all quieted.

"Come with me, Garda," she said. "You are not leaving your mother alone: your mother is not here; she has gone home to God. Come with me; remember that she wished it." And Garda yielded.

They buried Mrs. Thorne in the family burying-ground at East Angels (the one of which she had spoken), her daughter and all her friends following on foot the coffin, borne on the shoulders of eight of their former slaves. Thus the little procession crossed the Levels to the secluded inclosure at the far end, Mr. Moore in his surplice leading the way. A high hedge of cedar-trees set closely together like a wall, their dark branches sweeping the ground, encircled the place; across the narrow opening which had been left for entrance, was a low paling-gate. Within, ranged in a circle, were a number of oblong coquina tombs, broad and low, without inscription alike. Here slept all the Dueros; the first Englishman, Edgar Thorne, and the few American-born Thornes who had succeeded him, half English, half Spanish. Into the presence of this company was now borne Melissa Whiting.

Her coffin was covered with the beautiful flowers of the South; but within, hidden on her breast, there were only some sprays of brown, faded, almost vanished arbutus, the last "May-flowers" which had come to her, years before, from her New England home; she had begged Margaret to place them there. Thus was she lowered

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out of sight. All who were present then came one by one, according to Gracias custom, to cast into the deep grave the handful of white sand which, in Florida, represents the "earth to earth"—that sound which, soft though it be, breaks the heart. Garda, trembling, clung to Margaret and hid her face. Then Mr. Moore's voice rose among them: "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, 'Write. From henceforth blessed are the dead—for they rest from their labors.'"

Beautiful words, unmeaning to the young and happy, more and more do they convey to many of us a dear comfort, for ourselves as well as for those already gone—blessed are the dead, for they rest from their labors. For they *rest*.

That evening a number of the negroes assembled at East Angels, and standing outside in the darkness, sang their own hymns, their voices rising with sweetness in the wildly plaintive minor strains—a music strikingly original, soon, alas! to be entirely lost.

And so night closed down over the old Southern house. But the little Northern mother, who had hoped and worked there so long, was gone; she was far away in that beautiful country where we shall no more remember the toil, the pains, the mysteries, the heart-breaking griefs, of this.

The next day it was arranged that Garda, for the present, should remain where she was; she wished to do this, and Mrs. Carew, unselfish always, had offered to close her own house (so far as Cynthy and Pompey would allow it) and stay with her for a while. It was known now that Margaret Harold was to have charge of Garda. The Gracias friends were grieved by the tidings; they had supposed that Garda would be left to them. But they all liked Margaret, and when, a little later, they learned that she had asked Dr. Kirby to fill the office of guardian, they welcomed with gladness this guarantee that they were not to be entirely separated from the child (for such she still seemed to them) whom they had known and loved from her birth, that one of them was to have the right, in some degree, to watch over her. These unworldly people, these secluded people, these generous people, with their innocently proud, calm belief in their own distinction and importance, never once thought of its being possibly an advantage to Garda, this opportunity to leave Gracias-á-Dios, to have further instruction, to see something of the world. They could not consider it an advantage to leave Gracias-á-Dios, and "further instruction," which, of course, meant Northern instruction, they did not approve. As for "the world," very little confidence had they in any world so remote from their own. That, indeed, was the Gracias idea of New York —"remote." Nor did the fact that Mrs. Harold had a fortune (a large one it would have seemed to them had they known its amount) make any especial impression. They would each and all have welcomed Garda to their own homes, would have freely given her a daughter's share in everything they possessed. That, from a worldly point of view, these homes were but poor ones, and a daughter's share in incomes which were in themselves so small and uncertain, a very limited possession—these considerations did not enter much into their thoughts. Their idea was that for a fatherless, motherless girl, love was the great thing; and of love they had an abundance.

Before he had had his interview with Margaret, before he knew of her intention to ask him to be guardian, Dr. Kirby had gone about silent; with a high color; portentous. Much as he admired Mrs. Rutherford, he did not present himself at the eyrie; his mirror told him that he had not the proper expression. But Margaret did not delay; on the third day she made her request; and the Doctor went home stepping with all his old trimness, his toes well turned out, his head erect.

"It's very fortunate, ma" (the Doctor's *a* in this word had a sound between that of *a* in "mare" and in "May"), "that she *has* asked me," he said to his mother. "I doubt whether I could have kept silence otherwise. I admire Mrs. Rutherford very much, as you know; she is a lady of the very finest bearing and presence. And I admire Mrs. Harold too. But if they had attempted—if Mrs. Harold had attempted to take Garda off to the North and detain her there, without any link, any regularly established communication with us, I *fear*" (the Doctor's face had grown red again)—"I fear, ma, I should have balked; I should have set my feet together, put down my head, and—raised the devil behind!"

"Why, my son, what language!" said his mother, surprised, though she felt the

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force of his comparison, as she lived in the country of the mule.

"Excuse me, ma; I am excited, or rather I have been. But Garda is one of us, you know, and we could not, *I* could not, with a clear conscience allow them to separate her from us entirely, hurry her off into a society of which we know little or nothing, save that it is totally different from our own—modern, mercantile, hurrying" (the Doctor was evidently growing excited again)—"all that we most dislike. You are probably thinking that there are Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Harold, yes, and Mr. Winthrop too (if he would only dress himself more as a gentleman should), to answer for it, to serve as specimens. Those charming ladies would grace, I admit, any society—any society in the world. But I am convinced that they are not specimens; they are exceptions. I am convinced that society at the North is a very different affair. And, besides, Garda belongs here. Here her ancestors have lived and died, men of the utmost distinction, all of them —among the most distinguished, indeed, of this whole coast. I *may* be mistaken, of course, ma; I *may* be too severe; but still I can not help thinking that at the North this would fall on ignorant ears; that the people there are too—too unversed in such matters to appreciate them." The Doctor considered that he was speaking here with remarkable mildness.

"I reckon you are right," replied Mrs. Kirby. "Still, Reginald, we must not forget that it was the mother's own wish that Mrs. Harold should take charge of Garda."

"Yes, ma, I know. Poor little Mistress Thorne, to whom I was most sincerely attached"—here the Doctor paused to give a vigorous hem—"was, we must remember, a New-Englander by birth, after all, and in spite of her efforts (most praiseworthy they were too; I should be the last to decry them), she never *quite* outgrew that fact, never quite. It couldn't, therefore, be expected that she should comprehend fully the advantages (even taking merely the worldly view of it) of having her daughter live here—here where the distinction of such a family descent is acknowledged, and proper honor paid to ancestors of such eminence."

"True, my son," said the neat little old lady, knitting on. "Still, from another point of view, it might be said that a mother herself was something of an ancestor; that she has had a little to do with the 'descent' after all."

On the whole, as matters were now arranged, with Dr. Kirby appointed as guardian, it could be said that Gracias accepted the new order of things regarding Garda's future. Not thankfully or gratefully, not with inward relief; it was simply an acquiescence. They felt, too, that the acquiescence was magnanimous; that they were showing a very unselfish spirit in thus giving up the young girl. But, like true Southerners, if they did a thing at all, they wished to do it completely, without reserves or conditions, or a complaining return to the subject afterward.

The only discordant element now was Mrs. Rutherford. And she was very discordant indeed. But as she confined the expression of her feelings to her niece, the note of dissonance did not reach the others.

"It's beyond belief," she said. "What possible claim have these Thornes upon you? The idea of her having tried to saddle you with that daughter of hers! She took advantage of you, of course, and of the situation. I am really indignant for you, and feel that I ought to come to your rescue. I advise you to have nothing to do with it. You can be friendly, of course, while we are here, but afterward let it all drop."

"I can hardly do that when I have promised, Aunt Katrina," answered Margaret. And she answered in the same way many times.

For Mrs. Rutherford could make a very dexterous use of the weapon of iteration. She was seldom betrayed into a fretful tone; there was always a fair show of reason in what she said (its purely personal foundation she was skillful in concealing); her best thrust was to be so warmly on the side of the person she was trying to lead, to be so "surprised" for him and "angry" for him (as against others), that he was led at last to be "surprised" and "angry" for himself, though in the beginning he might have had no such idea. By these well-managed reiterations she had gained her point many times during honest Peter's lifetime; he never failed to be touched when he saw how warmly she was taking up "his side," though up to that moment, perhaps, he had not been aware that he had a "side" on that particular subject, or that anybody was on the other.

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But if she gained her point with Peter, she did not gain it with Peter's niece.

"Garda, I hope, will not be a trouble to you, Aunt Katrina. For the present she is to remain at East Angels. When we go North I shall place her with Madame Martel."

"It's really pitiful to think how unhappy she will be," said Mrs. Rutherford, the next day, shaking her head prophetically. "Poor child—poor little Southern flower—to take her away from this lovely climate, and force her to live at the cold North—to take her away from a real home, where they all love her, and put her with Madame Martel! You must have a far sterner nature than *I* have, Margaret, to be able to do it."

To this Margaret made no answer.

"I really wish you would tell me why you rate your influence over that of everybody else," remarked Mrs. Rutherford on another occasion. She spoke impersonally, as though it were simply a curiosity she felt. "Have you had some experience in the management of young girls that I know nothing about?"

"No," replied Margaret.

"Yet you undertake it without hesitation! You have more confidence in your own powers than I should have in mine, I confess. How do you know what she may do? Depend upon it, she won't have *our* ideas at all. You are a quiet sort of person, but she may be quite the reverse, and then what a prospect! She will be talked about; such girls always are. She may even get into the papers."

"Not for a year or two yet, I think," answered Margaret, smiling.

The next day, "It would be so *easy* to do it now," observed the handsome aunt; "it almost seems like a tempting of Providence to neglect such an opportunity." (Mrs. Rutherford always lived on very *intimate* terms with Providence.) "You could keep up your interest in her, send her down books, and even a governess for six months or so, if you wished to be very punctilious. All the people here want Garda to stay—they can not bear to give her up; you would be doing them a kindness by yielding. They are really fond of her, and she is fond of them. Of course you can't pretend that she cares for you in that way, stranger as you are?"

"Oh no, I don't pretend," replied Margaret.

"You carry her off without it."

The next advance was on another line. "What are you going to do when she is through school, Margaret?" demanded the inquirer, with interested amiability. "She'll have to see something, go somewhere—you can't shut her up; and who is going to chaperon her? I am an invalid, you know, and you yourself are much too young. You must remember, my dear, that you are a young and pretty woman." (Aunt Katrina had evidently been driven to her very best shot.)

But though this or a similar remark would have been certain to bring down Peter, and place him just where his wife wished him to be, it failed to bring down Peter's niece.

Mrs. Rutherford saw this. And concluded as follows: "However, it doesn't make much difference; with the kind of beauty Garda Thorne has, no one would look at *you;* you might be any age. She has the sort of face that simply extinguishes every one else."

"Having no radiance of my own to look after, I can see her all the better, then," replied Margaret. "She'll be the lighted bank, and I the policeman with the dark lantern."

Mrs. Rutherford did not like this answer. She thought it flippant. It was true, however, that Margaret was very seldom flippant.

"It does seem to me so *weak* to keep an extorted promise," she began another day. "I suppose you won't deny that it was extorted?"

"It was very much wished for."

"And you gave it unwillingly."

"Not unwillingly, Aunt Katrina."

"Reluctantly, then."

"Yes, I was reluctant."

"You were reluctant," repeated Mrs. Rutherford with triumph. "Of course I knew you must be. But what ever possessed you to do it, Margaret—induced you to consent, extortion or no extortion; that passes me."

Margaret gave no explanation. So the aunt attempted one. "It *almost* seems as though you were influenced by something *I* know nothing about," she went on, making a little gesture of withdrawal with her hand, as if she found herself on the threshold of mysterious regions of double motive into which she would prefer not to penetrate.

This was a random shot. But Margaret's fair face showed a sudden color, though

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the aunt's eyes did not detect it. "She is alone, and very young, Aunt Katrina; I have promised, and I must keep my promise. But I shall do my best to prevent any of it from disturbing you; with me you will always be first. This is all I can say. I do not think there is any use in talking about it more." She had risen as she said these words, and now she left the room.

Mrs. Rutherford could scarcely believe that she saw aright. Since Margaret had lived with her, she had never before done such a thing as to bring to an end herself, and abruptly—yes, abruptly—a conversation with her aunt; she had always listened and answered, with her full attention, too (Mrs. Rutherford hated a half attention), as long as it had pleased the elder lady to continue the discourse. Mrs. Rutherford had never considered this a kindness on the part of her niece. On the contrary, she considered that she herself had shown the kindness in talking as much as she did to Margaret; she had always hoped that Margaret appreciated it.

In addition to her niece's obstinacy, this lady had now to bear the discovery that her nephew Evert did not share her views respecting Garda Thorne—views which seemed to her the only proper and natural ones; he not only thought that Mrs. Harold should keep her promise, but he even went further than she did in his ideas as to what that promise included. "She ought to keep Garda with her, and not put her off at Madame Martel's," he said.

"I see that *I* am to be quite superseded," remarked Mrs. Rutherford, in a pleasant voice, smoothing her handkerchief, however, with a sort of manner which seemed to indicate that she might yet be driven to a use—lachrymose—of that delicate fabric.

"My dear aunt, what can you be thinking of?" said Winthrop. "Nobody is going to supersede you."

"But how *can* I like the idea of sharing you with a stranger, Evert?" Her tone continued affectionate; she seldom came as far as ill temper with her nephew; seldom, indeed, came as far as ill temper with any man; a coat seemed to have a soothing effect upon her.

"There's no sharing, as far as I am concerned," Winthrop answered. "*I* have nothing to do with Garda; it's Margaret."

"Yes, it *is* Margaret. And very obstinate, too, has she been about it. Now, if the girl had been left to me," pursued the lady, in a reasonable way, "there would have been some sense in the idea. I have had experience, and *I* should know what to do. I should pick out an excellent governess, and send her down here with all the books necessary—perhaps even a piano," she added, largely. "In that way I should keep watch of the child's education. But I should never have planned to take her away from her home and all her friends; that would seem to me cruelty. My idea would have been, and still is, that she should live here, say with the Kirbys; then she would have the climate and life which she always has had, to which she is accustomed; and in time probably she would marry either that young De Torrez or Manuel Ruiz, both quite suitable matches for her. But what could she do in *our* society, if Margaret should persist, later, in taking her into it? It would be quite pitiable; she would be so completely out of her element, poor little thing!"

"So beautiful a girl is apt to be in her element wherever she is, isn't she?" remarked Winthrop.

"Is it possible, Evert, that you really admire her?"

"I admire her greatly."

The tears rose in Mrs. Rutherford's eyes at this statement. They were only tears of vexation. But the nephew did not know that. He came and stood beside her.

She had hidden her face in her handkerchief. "If you should ever marry that girl, Evert, my heart would be broken!" she lamented from behind it. "She isn't at all the person for you to marry."

Winthrop burst into a laugh. "I'm not at all the person for *her* to marry. Have you forgotten, Aunt Katrina, that I am thirty-five, and she—barely sixteen?"

"Age doesn't make any difference," answered Mrs. Rutherford, still tearful. "And you are very rich, Evert."

"Garda Thorne doesn't care in the least about money," responded Winthrop, rather shortly, turning away toward the window.

"She ought to, then," rejoined Mrs. Rutherford, drying her eyes with delicate little pats of her handkerchief, so that the lids should not be reddened. "In fact, that is another of her lacks; she seems to have no objection to imposing herself upon Margaret in a pecuniary way as well as in others. She has nothing; there isn't literally a cent of income, Betty Carew tells me; only a pile of the most extraordina-

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rily darned clothes and house-linen, a decayed orange grove, and two obstinate old negro servants, who don't really belong to anybody, and wouldn't obey them if they did. That you should buy the place, that has been their one hope; it was very clever of them to give you the idea."

"Garda didn't give it; I wanted the place as soon as I saw it. She *is* ignorant about money; most girls of sixteen are. But what is it that really vexes you so much in this affair, Aunt Katrina? I am sure there is something."

"You are right," replied Mrs. Rutherford, with dignity. "But 'vexes' is not the word, Evert. It is a deeper feeling." She had put away her handkerchief, and now sat majestically in her chair, her white hands extended on its cushioned arms. "*Hurt* is the word; I am hurt about Margaret. Here I have done everything in the world for her, opened my home and my heart to her, in spite of *all*. And now she deserts me for a totally insignificant person and a stranger."

"Margaret has always been very devoted to you, and I am sure she will continue to be—she is conscientious in such things—no matter what other responsibilities she may assume," said Winthrop, with warmth.

Mrs. Rutherford noticed this warmth (Winthrop noticed it too); but, for the moment, she let it pass. "That is just it—other responsibilities," she answered; "but why should she assume any? Before she promised to give that girl a home, she should have remembered that it was *my* home. Before she promised to take charge of her, she should have remembered that she had other things in charge. I am an invalid. I require (and most properly) a great deal of her care; not to give it, or to give it partially, would be, after all I have done for her, most ungrateful. She should have remembered that she was not free—free, that is, to make engagements of that sort."

Winthrop had several times before in his life come face to face with the evidence that his handsome, agreeable aunt was selfish. He was now face to face with it again.

"As regards what you say about a home, Aunt Katrina, Margaret could at any time have one of her own, if she pleased," he answered; "her income fully permits it."

Mrs. Rutherford now gave way to tears which were genuine. "It's the first time, Evert, I've ever known you to take her part against me," she answered, from behind her shielding handkerchief.

Winthrop recalled this speech later—after he had made his peace with his afflicted relative; it *was* the first time. He thought about it for a moment or two—that he should have been driven to defend Lanse's wife. But that was it, he had been driven. "She was so confoundedly unjust," he said to himself, thinking of his aunt. He knew that he had a great taste for justice.

It had even been said that he had too much. When people told him stories that reflected upon other people, he had the habit of immediately trying to imagine what the other people could have said (had they been present) in the way of defense. And this not because he discredited the first speakers, or had no sympathy with them, but simply from a sense of fair play. The habit was exasperating to some of his friends. "Did you ever in your life take up one side of *anything*?—without constantly going over, I mean, to look at the good points of the other?" one of these exacerbated persons once demanded. "Justice, do you call it? Let me tell you one thing: you'll never discover America by being as wide as all out-doors!"

"But that was what Columbus was, wasn't it?" replied Winthrop. "He not only was it, but he set sail into it."

CHAPTER X.

A FEW days after his little encounter with his aunt, Evert Winthrop came to the eyrie one morning at an hour earlier than his accustomed one; he sent Celestine to ask Mrs. Harold to come for a moment to the north piazza, the one most remote from Mrs. Rutherford's own rooms. Margaret joined him there almost immediately. Her face wore an anxious expression.

"I see you think I bring bad news, sending for you in this mysterious way," he said, smiling. "It isn't bad at all; under the circumstances rather good—the best thing that could have happened. Mr. Moore has had a letter; Lucian Spenser was married a few days ago in Washington. Something sudden, I presume; probably that is what he went North for."

Margaret's eyes met his with what he called their mute expression. He had

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never been able to interpret it; he could not now.

"It hasn't, of course, the least interest for us, except as it may touch Garda," he went on. "I don't apprehend anything serious. Still, as we are the only persons who have known her little secret—this fancy she has had—perhaps it would be better if one of us should go down to East Angels and tell her before any one else can get there; don't you think so? And will you go? or shall I?"

"You," Margaret briefly answered.

"I don't often ask questions; you must give me that credit," he said, looking at her. "But I should really like to know upon what grounds you decide so succinctly?"

"The grounds are unimportant. But I am sure you are the one to go."

Winthrop, on the whole, wished to go. He now found himself telling his reasons. "I can go immediately, that is one thing; you would have to speak to Aunt Katrina, make arrangements, and that would take time. Then I think that Garda has probably talked more freely to me about that youth than she has to you. It's a little odd that she should. But I think she has."

"It's very possible."

"On that account it would come in more naturally, perhaps, if she should hear it first from me."

Again Margaret assented.

"And then it won't make her think it's important, my stopping there as I pass; your going would have another look. I'm a little curious to see how she will take it," he added.

"That is your real reason, I think," said Margaret.

"She has just lost her mother," he went on, without taking up this remark. "Perhaps the real sorrow may make her forget the fictitious one; I am sure I hope so. I will go down, then. But in case I am mistaken, in case she should still continue to—fancy herself in earnest, shall I come back and tell you?"

"I suppose so; she is in my charge now. But if I should have to go down there, Aunt Katrina would take it rather ill, I am afraid."

"You are very good to Aunt Katrina; I want to tell you that I appreciate it—understand it. I am afraid she has rather a way of treating you as an appendage to herself, and not as an independent personage."

"That is all I am—an appendage," said Margaret. She paused. "Feeling as she does," she continued, "it has been wonderfully kind of her to give me a home; I have always been grateful for it."

Winthrop's face changed a little; up to this time his expression had been almost warmly kind. "Feeling as she does!" Yes, Aunt Katrina might well feel as she did, with her favorite nephew, her almost son, wandering about the world (this was one of the aunt's expressions; he used it in his thoughts half unconsciously), without a home, because he had a wife so strict and narrow, so icily unforgiving.

"You make too much of it," he answered, coldly; "the obligation is by no means all on one side." Then he finished what he had begun to say before she made her remark. "I had occasion to remind my aunt, only the other day, that if at any time you should wish to have a home of your own, she ought not to object. She would miss you greatly, of course. I, however—and I am glad to have this opportunity of saying it—should consider such a wish very natural, and I should be glad at any time to do everything possible toward furthering it."

"I have no such wish; but perhaps you think—perhaps you prefer that I should leave Mrs. Rutherford?" She had turned away; he could not see the expression of face that accompanied these words.

"It would be impossible that I should prefer such a thing; I don't think you can be sincere in saying it," responded Winthrop, with a tinge of severity. "We both know perfectly well what you are to Aunt Katrina. What is the use of pretending otherwise?" His voice softened. "Your patience with her is admirable, as I said before; don't think I don't see it. I spoke on your own account; I thought you might be tired."

"I am tired—sometimes. But I should be tired just the same in a house of my own," answered Margaret Harold.

He left her, and rode down to East Angels.

But his visit was short. Before three o'clock he was again at the eyrie. "I think you had better go down," he said to Margaret, as soon as he could speak to her unheard. "She is taking it most unreasonably, like a child" (this time, apparently, the child-like quality had not appeared so attractive). "She is crying almost convulsively, and listens to nothing.

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So far, Mrs. Carew fortunately thinks it the old grief for her mother; a renewal. But she won't think so long, for Garda, you know, left to herself, never conceals anything; as soon as she is a little calmer she will be sure to say something that will let out the whole."

"You do not want it known?"

"I thought we were agreed upon that. How can any one who cares for the girl want it known? It's so"—he hesitated for a word, and then fell back upon the useful old one—"so childish," he repeated.

"I will go down, then," said Margaret.

"The sooner the better. I hope that you will be able to bring her to reason."

"But if you didn't—"

"I didn't because I lost my temper a little. It seemed to me that the time had come to speak to her more plainly."

"More plainly generally means more severely. I think severity will never have much effect upon Garda; if you are severe, you will only lose your influence."

"My influence!—I don't know that I have any. What is your idea of Edgarda Thorne?" he said, suddenly. "I don't know that I have ever asked you. Very likely you won't tell."

"I will tell exactly, so far as I know it myself—my idea," replied Margaret. "One can not have a very definite idea of a girl of sixteen."

"I beg your pardon: to me she seems a remarkably definite person."

"She is, in one way. I think she is very warm-hearted. I think she is above petty things. I have never seen any girl who went so seldom into details. Mentally, I think her very clever, though she is also very indolent. She has never been controlled, or taught to control herself. Her frankness would be the most remarkable thing about her were it not for her beauty, which is more remarkable still; it is her beauty, I think, that makes her, young as she is, so 'definite,' as you call it."

"We seem to have much the same idea of her," said Winthrop. "I shouldn't have thought it possible," he added.

"That we should agree in anything?" said Margaret, with a faint smile.

"No, not that; but a woman so seldom has the same idea of another woman that a man has. And—if you will allow me to say it—I think the man's idea often the more correct one, for a woman will betray (confide, if you like the term better) more of her inner nature, her real self, to a man, when she knows him well and likes him, than she ever will to any woman, no matter how well she may know and like her."

Margaret concurred in this.

"So you agree with me there too? Another surprise! What I have said is true enough, but women generally dispute it."

"What you have said is true, after a fashion," Margaret answered. "But the inner feelings you speak of, the real self, which a woman confides to the man she likes rather than to a woman, these are generally her ideal feelings, her ideal self; what she thinks she feels or hopes to feel, rather than the actual feeling; what she wishes to be, rather than what she is. She may or may not attain her ideal. But in the mean time she is judged, by those of her own sex at least, according to her present qualities, what she has already attained, what she is practically and every day."

"So you think it is her ideals that Garda has confided to me? What sort of an ideal was Lucian Spenser?"

"Garda Thorne is an exception; she has no ideals."

"Oh! don't make her out so disagreeable."

"I couldn't make her out disagreeable even if I should try," answered Margaret, who was looking at a figure in the carpet at her feet. "All I mean is that her nature is so easy, so sunny, that it has never occurred to her to be discontented, and if you are contented you don't have ideals."

"Now you are making her out self-complacent."

"No, only simple; richly natural and richly healthy. She puts the rest of us (women, I mean) to shame—the rest of us with our complicated motives and cautions, our involved and tortuous consciences."

"I hope you don't mean to say that Garda has no conscience?"

Margaret looked up; she saw that he was smiling. "She has quite enough for her happiness," she answered, smiling too.

But in spite of the smile he fancied he detected a melancholy in her tone. And this he instantly resented. He would never allow that it was owing to her own goodness, conscientiousness—her conscience, in short—that Margaret Harold's married life had been what it was. That sort of conscientiousness was odious.

"Don't imagine that I admire conscience," he remarked. "Too much of it makes an arid desert of a woman's life, un-

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less a whole river of feeling flows through it. A woman of that sort, too, makes her whole family live in the desert. But what does she care for that—with her 'conscience' behind her? A small matter like family happiness is nothing, to her own salvation."

Margaret made no reply to this. She spoke of something else, and not long afterward left the room. Winthrop remained to reflect that lately he seemed to be always saying disagreeable things to her. Why should he have forced upon her his opinions as to the dry domain of too much conscience, when she herself lived in that particular desert, and enjoyed it? The truth was that her tranquillity, her perfect control of herself, tempted him; he could not resist trying to shake them a little. But, according to his theory of her, she was so incased in self-approvals that no thrusts of his would reach her. Yet evidently they did reach her; she showed that they did. His theory, therefore, could not be correct.

But probably it was correct in its main outlines; she was perhaps more nervous than he had supposed (he had not thought her nervous); that was all. She had the good points of her temperament, of course, as well as the bad ones; that same ultra-conscientiousness, that adherence to rule, which had made her a bad wife had made her an exemplary niece to his aunt, for instance. Was it conscientiousness, too, that had made her accept the charge of Garda Thorne? Where could conscientiousness have come in there? Here he found himself back at the question that had baffled him before, but no nearer to its solution.

Margaret, meanwhile, had gone to find Mrs. Rutherford.

"Of course if it is Garda, little Garda," that lady replied, with a sort of sarcastic playfulness which she had lately adopted, "I couldn't dream of objecting." She had given up open opposition since Winthrop's suggestion that Margaret could have, if she should wish it, a home of her own. The suggestion had been very disagreeable, not only for itself (the possibility of such a thing), but also because it cut so completely across her well-established position that it was a great favor on her part to give Margaret a home with her. This favor implied, of course, a following gratitude; and Margaret's gratitude had been the broad cushion upon which Mrs. Rutherford had been comfortably seated for seven years. Take it away, and she would be reduced to making objections — objections (if it should really come to that) to Margaret's departure. And what objections could she make? She would never admit—indeed, it was not true—that her niece's presence and attention had become necessary to her comfort. To say that she was too young, too attractive, to be at the head of a house of her own, this would not accord at all with her accustomed way of speaking of her—a way which had carried with it the implication (though not in actual words) that she was neither. For some reason, the youth of other women was always an offense to Mrs. Rutherford.

However, she was skillful in reducing that attraction. Up to twenty, all girls, of course, were "silly" and "uninteresting." After that date, they all sprang immediately, in her estimation, to "at least twenty-five," and well on the road, both in looks and character, to old-maidhood. If they married, it was even easier, for in a few months they were sure to become "so faded and changed, poor things," that one would scarcely know them; and, with a little determination, this stage could be kept along for fifteen or twenty years. Only when they were well over forty did Mrs. Rutherford begin to admit the possibility of their being rather attractive. And in this lady's opinion all the really handsome women were ten years beyond that.

"I shall not be long away this time," Margaret had answered.

"Oh, enjoy your new plaything; it won't last," replied the aunt, still sportive.

Margaret reached East Angels before sunset. Mrs. Carew told her that Garda was down at the landing.

"I've been down there three times myself; in fact, I've just got back," said Betty, who looked flushed by her excursions. "The truth is, I fancy she doesn't want to talk—she's cried so. And so of course I don't stay, of course. And then, no sooner do I get back here, than I think perhaps she's lonely, and down I go again. I don't mind the walk in the *least*, though it *is* a little warm to-day, but Carlos Mateo seems to have taken some sort of a spite against me, for every single time, both going and coming, he has chased me the whole length of the live-oak avenue—just as soon as we're out of Garda's sight; and I'm *so* afraid

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he'll reach down and nip my ankles, that I run. However, I don't mind it at all, *really*. And when I came up this last time I just thought the best thing I could do would be to try and get up something nice for Garda's supper; she's touched nothing since morning, and so much crying is dreadfully exhausting, of course. I'm right glad you've come; you'll be such a comfort to her; and now *I* will devote my time (I reckon it 'll take it all) to that Raquel, who certainly *is* the most tiresome. The only manner of means, Mrs. Harold, by which I can get what I want this evening is to keep going out to the kitchen and pretend to be merely looking in for a moment or two in a friendly sort of way, as though she were an old servant of my own, and talk about other matters, and then just allude to the supper at the end casually, as one may call it; by keeping this up an hour and a half *more* (I've already been out three times) I *may* get some faint approach to what I'm after. You see I'm only a Georgian, not a Spaniard! And to think of what poor little Mistress Thorne must have gone through with her—she, not even a Southerner! Oh dear! she must have suffered. But a good many of us have suffered," continued Betty, suddenly breaking down and bursting into tears. "I'm sure I don't know why I cry now, Mrs. Harold, any more than any other time; I'm ashamed of myself, really I am. But—sometimes—I—can not—help it!" And for a few moments the stout ruddy-faced woman sobbed bitterly. In truth she had suffered; she had seen her brothers, her husband's brothers, her young nephews, her own fortune and theirs, swept off by war, together with the hopes and beliefs which had been as real to her as life itself. She had never reasoned much or argued, but she had felt. The unchangeable sweetness of her disposition, which had kept her from growing bitter, had not been a sign of quick forgetfulness; poor Betty's heart ached often, and never, never forgot.

"I didn't think you could be so sympathetic, my dear," she said, naïvely, to Margaret, as she wiped her eyes. "Thank you; I can see now why Garda's so fond of you." She pressed Margaret's hand, kissed her, and, still shaken by her sudden emotion, went out for another encounter with Raquel.

Margaret found Garda on the bench at the landing. She looked pale and tired, and was glad to lay her head on her Northern friend's shoulder and tell her all her grief. It was a somewhat surprising sort of sorrow—she expressed it freely as usual; there was no manifestation of wounded pride in it, no anger that she had been so soon forgotten, or jealousy of the person whom Lucian had married; she seemed, indeed, scarcely to remember the person whom Lucian had married. All she remembered was that now she should probably not see him again, or soon again; and this was the cause of her tears—disappointment in the hope of having the pleasure, the entertainment, of his presence. For it all came back to that, her amusement, the rich share of enjoyment that had been taken from her; even Lucian himself she did not dwell upon save as he was associated with this, save as he could give her the delight of looking at him (she announced this as a delight), could amuse her with the versatility of his talk. "I have never seen any one half so beautiful"—"Nobody *ever* made me laugh so"—these two declarations she repeated over and over again; Margaret could have laughed herself had the grief which accompanied them been less real. But there was nothing feigned in the heavy eyes and the tears; the sobs which came every now and then, and which she could feel shaking the girl's whole frame, were reality itself.

She remained at East Angels two days. During this time, while she was very gentle with Garda, she did not try to "bring her to reason," as Winthrop had suggested. But she did try the method of simple listening, and found it very efficacious.

Garda, unrebuffed, unchilled, and frank as always, let out all her thoughts, all her feelings. She said some astonishing things—astonishing, that is, to her hearer; but then she had lived in unusual surroundings; she was herself an unusual girl. The end of it was that the unusual girl clung more closely than ever to her Northern friend, and that she soon became calmer, passive if not happy. Winthrop, coming down to East Angels on the second day, found her so, and took counsel with Margaret, after she had returned home, over the change; he expressed the opinion that very soon she would have forgotten all about it. In this he was mistaken; the days passed, and Garda remained in the same passive condition.

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She was gentle with every one; to Margaret and Winthrop she was affectionate. But in spite of her bloom—for her color came back as soon as the tears ceased—in spite of the rich youthfulness of her beauty, she had the appearance of a person who has stopped, who does not care, who has lost interest and lets the world go by. This could not make her look older. But it did give her a very different expression.

"A mourning child is worse than a mourning woman," said Winthrop to Margaret, emphatically. "It's unnatural."

"Garda isn't the child," she answered.

"Since when have you come to that conclusion?"

She hesitated. "I think, perhaps, I have not fully understood her. I don't know that I understand her even now." She looked at him as if he might, perhaps, give her some light.

"Oh, 'understand'—as if she were a sphinx, poor little girl! One thing is certain," he added, rather contradictorily: "if she loses her simplicity, she loses all her charm."

"Not all, I think."

"Yes, all to me."

"You can not understand what she found to admire in Lucian Spenser; that is what vexes you."

"I am not in the least vexed. She fancied her own fancy, her own imagination; that was all."

"Garda has very little imagination."

"How you dislike her!" said Winthrop, looking straight into her eyes.

To his surprise he almost thought he saw them falter. "On the contrary, I am already much attached to her," she answered, letting her glance drop; "I shall grow very fond of her, I see that. It was nothing against her to say that she has little imagination. If she had had more, would she have been so contented here? I think it has been very fortunate." She spoke with earnestness.

"Yes, she has certainly been contented," said Winthrop. "I like that."

"As to what you say about her losing her simplicity, I don't think she has lost it in the least. Why, what could be a greater evidence of it than the open way in which she has shown out to me, but more especially to you, all she has felt about Mr. Spenser?"

"Yes, to me—I should think so! I might have been her grandfather," responded Winthrop, flapping his hat with his gloves, which he had just discovered in some unremembered pocket.

There was a pause. "That will not last," said Margaret, gently.

He looked up. She had risen, and, for reply to his look, she gave him only a smile. Then she left the room.

In the mean time the dark De Torrez, lean and solemn, had haunted East Angels ever since Mrs. Thorne's death. Twice a day, with deep reverence for affliction, he came to inquire after Garda's health; twice a day, walking almost on tiptoe, he withdrew. His visits never exceeded ten minutes in length. So great was his respect that he never sat down. But underneath all this quietude the feelings, which Manuel had described as volcanic, were surging within. If they did not show on the surface, that was the misfortune (or advantage) of having a profound sense of dignity, and a yellow skin. Garda was now alone in the world, and she was in great trouble; like the other Gracias friends, De Torrez believed that all the grief, together with the recent change in her, had been caused by her mother's death—Margaret and Winthrop had at least succeeded in that. But even if all Gracias had known the truth, De Torrez would never have known it; he would never have known it because he would never have believed it. A De Torrez believed only what was credible, and such a tale about a Duero would be manifestly incredible. In the same way, he had never given the least credit to the story that Garda was going North—to New York. Why should Garda go North, to New York, any more than he, De Torrez, east, to Japan? No; what Garda needed now was not wild travelling about the world with promiscuous people, but Safeguards that were not promiscuous, Safeguards that should be embodied in a single and distinct Arm, a single and distinguished Name; in short, what he himself could give her—an Alliance; an Alliance suited to her Birth.

So when the visits of affliction had been all accomplished, he started one morning in his best attire, and his aunt's black boat, rowed by eight negroes, for Gracias-á-Dios, to ask permission from Reginald Kirby, surgeon, to "address," with reference to an Alliance, the Dueros' daughter.

The Giron fields, meanwhile, lay idle and empty behind him; he had swept them of every man.

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"Dear Ernesto," said his aunt, who, as a widow with six little children, was trying hard (for a Giron) to raise something on her plantation that year, "must you have them all? They are very much needed to-day, we are so behindhand with everything."

"My aunt, what is sugar compared with our name?"

Madam Giron immediately agreed that it was nothing, nothing.

"Look out, my aunt, as we start; that will be compensation," said Ernesto.

Madam Giron not only looked out, but she came down to the landing. She was a handsome woman still, though portly; she had dark eyes of a charming expression, and shining black hair elaborately braided. When she was dressed for a visit she had a waist. On ordinary occasions it lapped over the band more or less. She was good-nature itself, and now stood on the bank smiling, wearing a gown of rather shapeless aspect, which was, however, short enough to show a pair of very pretty Spanish feet incased in neat little black slippers. She had already forgotten the idle fields in her pride at the fine appearance of the rowers. "A good voyage!" she said.

The boat, with the eight negroes sitting close together, was low in the water as it started off. The stern seemed higher: any place where De Torrez was always seemed higher than surrounding levels, so impressive was his dignity, and elongated his throat.

Reaching Gracias, he landed at the water-steps of the plaza, and leaving the boat waiting below, went to the residence of the Kirbys—an old white house in a large garden. Dr. Reginald, for the moment, was out. De Torrez signified that he would return, and making his way with his stiff gait to one of the side streets, he walked up and down for twenty minutes, beguiling the time (as all his phrases for the interview were definitely arranged, and he did not wish to disturb them) by translating, or trying to, a sign which was nailed on a low coquina house near.

CHRISTOBAL REY,
TONSORIAL ARTIST.
N.B.—CLEAN TOWELS. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Having thus employed the proper interval (and still at "Tonsorial" in his attempted translation), he returned to the Kirby homestead.

The Doctor was now in, and received him courteously. De Torrez, standing in the centre of the room, hat in hand, his feet drawn together at the heels, made (after three opening sentences of ceremony which he had constructed with care at home) his formal demand.

The Doctor had always got on very well with De Torrez by replying to him in English: any chance remark would do. De Torrez listened to the remark with respect, understanding no more of it than the Doctor had understood of the Spanish sentence which had preceded it. Then, after due pause, the Cuban would say something more in his own tongue. And the Doctor would again reply in English. In this way they had had, when they happened to meet, quite long conversations, which appeared to be satisfactory to both. The Doctor now reverted to his method; the boy had evidently come to pay him a visit of ceremony in acknowledgment of several invitations; he would not probably stay long. So, in answer to De Torrez's request for permission to "address" Garda, with reference to an "Alliance," he replied that on the whole he thought the oranges would be good this year, though—and here followed a little disquisition on the effects respectively of wet and dry seasons, to which De Torrez listened with gravity unmoved. He then advanced to his second position: he hoped the Doctor, as guardian, cherished no personal objections to his suit; this was the courtesy of ceremony on his part, of course; the Doctor naturally could cherish no objection.

The Doctor replied that he had never cared much for mandarins; for his own part, he preferred the larger kinds. However, that was a matter of taste—each one to his own; he believed in letting everybody have what he liked. And, having the third time pushed a chair in vain toward his visitor, he waived further ceremony and seated himself; he had already been kept standing unconscionably long.

De Torrez, who had understood at least the gesture, responded with deference, pointing out that to be seated would not accord with his present position as most humble of suitors for the Doctor's favor.

And then the Doctor responded that, to

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please his mother, he had planted a few mandarins after all.

So they went on. The Doctor thought his visitor would never go. From his comfortable chair he watched him standing in his fixed attitude, producing his Spanish phrases, one after the other, with grave regularity, whenever there was a pause. Finally the Doctor, who had a gleam of fun in him, folded his arms and recited to him about two hundred lines from "The Rape of the Lock," which was one of his favorite poems; he emphasized the parts which he liked, and even gesticulated a little as he went on, not hurrying at all, but finishing the whole in round full tones, with excellent taste and elocution. "There!" he said to himself; "let us see how he likes that."

But De Torrez, apparently, liked it as well as anything else. He listened to the whole without change of expression. And then, after the proper pause, brought out another of his remarks. The Doctor glanced at the clock; the visitor had been there over an hour. "Look here, De Torrez, what *is* it you are talking about?" he said, convinced at last that the Cuban had really something to say, and that their usual tactics would not do this time. He had understood not a word of the long Spanish sentences, for Garda's name, which might have thrown some light upon them, had been scrupulously left unspoken by this punctilious suitor, who had used the third person throughout, alluding to her solely as the descendant of her ancestors, and, as such, a "consort" who would be accepted by his own.

De Torrez watched while the Doctor walked about the room, as if trying to think of something which should act as interpreter; he paused at pen and paper on the writing-table; but written Spanish was no clearer to him than spoken. At last, with a sudden inspiration, he took down a dictionary. "Here," he said, "find the words you want." And he thrust the Spanish half upon the grave young man.

But De Torrez recoiled; he could not possibly make a "school exercise," he declared, of his most sacred aspirations.

The Doctor, exasperated, pried the words out of him one by one, and then himself, with spectacles on, looked them out, or tried to, in the dictionary. But progress was slow; De Torrez's sentences contained much circumlocution, and he would not give the infinitives of his verbs when the Doctor asked for them, considering it beneath his dignity to lend himself in any way to such a childish performance. At length, after much effort, suddenly the Doctor got at his meaning. "You ridiculous idiot!" he said, throwing the dictionary down with a slam (for he had had to work hard, and the print was fine), "you make 'an Alliance,' indeed! Alliance! Why, you're two years under age yourself, and haven't done growing yet, not to speak of your having nothing in the world to offer a wife that I know of—except your impudence, which is colossal, I grant! Go home and play with your top. When you're a man, you can come back and talk of it—if you like. At present face about; go home and play with your top!"

De Torrez, of course, could not comprehend these injunctions. But he could comprehend the Doctor's opening the door for him; and, with respect unbroken, he formally took leave. He walked down the side street, and looked mechanically at the sign again. But he could not translate it any more than he could the Doctor's last sentence, whose words he carried carefully in his memory. He went back to his boat, and was rowed in state again down the shining water.

"My aunt," he said, when he had arrived, drawing Madam Giron apart from the many small Girons who encompassed her, "what is 'Co—ome—oonplay—weetyer—torp'?"

But Madam Giron could not tell him; her English was not imaginative enough to enable her to comprehend her nephew's pronunciations. De Torrez decided that he would go and ask Manuel; and rowed himself across to Patricio for the purpose. This not being a state occasion, it was allowable to use the oars.

"Manuel, what is 'Co—ome—oonplay—weetyer—torp'?" he said, appearing on the piazza of Manuel's room, which formed one of the wings of the rambling old house, and had an outside door of its own.

But Manuel was in a desperate humor; he was putting on his hat, then dragging it off again, and rushing up and down the room with a rapid step; he glared at his friend, but would not reply.

"I asked you, Manuel, what is 'Co—ome—oonplay—weetyer—torp'?" repeated De Torrez. "It is what the Gracias-á-Dios doctor said to me, as answer, when (after very long stupidity on his part; I can say it to you, Manuel—unutterably

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long) he at last comprehended that I was requesting his permission to address the Señorita Duero. Naturally, as you will now understand, I wish a careful translation."

Manuel laughed bitterly. "So you've got it too! But *I* went to the girl herself, as you would have done if you hadn't been such a ninny; but you're always a ninny. What do you suppose she said to me—yes, Garda herself?" he went on, furiously, dropping, in the recital of his wrongs, even the pleasure of abusing his friend. "Here I only went to her because she is so alone now, so unhappy; it was pure compassion on my part. I made sacrifices, *sacrifices*, I tell you, and poignant ones! I intended to see the world first. Am I not in the flower of my youth—I ask you that? Am I not keenly pleasing? But—everybody knows! Well, was she grateful? I leave you to judge! She deliberately said—yes, in so many words—that she had never cared for me, when the whole world knows she has cared to distraction, to frenzy. And she had the effrontery to add that the only person she cared for—and for him she cared 'day and night'—was that—that—" In his rage Manuel could not speak the name, but he seized a great knife with a sharp edge, and cut straight through a thick book which was lying on the table. "There!" he cried, throwing the severed leaves in handfuls about the room, "that is how I will serve him—Spenser-r-r-r! Let him come on! On!" And he continued to dance about and throw the papers wildly.

De Torrez was shocked. Not at the sight of his friend displaying his vengeance in that saltatory fashion—for Manuel's mode of progression at present was plain hopping, neither more nor less; he had long considered Manuel hopelessly undignified. His shock came from the idea of a Señorita Duero having been spoken to on such a subject, spoken to directly! Of course she had rejected Manuel (it would always be of course that she should reject Manuel), but the idea of her having been forced to do so by word of mouth—being deprived of the delicate privilege of expressing herself through her proper guardian! As to the story that she was thinking of some one else, day and night, he paid no heed to it; that was plainly Manuel's fiction. No one could for a moment believe that the Señorita thought of any one long after sunset—say half past seven or eight; anything more would be clearly improper.

"If you had given the subject a deeper consideration, Manuel—" he began.

But Manuel was still engaged with the book; he was now slicing the cover. "Spenser-r-r-r-r!"

De Torrez went toward him, and put out his forefinger with an impressive gesture. "I say if you had given the subject a deeper consideration, Manuel—"

"Scat!" said Manuel.

"What?" said the Cuban.

"Scat! scat! You're no better than an old tabby."

De Torrez looked at him solemnly. Then after a moment he put up his finger again. "It was *not* the proper course, Manuel," he began, a third time. "If you had given—"

"Oh, *go* to the devil!" cried Manuel, with a sort of howl, leaping toward him with the knife.

De Torrez thought he had better go.

He was not in the least afraid of Manuel: De Torrez had never been afraid in his life. But Manuel was a little excited (he had the bad habit of excitement); it was, perhaps, better to leave him to himself for a while. So he went back to the mainland plantation, and meditated upon the Doctor's words. They remained mysterious, and the next day he made another progress up the Espiritu to Gracias, having decided to intrust his secret to the good rector of St. Philip and St. James, and profit by his knowledge of both languages.

The Reverend Mr. Moore was not only good, but he had not been troubled by nature with too large an endowment of humor—often an inconvenient possession. He listened to his visitor's story and the quoted sentence with gravity; then, after a moment's meditation, he put his long hands together, the tip of each delicately finished finger accurately meeting its mate, and made a discreet translation as follows: "You are still young; it would be better, perhaps, to remain at home until you are somewhat older." "Somewhat" was Mr. Moore's favorite word; everything with him was somewhat so; nothing (save wickedness) entirely so. In this way he escaped rashness. Certainly Reginald Kirby had put no "somewhat" of any sort in his answer to De Torrez. But Mr. Moore was of the opinion that he intended to do so (being pre-

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vented, probably, by rashness), and so gave the Cuban the benefit of the doubt.

De Torrez reflected upon the translation: he had accepted a chair this time, but sat hat in hand, his heels drawn together as before. "With your favor, sir," he said at last, raising his eyes and making the clergyman a little bow, "this seems to me hardly an acceptance?"

"Hardly, I think," replied the clergyman, with moderation.

"At the same time, it is not a rejection. As I understand it, I am advised—for the present at least—simply to wait?" And he looked at the clergyman inquiringly.

"Exactly—very simple—to wait," assented Mr. Moore.

The Cuban rose, and made ceremonious acknowledgments.

"You return?" asked the clergyman, affably.

"I return."

"There is, no doubt, much to interest you on the plantation," remarked Mr. Moore, in a general way.

"What there is could be put upon the point of the finest lance known to history, and balanced there," replied De Torrez, with a dull glance of his dull dark eyes.

"I fear that young man has a somewhat gloomy disposition," thought the clergyman, when left alone.

De Torrez went down the lagoon again, and began to wait.

THE STORY OF THE "AMERICA."

AT this season of the year, when the yachting fleet is about being put in commission, and in view of the fact that the English yachtsmen have built a cutter of great claimed speed, which is coming over here to make good a challenge to the New York Yacht Club for a trial of speed for that marine trophy known as the "Queen's Cup," it may interest our readers to know the history of the famed yacht *America*, and the manner in which that cup was won, as well as the subsequent career of the famous craft that won it, whose owner has now asked to be allowed to enter the race to retain it, lest the English sloop should, by any misfortune of her American competitors, be able to win it away from this country.

Prior to 1851 the English yachts were believed to be, and were on the Eastern continent, the fastest vessels in the world. In 1850 Mr. George Steers, who had already built from his own designs several boats that had shown considerable capabilities as to speed built the yacht which he named the *America* for Commodore Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club.

In 1851, at the time that the first "World's Fair," as such international exhibitions were then called, was held in England, under the patronage and supervision of the Prince Consort, Commodore Stevens sailed in the *America* for Havre, where he arrived after an exceedingly quick passage, although careful not to carry too much sail lest he might strain his yacht. On her arrival at Havre she was thoroughly refitted, and sailed for Portsmouth, where she was docked and cleaned of the barnacles and weeds which during the voyage had attached to her. On the 22d of August a race, open to the yachts of all nations, took place, which is described in the following language by the correspondent of the London *Times*:

"COWES, *Friday*, 10.30 P.M.

"The £100 cup for all nations was run for to-day, and after a most exciting contest was won by the *America*, which beat all her competitors with the greatest ease. The day was fine, and at starting there was not much wind. Eighteen vessels entered for the cruise, and went off beautifully at ten o'clock. At the Nab the *America* shot ahead, and at the Needles was seven or eight miles ahead of the nearest yacht.

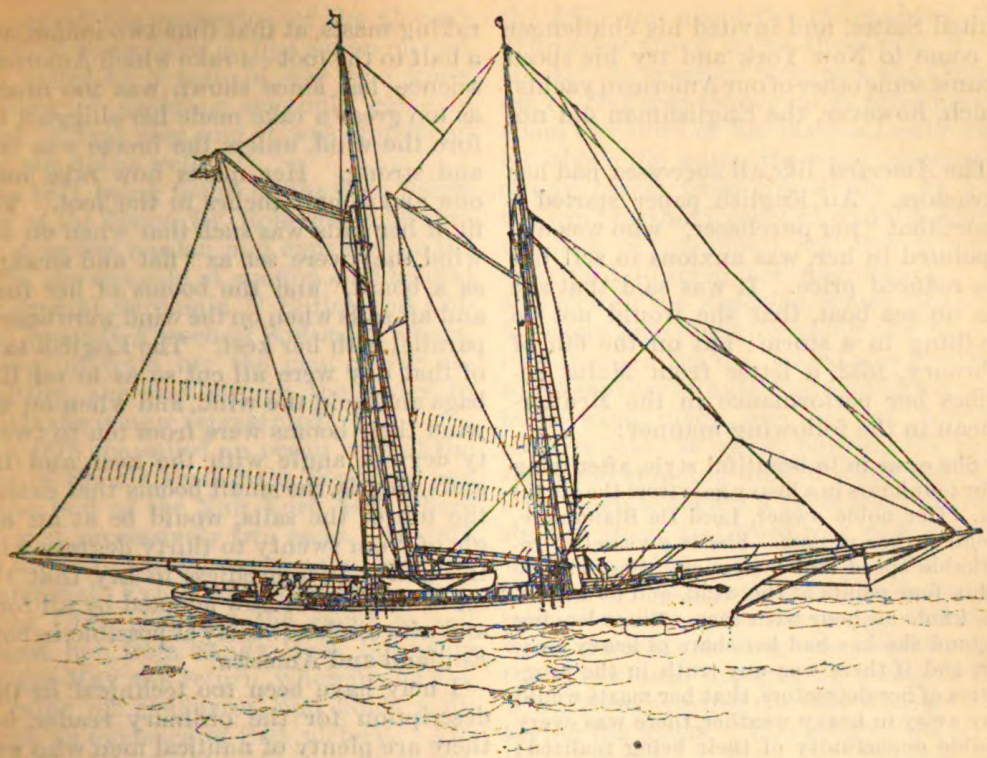
"The Queen went off to the Needles to see the race, and the royal steamer ran part of the way home with the *America*. She rounded the Needles at eight minutes to six o'clock. The *America* was loudly cheered by all ashore and afloat."

Perhaps the description given on the same day by two old sea-dogs will best describe her performances:

"D'ye see that 'ere steamer? I'm blest if the Yankee don't beat her out of sight around the island!"

And the signal-master of the club-house said to a gentleman who asked for information as to whether the yachts would not catch her when they came to beat to windward, "Pshaw, sir! catch her? you might as well set a bull-dog to catch a hare."

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THE YACHT "AMERICA."

In the *Illustrated London Journal*, a few days after, appeared a cartoon which showed the interior of the cabin of a royal yacht, with the Queen at lunch, waiting the return off the Needles of the yachts. Her Majesty says, "Signal-master, are the yachts in sight?"

"Yes, may it please your Majesty."

"Which is first?"

"The *America*."

"Which is second?"

"Ah, your Majesty, there is no second!"

The Queen's Cup was hers.

An objection was made that Commodore Stevens varied a little from the prescribed course; but his explanation to that, which was accepted, was that his variation gave him a longer sail than the rest of the yachts had.

Another cup, valued at one hundred pounds, given by the Queen, to be sailed for by the yachts of all nations, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, was to be sailed for on the 25th of August. Commodore Stevens declined to start, owing to the almost entire absence of wind on the day appointed. This determination of the Commodore was the subject of the following doggerel, written by one of his foremast hands:

"Says he, 'My noble lord,
I ask one favor, if you please:
Do not start me to race, my lord,
Unless it blows a breeze;
A *six-knot breeze* at least, my lord,
Or else it is no test,
Unless to show, not which can sail,
But which can *drift* the best.'"

The *America* having, however, a cruising party on board, subsequently got under way, and beat the whole fleet by upward of an hour, not, however, winning the cup, because she had formally withdrawn from the race.

R. Stephenson, M.P., challenged her for a race on the 28th of August, forty miles out and in, in competition with the *Titania*, an English iron schooner. They started at eleven o'clock, steering southeast, with a strong wind from the northwest, and at five o'clock the *America* returned in sight from Portsmouth, when about ten miles outside of the Nab, but nothing could be seen of the *Titania* at that time.

Commodore Stevens sold his yacht to Lord De Blanquiere. Before she sailed, another English gentleman challenged her to race, which Commodore Stevens declined, being anxious to come to the

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United States, and invited his challenger to come to New York and try his speed against some other of our American yachts, which, however, the Englishman did not do.

The *America*, like all successes, had her detractors. An English paper started a report that "her purchaser," who was disappointed in her, was anxious to sell her at a reduced price. It was said that she was no sea boat, that she would not do anything in a storm; but on the 6th of February, 1852, a letter from Malta describes her performance in the Mediterranean in the following manner:

"She came in in beautiful style, after lying to for four hours in a heavy gale from the northeast. Her noble owner, Lord De Blanquiere, is loud in her praises. She is a vessel of remarkable speed and buoyancy. She will lie within four points of the wind, and do her fifteen knots an hour with ease. Since leaving England she has had her share of heavy weather, and if there was any truth in the prognostics of her detractors, that her masts would carry away in heavy weather, there was every possible opportunity of their being realized; but the pretty craft nobly did her duty, doing her fourteen knots for a whole night, and running with her jib set, and setting all bad weather at defiance."

We present on page 305 a copy of an instantaneous photograph of the vessel as she appeared under full sail in Massachusetts Bay in 1883. While at Cowes she had no topsails; she now has very large fore and aft topmasts, and a flying-jib-boom, with jib and flying-jib and jib-topsails. She is faster now than in 1851, and can be easily worked within three and one-half points of the wind now instead of four then.

The question that will spring to everybody's lips is, what were the differences between her and the English yachts, the result of American science and skill, which gave her this immense superiority?

The principal ones can be easily stated:

First, the model of her hull, a sharp prow with slightly concave bows, parting the water substantially at the fore-rigging, and leaving it without pressure by her retreating and beautifully moulded run, while the English yacht had convex bows and a straighter run.

Second, her draught, she cutting the water forward at about five feet submergence of her keel, a draught of about twelve feet at her centre, and eleven at her stern.

Third, the cut and set of her sails and raking masts, at that time two inches and a half to the foot—a rake which American science has since shown was too much, as too great a rake made her sluggish before the wind, unless the breeze was free and strong. Her masts now rake only one and a half inches to the foot. The fit of her sails was such that when on the wind they were set as "flat and straight as a board," and the booms of her fore-and-aft sails when on the wind were nearly parallel with her keel. The English sails of that day were all cut so as to set like bags and hold the wind, and when on the wind their booms were from ten to twenty degrees angle with the keel, and the gaffs, that is, the small booms that extend the top of the sails, would be at an angle of from twenty to thirty degrees with the keel. It is needless to say that the set of her sails is now adopted by all fore-and-aft vessels as nearly as possible, in both England and America.

I may have been too technical in this description for the ordinary reader, but there are plenty of nautical men who will be obliged for the description.

The subsequent history of the *America* has almost been a romance. Her English owners altered her rig somewhat, cut down her masts, and used her for cruising until 1861, when her name was changed to the *Camilla*, when, deeming her the fastest vessel in the world, an American gentleman, who was then living in the South, and who has every qualification now to represent his country abroad, purchased her as a Confederate cruiser, put on her a heavy gun, and named her the *Memphis;* but he soon found his mistake, for although with a good wind she could beat most of the steamers even yet, without wind she was no match for the slowest tub of the Northern blockading fleet. Thereupon he took her up the St. John's River, Florida, and sank her in the mud for safety, where she remained for several months, until she was dug out and sent by the American frigate *Wabash* to New York, whence she was taken to Annapolis and refitted, and nominally used as a training schooner for the cadets at the naval academy. Her actual use, however, was a pleasure yacht for the officers.

Afterward Admiral Porter had her brought to New York and refitted, at an expense of some twenty-five thousand dollars, to sail in the race against the *Livonia*, an English yacht which came over here

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to contest the possession of the Queen's Cup, but being fitted up like a man-of-war, and sailed by a man of war who knew nothing of yachting, she only came in third in that race, and it was wonderful that she did as well.

In 1871, being found by the then Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Robeson, to be simply a useless burden and expense for the navy, she was sold at auction, and bought by General Benjamin F. Butler and Colonel Jonas H. French, of Boston, by whom, taking off from her the man-of-war absurdities, she was put in the order in which she is now represented.

In 1875 she sailed an ocean race at the Isles of Shoals against the *Resolute*, one of the best of the New York fleet, where she won successively two races. In 1876 she sailed in the international race of the Centennial Exhibition, the New York Yacht Club selecting the yacht to sail against her, from Sandy Hook light-ship to Cape May and return, wherein she easily came off conqueror, and holds a diploma as evidence of that victory. Afterward, when the Canadian yacht *Countess of Dufferin* came here to contest the cup, the *America*, not belonging to the New York Yacht Club, was not allowed to take part in the race, but being not in racing, but in cruising trim, with ladies on board, she crossed the line after both boats, and beat them in a twenty-mile stretch to windward, since which time she has been cruising with her owners generally upon the Northern coast, up as far as the northeastern coast of Newfoundland, and thence over to the coast of Labrador and the Magdalen Islands.

The *America* in 1878 was entered in a race for the Bennett Cup, from the Sandy Hook light-ship, off New York Harbor, down Long Island Sound, around Brenton's Reef, off Newport, and return. There were also entered for the race the *Idler*, the *Wanderer*, the *Tidal Wave*, and the *Countess of Dufferin*.

The race was sailed with varying fortunes until on the return, near Fire Island, when the *America* was in rough water, which is the best condition for her sailing, and a heavy wind, and when her sail was shortened to her lower sails only, an accident happened which put her out of the race, and was thus described in her log:

"After passing the point the wind freshened again, and at 4.40 o'clock, when the *America* reached Shinnecock Light, the *Idler* was about five miles ahead, the *Wanderer* three miles, the *Tidal Wave* abreast the weather bow, and the *Countess of Dufferin* twelve miles astern, with about one-third of her mainsail only visible above the water, the wind blowing a strong breeze from the south. At 5.25 the wind further freshened, and the *America* took in foretopsail, and five minutes afterward lowered her maintopsail. At 6.35 o'clock the *America*, which had been for some time plunging along at a fearful rate through the sea, which was growing rougher every minute, and against a strong head-wind, made one or two terrible plunges into the water, burying her bowsprit, and shipping tons of water over her bow, when suddenly a twist was felt from stem to stern, and word was passed backward from the man at the watch that the bobstay had parted, and in a minute more the jibstay also was gone. All sails were lowered as soon as possible, and the ship's head brought up sharp in the wind, thus averting further disaster and saving the masts. This decided the question of the race so far as the *America* was concerned. When the accident occurred she was about half a mile ahead of the *Tidal Wave*, was rapidly hauling up on the *Wanderer*, and was preparing to go after the *Idler*, with at least an even chance of a successful contest with her for first place."

To the unnautical reader the phrase that "the bobstay had parted" may convey but little idea. The bobstay is attached to the prow, and sustains the bowsprit, and holds all the stays of the masts, by which they are kept in place. It was a piece of solid iron about five inches wide and three quarters of an inch thick. It was only the most thorough seamanship of her sailing-master, and the fact that the masts would substantially support themselves even in a gale of wind, which was blowing at that time, that prevented her being a total wreck.

It is a curious fact that the old bobstay, which had been put in in England, and which had held in every extremity of storm and wave in many races, so that she always rode in safety, had become somewhat rusted; and as a precaution in fitting her for the race had been removed, and a new one considerably heavier had been substituted, the work of a New York mechanic. The iron proved to be worthless, and gave way under a quarter of the pressure to which the old one had been

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subjected. After the *America* reached New York the old bobstay was put back, and remains there even to this day.

Such are the incidents which very often —much too often—make or mar the results of a race.

In the spring of 1881 she took a cruise to the West Indies, and there encountered a very severe storm and heavy seas, through which she ran, under a double-reefed foresail only, fifty-two miles in four hours, between twelve o'clock at night and four in the morning.

It being now thirty-five years since she was built, her owners have such confidence in her that they have made a standing offer for years to sail, under the rules of the New York Yacht Club, with a six-knot breeze or over, twenty miles to windward and back, against any sailing yacht that chooses to accept the challenge.

It will be seen from her eventful history that the superiority of American sailing vessels is fully established beyond all cavil or question. The taste of yachting gentlemen now turns toward steam-yachts, and it is to be hoped that the genius of the American builder and the craft of the American mechanic will soon produce some steam vessel which shall maintain a like supremacy in that branch of the American marine.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ONE of the pleasantest events of the month was the public reading by American authors of passages from their own works, for the benefit of the American Copyright League. The readings took place at the Madison Square Theatre, and a committee of ladies had interested themselves actively in the success of the enterprise, of which Mr. Lathrop, the secretary of the League, was the efficient agent. The pretty theatre was crowded with friendly and appreciative listeners, and when the curtain rose at about four o'clock in the afternoon, a group of authors was disclosed upon the stage with whose works the audience was familiar, but whom personally it had not seen. Those who remember the evening at Steinway Hall, seventeen years ago, when Dickens was to begin his readings, can understand the kind of feeling with which eager eyes in the theatre searched the little crowd upon the stage to detect by sympathy the poet, or the story-teller, or the humorist, who, although unknown, was one of the most intimate of friends.

The Dickens evenings were very delightful at the time, but they are a little tragical in remembrance, because the excitement and exposure and the labor of the readings undoubtedly shortened the life of the reader. What this excitement was can be seen in Forster's *Life of Dickens*, and, indeed, on the farewell evening in America the fatal trouble, which showed itself at that time in the foot, was so serious that he could scarcely walk without assistance. As the worn and weary man stood there and made his last touching speech face to face with his American friends, some of them could go back in memory to his first coming to America twenty-five years before, in the bloom of his youth and his fame, when the whole country "rose at him," and he pleaded earnestly for the same cause which the American authors are now trying to promote—an international copyright. The afternoon at the Madison Square Theatre naturally recalled Dickens's early plea and his later readings, and the interest and fascination of the sight of a great and famous author.

A universal impression at the readings was that of the complete self-possession and admirable elocution of the gentlemen who took part. If they had been used personally to confront an audience every day they could not have been more at ease. Every reader had selected some characteristic passage of his works, and read or recited it simply and effectively, closely followed by the sympathetic throng of listeners, to whom henceforth the page of each of the writers will have a new charm, and before whose eyes, as they read, the vision of those afternoons will arise, and the printed word will seem to be spoken by the remembered voice. There were two afternoons of this pleasant entertainment, each of which was entirely successful, and the treasury of the League was filled full for the time.

The especial purpose was the support of an agitation to interest public opinion in the subject of international copyright, and to stimulate a demand that, as the foreign author—in the words of Mr. Evarts's witticism at the famous Dickens dinner in Boston in 1843—wears laurels upon his brows, he shall be enabled by our laws to browse upon his laurels. The subject, therefore, is not new, and it can not be said truly that there is a very general or deep interest in it. But that is due partly to the fact that its merits have not been persistently and adequately presented, and partly undoubtedly to the public conviction that justice to the author is secured by the laws of his own country; that any foreign recognition of his rights as an author is a courtesy, and that such courtesy will not make books more abundant or cheap. It is undoubtedly the feeling

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which arises from these considerations which explains the want of general and popular support for Mr. Clay's report nearly fifty years ago; for the movement of the Copyright Association a few years later, for which Cornelius Mathews wrote the address; for Mr. Everett's effort as Secretary of State in 1853; for Mr. Baldwin's bill in Congress in 1868, and other bills; and which led to acquiescence in Mr. Morrill's adverse report in 1873.

The most promising endeavor was that of the treaty suggested in 1878, which had the support of the great body of American and English authors and American publishers, and which, under instructions from the State Department, was submitted by the American Minister in London to the British government. Mr. Dorsheimer introduced a bill in Congress in 1883, but it was smothered. Senator Hawley introduced one at the late session, and it is that bill which the League supports. Its principle is reciprocity. It gives to the foreign author in this country the rights which the laws of his country grant to the American author.

The question has made serious progress in one essential point. The assertion of the absolute and original right of the author to an interest in every copy of his book, wherever issued—whether the right be admitted or denied—is waived, and the demand is that such limited right as the law of one country protects shall be acknowledged and protected in another, whenever the right in the one country is conceded to citizens of the other. This is, in fact, accepting the indisputable fact that the law, in England and America at least, regards copyright, not as the right of a proprietor, but as a bounty to the producer.

The strength of the copyright movement, however, lies in the general consciousness of a natural equity in the claim of the author to the advantage of his literary work within the realm of the language in which he writes, and as the literary guild in the United States constantly adds illustrious names to its roll, the distinctive literary interest of the country is becoming more and more important and powerful, and it will assert its demands more imperatively, and with increasing success.

In the absence of an international provision, an arrangement of courtesy had arisen among publishers by which a most welcome remuneration was secured to the foreign author. But as that courtesy has been made impossible to its former extent by the cheap and rival republication of every foreign work of importance, the interests both of the American and of the foreign author are seriously involved. Justice to one has become a question of justice to the other, as the League hopes to make clear to the American public.

THE unveiling of the Poe memorial in the Metropolitan Museum of Art closely following the issue of Mr. Woodberry's *Life of Poe* and Professor Beers's *Life of Willis* recalls the literary epoch of forty years ago, when Poe and Willis were the two most current literary names in the country. Longfellow was rapidly rising to his place, but his name was less familiar to the general public. Hawthorne was writing and publishing the *Mosses from an Old Manse*, but his audience was not large. Emerson had spoken his famous addresses, and had published *Nature* and the two series of Essays; Lowell's first two volumes were issued, and Holmes's Phi Beta Kappa poem and his earlier volume, and Whittier's burning antislavery lyrics, were familiar. The men who compose the first distinctive American literary group were already writing and publishing. But they were the solid reserves, while the skirmishers in front, dashing, brilliant, glancing, catching the eye and the cheer, were Willis and Poe.

Professor Beers's *Life of Willis* is a glimpse of personal character and of a literary situation well worth heeding. It is a difficult task executed with singular felicity. To treat Willis sympathetically and truly, to draw him as he was, and yet to leave the kindly impression which the story of his life ought to leave, to paint the man whom Bryant's lines upon quite another theme always recall—

> "And floated up and down the butterfly,
> That seemed a living blossom of the air"—

this was a task which was sure to test the capacity of the artist, and the biographer of Willis has fully satisfied the test. With a delicacy of touch which Willis's own did not surpass, he has sketched airily the airy *littérateur*, the good-hearted *flâneur* of letters, to whose sparkling and humming-bird career of youth, sipping at every honeyed flower, the hard necessity of literary toil succeeded in which the old gayety was still the condition of success, when gayety had ceased to be spontaneous, and the jaded veteran of the flippant vein of quip and phrase and conceit might well have cried with the weary jester, "Alas! I am Harlequin."

Willis's secret was tact, a pleasant audacity, genuine sympathy, quick apprehension, a natural love of things tasteful, agreeable, and beautiful, but within the limits of the general and popular range. Undoubtedly there was some impression of the coxcomb, of the adventurer, of the man who lives by his wits, as he passed. When he was a handsome and interesting figure in the proudest English society, he was living upon the uncertain and slender pittance of remuneration for the newspaper letters which described it. But even then it was not the foreign Continental adventurer as we see him in the English novel. There was always the good heart, and the kind intent, and under all the frivolity, and what he might have called this-worldliness of his life, there was still the basis of the New England Puritan.

Even his Scriptural poems, those early performances in which the severe sacred story

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was steeped in a thin sentimentalism and a melodramatic and theatrical Orientalism, show the strength of the early influence of his life, which, despite his wide swerving from its traditions and its forms and spirit, was still tenacious to the end. Of course there was no asceticism in his life, and plenty of self-indulgence, but in all our literary history there is nothing more striking than his persistence in his work, when you consider the character of the work, through all the decline and ghastly sickness of the later day.

To all his younger brothers and sisters in literature thirty years ago Willis was most generous and gentle. In his manner toward them there was no sense of intrusion upon his domain, no jealous resentment of a dash at his laurels, and he was faithful at the older shrines. He welcomed Lowell like a prince royal, he honored Emerson, and he burned perpetual incense to Irving and Bryant. Doubtless he lived from day to day,—from hand to mouth: all was grist that came to his relentless mill. "Into paint will I grind thee, my bride," was the legend of his literary life, and at last the creaking of the wheels and the clicking of the cogs were painful to hear. With Willis, as with every man, it is useless to consider what might have been. If this force had been stronger, or that quality weaker—had he been the child of riches, had he been deformed—but if he had been another man, he would not have been Willis. There might have been a greater genius, an austerer character, but there was a man who is remembered kindly, and no one who reads this memoir will wonder why.

Poe was personally much less attractive than Willis, and Mr. Woodberry's life of him is probably as accurate a presentation as could be made. Like every unrestrained life, it was very unhappy; and it was a career in which nobody can measure the power of resistance, nor know how much was resisted. His biographer estimates his genius highly, but we are of those who, owning the extreme cleverness of some of his work, do not find in it the qualities of great and permanent poetry. There is undoubtedly a certain spell in his mystic landscapes and names, and sometimes a penetrating melody. But it is a genius which his own title for one of his books best describes—a genius of the grotesque and arabesque.

The unveiling of the memorial was made interesting by the speeches of Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Booth, the oration of Mr. Alger and the poem of Mr. Winter, and the unveiling by Mr. John Gilbert. It was a tribute, Mr. Booth said, of the American stage to American literature, the parents of Poe having been actors. The natural theme of poet and orator was the unhappiness of genius. But one of the chief distinctions of the literary epoch which followed immediately that of Willis and Poe, as of the greatest literary names in their own time, was the union of admirable character with genius. The larger names in our literature are distinctly illustrations of what Charles Lamb called the sanity of true genius. We may be as proud of such authors as men and citizens as we are of their literary eminence. It will be a happy day which sees the statues of those masters in Central Park who teach, as Milton taught, that the highest literary achievement is compatible with the loftiest character and the most faithful discharge of every duty.

THE attention of this country is often called to the isthmus of Panama, and recently the troubles in that region, and the designs of Barrios, the President of Guatemala, which were brought to an end by his sudden death on the battle-field, had excited a great deal of interest. But the general impression of the isthmian states is not such as to lead us to expect to find in any of them a lofty standard of courtesy and refined manners. Yet a correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* describes with great warmth the polite behavior of the "Costa Rica lady or gentleman." He opens his theme with an assertion which can only surprise those who are accustomed to think of the people of the isthmus as an indolent, ignorant, tropical lazzaroni, basking in the sun, eating bananas, half clad, and good-natured semi-barbarians.

They are as intelligent, says this writer, speaking of the Costa Ricans, as enterprising and cultivated, as our own people—presumably the natives of California—and can surpass our best society in the knowledge of languages, in grace of deportment, and equal it in musical and other accomplishments. Not only have they keener perceptions than we, but they "are blessed with a remarkable 'gift of gab.'" He warms as he proceeds, and declares that no Costa Rican gentleman or lady is ever embarrassed, that they always know how to do and say the proper thing; and while their courtesy and good manners are said to be only skin-deep, they are the most charming of companions, the most generous of hosts, and the most polite of gentlemen. The Costa Ricans evidently put our own best society and Mayfair to the blush; and the same grace and charm distinguish both gentle and simple in that enchanted land. There is no reservation in the lyric strain of its laureate.

No laborer, he says, ever passes a lady without lifting his hat, and he always touches it when a gentleman passes. If men are digging a cellar or mending a road, although only half clothed, they respectfully salute the lady who appears; and in the rural regions nobody meets you without a benediction—"May God prosper the object of your journey!" "May Heaven smile upon your errand!" "May God be good to you!" The devotion to the sex is unequalled. If you enter a shop with a lady, everybody uncovers and salutes. In the streets they stand aside for the stranger and make way. In the office of the hotel, in the barber's shop, in the restaurant, in any public place, when the

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stranger appears, the Costa Rican can not restrain his courtesy, and his nimble tongue showers him with blessings. Costa Rica, then, must be the land of calm delights, of soft airs, and no work and endless play, which every age has sought, and which, indeed, certain Spanish enthusiasts have believed that they approached in Central America.

A little deeper scrutiny, however, leaves something to be desired. Without obliterating a single tint in this pretty picture, the faithful artist adds a few shades. Thus it appears that the simple peasant, who cries God bless you! with such fervent courtesy that he seems to you the veritable Elvino of actual life, the Arcadian peasant without fear and without reproach, "will swindle you out of your teeth if he gets a chance," cares no more for you than for the flea in the grass, and not caring whether you arrive anywhere or not, will undoubtedly deceive you if you ask for information upon your journey. And once more the vivacious witness says that in all this profuse and charming Costa Rican courtesy there is not a particle of sincerity; that the object and end in the Spanish ethical code of the isthmus is to get on with as little effort and as much swindling as possible, but that the Arcadians must be praised for cheating you in the most polite and agreeable manner possible.

His little sketch, however, and his evident tenderness for the polite and lazy swindlers, illustrate the truth which so many excellent persons find it difficult to believe, that the most delightful manners are compatible with utter want of principle, and that a scoundrel may have the courtesy of a gentleman. The utmost urbanity, grace, and charm of address may characterize the worst of men. In other words, it is character, not manner, that makes the *gentleman*. Yet as we instinctively associate fine manners with fine character, we naturally conceive a true gentleman as of noble *bearing*, and of "a flowing courtesy," as Clarendon said of Hampden.

The term gentlemanly manners, therefore, implies the manners that naturally become a gentleman, but which, however, many a gentleman does not possess. They are the manners which cause the most ignorant and vulgar to exclaim, "He is a perfect gentleman!" —manners such as tradition ascribes to Dick Turpin and other gentlemen of the road. But how little the mere manner can be trusted, the Costa Ricans, as our author describes them, show. The isthmian peasant "recognizes a beautiful custom when he says 'God bless you!'" He certainly invokes no blessing, and were his benediction reversed, he would be entirely content. We do not agree with the author that it is more agreeable to be swindled politely. Counterfeit courtesy, when you detect it, is like all other counterfeit. Lovelace may have manners as fair and fascinating as Sidney's. But when once their hollowness is detected, they charm no more. The tears of Father Taylor in the pulpit might well melt a heart of stone. But the tears of the Reverend Lemuel Whey harden the heart.

THE interesting portrait of President Lincoln which was published in the April number of this Magazine has produced many personal reminiscences, some of them very slight, but all interesting. We can not have too many glimpses of the man who of all men in our history may perhaps be called especially a Providential man. When Washington was summoned to command the Revolutionary army he was already known by distinguished service, and he was afterward made President because of the greatest of public services, and of the universal affection and confidence of the country. But when Lincoln was elected President, on the eve of the greatest of civil controversies, his capacity for the tremendous trust had been unproved; and that at such a time such a man should have appeared at the head of the nation equal to the issue, and able wisely to wield the enormous authority that the occasion demanded, and should prove to be in every way the man of all men for the emergency, is in the highest sense of the word Providential.

In every story, however insignificant, which is told of him, those who remember him personally recall the impression that he made. He was absolutely sincere. He never played a part. And therefore whatever he said and did was marked by his strong individuality. A correspondent in North Carolina says:

"I heard Mr. Lincoln's last two speeches. One, extemporaneous, on Monday evening, April 10, from the historic middle front window in the second story of the White House. He had just returned from City Point, and the people thronging around the White House would have a speech. For a good while he did not appear, and seemed to be reluctant to speak without a manuscript, lest at that critical juncture some injurious impression should be made by an accidental word or sentence.

"However, the crowd persisted to call till he appeared. It was my first sight of the man. He appeared somewhat younger and more offhand and vigorous than I should have expected. His bright, knowing, somewhat humorous look reminded me of a well practiced country physician who had read men through till he understood them well. There was the humorous kindness of a good-natured doctor who had seen his patients through a most awful siege of sickness, till they were now fairly and fully convalescent, and who was disposed to let the past, whatever it had cost him or them, go by for the time, and have a little cheerful congratulation. His gestures and expression of countenance had something of the harmless satisfaction of a young politician at a ratification meeting after his first election to the Legislature. He was happy, and glad to see others happy, and willing to

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accept the congratulation of his friends for his own part in the general victory.

"His last speech, on Wednesday, April 12, 1865, was read from separate sheets, by a flaring light, as he stood at the same window. He wore glasses, and as the successive pages were read, passed them to a friend who stood near. It was perhaps eight o'clock in the evening; Mrs. Lincoln and several lady friends stood at a side window. There was some talking and diversion during the reading. The reading was in a reading tone, but business-like and good, and the paper not long. It was intended to show the disposition of the administration toward the seceded States, and foreshadow the principles proposed for reconstruction. His manner was unpretentious but dignified, manly, kindly, and vigorous."

The same friendly observer sends other Lincolniana:

"'That rent,' said a soldier in the hospital at City Point, pointing up to the torn tissue-paper—an embellishment which, I believe, the ladies of the Christian Commission had fixed on the ceiling above—'that was torn by Mr. Lincoln's hat as he passed through here on his way from Richmond, and shook hands with every man, loyal or rebel, in the whole hospital.' He stood, like Saul, above the people from the shoulders upward, and his hat made havoc with decorations overhead. Stepping outside, and seeing an axe by a log, his old rail-splitter spirit came over him. In a moment his long arms were putting home that axe toward the heart of the fallen tree. The boys in blue gathered those chips to take home as mementoes of the backwoodsman who became President and the emancipator of a race."

An old soldier at the Soldiers' Home near Washington said, "He used to walk all about in these paths; he was very kind and familiar with us all."

To a poor woman who desired his signature to a paper, he said, "My name will do you no more good than pigs' tracks in the mud."

A soldier stopped him in the road, against the Columbia Hospital, and presented some letters, desiring a furlough. He obtained it.

In the Senatorial contest between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas, when they spoke at Freeport, Illinois, Mr. Douglas appeared in an elegant barouche drawn by four white horses, and was received with great applause. But when Mr. Lincoln came up in a "prairie schooner," viz., an old-fashioned canvas-covered pioneer wagon, the enthusiasm of the vast throng was unbounded.

When travelling about the quiet country towns on his law business it was his custom, at the tavern or boarding-house where he stopped, after tea to get a candle and go to his room and read awhile. He was not a loafer.

At a political meeting in a grove, a long, shambling figure was seen sitting on the fence and whittling thoughtfully, clothed in the slightest of summer attire. After others had spoken, "Lincoln! Lincoln!" was called, and the whittler, pocketing his knife, and slipping from the fence, made a characteristic speech. This was before his great prominence.

At the same place, when the lady who entertained him and some others at dinner made some apology, he said he guessed it was better than they would have got at home, anyhow.

To Bishop Simpson, after a lecture on American progress, in which he did not speak of petroleum, Mr. Lincoln said, as they came out, "You did not 'strike ile.'"

The sheets and clothes stained with the blood of Lincoln were literally torn in strips, as Antony said of Cæsar, and preserved as mementoes. The assassination of Cæsar and of William of Orange were brought vividly to the minds of those who were in Washington.

Only a day or two before the assassination, the *Morning Chronicle*, the Washington organ of the administration, said that a single life was seldom indispensable to a country, but that just then that of Abraham Lincoln seemed to be so.

It seemed to be so indeed. Yet he served his country by his death as by his life. Not only did his death at once prevent what might have been the dangerous consequences of a frenzy of exultation, but it taught us the most important of truths, that no man, however great and able and patriotic and devoted and beloved, is indispensable to the welfare of the country. There are extreme exigencies in which the natural cry is, "Oh, for an hour of Dundee!" But in the great development of liberty no one man is essential. As Charles Sumner said in beginning his eulogy upon Lincoln, "In the Providence of God there are no accidents."

WAR between England and Russia would be an event so grave and of such possible consequences that the menace of it, and at times the apparent certainty of it, have interested all circles in Christendom, and the interest has penetrated even the peaceful domain of the Easy Chair. Such a war would be the angry collision of two immense forces, which are represented by the two nations, and the significance of its result would transcend entirely that of the fortune of one or the other combatant.

This significance was well described by a journal in Vienna in saying that the defeat of England in such a contest would be the peril of liberty in Europe. It is this kind of consideration which gives dignity and importance to the dispute about a frontier in Afghanistan. The point of interest is the reason, not the occasion, of a war, because great wars begin often upon very small occasions. England might well say that a few miles more or less of desert frontier are not worth the sacrifice of thousands of lives and untold suffering and enor-

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mous expense. But the yielding of a frontier may be the concession of a vital step forward of forces inimical to freedom and civilization. Webster said that the American Revolution was fought upon a preamble. He meant that the British government asserted a right to tax the unrepresented colonies, and as the colonies were always in danger so long as that right was alleged, they decided to submit the question to the final appeal. Chatham's exclamation that he was glad they had resisted was his declaration against the attempted exercise of such a right.

The question of the Afghan frontier is important only as it involves the chances of the displacement of English influence by Russian supremacy, and that is one of the most serious of questions to civilization. As we write there is a strong action and reaction of feeling and opinion in England, and the prospect, as the Easy Chair ends its chat for the month, is that actual war will be postponed. Changes are so swift, however, that this appearance may be delusive, and war may have been begun when these words are read. Meanwhile, so long as there is no relaxation of preparation, and by day and by night the means of war are accumulated, no just complaint can be made of the utmost efforts of Mr. Gladstone to avert hostilities without a sacrifice of the great human interests which destiny, or, more truly, the genius and character of the English-speaking race, have intrusted to England.

As Americans are substantially of that race, and, despite all quarrels and unfriendliness, as the civilization both of England and America rests upon the same broad principles, the sympathy of this country in a conflict of Russian and of English civilization would inevitably lie with England. The selfishness and injustice and meddlesomeness of England are as undeniable as our own flagrant outrage and defiance of our own fundamental principles in the maintenance of slavery; but who, because of slavery, would have denied that American principles and tendencies promised greatly for mankind? Those principles themselves foretold emancipation. English wrongs to other nations are undeniable. But it would be a singular student of history who should insist that English power had been a misfortune to the world. Civilization by conquest, indeed, is always a doubtful enterprise. But even in India there can be no doubt that British power has been, upon the whole, beneficent. In Ireland it has been guilty of monstrous tyranny. But in Ireland, also, that power has made and is making great amends.

Whether war now passes or begins, the steady advance of Russia in Asia toward the English frontier involves the speedy meeting of the two powers. Whether Russia will then pause, respect the line of British empire, and turn its own energies toward China and the North, time will disclose. But the great semi-barbaric movements have not been northward; they have been southward; and Siberian wastes and the Ural Mountains and the Polar Sea will be hardly so alluring to imperial desire as the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean.

Editor's Literary Record.

A VERY full and clear statement of the grounds for the exciting controversy between Great Britain and Russia which has recently occupied the attention of the world is to be found in a timely *brochure* from the pen of Mr. Charles Marvin, entitled *The Russians at the Gates of Herat*,[1] promptly republished in this country by the Messrs. Harper in their popular "Franklin Square Library." Although the work was written with unexampled rapidity, it bears no signs of haste or inadvertence. Its author is perhaps more fully possessed than any other Englishman, whether in or outside of official station, of all the circumstances, in all their details, that have led up to the present situation; and he has the ability to grasp their larger political, military, and commercial complications and bearings. For many years a resident in and explorer of the territories that are the apple of discord, he has been a close observer of the events that have been transpiring in Central Asia, and is fully posted as to every step in the processes which have brought the two powerful nations face to face in a hostile attitude. His mind is full of the subject. He thoroughly comprehends the gravity of the situation, and sees very plainly the consequences that must grow out of it, seriously damaging to England's prestige and power if prompt and decisive steps are not taken by her statesmen. A thorough Englishman, he yet gives due credit to England's great rival for the boldness and far-sighted sagacity of her Asiatic policy, while pointing out her unscrupulous duplicity and aggressiveness; and at the same time with true English bluntness and unsparing severity he criticises the tardiness and short-sightedness of English statesmen. In order to a due understanding of the subject, Mr. Marvin recapitulates with brevity and lucidity the movements of Russia in Central Asia, from the inception of the advance from the Caspian, which resulted first, in flagrant violation of the most solemn assurances, in the absorption of Merv and the subjugation of its hitherto independent people, and afterward, in obedience to plans issuing from St. Petersburg that were steadily though craftily pursued, in the movement of the Russian

[1] *The Russians at the Gates of Herat.* By CHARLES MARVIN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 46. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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troops and the shifting of the Russian frontier farther and farther on the road to Russia's grand objective point, the Arabian Sea and the frontiers of the English possessions in India. Mr. Marvin was for some years in relations of friendly and even intimate comradeship with Skobeleff, Alikanoff, Lessar, and other active and energetic Russian generals and engineers, and in his intercourse with them they dropped enough of the purposes of their government to enable him to fully comprehend its Asiatic policy. He promptly reported the facts to English statesmen, but they seem to have been either unable to grasp their full meaning, or too inert or too slightly impressed by them to take the steps that were requisite to balk the plans of their great adversary. Mr. Marvin gives a full description of all the points in Afghanistan and upon its borders which have been the scene of the recent exciting events, and dwells especially upon the prime importance, both to England and Russia, of Herat and the country of which it is the natural centre, as a strategic point capable of supporting large armies, and by its commanding position certain to give the preponderance in all that portion of Asia to the country which shall control it. The work is a mine of information relative to the movements and designs of Russia upon Asia, and also an earnest and very effective attempt to arouse English statesmen to the gravity of the situation through the medium of public opinion. Notwithstanding England's inexplicable tardiness and inactivity in the past, and the unexampled insensibility of her ministers to the threatening cloud that lowers upon the frontiers of India, Mr. Marvin is convinced that the dangers which he describes as imminent may yet be averted by an exhibition of the vigor and enterprise which have always characterized Englishmen in a grave emergency. His volume bristles with the sturdy common-sense, and the blunt and outspoken fashion of delivering it, which are so dear to Englishmen. It would be readable at any time, but at the present juncture is of commanding interest.

THE solicitude that is felt by many of our most thoughtful and observant citizens concerning the workings of our national institutions is manifested in a very striking manner by the constantly increasing number of publications pointing out defects in our political system, dwelling upon evil or dangerous tendencies that are visible in it, proposing remedies and substitutes, and generally agreeing in the conclusion either that the federal Constitution has outlived its usefulness, or is radically imperfect, or has become inadequate to our present conditions and prospective development and destiny. It is not a little remarkable that in all this activity of speculation, adverse criticism, and denunciation, hardly a voice is raised in praise or defense of the federal Constitution and of the political system to which it gave birth, or is at the pains to set forth the wisdom and elasticity of the one, and the consequent practicability of gradually and effectively adapting the other to every exigency that is patent or probable. Doubtless this silence in the midst of such a flurry of wordy objurgation is due to the fact that our people at large are satisfied with the federal Constitution, thoroughly comprehend its intrinsic capabilities for modification or enlargement as necessity may require or genuine expediency may suggest, and are not merely cautious of, but jealously averse to, any violent departures from it, for the sake of experiment or in obedience to the urgency of visionary or speculative theorists. While our countrymen are conscious of much that is unsatisfactory in the details and working of our political machinery—in the distribution of functions and responsibilities, in the limitations and exercise of powers, and in the performance of duties—they are also sensible that much of this would be incident to any other system, and perhaps in a larger degree, and that it is susceptible of improvement, and will be improved when the proper time arrives, or whenever it is demanded by public opinion; that is to say, by their own will when clearly and energetically expressed. With their customary practical good sense, therefore, they prefer rather to "bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of," since these are definite, limited, endurable, and easily appraised, while those are indefinite, incalculable, and charged with possible potencies for evil which we have no means for estimating.

The solicitude to which we have alluded finds expression at this moment through the publication of two treatises which start from widely different points of view, travel over altogether dissimilar grounds, and have literally nothing in common, so far as their aim and purpose are concerned, but are both rich in suggestiveness and food for reflection. One of these is a study in American politics, by Mr. Woodrow Wilson, of Johns Hopkins University, the subject being *Congressional Government*,[2] and the aim of the author to show that the national Constitution as it is in practical operation is a very different thing from the Constitution of the books; that under the workings of our political system the legislative branch has insensibly but persistently and irresistibly extended its sphere of activity, and has encroached upon the provinces and usurped the powers of the other branches, until they are all losing while Congress is gaining weight; that the plain tendency is toward a centralization of all the greater powers of government in the hands of the federal authorities, and at the same time toward the practical confirmation of those prerogatives of supreme overlordship which Congress has been gradually arrogating to it-

[2] *Congressional Government.* A Study in American Politics. By WOODROW WILSON. 16mo, pp. 333. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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self; that thus, while the central government is constantly becoming stronger and more active, Congress is steadily becoming more and more powerful, and more and more surely establishing itself as the sovereign authority: in fine, that we have drifted away from the form of government devised by the fathers and prescribed by the Constitution, vested in three co-ordinate branches operating within well-defined limitations and guarantees, into a system under which Congress is the supreme and real master, the predominant and controlling force, the centre and source of all motive and of all regulative power. While there is much truth, very strongly and tersely stated, there is also much exaggeration, in Mr. Wilson's essay. There is enough truth in it, however, to prove of great practical value to the country if it shall induce our statesmen to more closely study the tendencies toward Congressional overlordship which it emphasizes, and to arrest them in so far as they are dangerous, or wisely direct them so far as they are salutary.

WIDELY different in its treatment and aims from the volume just noticed is another study in American politics, by Mr. Albert Stickney, entitled *Democratic Government*,[3] in which that gentleman finds our entire political system out of joint, and an entire reorganization of it necessary. He admits that for the last hundred years we have been engaged in a great political experiment, that of democratic government on a large scale, and that the experiment has been a great success. He also admits that the apprehensions entertained by a few of our earliest but not greatest statesmen, to the effect that our country would vibrate for some years between a monarchy and a corrupt and oppressive aristocracy, and then terminate in one or the other, have proved utterly groundless. And he further concedes that under our present political system we have lived through many political mistakes and endured many political trials; that there is no real danger to the liberties of the people from the establishment of a single powerful national government; that we have demonstrated that it is as possible to have one strong government for the nation as for a single village, town, city, or State, and have practically shown that a stable and vigorous government for a great people can be framed and administered on democratic principles. One would naturally think that after all these admissions Mr. Stickney should be content with the system which has yielded these important results, and that having been so successful with our great experiment, our people would act wisely if they "let well alone." Not so, however. Mr. Stickney would have us try another experiment, or, as he puts it, we must go on with our experiment, continue its logical growth, enter on its next stage. Some of us think that this is what we are doing, that our experiment is growing, and that we are entering its next stage in a natural and orderly way. But this natural and orderly growth is too slow a process for Mr. Stickney. He would have a radical change; and this change, which involves a thorough reorganization of our whole political system, he proposes to bring about through the agency of a national constitutional convention. After some highly enterprising and some very trite theorizing, in which he defines democratic government, states its principles, and points out where our present government is not democratic, Mr. Stickney formulates and prescribes his remedy. He would have the whole government reconstructed from top to bottom on the following plan: Each people—that is, the people of every village, town, city, county, State, and of the whole nation—should have its distinct political organization. In the case of small villages and towns, each should have its chief administrative official, charged with the appointment and removal of his subordinates, and also charged with the control of and the responsibility for all affairs of administration. He should be elected and be removable by the whole body of the citizens, assembled in public meeting, which meeting should also make all necessary laws and regulations, and should raise and appropriate its own public moneys. In large towns, for instance a city with a million people, there should be four hundred primary districts of five hundred voters each, which should send representatives to an assembly of five hundred, and this assembly should have the supreme control of the public affairs of the city and the control and removal of its executive administration. Its executive head would be chosen, whenever the office became vacant, by another representative assembly, chosen as before by the primary districts, and he would have the selection and control of his subordinate heads of department. In the case of a State, or of the nation, it should have a supreme popular assembly, composed of one body instead of two, whose members would be elected by an electoral body consisting of representatives elected by the primary districts. This supreme legislative body would have the control and removal of the excutive, but would have no voice in administrative appointments or removals. The executive would be chosen by still another representative electoral assembly, or college, chosen by the primary districts; he would have no legislative functions, but would have the superintendence of all administration, and the full power of selecting and removing his heads of department; and his heads of department would have the sole and full power of selecting and removing their subordinates. Finally, there would be no tenure by election. In accordance with this general plan, Mr. Stickney proposes to amend the national Constitu-

[3] *Democratic Government.* A Study of Politics. By ALBERT STICKNEY. 12mo, pp. 166. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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tion so as to embody the following features: The continuance in office, until removed, of the present national officials, including the President, Vice-President, members of the Senate and House of Representatives, etc. The abolition of the system of term elections for President and members of Congress. The filling of vacancies hereafter occurring in Congress or in the office of President by a system of popular elections, wherein the popular assembly of citizens and their representatives, at every stage, shall be the fundamental feature. The conversion of the present two Houses of Congress into one supreme legislative body, vested with the power of the control and removal of its own officers and of the President. The investiture of the President with the sole power of the appointment, control, and removal of his own heads of department, and the investiture of each head of department with the like power in the case of his own subordinates. The judiciary is dropped. Such is the plan which Mr. Stickney proposes as a panacea for our political ills. It is difficult to imagine anything more cumbrous and absurd, more open to bargain, corruption, and intrigue, more susceptible to partisan or class or factious influences, or more certain to plunge the country into anarchy and confusion.

WHAT is the nature and the seat of insanity? Is it a disturbance of physiological function, a mechanical rather than a spiritual derangement? or is the mind, as a more or less independent entity, subject to its own independent disturbances? These questions have been asked from the day of Hippocrates to our own; but the great Cosan physician would be astounded could he read the answers given to them by modern science. Insanity, says Dr. Carnochan,[4] "is a morbid condition of the mind resulting directly or indirectly from disease of a part or of the whole of the brain. It is not a disease of the mind *per se*, independent of functional or structural change." But the comprehension of mental derangements is not made the easier by this view of their nature. As Maudsley reminds us in his *Pathology of the Mind*, mental organization is "the consummate evolution of nature, the most complex and difficult object of study"; to which it must be added that no forms of disease have such important relations to law, whether in criminal jurisprudence or in the questions relating to the bequest and succession of property. Dr. Carnochan brings to the study of his subject a considerable experience among the immigrant lunatics in our hospitals as well as in private practice. About one-third of his monograph is devoted to a rapid sketch of the history of philosophy from the time of Solon and Thales to the modern epoch of anatomical observation. It is only during our own time that it has been possible to lay the foundations for sound theories of alienism, and even now those theories are more or less clouded by the current metaphysical speculations. Against these Dr. Carnochan is well on his guard. He considers the brain as the organ of the mind, and regards its various functions as more or less localized in various parts of the cerebral cortex. But this localization is as yet far from being completely understood, and as far as it is understood it fails to substantiate the guesses of Gall and of the phrenologists. Readers of this Magazine will remember a paper (in the number for March last) on "The Brain of Man," in which a diagram showed the functions of different parts of the brain as they are at present understood. Dr. Carnochan finds that the main question in regard to the nature of insanity is this of localizing, and thus understanding, the disturbances of special faculties—of discriminating the functions and the derangements, in a word, of the different cerebral organs. The illustrative cases that he gives bear out his view, and that of Charcot, Ferrier, and Meynert, that one cerebral organ may be diseased, and the corresponding mental manifestation perverted or destroyed, while at the same time other parts of the brain, and the mental faculties which are their functions, may be quite unperverted. Thus a healthy part of the brain may reason very logically from false premises that are supplied to it by an impaired region; or, conversely, true perceptions by sound parts of the brain may receive the wildest interpretations in the reasoning done by a diseased region. Dr. Carnochan's argument is an excellent one. We could wish that he had given a somewhat fuller record of cases; the only fault we find with his interesting monograph is that he has given too much of his valuable record to the ancient Greeks.

[4] *Cerebral Localization in Relation to Insanity.* With Cases. By J. M. CARNOCHAN, M.D. Royal 8vo, pp. 48. New York: J. H. Vail and Co.

IT is now over fifty years since Sir Henry Taylor—then plain Henry Taylor—wrote the drama which gave him a recognized position among men of letters, by whom he was familiarly or playfully known as "Van Artevelde Taylor." Although he was reckoned as one of themselves by some of the most distinguished men of letters of that day, was highly esteemed by Wordsworth, and was the intimate and trusted friend of Southey, whose correspondence with him on literary matters was large and confidential, and although he himself was deeply imbued with the literary instinct, and by his tastes inclined to literary pursuits, at a very early day he resolved, at no inconsiderable cost to his inclinations, that he would not give himself up entirely to literature. In pursuance of this resolve he sought and secured employment in the Colonial Office, retaining it until a few years ago, in the mean while reaching as high advancement in it as he would accept, and having done the state some good service. The demand upon his time by his official duties was great, but

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not so exacting as to preclude him from cultivating literature occasionally, and he produced from time to time poems and dramas of considerable though not of exalted merit. As a result of his dual life, literary and political, he came to know, not superficially only, but well and intimately, more statesmen and men of letters than it usually falls to the lot of one man to know; and now, in his eighty-fifth year, with his faculties still singularly clear and unimpaired, he has given to the public an autobiography,[5] originally intended for posthumous publication, in which he sketches the incidents and events of his own life, his recollections of the multitude of men with whom he was brought in contact during more than threescore years and ten, and some of the more notable events connected with the colonial system of Great Britain, with a fullness and frankness that are as engaging as they are instructive. His revelations of the evolution of his own mind and character, and of what he accomplished, and by what methods, as a public official and man of letters, are deeply interesting. But the charm of his autobiography centres in those portions of it in which he depicts his father's home and family, his own home and social life, his literary and personal friendships and associations, and his experiences of public men and of official life and its responsibilities. There are many parts of the book that have all the charm of a romance, while there is scarcely a page which does not revive the memory of some characteristic trait of one or other of the eminent men with whom he was on terms of more or less intimate companionship, and who include the majority of those who were famous as soldiers, statesmen, and scholars during the greater part of the present century.

THE Messrs. Harper have projected a new literary enterprise to be called "Harper's Handy Series," which is intended to supply the best current literature in a form that shall combine the cheapness of the popular library with neatness and portability. The issues of the series will be weekly, and will include instructive and entertaining books of biography, history, travels, fiction, and general literature, selected with a scrupulous regard to their literary excellence and purity of moral tone. All works unsuitable for family reading will be excluded from the series, and the volumes composing it will be printed in uniform and compact duodecimo shape, so as to be adapted to the satchel or the pocket.—The initial volume of the series is a spellful tale by W. E. Norris, the author of *Matrimony*, *Heaps of Money*, and other popular novels, entitled *That Terrible Man*,[6] in which the subtle and mysterious influence of animal magnetism, or mesmerism, is graphically portrayed. The scene of the story is laid in London, and it opens with a quiet but exquisite drawing-room picture, in which a lovely girl, just ripening into womanhood, is seated at a piano, evoking from it strangely brilliant and exceptional music, while her three listeners are held in rapt silence. Her appearance is as exceptional as her musical performance, and combines with great loveliness all those physical and temperamental characteristics and all those indications of mental qualities which are presumed to render their possessor peculiarly susceptible to mesmeric influences. One of the listeners is a retired officer, a grave, strong, self-contained, and soldierly looking man of thirty or more, in whose presence the girl is conscious of a sense of restfulness and protection, and who ultimately becomes her lover, and resolves to win her to be his wife. As is often the case with those whose wills are easily subjected by the will powers of another, the girl manifests a great impatience at her susceptibility, and she is equally impatient of any suspicion that this man, who seems so strong, and whose presence gives her such a feeling of reposeful security, could possibly be similarly influenced. She feels that his will should be his own, and that he should be the slave of no man's will. Nor, indeed, is he a man to be so influenced. Cool, resolute, courageous, determined, and sagacious, but withal with a vein of chivalrous gentleness, he is the last man to succumb to psychical weaknesses or susceptibilities of any kind; and an opportunity is soon afforded him to test all his strength in counteracting the will power of another man over the woman who has promised to be his wife. "That terrible man," from whom the story derives its title, appears upon the scene in the person of a Russian count, who has in times past exerted his mesmeric powers upon the girl, and from whom she had hoped that she had escaped. He is a typical mesmerist—tall, powerfully made, imperturbable, with a low and musical voice, strongly marked features, extraordinarily massive jaws, and eyes that dilate and contract like those of a cat or a snake when fascinating its intended victim. Almost immediately he re-asserts his power over the girl. She becomes an unwilling but powerless automaton while under his influence, and hates him, but yet obeys him rather than the man she loves. He antagonizes her lover on every occasion, and again and again defeats him, even to the extent of willing her to break her marriage engagement. The lover does not abandon hope or courage, however, and sets himself with the calm persistence and the earnest resoluteness of his nature to rescue her from the influence that she is powerless to resist by herself. The story recites with graphic detail the struggles that ensue—of the snared and helpless bird to escape from the net that is woven around her, and of the two men for the mastery, with the

[5] *Autobiography of Henry Taylor.* 1800–1875. In Two Volumes, 12mo, pp. 307 and 287. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *That Terrible Man.* A Story. By W. E. NORRIS. "Harper's Handy Series." 12mo, pp. 112. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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result of reiterated effort and reiterated defeat on the part of the girl's affianced, until at last a personal conflict ensues, in which the lover is at the mercy of the mesmerist, and expects to be murdered by him, but at the last arouses his better nature and conquers him by the manifestation of a courageous self-devotion that extorts his admiration, not, however, before revealing that he too is deeply in love with the girl. The story ends with the suicidal death of the mesmerist—an ethical though not a dramatic necessity, which relieves the girl and her lover from the possible future influence of her evil genius and its possible consequences; and she finds rest and happiness as the wife of the patient and sorely tried man who had been so constant to her under such difficult and exasperating circumstances.

ANOTHER pre-eminently readable volume in "Harper's Handy Series" is one by an anonymous writer, ostensibly a foreigner who has been long resident in England, and in which the author, under the head of *Society in London*,[7] gives a sparkling and piquantly close view of the social leaders and celebrities of the great English metropolis, and of all the coteries, sets, and groups, together with the representative individuals who give tone and direction to each, into which London fashionable society is divided. The book has caused no slight sensation in England, and all sorts of speculation have been indulged in there as to the personality of the author. The paternity of the book has been variously surmised; it has been ascribed now to this eminent literary character and now to that distinguished personage in society or in official station, without penetrating the author's secret. The prevalent opinion, and the one in which we share, is that the character of a Parisian resident of London is assumed as a mask or blind to baffle identification, and that no one not "to the manner born," and not having the most exceptional opportunities, extending over a lifetime, for penetrating behind the veil of the most exclusive London society, could have produced so many minute descriptions of all its phases and its personal or individual elements as are contained in this lively and most readable book. The style no less than the matter bewrays the nationality of the writer. Carelessly written in some parts, its very carelessnesses are unequivocally English, and betoken a familiarity with idiomatic and insular phrases, forms of expression, and modes of thought that is impossible to a resident Frenchman. Be that as it may, however, the book is one of the most fascinating collections of social gossip that have ever been given to the public. It leaves no sphere of London good society untouched, and penetrates the most exclusive circles. Its limnings of the court, the Queen, the royal family, the princes and royal dukes and their families, the princesses and their husbands, and the most exclusive nobility, are as sharp, short, crisp, and familiar as are those of more generally accessible social characters. The author penetrates everywhere—among the diplomatists, the home and foreign ministers, and the hosts and hostesses of royalty, among patricians and plebeians, among aristocrats, commoners, and plutocrats, among Germans, French, Hebrews, and Americans, among law judges, doctors, divines, soldiers, statesmen, politicians, *littérateurs*, journalists, actors, artists—in fine, introduces his reader to every form and set of fashionable London society, in town and country; and he describes with a minuteness and an evident fidelity that evince intimate personal acquaintanceship the personal traits, familiar habits, tastes, peculiarities, and characteristics of the most prominent figures in each. This specialty and familiarity of personal gossip is sometimes quite startling in its effects, more particularly in the instance of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their sons, the royal dukes and princes, and the great aristocratic families; and it suggests the thought either that the author draws very liberally on his imagination for his facts, or that he has derived his information from third parties who speak from familiar personal knowledge, or that he himself is so high in the social scale as to have the *entrée* of all its coteries and subdivisions. The book is gay and genial in its tone, and while fully recognizing the excellences of the English social system, and cordially applauding the graces and virtues of those who compose it, it good-naturedly but very pungently rallies the foibles and punctures the follies of the one and the other.

MARY CECIL HAY has again vindicated her title to be considered one of the best of our living story-tellers by her exquisitely told Devonshire tale, *Lester's Secret*.[8] The art of this fine tale consists in the perfect self-forgetfulness of the author. As we read her story we are absorbed in it, we see nothing of the trick of authorship, and we surrender ourselves implicitly to it because there is nothing to disturb our sense of its reality. Seldom has a story of a will, or rather of a double will, and of the misapprehensions, entanglements, and perplexing interests consequent upon it, been told with greater spirit and variety of incident than in this vivacious story. The heroine whose character and fortunes are depicted in this novel is as true as steel; womanly, indeed, and susceptible to all gentle and womanly emotions, but brave, able to hold her own, courageous for the right, and superior to the tricks of fortune, whether smiling or adverse.

[7] *Society in London.* By a Foreign Resident. "Harper's Handy Series." 12mo, pp. 164. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *Lester's Secret.* A Novel. By MARY CECIL HAY. "Library Series." 12mo, cloth, pp. 300. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 86. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of May.—The following appointments were made by President Cleveland: Anthony M. Keiley, of Richmond, Virginia (first appointed to the Italian mission), to be Minister to Austria-Hungary; George V. N. Lothrop, of Michigan, Minister to Russia; Boyd Winchester, of Kentucky, Minister to Switzerland; J. E. W. Thompson, of New York, Minister to Hayti; William A. Seay, of Louisiana, Minister to Bolivia; C. N. Jordan, of New York, Treasurer of the United States; James Q. Chenoweth, of Texas, First Auditor of the Treasury; A. P. Swineford, Governor of Alaska.

General John A. Logan was elected United States Senator by the Illinois Legislature May 19.

The Field Civil Code was finally defeated in the New York Assembly May 7.

The New York Legislature adjourned *sine die* May 15, but was immediately called together again in extra session by Governor Hill to consider a bill for taking the census.

The Mormon authorities forwarded to the President a declaration of grievances and a protest against the arrest and conviction of Mormons on the charge of unlawful cohabitation.

The United States debt statement (old form) for April shows a reduction of $5,464,596 38.

Louis Riel, leader of the rebellion in the northwest of the Canadian Dominion, was captured by General Middleton's forces three miles north of Batouche on May 15.

The Prince and Princess of Wales concluded their Irish tour, and returned to London April 28.

The British House of Commons, April 27, voted a war credit of $55,000,000. On the 11th of May, and also on the 12th, votes of censure against the government were defeated.—Up to the present date Russia had not yet sent any answer to the English proposals.

The English government will send a medical mission to Spain to test the results of the system of inoculation with cholera microbes.

General Wolseley issued a farewell address at Suakin, in which he announced the withdrawal of the British troops from the Soudan, and highly praised the conduct of all the departments of the service during the campaign.

The Panama rebellion is ended. On April 24 the Americans entered the city, and Aizpuru was made prisoner. On the following day the Americans withdrew, and on the 29th Aizpuru surrendered, on condition that he was to be pardoned for political offenses. On May 6 the two rebel leaders Portazal and Cocobolo, who advised and assisted Prestan in the burning of Colon, were tried by court-martial, and publicly hanged on the spot where they had started the conflagration of March 31.

The Lower House of the Prussian Landtag, April 22, rejected, by a vote of 182 to 128, the proposal of Dr. Windhorst, the Ultramontane leader, to repeal the law stopping the temporalities of the Catholic clergy.

A new Grecian Ministry was formed under the leadership of M. Delyannis.

The Corean difficulty between China and Japan has been settled amicably, and a convention signed at Tien-tsin.

Robert E. Odlum, a swimming teacher of Washington, D. C., made an experimental leap from the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River May 19, and losing his balance in mid-air, struck the water heavily, and was killed.

DISASTERS.

A volcanic eruption occurred in the eastern end of the island of Java, devastating a number of plantations, and killing upward of one hundred persons.

April 22.—Twenty lives lost by fire at Vicksburg, Mississippi.

April 26.—Eleven men buried under a snow-slide near the Homestake Mine, on Eagle River, Colorado.

May 2.—The Japanese Village Exhibition and Humphrey's Hall, Hyde Park, London, burned.

May 3.—Eleven persons burned to death in the tenement-house 672 First Avenue, New York.

May 5.—Collapse of a factory in State Street, Brooklyn, followed by fire. Ten persons killed.

May 8.—Sixty-eight persons killed by an avalanche on the borders of Lake Van, in Armenia.

May 12.—Reports of an avalanche in Iceland in April confirmed. Fifteen dwellings were swept into the sea, and twenty-four persons drowned.

OBITUARY.

April 19.—In New York, "Dan" Mace, aged fifty-one years.

April 22.—At Newbury, Massachusetts, Rev. Leonard Withington, D.D., aged ninety-six years.

April 25.—In Honolulu, Queen-Dowager Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, in her fiftieth year.—At Ridgewood, New Jersey, Isaac W. England, in his fifty-fourth year.

May 1.—In New York, Commodore Cornelius K. Garrison, aged seventy-six years.

May 4.—In San Francisco, California, Brigadier-General Irwin McDowell, U.S.A., aged sixty-seven years.—In London, England, Brinley Richards, aged sixty-six years.

May 5.—News of the death of Dr. Gustavus Nachtigal, at St. Vincent, on his way to Africa, aged fifty-one years.

May 11.—In New York, Gilbert C. Walker, ex-Governor of Virginia, aged fifty-two years.—In Cologne, Ferdinand Hiller, aged seventy-four years.

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Editor's Drawer.

ALTHOUGH the Drawer is not much in favor of war, it confesses to a lingering fondness for the drum. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive of a Fourth of July, or what we call Independence Day, without a drum. It has a theory, which, like some other theories, only needs facts enough to sustain it, that the progress of real civilization and refinement is indicated by the decline in importance of the drum. Whether this is a healthful sign we do not know, for since society rests upon a force of order reserved somewhere, the elimination of the drum may mean a loss of that pugnacity which is necessary to a vigorous state. It is certain that there is no sound equal to the throb of the drum to set the blood pulsing to heroic measure, nothing else that can so arouse pugnacity and the desire to kill somebody or something. The reason that sportsmen do not use the drum to beat up snipe and quail is that their desire to kill is already excited beyond their opportunity to gratify it. It is, perhaps, too much to say that if the drum were abolished there would be no more wars, or that the converse is true, that with the cessation of war there will be no more drumming, for we have the recent example of Mr. Gladstone beating the drum a great deal when he meant peace; and the drum will long remain in orchestras to satisfy that in our human nature which requires emphasis and noise. But we all feel that the drum is the most important adjunct of the martial spirit, and that the point of view of Thackeray's drummer, old Pierre, is not far wrong in making his instrument the chief in the martial achievements of France. Old Pierre was the fourth of a generation of drummers. His ancestors drummed for King Harry of Navarre:

"While Condé was waving the baton,
My grandsire was trolling the sticks."

It was his daddy who drummed the English

"From the meadows of famed Fontenoy....

"So well did he drum at that battle
That the enemy showed us their backs;
Corbleu! it was pleasant to rattle
The sticks and to follow old Saxe."

It was old Pierre himself who rattled the drumsticks at Yorktown, and caused the British to lay down their arms. It was the same drum that drummed for Louis XVI. and the lovely court ladies at Versailles and for the fair Antoinette, and which drummed their heads off afterward in the Place de la Concorde. It was all the same to the drum—it was monarchical, republican, imperial.

"One day I drummed down the Bastile....

"At midnight I beat the tattoo,
And woke up the pikemen of Paris
To follow the bold Barbaroux."

With equal fervor it followed the fortunes of the gallant young captain, Bonaparte.

"In the glorious year ninety-six
We marched to the banks of the Po;
I carried my drum and my sticks,
And we laid the proud Austrian low.

"This cross—'twas the Emperor gave it
(God bless him!); it covers a blow—
I had it at Austerlitz fight,
As I beat on my drum in the snow."

Perhaps Thackeray invented his hero in "The Chronicle of the Drum"; but if he had gone to New Orleans he might have found his counterpart in the person of "Old Jordan," a man of color, to whom this government owes what success it has had anywhere in the field of war since it won its independence. Everybody in New Orleans knows Old Jordan, General Jackson's drummer, the most prominent figure in all martial processions, riding in a carriage with his historic drum since age has enfeebled him; for Old Jordan came in with the century, and has drummed it up to its present brilliant achievement. Visitors to the late Exposition always found Old Jordan in his place in the gallery of the Government Building, seated in an easy-chair, with his drum before him and other insignia of his triumphs about him, recounting his story day after day—every day except Sunday, which he said was God's day, and not an exhibition day for him. A venerable figure and a sturdy relic of our historic past, Old Jordan has been the intimate friend of all our military heroes, whom he always addressed by their first names, and who perfectly well knew that their success was due to his rattling sticks. This drum—the slightest tap upon it awakens the echoes of many wars—was first beaten to any purpose in the war of 1812. It was upon this drum that Jackson depended. Jordan was only a lad then, but his drum was full of war, and he handled the sticks in such a manner as to attract the attention of Old Hickory, who, in his perplexity, called upon him to repel the invaders. Nothing loath, Jordan came to the front, and it was his drum—this same battered old instrument of noise and glory—that beat the long roll that called the American soldiers to arms on the approach of the British in December, 1814; and it was his drum, on the 8th of January, 1815, on the plain of Chalmette, that struck terror into the British host. It was not the cotton breastworks, as has been supposed, but this drum, that rolled back the invader; and it was the din of it that was the dying music for Packenham when he fell under the tree which still stands to witness the prowess of Jordan. The battle was won by Old Jordan and General Jackson.

"My grandsire was ever victorious—
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne."

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The Florida war was a long and harassing one, but it would have been longer if Jordan had not been there, following our flag through the swamps and sandy barrens, scaring the alligators and rousing the thoughtful pelican, and driving the Seminoles into the Everglades by the terror of his ever-victorious drum. It was the same in Mexico, whither Jordan carried his drum with the invincible Washington Artillery, and having surmounted the cactus-covered hills, he drummed down the halls of the Montezumas, and twirled his sticks in salute of the flag which is the emblem of conquest and peace. Chalmette, Florida, Mexico —these are the trophies of Jordan's bellicose drum. But its achievements do not stop there. During the years of peace he kept alive the martial spirit in his drum, and when the civil war broke out, it was this drum which drilled and inspired the forming squads of Confederate soldiers. It was this impartial and patriotic drum that performed the same service for the Union companies which drilled in the Crescent City after its capture by Farragut; and it was this drum which inspired the Seventh Louisiana Volunteers, colored troops, "raised for the defense of New Orleans in 1863," so that Old Jordan performed his last warlike drumming for a troop of his own emancipated people. Since the war the historic drum continues to furnish "field music" for entertainments, and the old drummer of many wars is held in affectionate esteem by all classes in the city of his birth. And the old man sat there, proud of his achievements, his fiery sticks wreathed with the roses of that charming land, waiting for some poet of the Crescent City who shall write a new "Chronicle of the Drum."

A LITTLE girl who attended church for the first time heard a sermon from the text, "My cup runneth over: surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." At dinner the sermon was discussed, but no one could recall the exact words of the text, when this young Christian spoke up and said,

"I know what the text was, mamma."

"Do you, my dear? What was it?"

"Mercy! goodness! my cup's tipped over."

A KENTUCKY correspondent interested in the Drawer's notes of the effect of climate upon intellect, and the chilling effect of a very cold climate upon literary production, wants to know how we account for the geographer Mitchell's statement that "in the last hundred years no other country can show so large a proportion of literary men as Iceland." We might safely take shelter behind the maxim that this is an exception that proves the rule. Iceland is an anomaly in many respects. Everybody there can read and write. Considering her climate and her isolation, her literary life is wonderful, but we have had from it since the early days no historic pieces of literature, and it seems to us that the struggle against nature there is too severe to let us expect much in the future.

A POPULAR doctor on Long Island, who had served in the war, visited a patient, the wife of a companion in arms. While writing the prescription the doctor was talking with his fellow-soldier about the war. Having finished the prescription, he handed it to Mrs. H——, who looked at it, and then asked,

"Doctor, had I not better take this a little oftener?"

"I guess not," said the doctor; but on reading it he changed his mind, for he had written, "*Every three years one tea-spoonful.*"

A SUMMER SONG WITH PLENTY OF CHORUS.

Oh! Summer is here with her roses,
And the richest of fragrance they bring;
And her buttercups light up the grasses,
And her song-birds right merrily sing.
Bright as purest of gold shine her sunbeams;
Her dew-drops like diamonds are,
And the hum of her bees is most pleasant.
Tra la la! tra la la! tra la la!
Tra la la! tra la la! tra la la!

Oh! Summer is here, and the waters
Are flashing and sparkling as though
Many beautiful rainbows had on them
Been shattered and left there to glow;
And over them snowy-winged vessels
Before the wind gracefully go,
Every now and then courtesying lightly.
Yo ho ho! yo ho ho! yo ho ho!
Yo ho ho! yo ho ho! yo ho ho!

Oh! Summer is here, and the hammocks
In the shadiest places are hung
From the boughs of the trees, and there's always
Some sweet, pretty girl to be swung;
And the ground for croquet is quite ready,
And the time for lawn tennis has come,
And also for dancing by moonlight.
Ri-tiddity-iddity tum!
Ri-tiddity-iddity tum!

MARGARET EYTINGE.

TOBE.

"MINISTERS," old Uncle Josh used to say, "are tol'able amusing folks when they gits together." I have been of the same opinion myself since a few weeks ago. I was one of a company, including three or four of the profession, where, over a delightful dinner, they recited sundry reminiscences of their clerical experience.

"I had a fine setter," said the Rev. Mr. H——, of Maryland, "a beautiful creature, whose splendid qualities had made him famous in the neighborhood. But Tobe—as I had named him—was terribly afraid of a thunder-storm. Unless he was very near me he would yelp and scream as if undergoing the most agonizing tortures. One Sunday the bishop was to take part in the services, having kindly promised to aid me. The congregation had assembled and the services begun, when the horizon darkened, and a low mutter-

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ing overhead gave token of a gathering storm. From where I stood, the windows and doors being open, I could command a view of the parsonage. The blinds were all closed, my whole family being at church—all but the dog, which was usually left in the kitchen during divine service. Darker and darker grew the heavens; and when the choir concluded their first anthem, clear and high upon the air arose the yelp of Tobe, followed by dismal howls.

"As pretty nearly the whole congregation knew of poor Tobe's infirmity, I could see smiles run from face to face, and I began seriously to wonder how I should get through with the service while Tobe yelled and yelped and howled at that rate.

"I dared not look at the pew containing my wife, and Lance and Bob, my seven and nine year old boys, for I knew, from sad experience of Bob's susceptibility to the ludicrous, that he was holding his cap over his face, ready to explode. Well, the heavens thundered; so did Tobe, whose dreadful notes mingled dramatically with the 'Te Deum,' and I had just said 'Here endeth the second lesson,' when, chancing to cast my eyes up, there sat Tobe on the window-sill of one of the second-story rooms, his nose pointed heavenward, and a most agonizing expression on his dog face. I felt it in my bones that before long the creature would release himself in some way and be after me, but what could I do? The service must not be disturbed, and there sat the bishop, serene and unconscious, for he was a little deaf, and happily had not heard poor Tobe's protestations. The perspiration began to ooze from my forehead, and I felt all athrill as the forked lightning began to play, and the thunder broke loose from its mutterings and filled the whole resounding space.

"I had just begun the collect for the day, and was half-way through, when the catastrophe —shall I not rather say dog-astrophe?— which I had feared occurred. Half turning around at the sound of hurried breathing, there stood Tobe at the chancel door leading from the study, his intelligent eyes roving round in search of his master, the broad back of the bishop—a man of two hundred avoirdupois—screening me from his vision. Stealthily he came in, made one dive between the bishop's legs, and ensconced himself in the reading-desk. The frightened bishop gave a little squeak, audible, however, to the congregation, and a hundred prayer-books went up simultaneously, that their owners might smile behind them. Unfortunate Bob laughed outright, and there was I, obliged to keep my voice steady, while I knew that the bishop, with his almost exaggerated ideas of the sanctity of the place, was in a white heat of horror and indignation.

"Still I went on. Suddenly the bishop laid down his prayer-book, and slowly made for the dog. He took him by his haunches, then by his tail, and Tobe began to show his teeth. I was in an agony, and tried to hint to my respected father in the Church that Tobe had not the slightest reverence for his exalted calling, when suddenly Tobe turned and took the bishop's robe between his teeth, shaking it as he would a rabbit. The poor man grew as pale as death, and it was my turn now to lay aside my prayer-book, for half the people were on their feet, some laughing and others crying out in terror, while suddenly the storm burst in all its fury.

"'Keep perfectly still, bishop,' I said, in a low voice, and I began to walk slowly toward the chancel door, seeing which Tobe became suddenly as meek as a kitten, loosed the robe, which was badly rumpled, and followed me. I could have beaten the brute for thus exposing me not only to ridicule, but the fury of the elements, for the rain was coming down in a flood; but I mastered myself, locked Tobe securely in the barn, where he could not be so easily heard, and went back to my duties with the resigned air of a martyr, my robe so wet that it clung to my limbs.

"The bishop meanwhile had behaved very well, and was now giving out the last hymn before the sermon; but I fear the latter had but little hold upon the attention of the people, I myself not daring scarcely to lift my eyes, everybody looked so conscious and shamefaced and ready to laugh again. At least so it seemed to me.

"As for the bishop, his dignity had received a terrible shock, and he never came to the parsonage again until I sold Tobe."

THE anecdotes of Daniel Webster printed in a recent number remind me of a story which I have more than once heard him tell, with the drollest effect, as an illustration of the utter inability of the greatest reputations to reach everybody. The occurrence took place long after the name of Daniel Webster might be supposed to be known at least to every adult in his native State, and my impression is that it happened after the year 1830, which was the period of his famous reply to Hayne. He left his house at Franklin, New Hampshire, one fine summer morning, to drive about twelve miles, in order to take a stage that would pass through a certain village at a certain hour in the forenoon. He was driven by one of his men in a wagon, but the horse did not get over the ground as fast as Mr. Webster desired. When they had gone about seven miles from Mr. Webster's farm, which was his father's, and on which his boyhood was passed until he went to Dartmouth College, they were overtaken by an old farmer who appeared to have a very fine horse. Mr. Webster stopped the stranger, and finding that they were both going to the same village, asked to be taken along. Sending back his own wagon, he took a seat with the farmer, and they entered into

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a talk—"just about our country clashes," as Jock Jabos said in *Guy Mannering*. At length Mr. Webster asked the old man whether he knew Captain Ebenezer Webster, who lived over in Franklin. Yes, he did, and knew his sons and daughters, all of whom, with one exception, he mentioned by name, told whom they married, what children they left, etc., etc.

"But," said Mr. Webster, "was there not a younger one whose name was Daniel?"

The man scratched his head, and, after a pause, replied, "Yes, come to think of it, there was."

"And what became of *him?*" asked Mr. Webster.

"Wa'al, I don't exactly know. He went away—some said he went to Portsmouth to study law; but I never heerd what become of him. I guess he's dead."

Nothing could exceed the dramatic although quiet way in which Mr. Webster used to tell this story, going gravely through all the details of his family history in the Doric dialect of the old farmer, and coming down to the boy who went away and was never heard of afterward. At this *dénouement* his great eye twinkled with a fun which made it irresistibly droll.

It may be well to put on permanent record in your Drawer a correct version of a little speech made by Mr. Webster which was at the time very imperfectly and incorrectly reported in the newspapers. At midnight of the day on which General Scott was nominated for the Presidency by the Whig Convention which was held in Baltimore in June, 1852, a great crowd assembled in front of Mr. Webster's house in Washington, and "called him out." He arose from his bed, and appeared at an open window, wrapped in his dressing-gown. The version of his speech given in my second volume of his *Life* was taken from the newspapers of the time (page 522). Many years after the publication of my work a friend sent me a corrected version, which Mr. Webster himself authorized after the telegraphic report had appeared. It reads thus:

"I thank you, fellow-citizens, for this friendly and respectful call. I am very glad to see you. Some of you have been engaged in an arduous public duty at Baltimore, the object of your meeting being the selection of a fit person to be supported for the office of President of the United States. Others of you take an interest in the result of the deliberations of that assembly of Whigs. It so happened that my name was presented on the occasion; another candidate, however, was preferred. I have only to say, gentlemen, that the Convention did, I doubt not, what it thought best, and exercised its discretion in the important matter committed to it. The result has caused in me no personal feeling whatever, nor any change of conduct or purpose. What I have been I am, in principle and in character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.

"Gentlemen, this is a serene and beautiful night. Ten thousand thousand of the lights of heaven illuminate the firmament. They rule the night. A few hours hence their glory will be extinguished.

> 'Ye stars that glitter in the skies,
> And gayly dance before my eyes,
> What are ye when the sun shall rise?'

Gentlemen, there is not one among you who will sleep better to-night than I shall. If I wake, I shall learn the hour from the constellations; and I shall rise in the morning, God willing, with the lark; and though the lark is a better songster than I am, yet he will not leave the dew and the daisies and spring up to greet the purpling east with a more blithe and jocund spirit than I possess.

"Gentlemen, I again repeat my thanks for this mark of your respect, and commend you to the enjoyment of a quiet and satisfactory repose. May God bless you all!"

One of the accounts of this address given by the telegraph was that Mr. Webster appeared at the window and said something about the stars and the beautiful night, but made no allusion to the Convention. Another represented him as speaking bitterly of the doings at Baltimore. I know not whether the version which I now send you is to be found in any of the newspapers of the time, excepting, perhaps, the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, which, as I am informed, submitted it to Mr. Webster. It is undoubtedly what he said, and the whole of it. He never gave his support to the candidacy of General Scott, or would allow it to be said that he approved of his nomination.

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

A CORRESPONDENT thinks the word "masher," like many others that are supposed to be slang terms, has a very ancient and significant origin. Genesis, tenth chapter and twenty-third verse, says: "And the children of Aram were Uz and Hul and Gether and *Mash*."

A NICE Scotchman became very poor by sickness. His refined and affectionate wife was struggling with him for the support of their children. He took to peddling with a one-horse wagon, as a business that would keep him in the open air and not task his strength too much. One day, after having been sick at home for two or three weeks, he started out with his cart for a ten days' trip, leaving his wife very anxious about him on account of his weakness. After going about fifteen miles his horse fell down and died. He got a farmer to hitch his horse to the cart and bring him home. As they were driving into the yard he saw the anxiety that was depicted on his wife's countenance, and being tenderly desirous to relieve it, he cried out, "Maria, it's not me that's dead; it's the mare."

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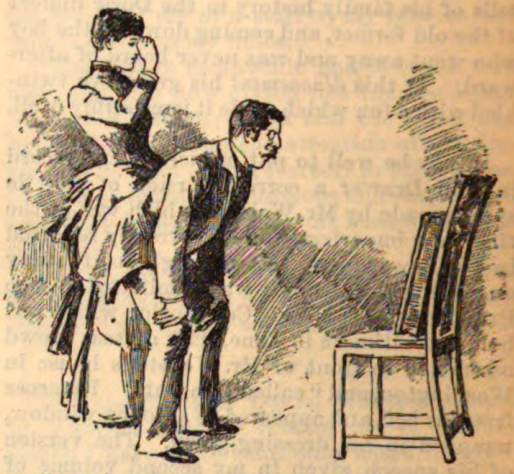


A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

1. "Oh, it's nothing—only a daub that young Smith gave me. Charming subject, isn't it?—study of a tin pan! Put it in some corner upstairs."

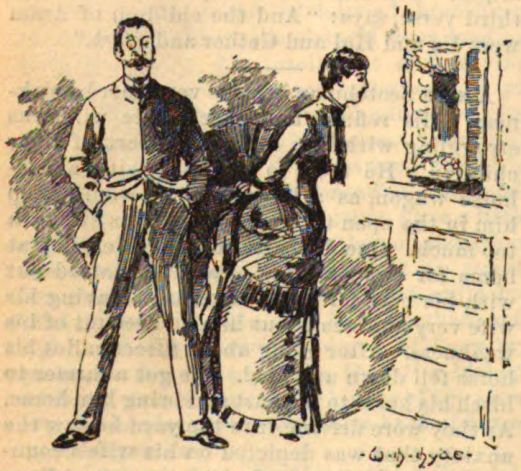
2. "Hello! that young artist Smith is studying in Paris, and has taken a prize at the Beaux Arts! We must hang that little study in a better light. It's not a bad thing."

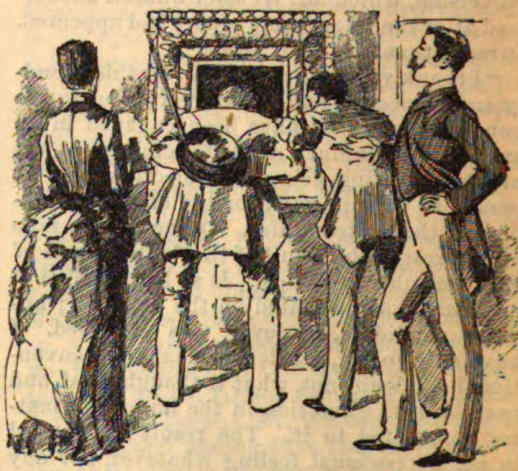




3. "Well, well! that talented young friend of mine, Smith, has had a painting admitted to the Salon! We must have that little gem reframed and hung in a more conspicuous place. I always admired it."

4. "Our dear friend Smith has sold his Salon picture for twenty thousand francs. How fortunate I was to have secured one of his early works! I always said he was a genius. It must have a larger frame, and be hung in the centre of the gallery."





5. "Talent—nay, genius—I always knew he possessed, and even those French fellows have found it out at last, and have decorated him. This masterpiece must really have a larger frame."

6. (*Showing the "gem" of his collection.*) "It was one of his earlier and best works. At the time, people thought I paid too much for it; but I knew it was the work of a genius."

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A LOVE SONG.

From a drawing by E. A. Abbey.—[See page 374.]

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXI. AUGUST, 1885. No. CCCCXXIII.

A TRIP ON THE OTTAWA.

"I wonder who the writer was that said there were two ways of travelling on a river?" mused our friend Jack, as he looked up from trying to place the point of his cane on a speck of sunshine that kept dancing about on the ground in obedience to the fluttering of the leaves overhead.

"What an absurd statement!" quickly answered a soft contralto voice. "As if there were not a dozen ways of achieving that object!"

"As usual, madame, you jump to a conclusion before hearing the whole statement. One way is to journey up, and the other to go down. And now just see the happy vantage-point we hold at this present moment. Here we are situated midway on this river, and can adopt either course we prefer. All we have to do is to take the voice of the meeting on the subject. What do they say?"

The meeting of four being addressed in this decided manner, tried to gather to itself a sense of the fact that the time for action had again arrived. The Basso, who was also the Artist of the party, growled from his bed on the grass that he was willing to do anything the rest agreed upon, but it was too hot for him to come to any decision for himself, at the same time languidly drawing his leg into the shade, when he suddenly bounded up, and searching in the grass upon which he had been reclining, tore out by the roots a small Canadian thistle, and viciously threw it over the cliff, giving utterance to a sound that caused the second lady of the party to exclaim, in a shocked voice, "Why, Frank!" while Frank, who had again taken a reclining position, assured her, with a face of child-like innocence, that he was merely trying to reach the lower D, and he thought he would accomplish it yet, after a little more practice.

The party were on the Cliff Walk, or, as it is better known, the Lovers' Walk, along the face of the cliff upon which stand the Parliament Buildings at the capital of the Dominion, and the Ottawa River was the one under discussion as to the advisability of going up or down it. The three who were grouped together had a full view of a beautiful stretch of the river as it moved past them some hundred feet below where they stood, but they scarcely noticed it: in fact, they were in that happy condition that they were content simply to be conscious of the act of living and resting, and to drink in the soft breeze with every breath they drew. Not that they were any more lazy than you, my energetic friend. No; they were four busy brain-workers, and many months of continuous mental application had made them determine to enjoy their summer vacation to the full. One pair hailed from the modern Athens; the others were from busy Gotham. Chance had thrown them together, and a similarity of tastes had sealed a bond of friendship between them. One link in their chain of friendly intercourse was a mutual love of music, and by a happy coincidence they were each gifted so as to form a very harmonious vocal quartette, which was a source of much social enjoyment to themselves and others. After wandering about the country until a map of their route would be best represented by the branch of an old and very much pruned apple-tree, they at last reached the spot where we made their acquaintance, at the seat of the Dominion government, the city of Ottawa. They had viewed the points of interest, and driven over the neighboring country. The Artist had secured many good subjects; the Tenor had gathered in a quantity of information on all sorts of subjects, which he took every opportunity to inflict on the rest, and it was evident from his restless mood that he was full of knowledge

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yet unimparted, and insisted that the time had come for them to move on again.

"Now here we are," he explained. "We can either float down to the mouth of this river, with its beautiful coffee-colored water cheerfully entwined with sawdust and chips, or else we can take canoes and work our way up to its source. I was told this morning by a fair-haired giant of a raftsman that 'there was the biggest views ever seed up theer.' What is that you say?" the speaker asked, turning to the prostrate figure of the Basso. But, alas for his eloquence! the Basso was audibly asleep. The rest of the party, feeling this was a slight upon their company, proceeded to awake him by the aid of two parasols and one cane. When at last aroused, he was assured they had only disturbed him so that he might see the beautiful effect of the sunlight on the Chaudière Falls. He slowly sat up *à la* Turk, and in reply to many gushing expressions and requests that he should make a sketch of it, quietly remarked, There was too much sawdust, new boards, and saw-mill for his taste. In fact, the thing did not appeal to him at all, and he could only work with a hope of success when the subject strongly appealed to his sympathies.

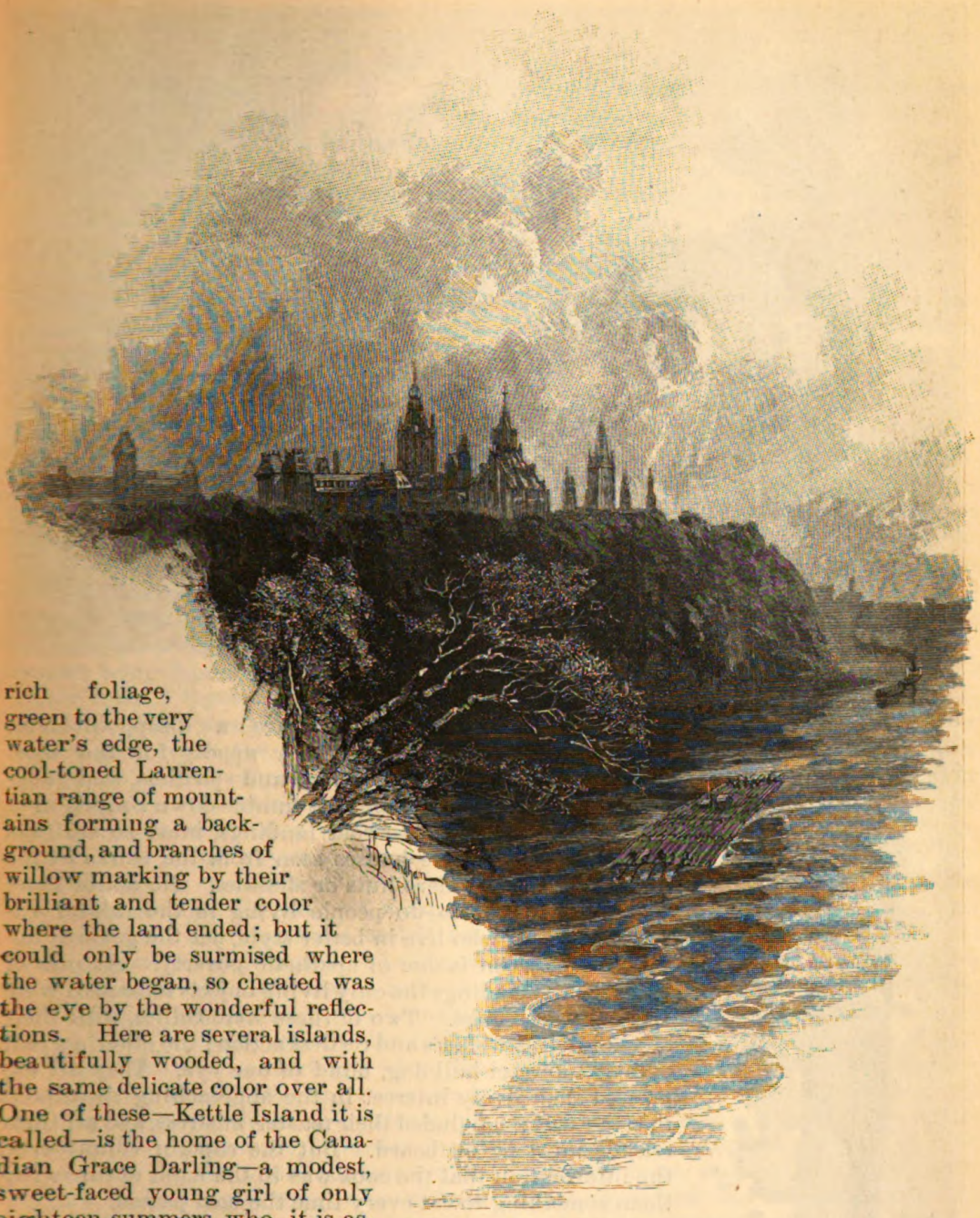
"I suppose," said the leading voice, "you always respond when so appealed to?"

"Certainly," answered the Artist.

At this point a malicious gleam of delight came into the Tenor's eye as he said (apparently addressing the tree-tops): "What consummate humbugs these artists are! This morning for nearly ten minutes I saw a blind beggar appealing to the sympathies of this gifted genius, and he never responded with a cent." The Basso went through a pantomime behind the ladies' backs of punching the Tenor's head at the first convenient opportunity, and having thus relieved his feelings, picked up his sketching traps and sauntered off with the others. It was unanimously decided to go down-stream, leaving the upper portion of the river for another year's trip. When they had about reached the end of their walk, they came upon one of the many perfect pictures along this delightful promenade—a rustic stairway leading up at right angles, a piece of Gothic stonework, with luxuriant vines running over it in magnificent profusion, overshadowed by graceful elms, the whole being a rich mass of color, made up of the mellow green of the trees and delicate gray of the stones contrasting with the golden glowing brown of the sandy path. Here was evidently something of an appealing nature, for a sketching stool was promptly set up, followed by the opening of a sketch-book and a water-color box, a trio of musical voices wishing success, a flutter of bright color as the ladies passed up the stair, a wave of a pretty hand, a pantomimic action on the part of the Tenor suggestive of a fatherly blessing, a silence for a moment; then the endless music of Nature as she sings only to those who love her. Never was artist blessed with more propitious surroundings, and the sketch in his hands was beginning to repay Nature for her kind influences. Only a few more touches were needed. The brush had been filled with Indian red to put in a deep warm shadow, and was just being brought to the desired shape by gently touching the tips, when a crashing report rung out on the quiet and solitude like the bursting of everything mundane. The painter went straight up in the air several feet, the brush, full of color, was thrust as many inches down his throat, before he realized it was only the noonday gun that had been fired by an artilleryman about twenty feet over his head. As he crawled round on his hands and knees looking for his scattered colors and brushes in the grass, a listener would have thought he had at last reached to the deep bass note he had so long been in search of.

Early next morning the party boarded the steamer, and one of the ladies remarked, "It makes one feel quite at home to have the captain meet you and shake hands, as though you were visiting at his house, instead of coming on board his boat." For such was the urbanity of the gallant captain of the *Peerless* that all his passengers were his friends. The boat swung slowly out, affording one of the finest views possible of the beautiful Parliament Buildings, with all their architectural magnificence. But they are all too soon lost sight of as the boat suddenly rounds a bluff which shuts off the view, and reveals nothing but the unsightly lumber piles of the manufacturing city of Hull, on the opposite side of the river, which is occasionally called by the euphonious name of Slab City. Once more the quartette are on the move, drifting, as it were, for everything now seems so quiet and restful. On they go, past banks of

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PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

rich foliage, green to the very water's edge, the cool-toned Laurentian range of mountains forming a background, and branches of willow marking by their brilliant and tender color where the land ended; but it could only be surmised where the water began, so cheated was the eye by the wonderful reflections. Here are several islands, beautifully wooded, and with the same delicate color over all. One of these—Kettle Island it is called—is the home of the Canadian Grace Darling—a modest, sweet-faced young girl of only eighteen summers, who, it is asserted, has already by her own unaided efforts been the means of saving seven human lives. She is very reserved about speaking of her own heroic deeds, and particularly dislikes being interviewed. The Marquis of Lorne, late Governor-General of Canada, has visited her on more than one occasion, and insists she shall receive the Humane Society's medal, which hitherto she has been in no hurry about accepting. Such heroism and modesty are indeed rare.

At short intervals the steamboat would make up to a collection of piles, with a few loose planks laid on top of them, called, per courtesy, landings. These stood about fifteen or twenty feet out of the water, with water-marks at different elevations all over them.

Although the scenery along the banks is a constant delight to the eye, the people

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WAITING.

are a disappointment. They appear for the most part poor and spiritless, and judging from the tumble-down condition of their steamboat landings, must be shiftless indeed. The houses seen from the banks of the river are mere huts or shanties. No doubt there are well-to-do people living in the inland villages, who live in better style, but the general impression is one of apathetic poverty. At one of the landings the only living objects to be seen were three dogs. Two of these were collies, with their bright intelligent faces and restless action; the other, a great clumsy mongrel bull-dog, blind of one eye. They all expressed such lively interest in the approaching steamboat that our party concluded their master, mistress, and all their friends must be on board. But the captain volunteered the information that the cook was in the habit of throwing them something to eat every time the boat passed.

As the boat proceeded on her way the party became more and more enthusiastic over the beauty of the route. A little below Thurso, which the captain explained was the principal picnic resort for the people of the city, was another beautiful group of islands, so thickly overgrown and compact-looking that they had the appearance of having been trimmed like a hedge. And it required very little stretch of the imagination to form all kinds of objects out of them. As the Tenor observed, one looked like a vessel pulled up for repairs. Then there were such delightful glimpses of bays and inlets, suggesting such delicious fishing and mosquito bites! The banks gradually began to assume more and more the appearance of the river Thames,

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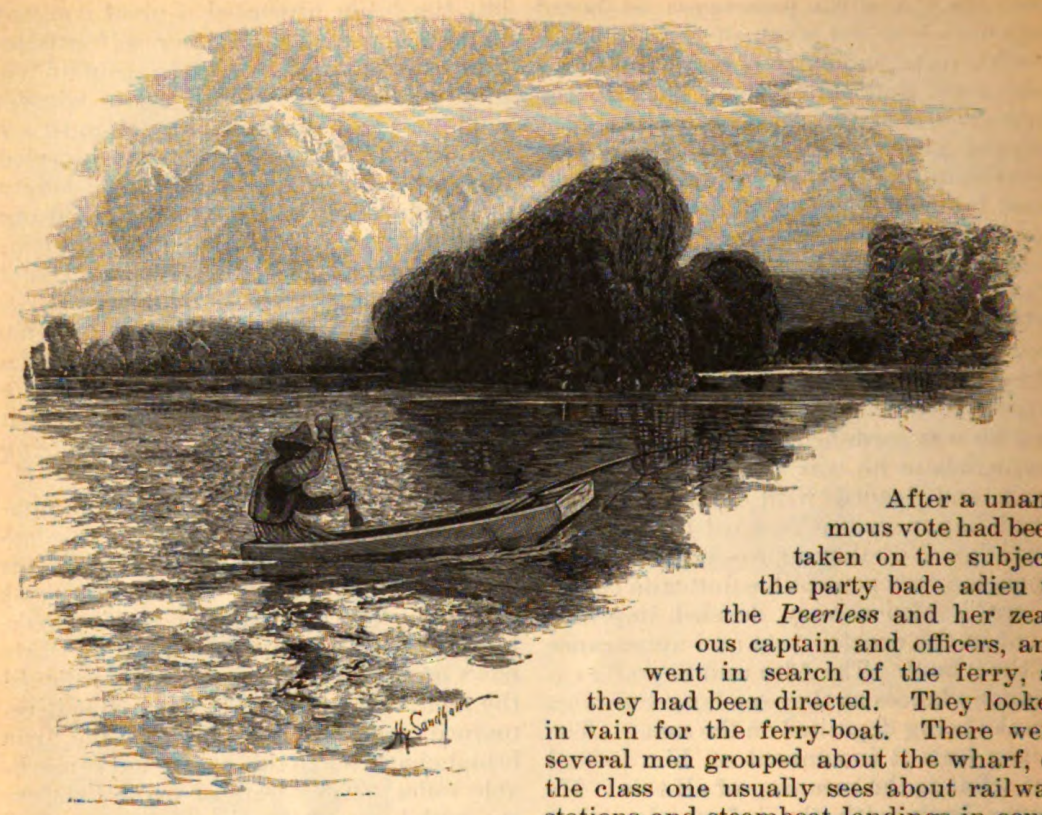
and some English passengers on board began to look for some of the old landmarks, until suddenly a large raft came into view, and called them back to the New World. On an average the boat stopped about every twenty minutes at some small village, each having its own local interest. Here is Montebello, where can be seen through the trees the seigniorial residence of the late Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, the ex-arch-rebel, who in the rebellion of 1837 fled to the United States, and a price was set upon his head. But after a brief exile matters righted themselves with the Canadian government, and he was pardoned, and returned to his home, where he was received with open arms and loaded with honors, and he lived happy ever afterward (as they always do). Now they approach L'Original.* There is a very perceptible flutter on board. There is also a very decided improvement in the construction and appearance of the wharf. The Alto and Soprano exchange glances as they see large Saratoga trunks being deposited on the same. The Tenor feels it incumbent on him to find out what is the meaning of all this. He comes back with the information that this is the landing where passengers take the stage for the celebrated Caledonia Springs, situated about seven miles distant inland. The waters are considered very beneficial in cases of rheumatism and other kindred diseases. A company have erected a spacious hotel, and it has been dubbed the Saratoga of Canada, as here flock all the fashionably halt, the fashionably maimed, and the fashionably blind from all parts of the Dominion. At one of the smaller landings, where the boat did not usually stop unless signaled, a man was seen standing gesticulating wildly. The captain came forward and with an amused expression of countenance informed the passengers that he knew from the excited state the individual was in that a wedding party was coming on board. And his prognostication was soon verified, for as soon as the boat touched the landing a motley procession came trooping down — old and young and middle-aged, from the infant in arms to the aged couple, who, John Anderson like, were tottering down. The procession was headed by the bride and groom, the latter looking excessively uncomfortable and out of place in his "dressed-up" condition; but the bride presented a great contrast to her new-made lord; her self-satisfaction was supreme. As the captain remarked, "If you really want to witness happiness and contentment, you must see a French-Canadian bride from the rural districts. She has attained to the height of her ambition; she is at last decked out in bridal finery." She went straight for the saloon after coming on board, and looked round a little nervously at first, then sat frigidly down on the extreme edge of the nearest bench, and cast down her eyes, as was supposed, in blushing modesty. But no! it was not modesty; it was her shoes upon which her admiring glances were directed.

The rest of her costume was commonplace, consisting of a black dress of some cheap material, which one of the ladies designated as "lustre." She wore a hat trimmed with a wreath of tawdry-looking pink and blue artificial flowers, while bows of yellow and green ribbon relieved the sombre hue of the dress. But it remained for the shoes to give the true bridal character to this somewhat remarkable toilet. They were of white kid, low cut, with huge rosettes on the instep. Her pedal extremities, which were of rather colossal proportions, were augmented by home-knit woollen stockings, which appeared just a trifle incongruous. Her husband soon joined her, and took a seat beside her, and as he sat speechless, with his wife's hand lying in his own, it was supposed he too was lost in admiration and wonder at the beauty of the slippers. A half-hour later found them in the same position, with the bride still casting loving glances at her feet. When the newly wedded pair left the boat they were met by an old man and a young girl, who, by the way they embraced the bridegroom, were set down as his father and sister. The former took the bride gently by the hand, who received them with rigid stateliness. The girl timidly ventured to kiss her newly made sister. The caress was passively permitted, not returned, and afterward deliberately wiped off with a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. The last seen of the kid shoes they were almost invisible as their owner trudged up a steep sandy hill on a hot August afternoon.

The captain now came forward and announced to his passengers that the next stopping-place would be the last, as far as he was concerned. They would have a

* Pronounced *Lo-reen-yal'*.

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ISLANDS BELOW THURSO.

little variation now in their mode of travelling, as the river for the next twelve miles was so full of rapids and dangerous shallows it was impossible for a steamboat to navigate it. Therefore it was necessary to make a portage by railway to Carillon, at the foot of the rapids. The quartette thought this rather a good idea, as it would serve as another novelty in this very pleasant journey.

When they reached Grenville, the point at which they were to make the change, the Tenor, who had been missing for the last half-hour, made his appearance, and informed the other three that he had been talking with the captain, who had been giving him a description of a rafting station about two miles up on the opposite side of the river.

"Now," said he, "as we are all out for amusement, and our time's our own, why should we not stop over a day here, and make a call upon the raftsmen?"

"The very thing!" exclaimed both ladies at once; while the Artist declared his soul had been yearning for an introduction into rafting circles.

After a unanimous vote had been taken on the subject, the party bade adieu to the *Peerless* and her zealous captain and officers, and went in search of the ferry, as they had been directed. They looked in vain for the ferry-boat. There were several men grouped about the wharf, of the class one usually sees about railway stations and steamboat landings in country places—men who seem born to occupy positions with their backs against posts or walls, with their legs crossed, and their hands in their empty pockets, gazing with a far-away look of vacant stupidity on their equally empty faces. The Basso went up and accosted one of these wharf ornaments by inquiring, "Can you tell me where the ferry-boat starts from?"

"Here," was the laconic reply.

"Where is the boat?"

"There"—pointing to an ordinary-looking fishing-punt of apparently medium size.

"That?" chimed in the Tenor. "Why, we've got several valises."

"And where are my sketching traps to go, I should like to know?" came in an indignant *basso profondo*.

"Dat all right, monsieur," put in another individual, who had come upon the scene within the last few minutes. The speaker was a fine sturdy specimen of the French Canadian habitant, rather advanced in years, but of fine physique and good presence.

One of the ladies inquired, "Are you the ferryman?"

"Oui, madame."

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"How many can you carry in your boat?"

"As many as want to go."

This was not very re-assuring, as by this time quite a number of people had come down from the village, men, women, and children, with carpet-bags, trunks, bundles, and babies too numerous to mention.

The Soprano, with true feminine caution, suggested to her friends the advisability of getting in at once, as the old man would certainly have to make two trips, and naturally those who got in first would start first. So they proceeded to embark on the primitive craft. The baggage was stowed away first in the bow. Then the human freight was to be disposed of. On they came, one after another, until the Soprano began to suspect she had been premature in her calculations. "I believe," said she, "the old man is going to take them all at one load." And such, indeed, was the case. And, impossible as it may seem, the load consisted of twelve human beings, besides about eight hundred pounds of baggage. "Are you not afraid to take so many?" asked one of the passengers. "Afraid! No, indeed; I could easily carry six more." This reply caused a general laugh, and served to restore confidence among some of the more timid passengers. One young man generously offered to assist the skipper if another pair of oars could be procured. But this offer was politely but resolutely refused. "How far is it to the point where you land?" was asked. "About three miles," answered the ferryman. "Three miles!" exclaimed the astonished Tenor. "One man row twelve people, besides all that freight, against the current too! He'll never do it." But he did, laughing and talking good-naturedly all the while, and when the boat drew up to the landing he appeared as little fatigued as when he started, and handed his lady passengers out as gallantly as any courtier from his beloved "La Belle France." The party proceeded by a foot-path through the woods to the hotel which had been recommended to them before leaving the steamboat. The house was new, and appeared clean and comfortable. The host was a French Canadian, who, to do him justice, tried to do his best for the accommodation of his guests, but, unfortunately for the comfort of our party, his knowledge of hotel-keeping was limited. The house was filled with summer boarders, which meant, in Canada, tribes of children with their mammas and nurses. Not a masculine was to be seen anywhere (they knew better). When the boarders descended to the dining-room with appetites that would have done ample justice to a good meal, they were appalled by the heterogeneous mixture of babies, mothers, and nurses who had possession of every table in the room. And when at last a space was cleared by one of the waiters for the quartette, it was to sit down to soiled table linen and the refuse of food left by the last relay of babies. Meanwhile the respective mothers glared at the intruders, and passed audible remarks of a disagreeable nature anent the new arrivals. The landlady followed her disgusted guests out of the dining-room, and apologetically explained matters by saying they never had taken summer boarders before; but they were anxious to get their house paid for, and they thought it would help. "But, mon Dieu! we lose money all the time. We have thirty-five children in the house, the oldest only ten years old, and when they are not quarrelling the nurses are." The quartette, who were out for pleasure, decided to leave as speedily as possible. The good-natured landlord, willing to do all in his power for the accommodation of his American visitors, kindly put his own skiff at their disposal to go out to the rafts, and sent his clerk to act as their gondolier, which latter personage appeared very well pleased to exchange the close atmosphere of the hotel office for a blow on the river. He was an intense young Frenchman, showily arrayed in cheap store clothes, plated jewelry, and patent-leather boots, and, as the Contralto remarked, "evidently got up for the occasion." This gorgeous young creature answered to the classical name of Achille, and as he launched his boat and got into position with some difficulty, the party soon perceived that his skill and experience in aquatics were very superficial. But there was an air of importance about him as he put his oars in the rowlocks that made some members of the quartette begin to think they had not done this young person justice. And if real hard work be taken as a criterion he must have been a perfect Hanlan in the art of rowing. The Artist, who was an adept in all matters pertaining to boating, and was now comfortably seated un-

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der the shade of his sketching umbrella, kept (despite the protestations of the ladies) urging the young fellow on by such exclamations as, "Go it, Achille; you'll yet cover yourself with glory." He was pretty well covered with water by this time, both from his profuse perspiration and the quantity his oars had shipped in his frantic endeavors to make good time. They had proceeded at such a rapid rate they had failed to note any of the beautiful scenery through which they were passing, until they suddenly found themselves in full view of the rafts, the object of their quest.

They were very politely received on board, and fairly delighted with all they saw. Everything was practically explained to them, from the construction of the raft to the working of it down from its native woods to the ocean. But the most interesting part to the ladies was the exploration of the culinary department, where the next day's meals were in course of preparation. The friendly cook courteously invited them to partake of the homely fare, which they gladly accepted, for after the wretched dinner they had tried to eat, this meal, served with the elegance of cleanliness, and an unlimited supply of good-will, tasted to them like a collation from Delmonico's. Moreover, it was a novelty—a luncheon on a raft. The sun was now beginning to light up the glorious Laurentians to the west of them, which suggested to the Tenor the propriety of moving on again, and they bade adieu to their jovial hosts on the raft with many good wishes and hopes of future meeting. They again took their places in the boat, and judging by the way the young man handled the oars, he had, during his season of rest, become "a sadder and a wiser man." As they were going with the stream, he took the advice of the Basso, and simply drifted down, using an oar now and then to guide their course. What a delicious half-hour it was! The sun, which was gradually sinking, made the water in the wide part of the river appear like a sheet of pure gold, without a ripple to mar its surface. The banks on either side were thickly wooded down to the water's edge, and cast such perfect reflections that it appeared as if the boat was actually drifting through the forest glade. There were several picturesque old piers built far out in the stream, for the convenience of loading the boats with lumber from the mills during low water; for this thrifty little village of Hawkesbury is a great lumber centre, and is dependent for its prosperity upon one or two wealthy mill-owners. The quartette felt the influence of the tranquil evening and its suggestive imagery, and as if by common consent a soft strain of music sweetly floated over the water, and as they neared the landing the last chord died away just as the last ray of sunlight sank suddenly behind the distant mountains. As they landed, no word was spoken. Their minds seemed filled with a sort of reverential feeling, which was uninterrupted until they were close to the hotel, when the irrepressible Tenor broke the silence by exclaiming:

"I'll tell you what it is, Frank, that last half-hour was worth living. I don't feel half as bad as I did an hour ago about facing supper at the hotel."

"I am glad to see the waters have had such a soothing influence on you," answered the Soprano. "For my part, it would take oceans to obliterate the evil glare of that mother when I innocently usurped her baby's seat at dinner."

As there was no train from Grenville until noon next day, our travellers were compelled to accept the situation and remain where they were for the night. We will not dwell upon their sufferings during the period of their sojourn. Suffice it to say, if their dinner was bad, their supper was worse, and their breakfast next morning a little more so. As soon next day as the old ferryman would convey them, they took their departure, feeling deeply thankful that they were not in the position of the poor French landlord and his wife, who were compelled to take summer boarders in order to eke out a living. The party arrived at Grenville a good hour before the train was due, and amused themselves by looking about and watching the peculiarities of the native population, which caused them no little amusement.

By the time the train arrived the travellers were glad to resume their journey. Arrived at Carillon, the party were again charmed with their surroundings, and very much interested in the various points of attraction. They were soon on board the steamer which was to convey them down to Montreal, and by a happy coincidence they met with a party of congenial spirits, and the captain affably performed his duties as host by making them mutually acquaint-

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THE FERRY.

ed. They had ample time to discuss the scenery in the neighborhood, as the boat did not leave for nearly an hour after they had embarked. On the opposite side of the river was Point Fortune, the line that divides the provinces of Quebec and

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Ontario; and there, in the distance, are the grand old mountains containing much that is dear to the heart of the geologist. They are stated to be the oldest geological formation on the continent. But the great glory of Carillon is its dam and timber slides. A gentleman on board declared this dam was the largest in the world. "Phew!" came from the Artist; "that's pretty good. I was up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains about a year ago, and saw one there over a hundred feet high."

"As to that," put in one of Montreal's most popular D.D.'s, "I stood upon one once in another part of the world that was three miles across."

"Don't care," said the first speaker; "this is the largest in the world."

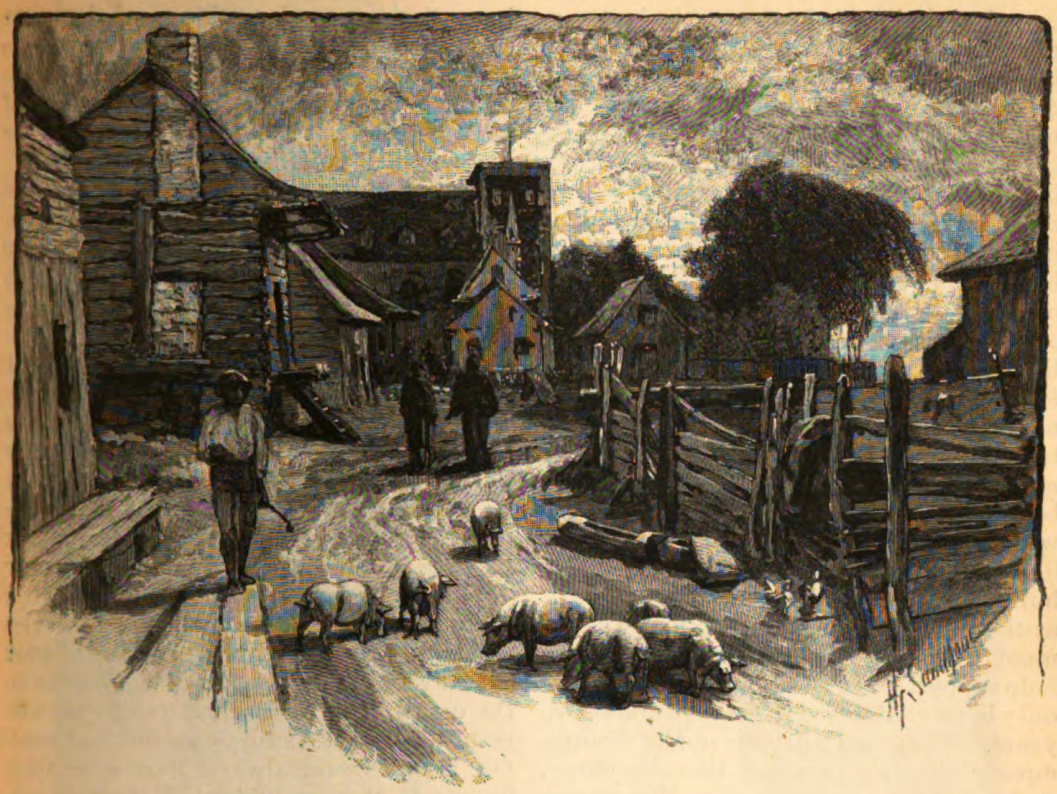
The discussion waxed hot. At last the captain was appealed to. "Why do they call this dam the largest in the world, captain?"

"Because there isn't a larger."

This was considered conclusive, and a general laugh put an end to the controversy.

But the quartette did not see this wonderful dam in all its glory, as it had been partially carried away by the spring freshets only a few months before. "Now," said their newly acquired friend the divine, as Carillon was gradually fading from view, "you will see between here and Lachine the gems of the Ottawa." And as they beheld the ever-varying landscape on either side of the river, with its alternate beauties of meadow and woodland, and the wonderful effects of light and shade on their old friends the Laurentians, which form an almost unbroken chain along the route, they fully realized the truth of the Doctor's words, while at intervals they would stop at some pretty little village that appeared in marked contrast to those at the commencement of their trip, nearer Ottawa City. These bore every evidence of thrift, not to say wealth. Here and there were cozy little villas, owned and occupied during the summer months by well-to-do Montrealers, and whenever they stopped, bevies of pretty girls would flock down to the landing to meet friends or exchange greetings with acquaintances on board. They were now coming in sight of the Lake of Two Mountains, where the Indian village of Oka is situated. "You ought to stop here," said the Doctor to our friends; "there is something worth seeing, especially for you," regarding the Artist. "They have a Trappist monastery here, where, I am sure, an artist will find enough material to repay him for visiting it. Then the village itself has its interest in the fact that it has been for some years the scene of much conflict and strife between the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestants concerning the claims of the Indians. Then there is Mount Calvary and the seven chapels. Yes, you must see Oka; it is full of interest." The Tenor and Soprano felt very much tempted to remain a night at this interesting spot; but as they were under bonds to meet other friends in Quebec on a certain day, they felt constrained to push on. But the Alto and Basso realized it was their artistic duty to see the Trappists, if nothing more, of this celebrated place. So the party separated with mutual regrets, but not without arranging to come together again at no very distant date. The Artist and his wife left the steamboat amid the hearty good wishes of all on board, and started to explore this Franco-Indian village in pursuit of shelter for the night, as this was the first consideration before seeing the sights. They discovered there were two hostelries in the place kept by rival Frenchmen, and as neither of them spoke English, and our travellers' knowledge of the French language was very slight, and as there seemed no way of arriving at the respective merits of each house, the pair decided on the house on the sunny side of the street, as it appeared neat and prosperous-looking, and it had the largest sign out. The landlord was the largest man, his wife the largest woman. The lady was in hopes they might get the largest kind of entertainment. An Indian youth was at last found who condescended, for a large pecuniary consideration, to carry their valise and sketching traps up from the wharf, where they had been standing unprotected since the boat left, and had been a subject of much speculation to the juveniles, who had contrived to loosen all the straps round them, in which condition the Indian boy started to carry them. He had not proceeded many yards when first a roll of canvas, then a bunch of brushes, fell out. In vain the Artist called to him to stop; he only did that when he arrived in front of the hotel, with the empty straps in his hand; then he went back and carefully picked

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OKA.

up all that he had dropped on the way, and carried them safely in his arms. The couple were shown their room, which blighted all hopes of colossal entertainment at the outset. It was small and stuffy, and immediately under the eaves, and, upon entering, it emitted that peculiar odor, common to many country sleeping apartments, which suggests equal parts of new plaster and old straw beds. They quickly deposited their wraps, and were hurrying down to seek the fresh air, when they were arrested on their way by a low sweet female voice singing a sadly pathetic melody, accompanied by a cabinet organ. The music had such a weird charm about it that our travellers were compelled to stop and listen. After a while they traced the sounds to a half-opened door leading out of the hall, where in a small, dimly lighted room could be seen the form of a young girl, apparently under twenty years of age, seated before the organ, with bent head and fingers wandering nervously over the key-board as she chanted her mournful lay. What a picture it was, and one that told its own sad story! Her listeners' eyes were suffused with tears as they crept stealthily away. Not for worlds would they have disturbed the sightless singer, shut forever out from the light of day.

The next morning was set apart for the visit to the Trappist monastery, which was eight miles distant. The road followed the river-bank nearly all the way, and the party got the benefit of a soft cool breeze that was blowing refreshingly off the water. Altogether it was a charming drive. As they passed the humble homesteads of the habitants a general commotion would invariably ensue. Numerous pretty black-eyed children would run out, and stand open-mouthed viewing the strangers wonderingly, followed by two or three little black curs, which snapped and yelped viciously until they were looked at; then they would retreat in quick time into the innermost recesses of their dwelling-place. Added to these there was the inevitable pig, which expressed his approval or disapproval by a grunt.

The Artist's wife was enraptured by the luxuriant growth of wild flowers. Everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, it was

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one glorious burst of color. She had never seen such wild flowers; they were tropical in their magnificence. It was evident Nature had made amends for the brevity of the Canadian summer by loading it with her richest treasures. They had just ascended to the brow of one of the many hills when the monastery came into full view, and our friends could not help commenting on the fact that if these monks were denied all the other pleasures of the world, they had taken advantage of the one still left them. The site chosen for their habitation afforded to the eye a never-ending feast of the beautiful in nature. The building is situated on an eminence that commands the whole of the beautiful lake and the mountains from which it derives its name. The monastery itself is a large square building, solidly built of wood on a stone foundation, built at the expense of the Dominion government, which also gives an annual grant to help support the institution. This order has only been established in Canada about two years. They were driven out of France during the late political troubles there, and forbidden ever to return. They being thus cast upon the world, naturally sought protection in the province of Quebec, that great stronghold of Romanism. It is pretty generally known that these monks are the most rigorous of any order. They are also of very ancient origin: they were founded in the sixth century by the abbot of La Trappe; they were reformed in the year 1150, again in 1600.

The driver, who performed the office of guide and interpreter, soon made the attendant in charge understand that the lady and gentleman wished to inspect the institution. He was answered by a very low bow, speech being strictly forbidden unless by permission of the Father Superior of the monastery. However, he went to communicate with that gentleman, who soon came forward and urbanely welcomed his guests in good English with a French accent. He was a man about six feet in height, of good build. He was rather prepossessing in appearance, and when he spoke, his face was particularly attractive, owing to a very genial expression and a somewhat humorous twinkle in his eye. His head was cleanly shaved, all but a short close fringe of hair about an inch long all the way round. He was dressed in a long robe of cream-colored serge that reached down to his ankles, displaying low-cut shoes, and stockings of the same color as his robe. Over this robe he wore another garment, a sort of over-dress without sleeves, composed of black material of a finer grade than the serge. This latter had a sort of cowl or hood attached to it.

He was very polite to the visitors, and informed them that while he would be delighted to show the gentleman all over the establishment, it was strictly against all usage to allow a lady the same privilege. Personally, he was entirely at madame's service; but—with a truly Parisian shrug of the shoulders—madame knows we must obey orders. So madame was fain to sit in the reception-room, while her husband explored the monastery, and learned the manners and customs of its inmates; but the lady did not keep a solitary vigil, as a handsome young lay brother did his best to entertain her, although I am sadly afraid he transgressed the rules by talking so much. But, shades of good St. Anthony, was there not a woman in the case? The Artist returned to his wife ecstatic. Such pictures as he had seen! Oh, if one could always live with these Trappists, there would be no lack of subjects. After going through the dormitories and other portions of the building, he had gone out into the fields and watched the brothers at their work of reaping and gathering in the harvest, for they do all their own work, both out-doors and in, even to making their own clothes. No female element is allowed to enter their lives. As the Artist watched the picturesque groups of men performing their silent labor, still in the garb of their order, what effects, tones, values, and keys of color were evolved in his mind, as he noted the sun strike on the rich golden brown costume of the lay brothers, forming vivid contrasts to the more sombre hue of those in full orders! And how strange it seemed, all this active life going on round about him without a sound being uttered, to see them suddenly fall on their knees while the father whose duty it was would perform the office. For everything is done by rule, and whatever the occupation, it must be suspended when the bell sounds for these religious exercises. Everything was so automaton-like that it almost appeared like enchantment. Father Alban, the Superior, at length rallied our absorbed friend, by asking him if he would not like to join their order. "Yes, if you will take me in the capacity of special artist," he

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TRAPPIST FATHERS AT WORK.

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DIVINE OFFICE IN THE FIELD.

laughingly replied. "Well, come and live with us a month or two, and see how you like our life." This proposition was eagerly responded to on the part of the Artist, but met with indignant glances from his wife. The worthy father, who was a bit of a wag, quietly gave her a re-assuring smile, and proceeded to give her husband a list of the rules laid down for the guidance of his household. No conversation permitted under any circumstances except by special permission of the father, and then as few words as possible must be used. Entire abstinence from meat, fish, eggs, or butter; a very spare quantity of bread, vegetables, and milk only being allowed. The brothers were compelled to rise at 2 A.M. for prayer and meditation. Here the worthy father was interrupted by the Artist exclaiming, very emphatically, "No, thanks; I won't join." His enthusiasm had been visibly dying out during the father's recital, and the final clause provoked downright rebellion. But they compromised by the Artist asking permission to come out the next day, fully equipped with sketching appliances, and the genial father willingly promised to place himself and the brotherhood at his disposal.

When the pair again embarked on board the steamer it was one of those lovely afternoons we sometimes see late in the summer, when everything in nature seems veiled under a soft mist. They secured seats under an awning on deck, and sat enjoying to the utmost the balmy, bewitching atmosphere by which they were surrounded.

"What is that old ruin we see over there?" inquired the Basso of a gentleman near by.

"That is the remains of an old French fort, destroyed in 1745. We are now coming to St. Ann's," answered the individual

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addressed, "one of the loveliest spots on the Ottawa. It is crowded to its utmost capacity during the season by tourists, excursionists, and those seeking a quiet corner to rest in after the busy round of toils and pleasures of city life. It is only twenty miles from Montreal, but it might be two hundred, judging from its primitive attractions. It was here that Moore wrote his celebrated 'Boat Song.' Yonder, spanning the river from shore to shore, is the Grand Trunk Railway bridge, interesting from its irregularity of outline, which makes it appear so unlike a railway bridge."

Fortunately the boat had to wait a long time here, and the Artist took advantage of it to get the rapids and a sketch of Moore's house, which is a quaint, cozy-looking stone house with an old-fashioned high-pitched roof of glittering tin, with two tiers of dormer-windows in it, one above the other. It is still in good preservation, and looks as if it might yet shelter a generation or two more of poets. The afternoon was drawing to a close as they left St. Ann's, and our musical friend could not refrain from softly repeating,

"Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn."

They were now quietly drifting down to Lachine, where those passengers who do not care to run the rapids can proceed by rail to Montreal, a distance of nine miles, but very few persons leave the boat here. On the contrary, the number of passengers is generally augmented by parties who come out from the city for the special purpose of going down the rapids.

Here at Lachine the Basso and Contralto bid farewell to the Ottawa, on whose waters they have had such a happy summer holiday. They are now on the St. Lawrence. The two rivers here meet, but do not mingle. Their distinctive characters are retained. Our old friend the Ottawa, with its coffee-colored water flows peacefully by the side of the brilliant-hued St. Lawrence until they reach the tide.

After leaving Lachine, all the interest centres on the rapids. The others crowd to the bow of the boat to get a good view, but our travellers take up their position in the stern, where they can watch the water rushing over the rocks, pursuing them, as it were, while they seem to be running



TOM MOORE'S HOUSE.

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STEERING A RAFT THROUGH THE RAPIDS.

away from it. As they descend one steep pitch after another they sometimes fancy the waters are really going to catch them, and instinctively jump back like frightened children.

The boat has dipped for the last time, and the excitement is over. Now they are within sight of the Victoria Bridge. The giant structure is glorified by the misty gray shadows of evening combined with the reflection of the setting sun, which have for the time transfigured this useful but by no means ornamental eighth wonder of the world.

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FROM the predominance of Bismarck we may date the rise and progress of socialism in Germany. These are not, strictly speaking, cause and effect, yet any careful American student of the German situation must admit that the one has done much to promote the other. As Louis Napoleon based the second empire on the *plébiscite*, so the necessities of the situation in the jealousies of the petty German courts, of the nobility, and of some of the wealthy classes made it imperative in 1866 that Bismarck should base the constitution of the North German Confederation upon universal suffrage. As representatives of the working classes, Bebel and Liebknecht, the two most prominent leaders of the socialists to-day, were elected members of the North German Reichstag, and from that time the socialistic movement has held a platform in the council-chamber of the nation. In those early days the socialists were divided into two rival and not very prominent factions (the opportunists and the extremists), and in the multitude of matter engaging his attention, Bismarck scarcely thought it worth while to use very strong repressive measures against them, if, indeed, he did not in some measure encourage them that he might pit them against the progressists, who were much more powerful obstacles to the success of his numerous schemes. At any rate, when he established the German Empire he found universal suffrage as imperatively necessary for the success of his new measure as he had found it in 1866. In those days the car of imperialism rolled on with irresistible force, the progressists, lately the dominant parliamentary party, were mangled and crushed beneath its wheels, and August Bebel was left the sole representative of the socialists elected to the imperial Reichstag.

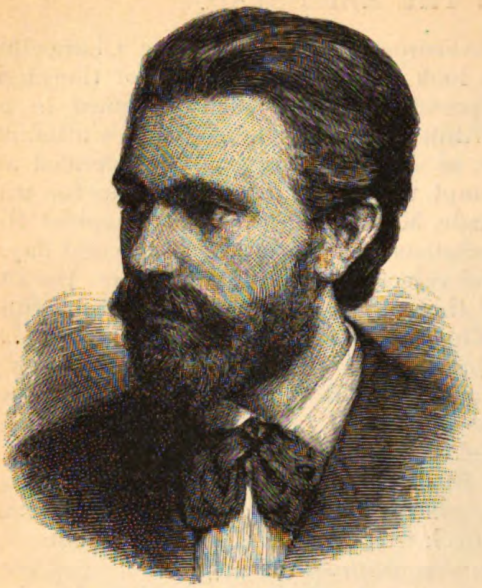
In 1872 the socialists received a little attention from Bismarck in the shape of a persecution of Bebel, Liebknecht, and one other for attempted high treason, a *cause célèbre* throughout Germany, which brought the socialists again into prominence. In 1874 the two rival factions coalesced, and then succeeded in electing nine representatives to the Reichstag. To the next parliament, in 1877, they elected twelve members, capturing for the first time two districts of the imperial capital—a fact which alarmed the government, and caused the Chancellor to look carefully for means of thorough repression. These means seemed to be within his grasp when Hoedel's attempt, or, as alleged by some, his pretended attempt, upon the life of the Emperor was made, May 11, 1878. A law against the socialists was prepared within eight days, and rejected by the Reichstag on the 23d of the same month. On the 2d of June following, the Emperor was, with no possibility of doubt, shot at and severely wounded by Karl Nobiling, a young Doctor of Science and a disappointed office-seeker.

Bismarck had been thwarted in many ways. It was not only his anti-socialistic law that had been rejected, but also numerous measures which he deemed very important to the success of the empire. But now in the excitement and horror engendered by the attempted assassination, and the serious wound of the Emperor, he was able to dissolve parliament and elect a majority subservient to his wishes. This was done with his customary promptness, and a new and still more stringent coercion law was immediately brought before the new parliament, and passed by a very decisive majority, in the face of a strenuous and even fierce opposition made by the little band of nine members which the socialists still retained.

This law was promulgated October 21, 1878, and carried out with the utmost rigor. All the journals of the socialists were at once annihilated, and all their clubs were dissolved, while many ingenious methods of persecution, having no warrant in law, were used to compel the flight of leaders and suspects against whom it was impossible to make out a legal case that public opinion would tolerate. All meetings being strictly prohibited under heavy penalties, it was supposed that the party would be annihilated without difficulty.

But, as the event showed, the socialists were not wholly dependent upon leaders or upon any form of organization. They were by no means lacking in general intelligence, and they were quite capable of improvising for themselves very effectual means of resistance to arbitrary power. Therefore in 1881, when the regular election for the German parliament took place, much to the astonishment of the

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AUGUST BEBEL.

government, twelve socialistic members were seated, or one-third more than those in the preceding parliament. The government had gone so far as to arrest socialists for the crime of distributing ballots, and their surprise at the result may well be imagined. Another member was soon added to the number of the socialists as the result of an important election in Hamburg.

In the autumn of 1884 the socialists again surprised the government by capturing twenty-four seats, chiefly from the most important constituencies. This will be seen from the following list: Singer and Pfannkuch, from Berlin; Bebel and Dietz, from Hamburg; Frohme, from Altona; Viereck, from Leipsic (rural district); Stoller, from Zwickau; Geiser, from Chemnitz; Auer, from Glauchau; Blos, from Greiz; Wiemer, from Brunswick; Hasenclever and Kraecker, from Breslau; Heine, from Magdeburg; Meister, from Hanover; Harms, from Elberfeld; Schumacher, from Solingen; Sabor, from Frankfort; Grillenberger, from Nuremberg; Vollmar, from Munich; Liebknecht, from Offenbach; Bock, from Gotha; Roediger, from Gera; Kayser, from Auerbach.

All but one of the old members are included in this list; but Herr Rittinghausen, the very wealthy old member for Solingen, was rejected because he kicked against the discipline of the party, and George Schumacher was elected in his place. For the twenty-four socialists 550,000 votes were cast, an increase of seventy-five per cent. over the vote of 1881.

Among the old members August Bebel is pre-eminent. He is forty-four years old, of medium size, with full, short beard and chestnut hair, regular German features, gray eyes, and of delicate aspect. He has a clear, ringing voice, to be heard distinctly by the largest audience; he is possessed of a rare eloquence, which never fails to win the close attention even of those members most opposed to him, and he is by far the most popular of all the socialistic leaders. He was educated at the common school, and he is an artisan, a turner by trade. From 1876 to 1885 he was a member of the extensive firm of Issleib and Bebel, at Leipsic, where he can no longer reside, because of expulsion under the state of siege, which still obtains, and which has finally cost him his interest in the firm erected by his talents and enterprise. He has been imprisoned about four years in all, two of which commenced when, with Liebknecht, in the trial above mentioned, he was condemned for attempt at high treason, the conviction being for his well-known republican and socialistic opinions, and not for any overt acts performed. His term of imprisonment was served with Liebknecht, and under the teaching of that learned man he passed two years as a first-class prisoner, by which kind consideration of the government he may be said to have received a very liberal education in the penitentiary.

In the parliamentary term 1874–7, Bebel was tried at Dresden, and convicted of speaking in a manner calculated to bring the Emperor into contempt (*Majestaetsbeleidigung*). He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and the judge, unwisely exercising a discretion which the law gave him, declared Bebel's seat in parliament to be vacated. A new election in his district was therefore necessary, and the government had the satisfaction of having this convicted maligner of the Emperor indorsed in a re-election by a majority of more than three-fourths of the votes, and by far the largest ever cast in his district. It is thus the far-seeing government of Germany assists the socialistic propaganda.

When Bismarck, till then a free-trader, formed his alliance with the protection-

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ists, Bebel, in opposing the indirect taxes then proposed, and which he claimed to be inimical to the interests of the working classes, said in parliament, in 1879: "Now you have taken off the mask. Go on in this way, if you dare, and in five years our time will come." The five years are up, the time of the German socialists has not come, but it must be confessed that there is a very dangerous tendency in that direction.

Bebel's private character is stainless, he has the esteem of his parliamentary opponents, and he is unexcelled as a debater. Recently he has seized an opportunity to make an onslaught on the military policy of the empire, which has had a very telling effect.

Wilhelm Liebknecht, whose name is always conjoined with that of Bebel as leader of the party, is a portly man over sixty years of age. He has an excellent university education, and he makes his living by his writings in his mother-tongue and in French and English. He was in arms for the republic in 1849, and he had to go into exile when the revolution was defeated. A parliamentary opponent having reproached him for this blot on his escutcheon, in his reply he said: "Yes, I did bear arms for the republic in my youth, and I would shoulder the musket again in defense of the republican cause if the people would only declare for it." For this utterance he has been called "the Soldier" by his comrades, and among the socialists that is still his pet name. He is ready and fearless, and, as this anecdote would indicate, rather fond of bearding the lion in his den. He was the editor of the official paper of the socialists up to the date of its suppression in 1878, and he contributes to the *Socialdemokrat*, published at Zurich, Switzerland, which has taken its place, and which is now circulated by means of the "under-ground post."

When the government purchased the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, a bold policy peculiar to Bismarck was adopted. Liebknecht was invited to continue his articles on very handsome terms, and even Karl Marx was approached in his London retreat with the most liberal offers of money, and *carte blanche* as to the strength of his socialism, if he would only serve it out in regular doses in the reconstructed organ. The cynical Bismarck doubtless believed that he could thus conceal from the public as long as he wished the radical change in the journal, and perhaps eventually discredit these leaders in their party, and manipulate the socialists to his own satisfaction. But neither Liebknecht nor Karl Marx would take the bait, and the policy fell through for want of proper materials to work upon. Marx was beyond the power of Bismarck, but it is said that his friend had to suffer for his refusal. Subsequently, in a speech in parliament, Liebknecht gave a history of the unlawful persecutions to which, as he asserted, he had been subjected, producing thereby a most profound impression, and bringing tears into the eyes of some of his audience as he detailed how by this means his wife had been subjected to intense mental torture resulting in death.

When the anti-socialistic law was under discussion in the German parliament, the crimes of Hoedel and Nobiling having been freely imputed to the socialists in preceding speeches, Liebknecht spoke for



WILHELM LIEBKNECHT.

his party, and hurled back the accusation in a bitter speech, a passage of which we imperfectly render as follows:

"You well know that these vile imputations are all false pretenses. It has been proven that our party had nothing at all to do with these attempts to murder. Why not confess the truth?" (Turning toward the conservative benches, he added,)

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BARON VON VOLLMAR.

"Why not say that *you* are determined to punish us for our republican faith?" (and then turning toward the liberals,) "and *you* for our views on political economy? I know it is too late now to change the fate of this measure. You are determined to strike. Strike, then, but slander us no more!"

His power of invective is great, having some resemblance to that of O'Connell. Early in his parliamentary career, in 1867, on one occasion he contemptuously retorted upon Bismarck, "This parliament of yours is nothing but the fig leaf of absolutism." Liebknecht in his treatise entitled *Die Grund-und Bodenfrage* (Leipsic, 1874), anticipated Henry George's celebrated work, *Progress and Poverty*.

Baron von Vollmar is thirty-five years of age. He is of a noble family, that of Vollmar of Veltheim. One Von Vollmar was the preceptor of Calvin, one was the Chancellor of the Emperor Ferdinand III., and another was the general-in-chief of "Poor Conrad" in the famous uprising which very nearly succeeded in changing the history of Europe. This Vollmar, with eight others, was treacherously murdered by Duke Ulrich, of Würtemberg, after the signing of the Treaty of Tübingen, which stipulated a substantial redress of the grievances which had caused the revolt. The subject of our sketch was first elected to the German parliament in 1881. He is a very large, tall, fine-looking man of aristocratic mien, with something of the French, something of the German, cast of countenance, and with a Henri Quatre mustache. He walks on crutches, both of his legs having been crippled in the Franco-German war. The works on political economy which served him for light literature while convalescing from his wounds converted this scion of the old Bavarian nobility to the socialistic faith.

He was afterward the editor of an influential socialistic paper in Dresden, whence he was sent to prison for a year for his political faith. In 1879 he went to Switzerland, and started in Zurich with Julius Motteler the *Socialdemokrat*, the present official organ of the party. In 1881 he was elected to parliament from a district in Saxony, and his maiden speech against the proposed government monopoly of tobacco made him famous throughout the country. He ended this striking speech with an allusion to the persecutions of his party, declaring that their opponents could have evolution if they would, but as they rejected that, revolution was inevitable; they chose the weapons, and they must be responsible for the wounds. He is now elected to parliament from the capital of his own country, the city of Munich. He is more in rapport with the Russian nihilists than any other member of his party, and he is considered by the government as a specially dangerous man.

Wherever there is a government using very strong repressive measures against a party or faction alert and intelligent, unless the government is strongly supported by public opinion there will be many amusing incidents, by means of which officials will be subjected to ridicule and the cause of the enemy promoted. An incident of Vollmar's recent canvass at Munich may be cited as an example. Very energetic measures were taken to hinder his canvass. His little bills, black letters on red,

WÆHLT VOLLMAR

("Vote for Vollmar"), were found one fine morning posted through the district, and the whole force of the police was set to scratching them off. In anticipation of such an event the socialists had used very

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strong paste, and to undo their work was difficult and tedious. At a certain corner of the Bavarian capital a big, burly "gendarm," as his class of policemen are there called, was standing, as dignified as a Turkish pasha, busily engaged in the undignified task of effacing a bill, when an irreverent and daring bill-poster of the detested party coolly pasted one of the bills on the cartridge-box attached to his belt at the back, while the passers-by looked on and made no sign intelligible to the faithful servant of the government. His task finished, he passed on to repeat it at another place, and still another, followed by an increasing, laughing, jeering crowd, all amused, and many delighted, to see the walking advertisement of Vollmar, while the fine military bearing of the "gendarm" took an ever-increasing self-consciousness and attempted dignity, until at last he met a comrade and was apprised of the real cause of so much disagreeable and untimely merriment.

In the discussion which resulted in the famous vote of the 15th of December last, refusing Bismarck, on the ground of economy, an extra under-secretary (Direktor) of Foreign Affairs, Vollmar was a prominent leader of the victorious opposition. Bismarck entered personally into the discussion, in the course of which he said, "I declare upon my official oath the creation of this new post is a necessity for me," to which Vollmar most bitingly retorted in his speech which followed, "That official oath proves nothing, for we know too well how easily it can be broken."

Ignatz Auer, the member of parliament for Glauchau, is a native of Bavaria, and a saddler by trade. In 1877 he was first elected from the same district, at which time he was an editor of the Berlin *Free Press*, then considered the leading socialistic daily paper of Germany. He was re-elected in 1878, and took a very active part in parliament. In 1880 he spoke against the state of siege in Berlin and the abuses of arbitrary power under it, and his speech, of nearly three hours' length, attracted much attention.

In 1881 he was defeated in the same district, through a thorough system of repression which had been inaugurated by the government, and for which his supporters were not at that time prepared. He was expelled from Berlin, and afterward from Hamburg. In the time before 1878, when the socialistic organization was publicly carried on, Auer was one of the committee of five who had chief direction of the party. Auer is a tall, redbearded man of about forty years of age. He is a fluent speaker, with a ringing voice and a slight Bavarian accent.

A few weeks since Baron von Stauffenberg, the leader of the German liberals, moved in parliament that the members



IGNATZ AUER.

should be paid salaries for their services, like our own Senators and Representatives. The socialists supported the liberals in this, and Auer was their spokesman. The German railways, with few exceptions, belong to the government, and since 1874 it has been the custom, till this present parliament, for the government to issue passes for every member, good during the sessions. Now these passes are restricted to the route from the residence of the member to Berlin and return. In the course of his speech Auer referred to this, and alleged that Bismarck had made the restrictive regulation to show that he was the sole power in Germany, and that parliament was of no consequence. Bismarck was in attendance, and this brought him to the floor with a denial, but nevertheless many Germans of other parties will believe that Auer was correct in his conclusions.

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Wilhelm Hasenclever, a member elected both for Berlin and Breslau, but resigning the former seat to W. Pfannkuch, another member of his party, is a portly man of middling height, about fifty-five years of age, wearing a full beard, and having the appearance of a business man. He is an artisan, brought up to the trade of a tanner. He was a friend and follower of Ferdinand Lassalle, and the president of the National Workingmen's Association, founded by that worthy.



WILHELM HASENCLEVER.

For a time he was the editor, with Liebknecht, of the *Vorwärts*, at Leipsic. He too is an able speaker, and, as his double election would indicate, one of the most popular members of his party. Like Bebel, Liebknecht, and other leading socialists, he was expelled from Leipsic under the state of siege, which still obtains in Berlin, Hamburg, Leipsic, and their environments.

Paul Singer, one of the most successful business men of Berlin, is a new member. He is a Jew, noted for his public charities and for his firmness of character. There is a large and very important institution supported by private charity, called the Refuge for the Homeless, of which he was one of the chief founders. An essential principle of the management has always been that the shelter is provided for all comers, and no questions asked. The president of the Berlin police conceived the idea of utilizing this refuge for detective purposes. Officers therefore entered it, searching for suspicious characters. As soon as Singer was cognizant of this fact he brought the matter before the Board of Managers, and was appointed a committee with full powers to deal with the question. He called upon the chief of police, and told him that his surveillance of the Refuge would tend to defeat the object of the charity, and that therefore they could not tolerate any visits from his officers. The chief was disposed to treat the words of Singer as sheer impudence, but he soon found that his only alternative against seeing the institution immediately closed was in giving to Singer a distinct pledge that police officers should not again be permitted to enter the building. It would not do to have the institution closed, and he therefore made a virtue of necessity, and gave the pledge required.

When the state of siege which still exists in Berlin was proclaimed, and many socialists were expelled from the city by arbitrary edict, he at once contributed five thousand marks for the assistance of their families. He was threatened with expulsion, but he quietly notified the authorities that he should close his works and throw a thousand able-bodied men into the streets on the day of his exile. The authorities, considering the elements of disturbance involved in the situation, wisely concluded that they would pay too dearly for their whistle if they expelled Singer under the arbitrary powers they were using so harshly in many other cases; and as they had and could get no legal case against him, Singer was allowed to remain in peace. Herr Singer is a well-educated, middle-aged man, of fair ability as a speaker, and, from the great force and decision of his character, is a great accession to the parliamentary ranks of the socialists.

Georg Schumacher is a thin, stooping, vacuous-looking man, who may best be compared with Lord John Russell, afterward Earl Russell, not from any special facial resemblance, but from the utter insignificance of his general appearance, and from the fact that, like that distinguished English statesman, he is much better than his looks. He is the new member for Solingen, a native of Cologne, and by trade a tanner. He has

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been a denizen of London, where he was an acquaintance of Karl Marx and the millionaire socialist Friedrich Engels. Afterward he was the editor of the socialist journal of Cologne, which established a wide reputation. After its suppression in 1878 he settled in Solingen as a leather dealer, and he is doing a thriving business, which enables him to support the expenses of a parliamentary career. He is a cool debater, polite in his manners, but very quick in catching the weak points of his adversary. His maiden speech, on the 15th of June, 1884, advocating some measures of social reform brought forward by the clericals, but which he claimed to be stolen thunder of the socialists, bristled with statistics, presented in an interesting manner, and showed him to be a thorough master of his subject.

Louis Viereck, the newly elected member for Leipsic (rural district), is young and handsome, a Hohenzollern in appearance. His parentage is somewhat shrouded in mystery, and to those who are students in



LOUIS VIERECK.

history it is not strange that rumors of the most exalted affinities are rife. He is a lawyer, and was attached to the famous Kammergericht, which was formerly the High Court of the kingdom of Prussia. He was an able contributor to the socialistic paper at Berlin, whence he was mistakenly supposed to be safe from expulsion under the state of siege. He was one of the fifty-six members of the famous socialistic Congress at Wyden, in Switzerland, in August, 1880, and he was one of the two delegates sent thence to the United States to raise funds for the elections of 1881. He is not a successful speaker, but he is a good organizer and an able worker, and it is largely due to his efforts that Vollmar was successful at Munich, which has been the home of Viereck from the date of his exile from Berlin.

Among the amusing episodes of German elections may be mentioned an example of the shrewdness of Viereck. He was in 1881 a candidate in Magdeburg for election to the Reichstag. The police not allowing a meeting to be held or a speech to be made in his favor, an advertisement to be issued or a bill to be posted containing his name, all at once a puzzle engaged the attention of the city. In the newspapers were advertisements, and everywhere on the walls were bills, comprising a single word and four lines inclosing a square:

WÆHLT □

The puzzle was not difficult of solution. The word meant "Vote for," and the rectangular figure was synonymous with the name of the candidate. Thus he was thoroughly advertised and talked about, and the foundation was laid for the success achieved in that constituency in the recent election.

Such are a few of the parliamentary leaders of the socialists. On some questions they hold even now the balance of power, and with large constituencies of such important cities as Berlin, Hamburg, Breslau, Elberfeld, Munich, Nuremberg, etc., at their backs, they have already acquired a prestige altogether out of proportion to their own numbers. Possibly the day is not far distant when they may command as important a position in the German parliament as the party of Parnell in that of the United Kingdom.

The elaborate efforts made by Bismarck to improve the condition of German laborers have not received the support of the socialists. It is very well understood that the undertakings proposed by the imperial government have for their object the reconciliation of the people to personal despotism—and this aim is wholly opposed to the purpose of social democracy.

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A NEW ENGLAND COLONY IN NEW YORK.

BETWEEN Shinnecock and Peconic bays the Long Island Railroad traverses a very narrow neck of sand. In a document dated December 13, A.D. 1640, it is mentioned as "the place where the Indians hayle over their cannooes out of the north bay to the south side of the island": hence "Canoe Place" to this day. Over this narrow sandy path passed all travel to and from the east end of Long Island, and there has been an inn there for one hundred and fifty years. East of it lie the Shinnecock Hills, bare, barren, sandy. It is to be contended that, whatever laws and maps may say, New York ends at those hills. They themselves are the neutral ground, the *zona libre*, and their eastern line is the western boundary of New England. Witness the introduction to a volume of the ancient records of Southampton, the town in which these hills lie (the pretty *village* being just east of them).

"The conclusion of the first period found our town a part of the colony of Connecticut. This was a union that was a decided benefit, as it placed them under the protection of a power to which they could look for sympathy and assistance in time of danger, and placed them in a position to be helpful in return. Had the wishes of the people been consulted, the union would have still continued, and to-day our delegates to the Legislature would ascend the Connecticut River rather than the Hudson, and we should receive our laws not from Albany but from Hartford. . . .King Charles II. had granted to his brother James, Duke of York and Albany, a patent for a vast extent of territory, of which Long Island formed a part. After the conquest of New Amsterdam the Duke proceeded to organize his colony, and by this decree the island was joined to New York. . . .

"The protest of the people of the eastern towns met with no response. . . .

"But it requires something more than the patent of a king and the order of a governor to change the wishes, the thoughts, and the dispositions of a people, and from that day to the present Southampton has continued to be an integral part of New England, to all intents and purposes, and in all modes of thought and action, as much as any portion of the land of steady habits."

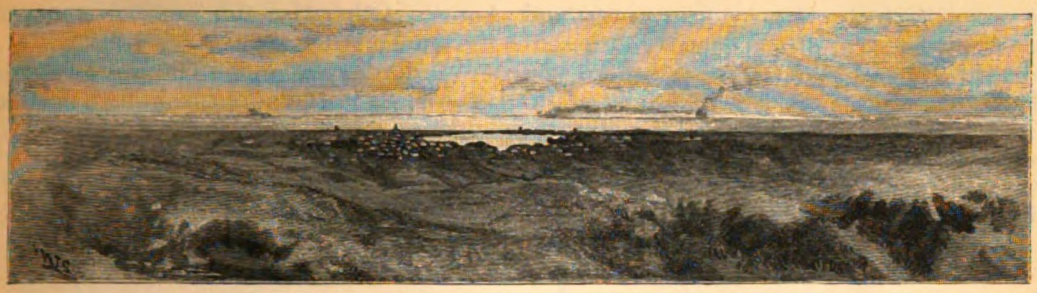
This statement applies with equal force to Easthampton, and as the two towns cover the whole territory from Canoe Place to Montauk Light, here we have our New England colony.

Southampton, as has been often stated, was settled in 1640, by men from Lynn, Massachusetts; Easthampton was settled in 1649, by nine men, of whom six came from that same flourishing town; and in the village of Southampton, when it was two hundred and forty years old, there were living just two Irishmen and one German.

If the people of the United States do not believe that it is a great and glorious thing to have been a Pilgrim Father, or to have descended from Pilgrim Fathers, it can not be because they have not been told so for more than a century by historians, story-tellers, orators, and poets. It may be said without prejudice that no people, tribe, or sect ever had abler or more aggressive partisans, and it is not very long since, in New England at least, ostracism awaited the rash man who claimed that the subject was not treated with entire fairness by them; who hinted at *suppressio veri;* or who dragged to light ugly and damaging facts. Yet in these latter days there have arisen scoffers and agnostics who, in defiance of all the speakers at New England Society dinners, have boldly asserted that the ideal Pilgrim Father must go to the realm of fable and join Pocahontas and William Tell.

To no such irreverent people as these should our modern pilgrim join himself. Nevertheless he might invite the attention of those of the strictest sects of the Pharisees—the Cotton Mathers of to-day—to this colony, and ask if they are perfectly satisfied with the fruits there shown of the old Pilgrim seed, the development therein of the pure Pilgrim idea. It was of absolutely unmixed origin. It was planted away from the haunts of the Gentiles, with water on three sides and sand barrens on the fourth. The colonists were stanch and substantial, and they became possessed of broad lands. Ample crops rewarded their tilling, fine grazing nourished their flocks and herds, and game and fish abounded. War and strife touched them but very lightly, and few alien hordes invaded their domain. A charming climate, the purest of air, the most

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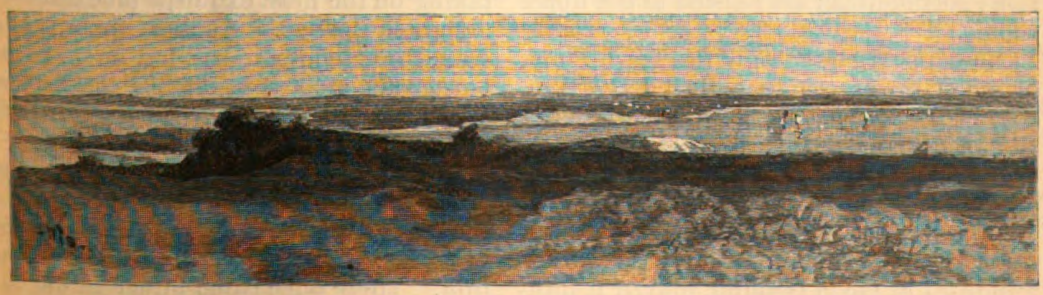


VILLAGE OF SOUTHAMPTON.

bracing of breezes, the brightest of sunlight, were theirs. Later on, the railroad and telegraph, inevitable even here, met scant welcome, and he who runs may read that the increase of material prosperity in late years, due wholly to the influx of uninvited sojourners from the parts beyond the Shinnecock Hills, is clouded in the minds of some of the people by not a little aversion to its cause. Yet the impartial observer is forced to conclude that this, so to speak, irruption of the Goths and Vandals has been an uncommonly good thing for these descendants of the Pilgrims; has waked them from the sleep of two centuries, and infused into them, in spite of themselves, a portion of the spirit of the nineteenth century.

So, at least, thought one particular modern pilgrim, who pitched his tent in the colony for a summer, and makes some record of what he saw and heard. He avoids subjects treated by able predecessors; he makes no allusion to Lyman Beecher, John Howard Payne, or "Home, sweet home"; and, excepting in one strange and romantic story, he has but to do with the colony of to-day, "the Hamptons" of 1885.

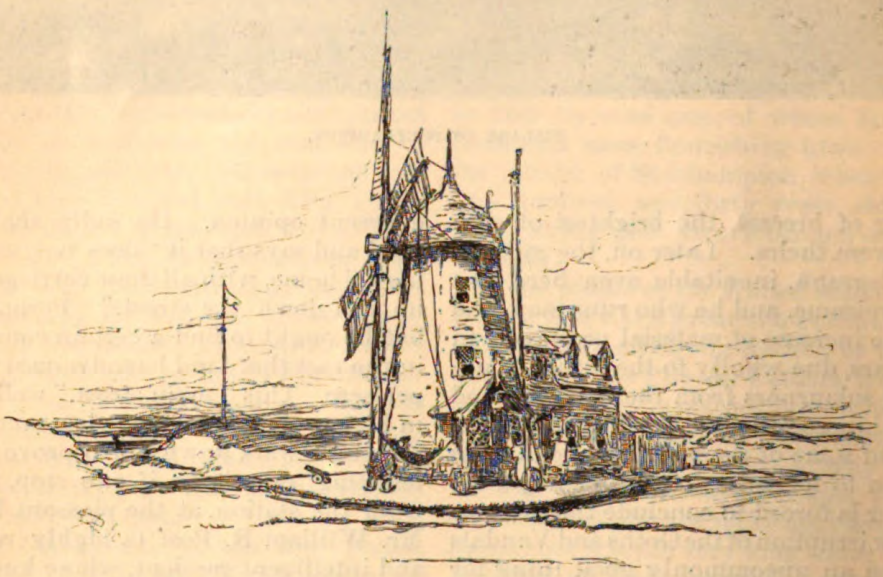
The Southampton village of this year is an altogether charming place. A certain forefather of the hamlet is said to hold a different opinion. He sadly shakes his head and says that it "does not seem like his old home, with all these carriages going up and down the street." Perhaps not; but he ought to find a certain consolation in the fact that land has advanced to $1500 per acre. This "main street," well known in history, has not changed so much, after all, and a walk down it will prove very interesting, especially if one stop, not far from the station, at the pleasant home of Mr. William R. Post (a highly respected and intelligent resident, whose knowledge of the town is as accurate as his memory of the past), and obtain a few data. Just beyond, and where the road from "North Sea" comes in, there is on the west side a grave-yard—not the oldest in the town. Crossing this to "Windmill Lane" and passing through a couple of fields, one comes to an old earth-work, in a very fair state of preservation. This was erected by General Erskine during the British occupation, and is a very respectable Revolutionary relic. Returning to the road, and proceeding southward, we find that two landmarks of the past, the "Pelletreau" and the "Johnes" houses, have disappeared—and more's the pity; but the "Sayre" house, an antique of the best class, still remains. A "Village Improvement Society" (largely, as a matter of course, com-



PECONIC BAY.

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posed of Gentiles) has put up pretty and appropriate signs at the corners of the old roads: "Meeting-house Lane" (there you have the genuine old New England prejudice—no "church" for them), "Job's Lane," "Toylsome Lane," etc. Then by turning to the left and passing through private grounds, one comes to an ancient cemetery, in which Old Mortality would have revelled: 1696 is the oldest date given in previous popular sketches of this region, but 1682 can be seen here. Then there is a substantial estate which, as Mr. Post informs us, *has not once passed by deed since* 1640; and, a little farther on, the house that Captain Barney Green, a splendid old seaman, has built for his boarders, and wherein he has constructed hatches through which, by means of block and tackle, alike the lordly "Saratoga" and the unostentatious portmanteau are hoisted to the upper rooms.



THE WINDMILL COTTAGE.

Now appears at the right the Town Pond, or, as it is sometimes called, Lake Agawam. On both sides of it, more especially the western one, appear pretty and commodious modern cottages, and conspicuous among them is as quaint a dwelling as heart could desire, belonging to Mr. C. W. Betts, of New York. He purchased an old windmill at Good Ground, moved it hither, and has converted it into a summer home. Otherwise the architecture is of the Queen Anne style.

"I don't care much," said a venerable visitor, "for these old-fashioned houses. Just look here; when I want to open the window I have to open half the side of the house. No, sir; new houses are good enough for me."

Beyond the pond, to the south, are seen the *dunes* for which this coast is noted. Just on the hither side of them stands a perfect little gem of an Episcopal church, "St. Andrew's by the Sea," wholly inexpensive and unpretending, but a marvel of good taste. On the farther side are the bathing-houses and the sea; not the summer sea of Newport, nor yet the stern Calvinistic sea north of Boston; but a rough, jolly, hail-fellow-well-met ocean, with a capacity, in certain and frequent lights, of taking on the most exquisite blue that ever delighted the eye. At most times it is a friend and companion; but anon, in its boisterous moods, it pitches the bathers out of the way, and with a great rush bounds over the sand and into the pond.

Over this region lies almost all summer a clear azure sky, and the air is of the purest and the most electric. Witness the testimony of all visitors, with one exception. There once came hither an old, old man, such as he of whom

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"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town."

On one of the exquisite days of summer, when the atmosphere seemed surcharged with a subtle and life-giving ether, he sat on a pleasant veranda, lugubrious and a little testy.

"Do you not find this air charming?" asked an enthusiastic holiday-maker, pausing, lawn-tennis racket in hand, to pay his respects. The old man raised his lack-lustre eyes and surveyed the questioner. "Sir," he feebly and petulantly said, "I find it *decidedly debilitating!*"

In summer the place is, socially, a very pleasant Little Pedlington. In the eyes of a discreet scribe and pilgrim, the "city folks" there are all "nice"; the irrepressible conflict between the cottager and the boarder has a less sanguinary aspect than at some other sea-side towns; the "dude" cometh not; and if on the beach or at the post-office the pilgrim hears rumors of "cliques" and "sets," he dismisses the matter from his mind as incomprehensible to the true citizen of the world. Happy indeed is he, pilgrim or resident, cottager or boarder, whose summer lines fall in such a pleasant place.

But staff in hand, and "with scrip and sandal shoon," the pilgrim must hie him eastward. First let him cross the railroad,



GLIMPSE OF WATER MILL.

and, taking a steep country road, ascend "Barrel Hill," chosen of the Coast Survey. The view therefrom is charming. To the north is Peconic Bay, and across it the cliff-bound upper shore. To the west are the Shinnecock Hills, Canoe Place, and the trees stretching to the horizon. To the south are the village and the ocean; and to the east a lovely landscape, with a bay, ponds, hills, fertile farms, and the white spires of Bridgehampton.

Were there no other proofs of the New England origin of this colony, it would be demonstrated by the existence of sign-boards, with black letters on a white ground, and a friendly hand, with index finger, somewhat out of drawing, pointing in one direction and another. A jolly party of pilgrims, on a beautiful morning

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DOORWAY, EASTHAMPTON.

near the end of the summer, consulted one of them, and this is what it read: "Bridgehampton, 6 m.; Easthampton, 12 m.; Sag, 8 m.; Montauk, 30 m.; Sag Harbor, 10 m."

Then, in the bright sunshine and bracing breeze, they proceeded to test its accuracy. Past Water Mill, where is as picturesque a building as ever escaped the attention of an artist, past the head of Mecox Bay, past old windmills and fields of ripe corn and fine houses of the colonial period, they went until the spires and tree-bordered street of Bridgehampton were near. Then, turning from the main turnpike, they wended their way to Sag, or Sagg (formerly Sagaponack), and if there be a place more weird in its preternatural quiet, let it be named. Sag Harbor—known to time-tables of railroads and steamers, and ancient home of the whale-fishery—was but the "harbor of Sag," and is newer than this slumbering hamlet, to which it was once tributary. Let the would-be recluse seek no further. Sag is only "8 m." from Southampton and its gay cottages, but it might be a thousand miles away, and evolved bodily—grass-grown street, old grave-yard, and all—from the seventeenth century. Farther to the eastward Wainscot bears it fitting company, and then, after a glimpse of Georgica Lake, one turns to the northward, then to the eastward, and Easthampton is at hand. As the pilgrims traversed its long, wide, shady main street they passed as usual the southern cemetery, then a small Episcopal church, a substantial brown house, and a little inn; and then one of them, the present scribe, bade them, keeping these landmarks in mind, listen to the following strange and true story, which he called

THE MYSTERY OF EASTHAMPTON.

The time has come when I am at liberty to make public one of the strangest stories ever given to the world—a story so strange and so romantic that if it were not absolutely true it would be pronounced unlikely to the verge of impossibility. Its most minute details have been known to me for more than four years, but for several reasons it has not been permitted me until now to narrate them.

I.

It was April, 1840, forty-five years ago. It was six years before the Mexican war. Where San Francisco, with its 350,000 inhabitants, now stands, was then, and for nine years later, the little Mexican settlement of Yerba Buena, whither a young man who wrote *Two Years before the Mast* went in a Boston ship for hides. Denver, with its 50,000 inhabitants, was founded nineteen years after.

We "make history" so fast in this country that forty-five years with us count for more, indeed, in the world's progress "than a cycle of Cathay." In this sleepy corner of Long Island, however, there has been precious little change for the better, and Easthampton was a more important place than now in this month of April aforesaid. It was perhaps on just such a day as this—the sea as blue, the air as clear, the sails of the old windmills as active—that a high-bred, dignified gentleman, about fifty years of age, walked up to the little inn, followed by an attendant.

In a pleasant voice, and with a Scotch accent, he asked if he could have accommodations. The landlord looked at him with a certain hesitation.

"Is that man your servant?" he asked.

"He is," was the reply.

"Well, he must eat at the same table with you."

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"I shall conform to your customs and regulations," was the smiling answer.

For five long years did this courtly gentleman sleep in the cramped chambers, breakfast, dine, and sup at the frugal board, of this humble hostelry. Then he became an inmate—fortunate enough he was to find such good friends—of the home of the Huntington family, and in that substantial house (it is the fourth from the old Presbyterian church, going south) he spent about *twenty-five* years more. He was a man of marked piety and benevolence, of charming manners and address, of extreme culture, of rare social qualities. He had been the friend and associate of Jeffrey and the literary giants of his day. He had ample means, and remittances came to him through a chain of banks, ending in a well-known New York house, who denied any knowledge of his personality or belongings.

He led a blameless, a lovely life, in this quiet town. He was the friend of all, the comforter of the afflicted, the helper of the needy. Books and magazines in large store came to him. He versified the Psalms, and taught Latin to the boys. A blameless and lovely life indeed; but a martyrdom, a living death, one would have said, to a man of his tastes and antecedents. Think of it! He remained, an exile, in this town for nearly *thirty-one* years—from early in his fiftieth to the end of his eighty-first year. In all this time he never saw the face of a relative or an old friend. He went at first on Sundays to the Episcopal church at Sag Harbor, seven miles distant, but he was instrumental in the building of the little one in Easthampton which we just passed; he contributed largely to its support, and he was made a lay reader, and for a long time conducted the services himself. With the exception of this church-going at Sag Harbor, the only time in thirty-one years that this remarkable man passed the limits of the little village was on the occasion of a single trip to Southampton, twelve miles distant. The servant, a Scotch valet, went to the West, and married. He made his appearance at intervals, evidently to extort money from his old master.

During his entire life in Easthampton this man successfully defeated all attempts to discover his identity. When he entered the little inn in April, 1840, the name he gave was John Wallace; John Wallace he was to the end; and John Wallace is the name which you will find, under a cross and anchor, on the plain white marble slab in that southern cemetery over which the old windmill watches. To the excellent family with whom he lived, and whose kindness to him while on earth and tender regard for his memory are altogether lovely, he, waking or sleeping, stalwart or failing, in the close intimacy of three decades, gave no word. The inhabitants of the village, his neighbors and beneficiaries, accepted his kindness and constructed theories about him. With the perverseness of poor human nature, they constructed them to his detriment. He was a bishop of the English Church—"another good man gone wrong." He was a murderer. He was—Heaven knows what not! As years passed by, and the place was more and more frequented in summer by "city folks," curiosity spread, and grew apace. The most strenuous efforts were made to discover who John Wallace was. One man, bearing an old New York name, and since dead, had the ill grace to threaten him. He told him that the "census marshal" was coming, and that unless he told that functionary just who he was, he would be put in prison. After this interview the late excellent Dr. Huntington found the poor old gentleman in a pitiable state, and learned of the threat just made.

"Give yourself no concern," said he. "The 'census marshal' has been here. He asked your name. I told him, and he has gone." But on the night of the 30th or 31st of December, 1870, there came to the door a census marshal who could not be barred out, a messenger who brought at once a summons and a release. Mr. Wallace raised himself from his peaceful pillow—there was not even time for him, like Colonel Newcome, to say "Adsum"—his head dropped, and his eighty-first year, his lonely life, and the year of our Lord 1870 came to an end together. One can almost fancy that even in the solemn moment when his soul left the weary body there may have come to him a flash of satisfaction that he had baffled all the curious, intrusive disturbers of his peace. In the expressive language of Shakespeare, "he died and made no sign."

Often during his life in the village he would come from the post-office holding a letter in his hand, and remark, "This is from my lady friend in Edinburgh."

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When he had passed away, Mrs. Huntington, with rare good taste and pathetic kindness, wrote a letter describing his last moments. She addressed it to "Mr. Wallace's Lady Friend, Edinburgh," and sent it through the chain of banks through which the old man's money had come. In due time a reply arrived—cold, formal, unsympathetic. It was signed, "*Mr. Wallace's Lady Friend.*"

II.

"Who was Mr. Wallace?" I see the question in your eyes. I went to Easthampton in the autumn of 1878, and did my best to find out. I talked with Mrs. Huntington and Miss Cornelia Huntington (author of a charming little monograph anent Easthampton and its ways in days gone by, called "Sea Spray"), and I should count a pilgrimage fruitful which gave me the pleasure of their acquaintance. I found them at the time of my last visit enjoying a green old age, loved and respected by all. They told me much of great interest about Mr. Wallace, and among other things they spoke of finding copies of his accounts (of charities in his native land) with the headings torn off. One had been carelessly torn, and on it I found a name. I sent this name with a mass of notes to my late accomplished friend Robert Mackenzie, Esq., of Dundee, Scotland, author of *A History of the Nineteenth Century*, and other interesting works. In a few weeks he wrote me that he was "on the trail." In a few weeks more he sent me what he properly called "a very tantalizing letter." Said he, "I know the mystery to the very bottom, but—*I may not tell you!*"

Not a little disappointed, I communicated this information to a circle of equally disappointed friends. One of them, a distinguished divine, told me that "it made his flesh creep like one of Wilkie Collins's stories." Then I went to Scotland? No—to Colorado, of all places in the world, and at the foot of Pike's Peak, in the summer of 1879, I found out all about the poor exile. As living persons are concerned in the manner of my discovery, I may not rightly publish the details thereof; but they are among the strangest happenings of any life. Suffice it to say that on my return I held all the clews, proofs, and facts in my hands, and that only now am I permitted to tell the truth about John Wallace.

III.

Perhaps some of you know how distinguished and important a judicial officer is the High Sheriff of a great Scotch county. Such distinguished and important officer was, in 1840, Sheriff W——, resident in Edinburgh. He was a bachelor of fifty years of age. He was famed for his benevolence and his good works. He was the friend of the poor, the widow, and the orphan. His services to the state had earned him a public testimonial. He had "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." He was a founder and ardent supporter of Sunday-schools. People flocked from cultured Edinburgh homes to hear his weekly addresses to the children.

One day, at the height of his fame, there was made against him the subtle charge of a grave and mysterious crime. At six o'clock in the evening the Lord High Advocate went to a mutual friend.

"Go to Sheriff W—— at once," said he, in sad and measured tones, "and tell him that when I go to my office at ten o'clock to-morrow morning a warrant will issue for his arrest."

That night Sheriff W—— *died out of* Scotland. He had just time to say to a friend that he was not guilty of more than an indiscretion, but that he could not face even the shame of that.

His disappearance is mourned in Edinburgh after all these long years, and tears come to the eyes of old friends when it is mentioned. The man who so patiently bore the long crucifixion of a self-imposed exile, the man who endured the penance of thirty-one years among strangers in a strange land, the man who read the beautiful service in the little Easthampton Church, was no John Wallace. Under the white marble tablet in the old Easthampton cemetery sleeps the scholar, the great jurist, the courtly gentleman, the humble Christian—Sheriff W——.

A grim story, is it not? The pilgrims all thought so, and they were still talking about it when they stopped for dinner at the one inn of Amaganset.

Not far from Amaganset the road makes a sharp descent from a bluff, and then comes the five-mile stretch of sand, through which "the chariot wheels drove heavily." Finally, after a sharp climb, one reaches the higher ground. Of the road it would be hard to say a good word. It is inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, first one

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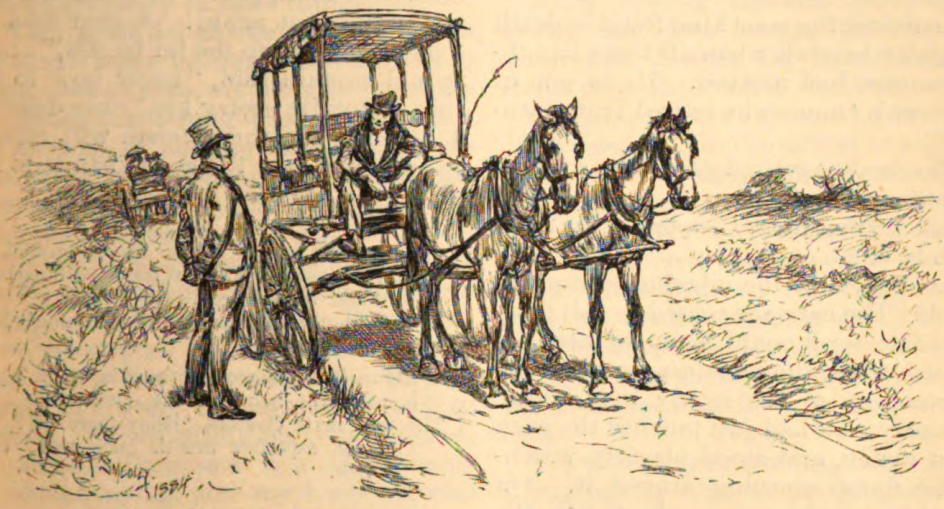
way and then the other, and our pilgrims clung anxiously to that side of the wagon which was uppermost for the time being, and dodged the boughs as they traversed the woods. Then, coming out from the trees, they saw the land stretching away to the white tower of the light-house, with little to break the view.

As one looks from the high ground at the edge of the woods he sees some little dots on the greenish-yellow grass five miles away. During part of the intervening distance they are hidden from sight, but at last they loom up as the club-house, cottages, and stable of the "Montauk Association." By the time the pilgrims approached them they were not only fatigued by the long journey, but also impressed by the strange loneliness of this unfrequented spot. To them, therefore, this commodious and tasteful club-house was as the hospice of St. Bernard to the Alpine traveller. It is truly a model establishment, containing on the lower floor a large hall and dining-room; on the upper, some exceptionally pleasant and comfortable bedrooms. Around it are grouped some pretty, some elegant cottages. Their inmates all take their meals at the club-house.

This very handsome club-house affords to fortunate guests, as well as the members of the association, more than the comfort of a first-class city hotel. Here are ladies and children, saddle-horses, pony-carriages, lawn-tennis sets. It is twenty-four miles to a railroad, eighteen to a telegraph station, fifteen to a post-office; yet a letter can be sent from New York to Chicago and an answer received in less time than one from Montauk.

The association property is near Great Pond (or Lake Wyandanch), and about four miles west are Fort Pond and Fort Pond Bay. To this bay is to come our old friend the Long Island Railroad; from this bay are to sail large and swift steamers to Milford Haven.

The club-house of the Montauk Association, the hospice of the Long Island St. Bernard, was far too tempting a resting-place for our ascetic pilgrims, and they soon prepared to bid it a grateful farewell, and make for the light-house. Soon they



KING OF THE MONTAUKS.

passed Stratton's, beloved of sportsmen; and here were they tempted to leave the path and visit that unique institution in a New England colony, a genuine monarchy. The pilgrims were nothing if not romantic. Poets and artists had set them an example of throwing a sentimental halo around the relics of past royal greatness, of glorifying the poor remnants of the native race over which Wyandanch ruled, and of which his lineal successor is king to-day. Why should they not cast a scoffing agnosticism to the winds, and seek to trace in the ways of the modern sovereign of the Montauk Indians a glimmer of the poetic greatness of the noble red potentate of antiquity? Alas! it was impossible. With all the good-will in the world, how

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can the most ardent sentimentalist overcome such stubborn statements as were brought out in the following dialogue between a pilgrim and an unemotional summer resident?

"But we want to see the king. Why should you not feel some respect for a genuine monarch? You run after royalty whenever you have a chance. You delight to honor Malagassees, Coreans, what not. Why not exalt this native American king?"

"Well, I'm afraid he is rather a dilapidated monarch. Last year you could hire him and his wagon for one dollar per diem. This year prices have advanced. The prince, the heir-apparent, bought an old barouche for thirty dollars at Easthampton, and he charges a dollar and a half."

"I suppose the poor king felt it beneath his dignity to work when all these haughty strangers had arrived. He is one of Dr. Doran's 'monarchs retired from business.'"

"Yes, he *has* retired—into the lock-up at Easthampton."

Shade of Fenimore Cooper! Can these things be so?

In a short time the pilgrimage came to an end. The carriage ceased to roll from side to side, for it could go no farther. It was dusk when the pilgrims ascended the iron stairway of the lonely light-house. An elderly man had just touched the wick with a match, and stood placidly watching the flame creeping around it. On three sides lay the sea; on the fourth, the rolling peninsula. Block Island loomed up to the eastward; on the south, the water reached to the antarctic continent; on the north, one saw the New England which sent our colonists to plant the settlement which New York has claimed.

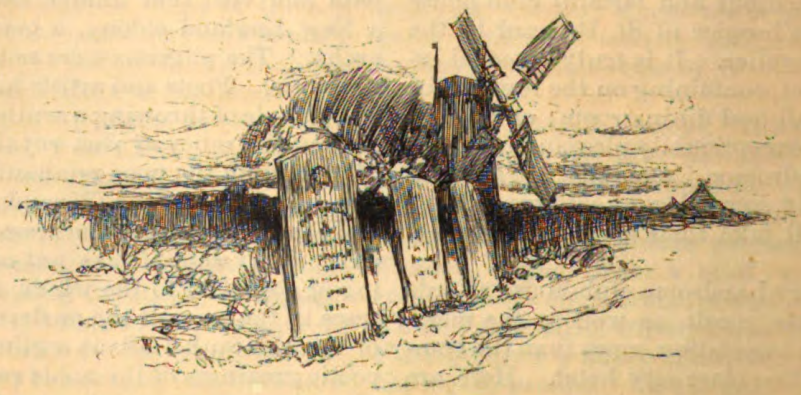
None have failed, none can fail, to realize the unique character of Montauk Point. One of our pilgrims had read Starr King's graphic description of a night on the summit of Mount Washington, in which he speaks of himself as "in this *foretop* of New England, scudding through space." So he ventured to call Montauk Point the top-gallant forecastle of New York.

People who want an original experience may be confidently recommended to explore this New England colony with some thoroughness, and not to wait for the railroad to visit Montauk Point. May it be the good fortune of some of them to sit on the cliff before dark and look at a fine ship standing well in before she tacks and stands out again! A poet who had "had his hands in the tar bucket," and, as an old captain said, "knew how to tack ship and write poetry too," once described it, and his last three verses will recur to any one who had the good fortune to read them:

"'Let go and haul!' 'tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more;
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With the breakers white on the shingly shore.

"What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, 'Belay there, all!'
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

"And so off shore let the good ship fly—
Little care I how the gusts may blow;
In my fok'sle bunk in a jacket dry,
Eight bells has struck, and my watch's below."



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THE SIRDAR'S CHESS-BOARD.

I WAS married in the autumn of 1856 to a husband about fifteen years older than myself—an Indian officer, whose name subsequently became well known in connection with the dark days of the Indian Mutiny. I was an officer's daughter, and, like other young English women bred to regimental life, was an expert horsewoman, unaffected by fatigue, ready for anything that might "turn up" in a life of military adventure.

Colonel Effingham had been long enough a bachelor to be somewhat "set in his ways," as an old servant in our family phrased it; but I loved him all the better for his scrupulousness, his exactitude, his delight in order, and his sense of strict propriety in little things.

To my great delight he received orders to execute some military commissions in Persia, and to visit, on the way to northern India, the strong city of Herat, for the purpose of holding diplomatic communication with certain disaffected Afghan chiefs who had hill forts on the frontier of Afghanistan.

We landed at Joppa in the early spring of 1857, visited the Holy Places, and proceeded by caravan route to Damascus. There we stopped several days, not merely to enjoy the beauties of the City of Roses, not merely to buy horses and to organize our travelling party to Bagdad, but because Damascus is a city famous for chess-playing, and my husband, who was well known in the Café de la Régence and in the London chess clubs, was anxious to measure himself with Oriental players. He never travelled without his portable pegged set of chess-men, and although I was by no means of the same force as himself (no woman, I believe, has ever been a *great* chess-player), I could play well enough, if he gave me sufficient odds, to make a respectable *pis-aller*.

From Damascus we went to Bagdad, where I first was introduced into a harem, and derived little edification from the giggling, romping, coarse familiarity of its inhabitants. However, these ladies were royal *odalisques*, not ladies of high rank, wives, mothers, and grandmothers in respectable families.

Next we pushed on to Ispahan, through a province in which the English were more feared than beloved at that period, England having just concluded a very expensive and very useless war with Persia, by which she wrested from her the Afghan city of Herat, and restored it to an Afghan chieftain.

At Ispahan our party was increased by a young Frenchman, M. Jean Désiré Croisset, who had come out to Persia in the suite of an ambassador. He was an artist, travelling at present for travel's sake, or rather that he might make some sketches—preparing himself, he said, "for the Salon of 1858," where, indeed, he finally achieved the success he hoped for by some Oriental interiors. I omitted to say that Lieutenant James Bruce, my husband's acting secretary, made one of our party.

After leaving Ispahan we travelled nearly due east toward the mountain chain that divides the fertile valley of Herat from the Persian frontier.

One evening toward sunset, after a hard day's ride, we found ourselves in a gloomy gorge of the dividing range between Persia and Afghanistan. We had skirted for several days past the great desert of Khorassan. A barren and desolate landscape stretched behind us. No verdure brightened the brown bare ground. Nothing grew in that parched soil except the bleached and blasted stems of the asafœtida plant, which looked like the bare bones of a skeleton.

We were very much fatigued. Indeed, I was hardly able to sit upright on my horse, Malek, a tall, maneless Turcoman animal, for which my husband had exchanged the lovely gray Arab of the Syrian desert which had carried me to the Persian capital. We had three men-servants with us, five sumpter-mules, with what Croisset called *ces brigands* of muleteers, the worry of our existence, and a Persian guard, under charge of a ferocious-looking non-commissioned officer called a *gholaum*, a fellow with immense riding-boots that he pulled off in our presence, dyed hands and feet, enormous mustache turned up to his cheek-bones, a lofty hat of lamb-skin, and an arsenal of offensive weapons. Poor fellows! they probably lived better with us than ever they had done in their lives, for very little pay trickles from the Shah's coffers into the pockets of his privates, and the commissariat of the Persian army is maintained on a basis of starvation.

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All at once in the distance, lighted up by reflection of the sun, which had dropped behind the hill-tops to the west of us, we beheld the rough walls of a hill fort about seven miles off. Much cheered by this sight, we hastened forward, and as we rode on, watching with apprehension the rough bowlders in our path, we occasionally gave a glance upward at the rugged majesty of the hills, that often seemed to stand across our road and bar our further journey.

Suddenly there came in sight a party of horsemen (fifteen or twenty), descending in single file a steep path which debouched into the road that we were travelling. They had seen *us* long before we had caught sight of *them*, and no sooner were they upon level ground than they formed a broken line and came rapidly toward us.

"You need not be afraid, Sophia," said my husband. I was not in the least afraid, but I think experience rarely modifies a man's early accepted theories about women. "It is a party from the fort above. They are evidently on no hostile errand."

As my husband said this, the chiefs of the band rode in advance of their suite. One was a fine old Oriental gentleman with a white beard, the other an extraordinarily picturesque young man, dressed with great care, and apparently about twenty. He wore a loose cloak made of the long hair of the mountain goat, but underneath it was a European frock-coat beautifully embroidered. Round his waist was a priceless shawl of soft and varied tints, from which peered the butts of a pair of silver-mounted pistols, and the jewelled handle of a dagger. He had a sword of Oriental make, and at his back hung an English fowling-piece. His turban was another beautiful shawl put on to the best advantage. He wore buff riding boots made after the pointed fashion of the fourteenth century, and managed his horse with extraordinary grace and vigor. The suite, too, as they rode up, vied with each other in feats of horsemanship.

When fifty yards from our party the leaders threw themselves suddenly from their saddles, and their followers with their cruel Afghan bits reined back their horses. We halted, and our gentlemen dismounted. I covered my face and bust with a large thick veil of green barége given to me for that purpose by the wife of an American missionary whom we met at Jerusalem.

My husband and his two friends were at once embraced by the Afghan gentlemen, and returned the salutation. Then, after exchanging a few words in Persian, all remounted, and the leaders of the hill party, having sent one of their horsemen forward, turned round, not without remonstrance from my husband, and proceeded to escort us up the path down which they had just come.

"*Figurez vous, madame*," said M. Croisset, as he reined his horse in at my side, "that this is the young chief Abdul Reschid Khan, on his way to be married!"

"Then, surely," I exclaimed, "his politeness is not going so far as to disappoint his bride to welcome strangers?"

"His hospitality will only postpone the wedding ceremonies a few hours. He says that they will last a week before he claims his bride. *La belle fiancée* inhabits another mud fort beyond that range of hills. Abdul Reschid was required not to appear there till this evening. *D'ailleurs* he is himself one of those banished Afghan chiefs with whom M. le Colonel is to hold communication. Yet I wonder how his recreancy will be taken by *madame la belle mère*, or, for that matter, by the fair Hafiza."

When we reached an open space of level ground on the top of a steep rise, Abdul Reschid halted us, and my husband took the opportunity to bring him up and introduce him to me. To my great delight, he could talk intelligible French, having shared with the Shahzedeh at Teheran lessons in the language of diplomacy and civilization, given by a sort of sub-secretary in the suite of the French ambassador.

When this had been explained to me I no longer felt it necessary to muffle myself in green barége in deference to Oriental feeling.

Slowly ascending in the gloom of the gorge, we could see, for it was just sunset, that on its upper edge glowed patches of reflected light, and that parallel with the path along which we rode brawled a fierce mountain stream, leaping from rock to rock, with black dark pools between them. Our *gholaum* had to dismount and lead my horse. Even then we could hardly keep him on his feet, for Persian shoeing is a mere flat sole of iron—which accounted, my husband said, for the expression "solid-hoofed" applied to Asiatic horses in the Iliad.

At length we emerged on smooth and

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open ground, and Abdul Reschid, following the example set him by our French friend, took his place beside me. The old man was his uncle, and spoke only his own language and Persian; Abdul Reschid himself was chief amongst his people.

I lost no time in regretting the inopportune moment of our arrival, telling him how sorry we were to break in upon his marriage.

He hoped we might delay a week, and honor the festivities with our presence.

I was wild to accept the invitation, and told him we would certainly do so if I could persuade my husband. But even as I spoke I thought it very unlikely Colonel Effingham would be able to indulge me in this fancy, as he had business with several other hill chiefs, amongst them an exiled member of the legitimate royal dynasty of Afghanistan living in the hills beyond Herat; and advice he had received, both at Damascus and Ispahan, made him very impatient to get back to India.

At last the fort, which we had lost sight of for some time, appeared again quite near us, built where the gorge opened out into a level space, a mile and a half wide. After an abrupt descent on to this little plain, we forded the stream beside which we had ascended, the Afghans watering their horses as they crossed it, and galloping them ferociously for ten minutes afterward, to improve, as Abdul Reschid told me, their wind and speed.

There were old guns on the old parapet of the fort, which no doubt looked like the stronghold of some Mouser of the Middle Ages. The structure was of rough, coarse, sun-dried bricks, crumbling in many places.

As we passed through the massive gateway of the outer works into the first court-yard, we found ourselves surrounded by a crowd of retainers of the family. The men were hearty, well-looking young fellows, clad in sheep-skin; the women were wrapped up in white veils and coarse blue drapery. By this time I was again muffled in the green barége of the missionary lady. We continued to ride through a sort of market-place or bazar, where there seemed to be as many beggars and fakirs as sellers and buyers, and soon we came to the great moat that guarded the citadel.

Over this we passed upon a draw-bridge, which was lowered at our summons, and soon we were in the inner quadrangle. Abdul Reschid, coming to my side, helped me to dismount, and led the way into the interior.

There then seemed some delay in finding some one to take charge of me, and after lingering in an empty room, where my gentlemen did not join me, Abdul Reschid himself led me through long, crooked, and ill-lighted passages to a short flight of stone steps which led down into an inner yard. There, at a small door on the left, we were received by an ugly black woman, and I was conducted into the presence of the mother and the aunt of Abdul Reschid.

Harem life is very much the same in all places. In general, the Frankish visitor is received in state, and is shown all the wealth, splendor, and jewelry that can be collected or even borrowed for the occasion; but here there was little welcome and no display.

My arrival was a disappointment. The lady-mother was evidently greatly disturbed by the fact that her son had been turned back on his wedding journey. The harem had had a great deal to think about for many weeks, and therefore had not the usual curiosity to inspect a Feringhee lady. Why the old ladies and their attendants had not gone themselves to the wedding, or even if they proposed to go next day, I never knew. They spoke no language I could understand, for though, like a "daughter of the regiment," my speech was pretty polyglot, neither Persian nor Afghan was among my accomplishments. I was very tired too, and what I wanted most was a warm bath, which I contrived to ask for by signs. This occasioned sour looks and voluble consultations. The truth was, the *hummaum*, or bath chambers, of the establishment were just then wanted for the gentlemen, whose comfort, of course, had to be considered before that of a woman.

At last I was conducted through the court-yard to a sort of out-house, attended by all the women of the *anderoûn*, except the two old ladies, and there found a negress with a vessel of hot water, which she proposed to dash over me as I stood upon a stone. I could not consent to take my bath in public in that fashion, and so had to decline the refreshment, but I succeeded in getting hold of the warm water, with which I effected partial ablutions.

The greatest trial to travellers in the East is at all times the want of privacy. Everywhere people crowd upon you. An

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Oriental may be said never to be alone, and as probably centuries have produced little change in the habits of the East, "one can understand," says an Eastern traveller, "the expression of the Bible about our Lord's retiring apart to pray, on a mountain-top, or in a garden." There is no help for it—no remedy. One can only ignore the truth, and proceed as if privacy existed.

To my further regret and mortification I was in no condition to make a creditable appearance among Oriental ladies. I was dizzy with weariness. My cloth habit was travel-stained and worn, and I had very little finery in the "mule's burden" of a wardrobe that alone I was permitted to add to our *impedimenta*. However, I had one blue silk dress with handsome lace upon the sleeves and neck, and in this I proceeded to array myself, in spite of my great weariness, all the ladies and servants of the *anderoûn* fingering every article I took out of my valise before I put it on.

We had the usual black coffee, the usual offer of pipes, a water-melon, and some trays of sweetmeats. I needed more substantial food, and was nearly starved. I saw nothing of my husband, and no place seemed to be assigned to us to sleep in. I grew as nervous and out of spirits as possible.

At last, at half past ten, as my watch told me, the heavy leathern curtain at the door of the apartment was lifted, and Abdul Reschid came into the room. His women gave a sort of little scream when they found I did not veil myself, but he advanced smiling, and seated himself beside me on the divan.

"M. Croisset tells me," he said, "that you can paint pictures, and he prays you, upon his behalf, as I do upon mine, to take some sketches of these ladies for both of us."

Tired as I was, I could not refuse this favor to a bridegroom who to his hospitality had postponed his bride. I got out my color-box and drawing-block, and succeeded in pleasing both the young chief and his women. Two or three of them were picturesque, though only servant-girls, but the manners of the *anderoûn* seemed to place all its inmates on a footing of familiarity.

"Ah!" said the young chief, "how I wish you could have painted for me the picture of Hafiza! My mother tells me she is beautiful. Fair almost as a daughter of Feringhistan, eyes large and softly brown and golden tinted, like a dove's eyes, her hair low upon her forehead."

"Will you bring her to live here?" I asked.

"Yes—to my mother."

"I should not like that," I said; "we Western wives prefer to have our households and our husbands to ourselves."

"But Hafiza is not old enough to give laws to a harem. It needs judgment, experience, and discretion. The mother regulates everything concerning domestic life in the family of a follower of the Prophet. Hafiza will occupy herself with her own beauty, and with binding fast to her the heart of her husband."

"Well, at least she will escape," I thought, "the cares of the first year of married life—that sudden plunge into the responsibilities of matronhood in which many a young happiness sinks never to rise."

"The life of the *anderoûn* must be very monotonous—very dull sometimes," I ventured to say to him.

"We of the new generation but too often find it so," he answered, replying from the man's stand-point, "and it is because of the want of education for our women. Some of my friends who have been admitted to intercourse with ladies like yourself complain of the attacks of melancholy and disgust they now experience in the harem. The abject submission that prevails among our women destroys love, they tell me, at its very birth, and I have known cases where the tedium of domestic life has led to a taste dishonorable in all ways to a Mussulman—a taste for forbidden liquors. However," he added, brightening, "I intend to educate Hafiza. I saw something of the lady of the French ambassador, and of the ladies of her suite, some years ago in Persia. I have a dream that my Hafiza may become like those incomparable women. While I lead my present life, removed from war and politics, it will be a delightful task to elevate and instruct her."

I thought of the Marquise de la Vallette, the French ambassadress of whom he spoke. I had known her in Paris. She was by birth an American; the most perfect woman of the world (in its best sense) I had ever seen. Skillful in business, perfect in dress, charming in society, as warm-hearted as she was beautiful, gifted with purest taste and perfect tact, esteemed by

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women for what she did, and loved by men for what she was, I thought a little Afghan or Persian girl ran small chance of being modelled on *her* pattern. Abdul Reschid, however, gave little time for my reflections. He was eager to ask my advice how to set about the education of Hafiza. His plans reminded me of a zealous little girl I had once known, who, having undertaken to instruct a negro child in reading, began by teaching her to spell rhinoceros. In vain I recommended simplicity, and very brief lessons. In vain I pointed out how much her culture necessarily must depend on her disposition and capacity. No disciple of Jean Jacques could have been more bent on marking elaborate lines upon a *tabula rasa*. I promised, however, to send him some of the elementary school-books prepared by the English government for native pupils in India.

Our conversation was so curious, the ideas he had picked up from his French teacher, and from observing the fascinating ambassadress, were so crude, revolutionary, and provoking, so lax in the wrong places, so stringent where we never should have laid down rules, that I shook off my fatigue, and felt awake again.

It was past midnight, and there seemed no preparation anywhere for sleeping. Suddenly a great noise broke in upon the stillness. Something was happening in the fort outside its women's chambers. I sprang to my feet, and clutching Abdul Reschid violently by the arm, I cried, "Your people are murdering my husband!"

The Afghan women flung themselves on me and Abdul Reschid, uttering wild exclamations of rage and terror. *They* probably thought the Feringhees were murdering *their* people. For a moment Abdul Reschid stood speechless; then, shaking us all off, he turned toward the door. Before he reached it, however, the leathern curtain was lifted up, and the black guardian of the *anderoûn*, her face ashy with the news she had to communicate, fell down upon the threshold, and spoke something in Persian. The chief uttered an exclamation, and rushed through the door. I tried to follow him, not for a moment imagining anything but that a quarrel with our own people must have led to a free fight or a massacre; but the black woman pushed me rudely back, and the others rushed at me with fierce gestures, angry tongues, and inflamed faces. What they said I could not understand. In vain I struggled to get out of the apartment. The negress was telling something that enraged them more and more.

What I suffered in that *mauvais quart d'heure*, while in imagination I beheld my husband and his companions lying slaughtered in the court-yard, no one can imagine.

Meantime the noises in the fort went on increasing. I heard the clash of weapons, the tread of horses on the loose planks of the draw-bridge, and then suddenly my husband's voice, giving some orders in Persian. I fell upon my knees and thanked God for His mercy.

At that moment Abdul Reschid and his uncle came into the harem. The latter took no notice of me; the former approached me.

"Madame," he said, perceiving my disordered dress and my pale features, "there is nothing for you to fear. The grief and the disgrace are all for me—for me and for my people. I have a feud with another hill chief in these mountains. He has this evening carried off my bride—my Hafiza. He captured my messenger, and, assured of my absence, presented himself with his band at dusk before her father's stronghold. There they mistook him for the bridegroom and his followers. He gained admittance, and rushing to the apartments of the women, he bore away Hafiza. Had I been upon the road—even upon the road—I might have saved her. Now I go to pursue the robber. Her father waits for me without, and we join forces. Your husband heads his escort; he and his friends will go with me."

"May I see my husband first?" I cried.

"Come, then," he said. And taking a hurried leave of his mother and aunt, he led me, wrapped in my green veil, into the court-yard.

What a scene of the Middle Ages! Some were mounting in hot haste, some buckling on their weapons and defensive armor; everything was crowded into a little space; horses were trampling, men shouting, in thick darkness or in the smoky glare of torches. I stood aside, expecting to be trampled down at every moment.

My husband joined me. "It is all as he has told you," he said. "I am very

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sorry. The only reparation I can offer is to ride with him; but I hardly suppose we can overtake the robbers. Croisset and Bruce go too, and we may test the doubtful valor of the *gholaum* and his people. I shall leave Porson" (his English soldier-servant) "with you, and be back as soon after daybreak as I can. Porson will see that the men have their mules loaded, for we must push on at daybreak. Farewell, dear Sophia. I am sorry to leave you."

I clung to him with tears and kisses, which perhaps he attributed *all* to my fears for his safety. If he did, he did me more than justice. They were not *all* for my husband; some were for myself. I dreaded to be left to the awful loneliness and dumbness of that prison, with no one near me but excited, half-civilized, angry women; for I could see they held our inopportune arrival to be the cause of their chief's misfortune.

I crept back into the *anderoûn*, and there sat down. After a while the servant-women began to draw out mattresses and to lay them on the floor. The ladies of the harem stretched themselves upon them in full dress. I took possession of one, and replacing my blue silk by a white wrapper, I too lay down, when shortly fatigue triumphed over excitement, and I fell asleep.

I was roused in the morning by the black duenna of the establishment, who, without waking the others, signed to me to follow her. In one of the dark corridors I found my husband.

"No news," he said. "It is impossible to come up with them. The young man has gone on, hoping to intercept them by a short cut through the mountains. Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves—their riding and running must have resembled ours last night. But now we must be off at once. Are you ready?"

"I shall be in five minutes," I replied.

"Have you anything you can offer the old ladies as a present?—needles, scissors—anything European?"

"Pins in a pincushion?"

"The very thing."

"I have a Tunbridge-ware box, too, for postage stamps, with a Queen's head on its top."

"Very good—diplomatic and official—the portrait of her Majesty. I will leave my gold pen for Abdul Reschid, and am sorry enough to part with it. I have given the old woman very handsome backshish, and she will conduct you here when your dressing is over."

The old ladies condescended to accept my presents, which seemed to give more satisfaction than I had expected. I also distributed three rows of pins among the attendant maidens.

When a mile from the fort we halted, and Porson got us breakfast. I told my husband my adventure; but as I had been perfectly safe all the time, my tremors did not produce on him the impression I expected. On his part, he said, they had done nothing—*could* do nothing. Croisset, who was much excited, and very sympathetic, said he had spoken with a man who had seen Hafiza carried screaming from the fort in the arms of a robber. He confirmed Abdul Reschid's account that she was fair, being probably the daughter of a Circassian mother.

Three days later we descended from the hills into a broad and level plain, through which flowed a wide, clear river, whose sparkling waters were conducted, by an intricate system of irrigation, to the very base of the rocky hills. The soil was as fertile as a river delta, and far as the eye could reach the plain was dotted with forts and villages. Unhappily the last siege of Herat had been so recent that the crops that should have been ripening for the harvest had not that year been planted. The Persian troops the year before had ploughed and sown large fields with grain and rice, and reaped them, too, while the siege lasted. Around the city the land was furrowed by trenches, but there was no stint even then of fruit in this delicious valley. Nearly every kind of European fruit was abundant, grapes (growing to a size I had never seen before), plums, peaches, apples, and pears.

About eight miles from the spot where we entered the valley stood the city of Herat, with its straight lines of sun-burned brick walls, and its square, lofty citadel rising some hundreds of feet above the plain. Beyond the walls, too, were extensive ruins of what had once been suburbs, also the remains of a large building erected as a place of education, with columns richly carved, and ornamented with still brilliant mosaic arabesques.

The Sirdar of Herat at this period was the Sultan Ahmed Khan, unfavorably known during the Afghan war to the British troops by the name of Sultan Jan.

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After the war he had lived in exile at the Persian court, and had always been considered the bitter foe of the English, so that when by the late treaty Persia, sore from her defeat, was empowered to choose a ruler for the principality of Herat, he was very naturally fixed upon. To the surprise of every one, however, the Sirdar completely changed his policy on ascending his throne. He courted the English alliance, he became the fast friend of the English, and continued so until he died of apoplexy in 1860.

We rode into Herat, hot, dusty, and fatigued, and took up our quarters in a ruinous old building called the English Mission-house, because there an English political mission had recently had its abode. The building was as exposed, uncomfortable, and desolate as an empty caravansary. We found shelter in it for the first night, however. The next morning my husband, with M. Croisset and Mr. Bruce, waited on the Sirdar.

When my husband came back from that interview he seemed greatly dispirited. To all my questions he replied briefly that the Sirdar had received him with great friendliness, and had been much pleased with a present of handsome firearms sent to him from the Home Office in England; that he was to spend that evening in his company at his tumble-down *serai* in the citadel, and that I was invited to accompany him.

There was nothing alarming in all this. I questioned him further, and after a while I learned that the Sirdar had given him unpleasant news from India; that he felt it his duty to hasten forward and rejoin his regiment, and that the sooner he could get his visit paid to the Afghan prince then living under the protection of a tribe of freebooters in the mountains, the sooner we could be *en route* for the remainder of our journey.

"Shall we start for the hills to-morrow, then?" I asked, a little dolefully. I had looked forward to a comfortable rest at Herat, and was, indeed, worn out by constant riding.

"There's the rub," said my husband. "The Sirdar has not yet been able to establish his authority in the hills. He will send a strong escort with me, but it will not be under my command. I might go and return within a week if I took no luggage, and only Bruce with me."

"Not me, Charles?"

"Dear wife," he said, "I am miserable at the thought of leaving you behind me. But you are a soldier's wife, you know. You have kept your promise faithfully, thus far, that you would never be a drag upon your husband. Croisset will stay, and Porson, and the Sirdar invites you to be the guest of his head wife, a Turcoman lady, and to pass your time among his women."

My heart sank within me. A week in a harem, with its *ennui*, its familiarity, its noise, its dirt, its want of privacy and delicacy! Then, too, for a whole week I should be dumb, no better than an idiot or an animal. It was not probable that any one in this inland place could speak any of my languages.

"Oh, Charley!"

But those words, "You have never been a drag upon me *yet*," determined me. I nestled closer to my husband, who was sitting on the divan with his arm around my waist, and said, as firmly as I could, "I accept the Sirdar's invitation."

That evening, after the muezzin's summons of the faithful to their prayers, we went to the *serai*. The Sirdar received us in a room which had little furniture. Some divans round the walls, some tables covered with thick carpets, some other carpets like them under foot, were all that it contained.

Ahmed Khan was a good-looking dark man about forty-five, with pleasant manners tending to joviality. To my surprise and great delight, I found he could speak a little Levantine Italian, familiar enough to me, as my father's regiment had once been in garrison at Malta.

We were received, of course, with pipes, coffee, and sweetmeats, the former being offered us straight from the attendants' mouths. Bruce and Croisset were there besides ourselves. They got on comfortably, as they both spoke Persian. The Sirdar was full of talk, not alluding, of course, to that part of his history which connected him with the massacre of our people at Cabool in 1841, nor to his riding at the head of some hundreds of Afghan horsemen against us in the Sikh war. He talked about the late siege of Herat by the Persian forces, about the future policy of his principality, about Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor's mission in his capital, and finally he related how he had been imprisoned by the savage Vizier of Bokhara twenty-seven years previously in the same

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prison as poor Captain Stoddart. The Sirdar had got away disguised as a melon seller, and Stoddart's gallant bearing in misfortune had so much impressed him that he had offered to share with him his chances of escape, and had procured a disguise for him. But Stoddart would not leave his dungeon secretly. Every day he expected deliverance at the hands of his government. That deliverance never reached him. The brave and trustful Englishman paid with his life for his confidence in the power of the English name.

All this was interpreted to me by Croisset. After a while the Sirdar and my husband began to speak of chess, and a beautifully inlaid board was brought forward, together with the most elaborately carved chess-men I had ever seen.

I sat looking at the game, and as nobody spoke to me, indulged my own thoughts during its progress. Croisset and Bruce smoked, and probably conjugated the verb *s'ennuyer*. My husband beat the first two games, and then allowed the Sirdar to beat him. He was a good player, but not equal to my husband.

At ten o'clock my husband rose. It had been settled I should remain after he left, as he would start before daybreak in the morning. He led me into a recess apart. I hung upon his neck with frantic kisses.

"You won't mind it so much, dear Sophia," he said, "now that you have seen the Sirdar. You are to have a chamber to yourself. I ventured to tell him that that was always the custom with us, as English ladies needed privacy. Remember, dear, do nothing that will shock their prejudices. Efface yourself for these few days as much as possible. I thought you a little hasty under the roof of Abdul Reschid. Oh, by-the-way, Sophia, don't mention his name to the Sirdar. He has never made his submission. I have cautioned Croisset not to say we visited his stronghold on our journey. Don't be afraid, my love. Nobody here will harm you. Ahmed sincerely seeks the friendship of our government. Croisset is to stay at the Mission-house, and Porson with him. If you need either, the Sirdar will send for them. Good-by, my darling wife. Get into no scrapes. Don't let vain fancies run away with you. Don't allude to politics. Don't shock their prejudices. Don't mention Abdul Reschid. My dear—dear—precious wife!" And he kissed me with the fervor that a woman loves so dearly from her husband.

Returning to the Sirdar, he took courteous leave of him, and pressed my hands again as he went out of the room. Croisset at parting whispered, "I hold myself at your orders, madame, night and day. I have discovered the apartments of the *anderoûn* are in the eastern tower of the citadel, looking toward the Mission-house. If at any time you need me, hang your red scarf from the parapet, and I will find some way of procuring an interview."

"If I need you, I will send a message to you through the Sirdar," I replied, stiffly. Croisset looked crest-fallen, and without replying left the room.

When they were gone, the Sirdar courteously turned toward me, and taking me by the hand, led me across the audience-chamber to a low doorway.

"I greatly fear," he said, "you may not like the bustle, noise, and other disagreeables of the harem. I do not myself. I have therefore caused to be prepared for you an apartment separate from those of my women. I hope you will often give me the pleasure of conversing with you. They can not converse. They are stupid. You will find them dull, as I do," he added, as we found ourselves before a leathern curtain, lifting which we entered the apartments of his women. These, as I afterward found, consisted of one principal room and five or six small chambers, in which cooking, eating, sleeping, dressing, and everything else belonging to domestic life were carried on.

The chief lady of the harem came forward as we entered. She had been beautiful, but she was dreadfully bedaubed with paint, black, white, and red. Her hands were stained yellow, so were the soles of her feet, though they were then thrust into embroidered slippers. Her eyebrows were unnaturally arched and black, being painted and stained high up upon her forehead. Her hair was black, though very little of it showed. Being the daughter of a Turcoman chief, she wore the costume of her people, a long wrapper of red silk, open on the breast, which was only partially concealed by a chemisette of silk gauze. Her head-dress was most wonderful. It was like a canopy fastened to the head, rather than like a head-dress — an elaborate frame, out of proportion to the picture. It was composed of many scarfs and handkerchiefs, the former cashmere,

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and rich red, the latter silk, Persian, and many-colored. These were entwined with yards and yards of sheerest India muslin. Over her forehead, for a foot above her face, hung strings and strings of golden coins, and stuck about the head-dress, apparently to keep its materials in their place, were sprays of diamonds, gold pins, and more bezants and sequins. Round her throat were several tight collars of jewels and large pearls.

As this lady and I could not converse, all we could do was to stare at each other's finery, like shy, strange children, and exchange a compliment or two through the Sirdar as interpreter.

"They can't talk much. They are very stupid," he said again to me, with a little sigh. But here the conversation, such as it was, was broken in upon by the entrance of three more wives, followed by a troop of little children and servant-women.

The children at once threw themselves upon the Sirdar, who caressed them affectionately. The women, whether slaves or cooks or wives, got round me in a group, and began to finger me. Not *all*, however. There was one poor girl, tall, beautiful, with auburn hair and a blonde Circassian look, who seemed to shrink away from all the rest, and kept her eyes riveted upon the Sirdar's countenance.

I heard one of the group call her "Hafiza"—that first drew my attention toward her.

Among those who surrounded me I noticed one who looked like a Hindostanee woman. I addressed her in that language, which my husband had been teaching me, and she answered me in a strange mixture of broken English and Hindostanee. Here was a new channel of communication. The Sirdar seemed very glad to give up his office of interpreter. He immediately ordered that she should attend me during my stay, and make her bed in my apartment.

Finding conversation still difficult (for my Hindostanee was as imperfect as her English, both being about equal to a school-girl's French after one quarter's instruction), I bethought me of suggesting some music to the company. The Sirdar, on discovering my wish, ordered one of the women to bring a lute and to perform on it. What she executed was very ugly, and had little harmony to my ear. When she had finished I took her instrument, and contriving to extract music enough from it for an accompaniment, I began to sing a negro melody. It delighted their uncultivated tastes. It went straight to the hearts of all of them. "'Way Down upon the Swannee Riber," "Uncle Ned," who lived so long ago, "Miss Lucy Neal," and the disjointed history of Susanna, with her buckwheat cake, her banjo, and her tears, followed each other. I had to explain in broken Italian *patois* to the Sirdar the events in the biography of Uncle Ned, his infirmities and strange appearance, the sad history of Lucy Neal, the "yaller gal," and of the letter with the jet-black seal delivered to her forsaken lover; but "Susanna" and "The Old Folks" were too hard for me. Then I tried "God save the Queen" and "Isle of Beauty," but these did not strike a chord of sympathy among my auditors.

At last the party was broken up by the retirement of the Sirdar, who had resigned to me his own sleeping-room, and who was to sleep upon a divan in his audience-chamber. I was conducted to my apartment by the ayah, who had once served an English lady in India.

My room was in the eastern angle of the citadel, and looked, as Croisset had foretold it would, toward the Mission. The walls were cracked in many places, and presented a ruined and crumbling appearance. There were two windows, narrow and long, glazed with oiled paper, but one pane had been torn out, so that I could look down on the town. There was also the luxury of a wooden shutter.

Water had been sprinkled over the mud floor, and the whole had been lately swept, though hardly cleansed. At one end was spread a thick felt carpet; on this lay an enormous red silk pillow. My own bedding had been brought in from the Mission-house, and my ayah soon arranged things as she had learned to do for her English lady.

"Who is that girl they called Hafiza?" I said to her as she undressed me.

"Wild girl. Strange girl from the hills. Just come," she answered.

"Just come?" I cried, throwing down my comb and turning toward her—"just come—from the hills? Who brought her?"

"Mir Abbas Ali from the hills gave her yesterday to his Highness the Sirdar."

"A robber chief!" I cried, recognizing the name Mir Abbas Ali as one I had heard uttered by the women of Abdul Reschid in their fury. "Was she going to be mar-

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ried to a young chief in the hills? Has she uttered the name of Abdul Reschid?"

"She has spoken but few words since she came last evening."

"What is the Sirdar going to do with her?"

"His Highness has said nothing. I think he has not deigned to look upon her."

Just at that moment came the recollection that Abdul Reschid was a name forbidden by my instructions; that he and his uncle were esteemed rebels by the Sirdar; that I should disobey my husband, and possibly get everybody into a scrape, if I mixed myself up with the young chief and his Hafiza.

I declined the further services of my ayah, but told her to get her bed and spread it before the door. Then I stood looking through the torn window-pane at a light in the Mission-house, where I greatly feared my husband was spending the remainder of his night writing dispatches. Before dawn I heard a stir below me. A strong party of Afghan horsemen were pouring over the draw-bridge. Lights began to move in the court-yard of the Mission. The riders halted. My husband must have joined them. A light went back into the Mission-house. It was extinguished. With a heart full of apprehension I crept to my lonely couch, and watered its silk cushion with my tears.

The next day passed very much as I had expected. I got Hafiza into my chamber, and put a few cautious questions to her through the ayah. I had no doubt she was Abdul Reschid's fair Hafiza, but she was inexpressibly timid, cowed, and on her guard. Neither of us could make much of the other. I observed in the harem that the women all appeared to snub her or to shun her. They evidently expected her place in the establishment would be that of an inferior.

What a strange life is that of the harem! Those in the West who dream about it always connect it with luxury, magnificence, and voluptuousness. But imagine a common "keeping-room" used as a sleeping-place at night by cooks and kitchen-maids resting from their labors; with children, troublesome and dirty, who have repeatedly to be whipped to bring them to any order; gloomy, for the light is always imperfect; close, with foul air, yet pervaded by draughts from broken doors and ill-built chimneys. The expression on most of the women's faces soon grows vapid. There is no religious life among them—no zeal for moral principles. Their children occupy but weary them. They care for them chiefly as stepping-stones to power and to the favor of their husbands. Rarely indeed has a mother in a harem any comfort in her boys. They early become insolent, and tyrannize, "by right of conquest and by right of birth," over the little sisters and half-sisters, who are their abject victims.

Over all presides the head wife or the husband's mother.

Dressing, bathing, playing at childish games, and mismanaging the children seemed the perpetual employments of the Sirdar's ladies. Had they lived in a large city they could have gone out into the town, shopped like their sisters in Christendom, paid or received visits, had picnics, under charge of eunuchs or duennas, in pleasant places; but here in Herat they were such terribly great ladies that almost all these resources were cut off from them. Tingeing their finger-nails with henna occupied a good deal of their time, and some seemed to enjoy *kef*, the *dolce far niente* of smoking. But the whole of them seemed destitute of ideas. Indeed, what had they to form ideas from? Their animal wants were satisfied; they had no aspirations. Why should they labor, when that labor had no object?

"Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object can not live."

It was an unspeakable relief to me when the Sirdar came to visit us that evening. Again the children climbed upon his knees, and half smothered him with their caresses; again I sang, and two of the women danced with castanets, rarely lifting their feet up from the floor, but swaying from the hips with the whole body. I did not like the exhibition much, and was glad when the Sirdar asked me to play chess with him.

The board was being set out, when two of the children became troublesome. The Sirdar frowned.

"It is very noisy here," he said. "I fear my head would play me false to beat you. Would you play with me in my own room?"

"I will, certainly. May I take the ayah?"

So we moved into the Sirdar's audience-chamber, and sitting in the place my husband had occupied the night before, I ac-

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cepted the first move, and we began the game. We were of nearly equal force. The fight was long and very interesting. The Sirdar won.

We leaned back in our seats, exhausted with our close attention to the game. I toyed with one of the carved chess-men.

"There is in the *anderoûn* a young girl, a native of these hills, who interests me," I said at length to his Highness.

"A slave, sent a present to me by my ally Mir Abbas Ali," said his Highness.

Here the conversation paused. I was no she-diplomatist, and did not know how to carry it on. At last I said, examining the chess-board inlaid with ivory, sandal-wood, and silver, "There are sixty-four squares on this board, your Highness."

"Yes," he replied, smiling.

"I could cut it so that there would be sixty-five."

"Impossible—against reason," he replied, and laughed.

"I could," I persisted.

"Mashallah! What can not the Feringhees do? But that's impossible."

"Let the ayah get me my scissors and a sheet of paper from my chamber."

He motioned to the ayah, who went in search of them.

"If I succeed, what will your Highness give me as a forfeit?" I said, looking as coquettish and persuasive as I dared. "In Feringhistan it is customary in such cases to reward a lady."

The Sirdar accepted without debate the precedent I improvised as a custom of Feringhistan.

"I will give you whatever you may ask," he replied, still smiling.

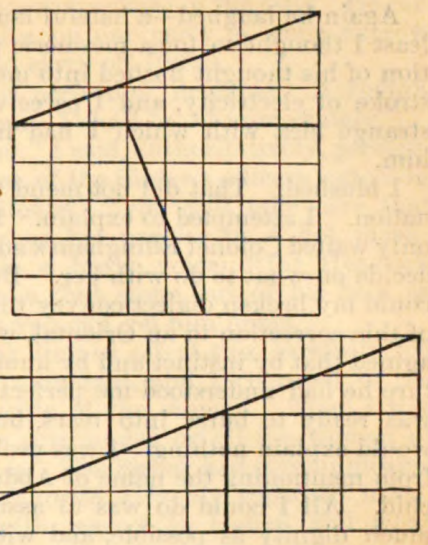
I thought of Herod and Salome, and answered, smiling in my turn: "It will not be anything very great. I shall not ask the head of a friend, or the half of your Highness's kingdom; but what I ask I want, *molto—moltissimo*."

By that time the ayah returned, bringing my scissors and a sheet of letter-paper. This I easily folded into sixty-four squares. The Sirdar counted them.

"Now see," I said, and with three snips of my scissors, in place of eight times eight squares, there lay before the Sirdar five times thirteen, sixty-five squares in all.

"God is great! It is magic!" said the Sirdar.

The ayah approached, but could not even comprehend enough to see the wonder. The Sirdar called in some of his officers from the anteroom, and I amused myself by their amazement.



It was wonderful! Could I explain it?

Not in the least. I only knew that it was so.

Would I give him the papers?

Of course I would. He could perform the same feat as often as he pleased.

"And now," said the Sirdar, when his courtiers had retired, and we were again alone, "what do you ask?"

"Will your Highness give me the strange girl from the hills—your slave Hafiza?"

"Mashallah! What do you want her for?"

"I am alone. I have no waiting-woman."

"Take the ayah."

"I prefer Hafiza."

He seemed to hesitate.

"If your Highness really does not wish to part with her, I withdraw my—"

"No. I am willing to give her to you. But she seems sulky—ill-conditioned. What can you do with her?"

What could I say? I dared not breathe the name of Abdul Reschid. I trembled at the thought of doing mischief. I faltered out perhaps the most foolish thing I could have said to him.

"My husband shall decide when he returns. I will make her over to my husband."

The Sirdar laughed aloud. "Mashallah!" he exclaimed. "You English are most wonderful. Who can understand your customs? I have been told that that was not the way in English families."

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Again he laughed—a hateful laugh: at least I thought so, for a mesmeric perception of his thought flashed into me like a stroke of electricity, and I perceived the strange idea with which I had inspired him.

I blushed. That did not mend the situation. I attempted to explain. I said I only waited Colonel Effingham's advice to decide on what to do with her. But how could my broken dialect convey the sense of this correction to an Oriental, who imagined that by instinct and by human nature he had understood me perfectly? I was ready to burst into tears, but that would explain nothing. I was prohibited from mentioning the name of Abdul Reschid. All I could do was to assume as much dignity as possible, and withdraw to my own chamber.

Never shall I forget the misery, perplexity, and shame of that long night. I had attained my object. Like many another woman I had ridden at it straight, without regarding consequences, and had leaped all barriers—a resolute woman almost always can do that—and now I had (excuse the vulgarism) to foot the bill for what I had accomplished. In the silence of my chamber conscience called upon me to remember my husband's advice at parting: "Efface yourself; get into no scrapes; don't meddle with diplomacy or politics; be silent as to Abdul Reschid; respect the social and religious prejudices of the Mohammedans."

Instead of this I had been forward in my intercourse with the Sirdar; and as to *scrapes!*—how on earth was I to dispose of Hafiza? how communicate with Abdul Reschid? how extricate myself out of a tangled web of Afghan, Persian, Russian, Indian, and English policy? And—question of all most pressing at that moment—how could I summon Croisset to a conference? Croisset alone could help me in this strait, and how should I contrive a secret interview with Croisset?

I lay awake on my uneasy bed pondering these perplexities. I dared not compromise myself by making the signal Croisset had suggested from the bastion. After all, he was a Frenchman—half Bohemian from his calling. What might he not do if he got into the harem? He was wild, I knew, to do so. What disguise might he not assume—*and be discovered in?*

I thought of my husband—so strict in his propriety—the soul of honor, the mirror of diplomatic dignity—what would he say, what *could* he say, to a wife who had compromised him in a Mohammedan harem both conjugally and diplomatically?

Like sudden cramps, sharp twinges, painful pricks, came recollections of the Sirdar's laugh—of Rachel and of Bilhah.

I sprang up in my bed as these thoughts pierced me to the quick. I uttered incoherent exclamations; I lay down again to think; I started up in a fresh access of those stinging, tingling memories, my face aflame with blushes in the dark, my hands clinched, my heart bursting, as I thought of the now hateful cause of all this worry and humiliation, the unconscious, innocent Hafiza.

Morning dawned, and I had not made up my mind how to take counsel with Croisset.

"There are so many happy accidents, and only *one* would save us!" cried my heart, quoting an old French lady on the eve of the Revolution. Would not Providence interfere and give me *somehow* a private interview with my French friend? When Providence assists us in self-confident un-straightforward dealings, it generally appears to be upon the principle of helping our sins to find us out.

On this occasion, before I was quite dressed, came an old woman from one of the many Hindoo merchants of the city. She had brought Persian silks and scarfs for me to look at, and while unfolding her wares, put into my hand a note upon Lubin-scented French paper with a pale pink tinge.

"*Madame, me voici à vos ordres. Je les attends au cour, en habit de syce,* avec Malek, votre cheval. Ayez la bonté de descendre, et de me les confier. Avec la plus haute consideration.* CROISSET."

"Is my horse below with a groom? This woman says he is," I said to the ayah, who had been absent a few moments from my chamber.

"Yes." She had orders to tell me that the groom thought the horse was lame, and he wanted a powder of Feringhistan for the sick animal.

I veiled myself and descended to the court-yard, where scant courtesy, I knew, was to be expected from soldiers and horse-boys to a woman.

* Indian horse-boy.

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There I found my Turcoman horse standing with a *syce*, got up in a sort of Anglo-Indian livery. As I made a pretense of examining Malek's foot I whispered, "Good Heaven! suppose you are found out, M. Croisset?"

"I have no fears, madame. Why did you summon me?"

"I never summoned you. I intended to do so this morning through the Sirdar, the proper channel. As wife of Colonel Effingham I can have no part in these compromising disguises."

"I certainly saw your red signal, madame, about daybreak, above the parapet of the bastion."

"It must have been the red robe or the red head-dress of the Sirdar's chief wife, then. But as you *are* here, let me tell you something, let me consult you."

"I listen to you, madame."

"The bride of Abdul Reschid is in this harem."

"Hafiza?"

"Yes; she was brought in twenty-four hours ago by Mir Abbas Ali. The Sirdar has given her to me. Now how can we get word to Abdul Reschid?"

"I will go, madame, myself."

"How can you go without compromising me and yourself too? Remember it must be a secret mission. The Sirdar will be asking where you are."

"I will ask his permission to make a hunting expedition."

"Yes, and he will send an escort with you."

"Bah!"

"At any rate, you can not go alone. The hills are alive with rebels and robbers."

"I'll take our valiant *gholaum* and his Persians."

"We dismissed them at the frontier."

"True, but they followed on our track. They have deserted, and are at the mission. They have been plotting how to get back into the service of M. le Colonel. I'll take them into my pay. We will set off before the Sirdar misses us."

"Suppose he asks for you?"

"Then Porson shall inform him I am sketching in the hills, and am under the protection of a familiar *genie*. Sketching is done by witchcraft in the eyes of a Mohammedan."

"Well, then, I have spent all night in planning for you. Tell Abdul Reschid to hurry forward and to lie in wait upon our route somewhere in the hills. He can descend upon our party in some narrow pass and carry off Hafiza."

"It is perfection, madame. A *roman* in action. I shall be off immediately."

"And," I said, authoritatively, perceiving some of the Sirdar's officers watching our colloquy, "you will take care that Malek has his powder in a hot mash; and" (in a lower voice) "for Heaven's sake take that stone out of his hoof as soon as you can get him home."

Malek limped off at this, carefully led by his attendant, and I returned to the apartments of the women. Then I was at once surrounded by all the women of the place. The Sirdar had communicated to his favorite wife my supposed intentions with respect to Hafiza, and what could I say to alter their ideas, without any language to express myself in?

The harem highly applauded. This was a matter they could all understand—a touch of nature that appeared to make the English woman their kin. They set up a theory that I was a childless wife, who was devising this expedient to make herself of value in the eyes of her husband. In a harem nothing is so contemptible or so forlorn as a childless woman. I think it sad enough myself, even in Christendom, and may remark, *en passant*, that although I was spared the terrible anxiety of helpless children during the Indian mutiny, there are young officers now in the service of the Empress of India who call me "mother."

Hafiza had wholly altered her demeanor. Her supposed new fate had been communicated to her. All the ladies congratulated her and complimented her. The Sirdar had given orders she should be fitted out with handsome clothes, and sent her coins and jewels from his treasury. The harem was full of sales-women sent by the Hindoo merchants of Herat with finery for her selection. Hafiza was all-glorious; I was bowed down with shame, repentance, and anxiety.

What could I do? I dared not mention Abdul Reschid even to Hafiza. Poor Croisset! I had launched him on a sea of perils. I dared not think about his danger. Hafiza must be got rid of as soon as possible. Oh, that I had never interfered!—had never set up to be the *Dea ex machinâ* in a Mohammedan love story!

I tried to get Hafiza quietly into my own room; being now my slave, I pre-

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sumed I could control her. Not a bit of it! She set me at naught, which I now know to be one of the privileges of a slave who has got the upper hand of mistress or of master. She despised me; she sneered at me.

Oh! how I began to detest her eyebrows of Indian ink, her vapid dough-faced countenance! Had I been a Mohammedan or Hindoo woman, really afraid of this girl's influence, I could almost imagine myself breaking the sixth commandment by suicide or murder!

I feigned that I was ill at last, and went to bed. Hafiza continued *de se paonner* —to peacock herself—(I know no English word for it) before the harem. I was really growing ill. I had high fever. Day and night I was troubled by all kinds of fears. Croisset's mission, Abdul Reschid's ambush, haunted my imagination—and my husband's disgust and displeasure! On the other hand, Croisset's failure, perhaps death; diplomatic complications; no news of Abdul Reschid; Hafiza for life saddled upon me!

I declined medical assistance. I said I had medicine from Feringhistan. Of course the harem, after I said this, left me no peace till it had begged away my last pill and my last potion, though it must have required a robust faith to believe in remedies so manifestly inadequate to relieve their possessor.

Of poor Croisset I could hear nothing. My husband had left me on a Thursday; when the next Tuesday came round they brought me word about dusk that he was in the reception-room, and that the Sirdar had sent for me.

I dressed as rapidly as possible, and soon was with him. Politely, but as formally as another Washington, my husband received me. My nerves were so high-strung that I could hardly bear the self-control that etiquette prescribed to me. He was not willing to compromise his conjugal dignity by caresses before Mohammedans. He only whispered, as he clasped me by both hands, "How pale you are, my Sophy!"

"Oh, Charles! I am so thankful you are safe! Never leave me again. All goes wrong without you."

"Has not the Sirdar been kind to you?"

"Kindness itself; all respectfulness and consideration. But I am not fit to live without you, my own Charley."

I found my husband was eager to set off (if I could only bear the journey) the next morning.

"Oh yes," I said; "I shall not keep you waiting.

"But where is Croisset?"

Where was Croisset indeed? That question brought on an explanation. Oh, my sins! He had not been heard of since he stole away into the hills on a sketching expedition.

"I can not wait for Croisset," said my husband. "Will your Highness take steps to see about his safety? I must leave him behind."

"Charles," I whispered, "you must buy another horse. The Sirdar has given me a slave girl. I should like to take her with us."

"You will find her a great encumbrance. Could you not have avoided taking her? It is very important we should push on."

"I can not help it now, dear," I said, sadly.

Then, fearing he had pained me by his tone of discouragement, he immediately proceeded to take measures to procure a horse for her.

I did not return to my husband's care that night, but slept in the harem. When we started the next morning I was greatly concerned to find that the same guard of Afghan horsemen that had gone up into the hills with my husband and Mr. Bruce were to accompany us for three days, so that if Abdul Reschid attacked us, according to my programme, there would probably be bloodshed.

All that day we rode over the plain and through the hills, and never a chance I found to address a word in private to my husband. The chief of our escort had two hawks with him; there were plenty of black partridges, teal, and wild-ducks, and occasionally an antelope. Whenever any game was put up at our approach, a hawk was slipped, and seldom failed to bring down the fluttering quarry. As hawk and partridge fell, a horseman would dart forward, seize the two birds, secure the hawk, and then, with Mohammedan ceremonies, complete the death of the victim.

The day was one of trouble, anxiety, and self-rebuke to me, and probably was equally disappointing to Hafiza. My husband took no notice of her. Poor Croisset! where could he be?

Toward dusk, as we were riding rather wearily, we came to a little opening in the

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hills, in the midst of which stood a tall tamarisk-tree. Beneath it was encamped a party of rough horsemen, a *caffilah*, or small caravan, with its horses picketed in a circle, within which they had lighted a fire, and were preparing to pass the night without any other covering than a riding cloak of coarse cloth or a sheep-skin.

When we came on this encampment, one or two of the party—large, fair men—came forward and courteously offered to give us the right of choice for our encampment if we meant to pass the night there. They said they were horse-merchants returning from a fair at Kurrachee, and appeared anxious to sell one or two of their horses—noble animals all of them—to the gentlemen of our party.

My husband, Mr. Bruce, and the officer of the Sirdar admired the animals exceedingly. Their masters, as if eager to conclude a bargain, sprang on their backs, and proceeded to give proofs of the merits of their horses. This stimulated our Afghan escort, unwilling to be outdone by horse-dealers, and soon all over the little plain a mimic fight was taking place, in which each horseman, fighting independently of his comrades, attacked or retired as he pleased. One of these horsemen, who wore under his cloak a close-fitting tunic of dark blue, particularly attracted my attention. With reins hanging loose from his saddle-bow, he urged his horse until it almost flew. Suddenly he swooped toward us. A jerk, a struggle, a shriek, and two strong arms had seized Hafiza. A shout of "*N'ayez pas peur, madame!*" in the voice of Croisset, came at the same moment from another horseman. Before our Afghan escort had any idea that anything was meant but mimic fight, the party was over the brow of a low hill that was half a mile away from us. Our horses were all blown. Those of the raiders were fresh.

"Charles! Charles!" I cried, flinging myself upon my husband, "stop the pursuit. Don't let them fire. I will tell you everything. This attack is all my fault. It is made at my suggestion. Oh, I am so thankful! That roughest man in the great goat-skin cloak was M. Croisset."

A few shots were fired by our men from the hill-top, but Abdul Reschid's followers were picked horsemen. They skimmed like swallows over hill and plain.

The officer in charge of our escort did not for some time notice we had lost one of our party. Then it was too late for pursuit, and it only remained for me, in the stillness of our tent, hiding my face upon my husband's breast, to tell my story.

"We may be thankful that it ended as it has," he said. "But never again, dear wife, interfere with Mohammedan customs or European diplomacy."

"Never! never!—oh, I never will again!" I exclaimed, fervently. "I never will try again to do a good-natured thing for anybody."

"This is not the first time I have heard you make that resolution, and on the first temptation you have always broken it," he answered, smiling. "But Croisset?—are you sure he is all right?"

"I am certain he called out to me."

Sure enough, a few hours after the moon rose he and his *gholaum* and two Persians rode into our camp, professing to have followed us since noon from Herat, and to have been detained by some picturesque antiquities the artist had discovered on the side of a mountain.

I never knew if Abdul Reschid succeeded in his design of educating Hafiza. My impression of her capacity for instruction was by no means favorable.

THE WILD ROSE.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

FAIR are the flowers the tardy Spring,
At last fulfilling all our hope
With largess late, is wont to fling
Along our Northern slope.

For us the cowslip sheds its gold;
For us the May-flower breathes perfume;
And in our meadows, low and cold,
White violets bloom.

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But some resplendent morn of June,
When sunbeams thrill with fervid power,
And sea waves chant a murmurous rune,
Come, see our perfect flower.

From sunset skies of molten red
Her deeply glowing hues were wrought;
From pearly shell in ocean's bed
Her paler tints were caught.

Her tender greenery gently fills
With graceful, softened shape
The outline of the rugged hills
All round our Cape.

She flashes in the deepest wood;
We trace her by the brooklet's edge;
But most where billows harsh and rude
Beat on the cruel ledge.

Her dauntless smile we love to greet;
Life's central radiance through her flows;
Her fragrance makes the east wind sweet—
Our beautiful Wild Rose.

So, to our Duty's sober days,
By salt waves lapped, by sharp crags torn—
So, to our sombre shaded ways,
Set round by brake and thorn—

In modest pride of gracious youth,
With heart of love, with soul serene,
With dewy purity and truth,
She comes, our Eglantine.

A LOVE SONG.

A. D. 16—.

[Illustrated by E. A. Abbey. See Frontispiece.]

WHEN I go
From my place
At your feet,
Sweet,

All I know
Of your face
I recall—
All.

Being by
(In the net),
I forget—
Why?

Being by,
I but hear
What you say—
Yea,

Naught am I
But an ear
To the word
Heard.

Then I go,
And the grace
Of your face
Know.

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BOOKING OFFICE, ENGLISH RAILWAY STATION.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

THE differences between the methods and conditions of travelling by railroad in America and in England produce a marked impression upon the traveller from either country who compares the two systems. They are differences of which no obvious explanation readily presents itself, and their causes have to be sought with some labor in the social, economical, and mechanical considerations which have attended the development of each system.

The American railroad car consists of one compartment of the entire length of the vehicle. The English railway carriage consists of several compartments of the width of the vehicle. This is the radical difference, as far as the traveller is concerned, between the two, and out of it grow on either side various advantages and disadvantages, conceded and debated.

The first impression which an American who is experienced in railroad travelling in his own country derives from the exterior aspect of an English train is unfavorable. The cars, as he must necessarily call them, seem to be small; they lack, apparently, the weight and solidity of the American passenger-coach; the compartments are narrow, the ceilings low, the ventilation apparently doubtful. They

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stand upon two, three, or more pairs of gaunt high wheels, to the axles of which their springs are directly geared. He misses the little independent vehicle, the truck, or bogie, with its four or six small, compact, solid-looking, wide-flanged wheels, which sustains each end of the American car—that rolling gear which looks so strong, so adapted to inequality of rail or curve, so resourceful against disaster, and so complete in its equipment. The cars are smaller—there is no doubt of it. They are narrower and they are shorter; and to the American eye they look even shorter than they really are, because they have no projecting platform at the ends, no overhanging roof or hood, but are buckled close up to each other, and their contact controlled by small metal buffers, the springs of which allow a play of from eighteen inches to two feet and a half between car and car. The Miller platform, the Janney coupler, the link and pin—of all the familiar devices of the United States there is not one to be seen. The brakes? None visible. Nor, for the matter of that, a brakesman. This influential and numerous person has no existence in England. There is not even a rudimentary type of him. That you do not find him is the first stern intimation you receive that in English railroading there are no autocrats. The wheels are fitted with brakes, however, and the trained eye notes a rubber hose connection between the carriages, quite different in its application to that known at home, but which nevertheless betokens the air-brake. He takes account of the distinctions of class, and reflects upon his country's veiled progress in that regard in the matter of parlor cars and limited express-trains. Then he finds that there is no baggage-master to waft the volatile Saratoga to its doom, as his own newspapers would express it. There is perhaps a luggage van or two, or there are in the carriages themselves luggage compartments, according to the way in which the train is made up, the length of journey it is to take, or the custom of the particular line under ob-



THIRD-CLASS.

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THE WILD IRISHMAN.

servation. His final contemplation is perhaps devoted to the engine, and if he has ever given any of his attention to the American locomotive, it fills him with a deep concern. He recalls the imposing splendor of the latter, its comfortable and lofty cab of oiled and polished wood, its gay brass bell, the soul-stirring whistle, the noble head-light and the cow-destroying pilot, the great cinder-consuming smoke-stack (unless it be a hard-coal burner, in which case that feature shrinks to moderate proportions), the powerful drivers and compact cylinders, the eccentric connecting rods, and all its parts radiant with the glitter of polished steel or burnished brass, or decked with appropriate vermilion or emerald green. In all of these matters the English locomotive compares with it much as a lawn-mower does with a New York fire-engine. It is a humble, awkward green or monochromatic machine. It has neither polish nor decoration about it. There is no cab. The engineer and his fireman—that is to say, the engine-driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is afforded by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles." The smoke-stack is short and thick; there is an unsightly green hump on the back of the boiler; the cylinders are under the front of the latter instead of on each side before the drivers; the wheels are all large, and the body of the engine is perched high up above them, and looks top-heavy and dangerous. The whole thing is rigid and stiff-looking, and to the observer who has had to do with the external aspects of locomotives it is unprepossessing and unlovely. The practical American engineer whistles thoughtfully as he surveys it, and wonders to himself how long it would be before he would ditch his train if he had to run on a new Western railroad with such an engine. Where would he be on a sharp curve, or how would such running-gear adapt itself to an unevenly ballasted track? The low centre of gravity of the American locomotive, the weight distributed well down between the wheels, the play of the small broad flanges under the pilot truck, and the external gearing of the driving-wheels, all give the American engine an appearance of stability which impresses not merely the layman, but also the expert.

So much for appearances. The practical man finds a wonderful strength and economy in the build of this unbeautiful English engine. It is rigid, it is true, but it is adapted to a perfectly ballasted track, and if you stand beside the driver when he is doing his fifty-five or sixty miles an hour, you will at once perceive that its stability is beyond question, and that in point of steadiness and minimum of strain on the structural parts it has

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wonderful qualities and immense advantages. There is not a bit of waste material about it; it attains a rate of speed in the first hundred yards that shows its traction to be extraordinary, and it makes steam readily and easily.

The complete American cab does not exist in England, but there are upon some lines modifications of it which afford protection to the engineer and his assistant. So also on some lines there is evinced a disposition toward decorating the engines. On one railway they are painted of a gorgeous yellow and brown, on another they are freely touched up with vermilion, and on another the drivers are covered in with a casing of brass, which is kept in a condition of awful brilliancy. They have no bells, and need none, owing to the different conditions under which the track is guarded, and their whistles are sharp and sibillant, instead of sonorous and deep, like the howling device in use in America. Comparatively few have tenders of the dimensions attached to the American engine. The reason is that their journeys are short, and the facilities for coaling such that a small coal-box suffices. In a large proportion of engines, therefore, the water-tank is superimposed or folded over the boiler, or placed on each side of it, and made to receive at close quarters the exhaust steam from the cylinders, so that the water is already at a high temperature when it enters the boiler. English engines differ greatly in pattern, and no one type has yet been decided upon as possessing a maximum of merit in the several requirements of a good locomotive.



AN AMERICAN PASSENGER-COACH.

The American cab is not admired, and its introduction has not been encouraged. When tried upon English locomotives the verdict was that the inconvenience from

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FIRST-CLASS AT NIGHT.

heat more than counterbalanced the advantages of the shelter afforded, while the men were prevented from getting to the different parts of the engine with celerity.

This is not easy for the American engine-builder to understand, because his engines are so constructed, and their cabs so adapted to them, that the temperature of the cab is under control—cool in summer and warm in winter—and no inconvenience is experienced in having ready access to every part of the machine. The fact is that the engine-driver and his assistant do not need against English weather the protection which is essential in America. The men who on some of our winter days or nights should attempt to run an English engine on one of our Northern or Northwestern roads would perish, while in the summer-time the tropical excesses of our sun would be a source of undoubted danger.

No bell is used in England. The English track is so secured against trespass of man or animal that the bell, admitting that it is of any real value for warning off the one or the other, is not needed. In America the use of the bell is in some places regulated by law, and it is thought to be a most potent and indispensable attachment of the locomotive. To the thoughtful observer, in these days of scientific railroading, it partakes of the nature of a survival—an instance in which utility has faded into mere ceremonial.

The cow-catcher is not known, but there is a rudimentary suggestion of it in a stout steel tooth which is affixed perpendicularly in front of the wheels, and which is designed to throw any obstacle outward from the track.

The head-light of the American engine is represented on the English locomotive by a small lantern, the lens of which projects a beam of light strong enough to indicate the presence or movement of the train. No attempt is made to illuminate the track ahead of the engine, which appears to be a large part of the function of the American head-light, and which would probably show the engineer a house or a church, if either should stray on the track, in time to admit of his stopping his train, or an even less object in equally good season, if he were running slowly enough. If he were travelling at sixty miles an hour, it might possibly serve to mitigate things a little, and reduce for the engineer the unexpectedness of any incident that came to pass. In the rude railroading of the primitive South and West, to say nothing of places quite near New York, it is invaluable; but on roads

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like the Pennsylvania and others the English lantern would do just as well, except in respect of decoration.

A critical scrutiny of the carriages shows that they are built with great care. The material is excellent, the wheels are more highly finished than the American, the brasses of the boxes are of a wholly different pattern, the gearing altogether more simple, and very strong in proportion to the weight to be carried. All these matters are revealed by study and careful observation; some of them seem superfluous, some the reverse of simple, but all reveal the intention of securing a high degree of efficiency—the greatest degree of safety combined with the highest rate of speed.

The effect of personal experience on the traveller, and his estimate of the relative merits of the English railway system and that of his own country, are matters to be determined in a great measure by his personal tastes and habits. The American will reconcile himself far more readily, certainly if he travel first-class, to the peculiarities of English railways than the Englishman will adapt himself to the distinguishing characteristics of American railroad travel under any circumstances.

When it is a question of decoration as applied to engines or cars, or of the architecture of important terminal buildings, no comparison can be instituted between America and England. The decoration of the American coach, parlor or palace car, and private saloon car has been overdone in the past to the point of offensive vulgarity; but the new cars which are rapidly superseding the old patterns on our roads, East and West, are as tasteful as the refinement and cultivation of our best decorators and designers can make them. Nothing could be more forbidding or uncomfortable than the nickel-plated horrors and distracting mirrors of some of the parlor cars that the public has been accustomed to on the best American roads. The lavish and absurd upholstery, the ridiculous hangings of all sorts of stuffs, the niches with porcelain pots of artificial roses and geraniums in outrageous bloom and full of dust and cinders, and the gorgeous chairs, affording no sort of repose and no support for the head—all these are fast vanishing—all except the chairs. No railroad genius has yet consented to the introduction or the devising of a really comfortable chair—a seat presenting as many advantages for a protracted day journey as those in the English first-class carriage. Some approach is being made toward such a consummation by the Pennsylvania Railroad, but it has not yet been accomplished.

The American's earliest experiences in England with his baggage provoke him. He wants to "check" it, and he can not do it. At home, if he is going from New York to Boston, for instance, he buys a ticket at one of the numerous ticket offices which are scattered over the city, states what train he is going on, and is informed of the hour at which the baggage-wagon will call for his effects. When it does call, the messenger in charge of it gives him a little brass plate on which is a number, and the words "New York" and "Boston," and attaches to his trunk, by means of a little leather strap, a duplicate of it. If the traveller drives directly to the depot, he buys his ticket, presents his baggage at the baggage counter, and receives his brass check for it, the exhibition of his ticket being a warrant for the transfer of the trunks or parcels he has to the point to which he is going. If he is leaving a hotel, the porter who carries his trunks from his rooms will hand him the checks before he leaves the house. In any case he has no further concern with his traps until the end of his journey. Half an hour before he reaches Boston, an express agent—"parcels delivery clerk" they would call him in England—comes through the train, and, if the traveller wishes, takes the address at which he desires to have his things delivered, and taking his check, gives him a receipt on a small printed form. Within an hour or so everything is at the hotel or residence. If the traveller's personal comfort requires that his effects should accompany him at once from the train, he gives his checks, when he alights in the station, to his hackman, or to the badged and labelled employé of the hotel he means to visit.

All of this is of course thoroughly familiar to Americans; but English people know nothing of it, and have almost nothing in their system of travel which resembles it. To Americans the baggage check is one of the greatest comforts of travel, and when they go abroad they miss it painfully.

At Liverpool, after you have had everything formally overhauled in the custom-house room on the landing-stage in search

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CLAIMING LUGGAGE AT AN ENGLISH RAILWAY STATION.

of liquors, tobacco, or dynamite, or foreign-printed editions of British authors, and you find yourself free to go on land with your baggage—which has now become your "luggage"—a sense of exasperating helplessness overpowers you. A polite official (polite, but not as full of responsibility as one would like to have him appear under the circumstances) asks you if you desire to have your luggage sent to the London and Northwestern. "No; want it checked to London." "Checked, sir? Beg pardon, sir; but you've got to taike it to the staition, sir. Shall I send it, sir? Check? Receipt? W'y, it's hall right, sir. It 'll be hup in no time!"

Full of misgivings and the distrust which afflicts strangers, unable to get your comforting bit of stamped brass or the assurance implied in a receipt, you go off to the Northwestern, hotel and terminus combined, have breakfast or luncheon, and find that your luggage does arrive—out of sheer force of integrity, you feel it to be—and that you have to pay probably five shillings for it—about twice as much as you ought to pay by rights, and about one-half what you would have to pay for a like service in an American city. One would think that this would prove re-assuring, but it does not. On the contrary, it marks the stage in your experience where you find that the entire care and responsibility for the transportation of your properties rest upon yourself. A porter approaches: "For London, sir? First-class, sir? Yes, sir?" You go with the porter, who bundles the things on a truck, and deposits them in the luggage van, or in the luggage compartment of the carriage in which you secure seats or a compartment for London. A shilling compensates the porter, whose extreme deference affects different people in different ways, accordingly as it impresses them as the agreeable politeness and thoughtfulness of an English servant, or as the vile servility of a British menial, or arouses the suspicion that their "tip" has been unnecessarily heavy. Americans abroad differ greatly in opinion about these matters of detail.

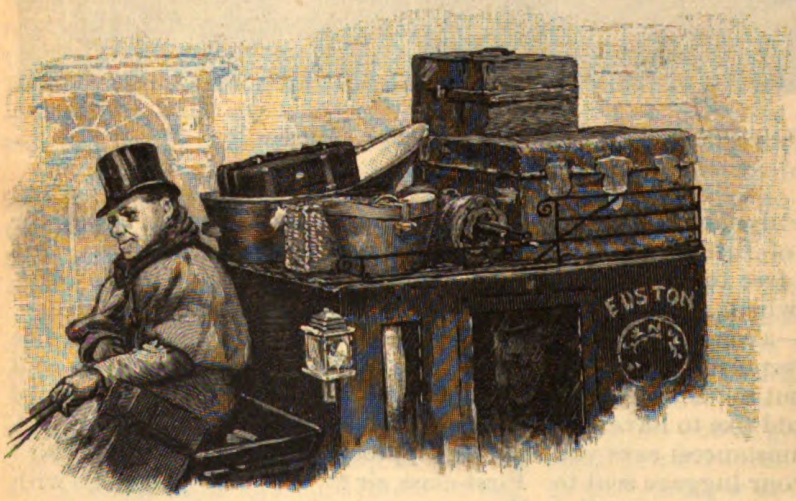
"Clearly," the American thinks, "these people don't know how to travel. The

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idea of having to look after one's baggage all the while! It is ridiculous."

Four and a half hours later, at Euston Square, the immense terminus of the London and Northwestern Railway in London, he has to identify his effects on the platform, where they are deposited immediately the train stops. Each traveller picks out his own. If he is not promptly there to do it, there is nothing to prevent any one who chooses to do so from claiming it and taking it off. This negative abuse is at such enmity with his notions of public comfort and protection that it fills him with indignation, and with a supreme contempt for the primitive system of English travel.

"Why do they not adopt our American method? Where is Hoole, the baggage-check man of Chicago? Why does not that apostle of public welfare come here and introduce the system? Look at the ambition of these people to be luxurious,



BAGGAGE CHECKS NOT WANTED.

the craving of them after every appliance and apparatus of comfort! And yet they have no baggage checks!"

Probably there is nothing that so much impresses the American on the English railroads as the apparently defective baggage system. For all that, there is another side to the question, and a brief experience of English life and habits serves to show that the baggage-check system if established in England would be established for the benefit of travelling Americans alone.

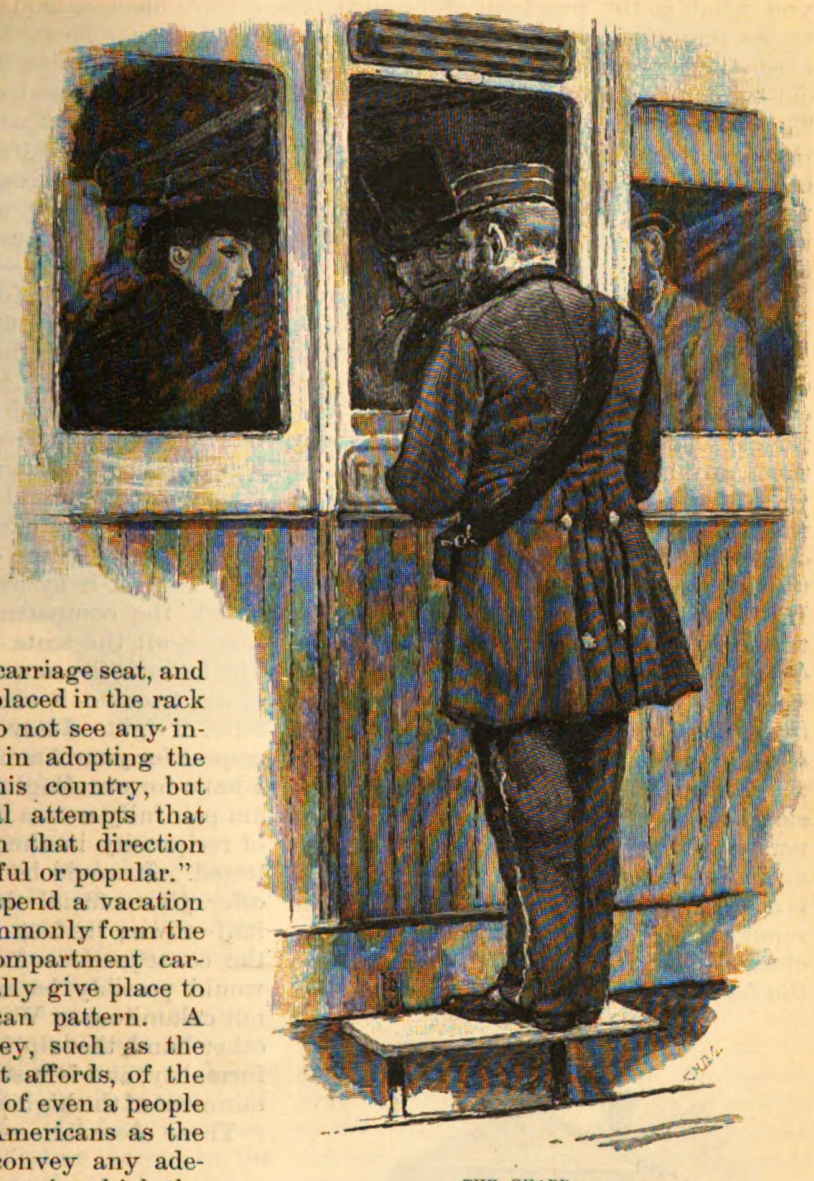
The English people do not want it. The Englishman is wedded to his luggage and his cab. When he arrives at his station he waits invariably to take his luggage along with him to his house or his hotel. He will not be divorced from it for a moment. No brass check will ever be a legal tender for a trunk in his eyes. The assurance that it is in the same train with him, that where he goes it goes, that when he arrives it arrives, and that it is there on the top of his cab, or in the cab with him, is to him the essential thing in all his journeying. He has no "express" such as we know in America. Express companies are not a possible adjunct of railway corporations in England. He has his cab, his "four-wheeler," built especially to carry his heavy luggage on top of it—a vehicle that the American hackman would look down on with lordly contempt, but a powerful engine of economy, industry, and public convenience. His luggage would go through the roof of a New York hack, crush it like a paper bandbox, but on the roof of an English cab his traps, including his bath-tub, are railed in and secured, and are in his apartments as soon as he is there himself.

"But," you say to the English railway manager, "you have been in America, and you have studied the system there, and you can not but be favorably impressed with it?"

"Undoubtedly I was," he replies. "I was struck with its completeness and the extent of its organization and details. Your style of vehicle enables you to carry out such a system with perfect ease. It forms a kind of natural offshoot of the railway system in America; but it appears to flourish only in your country. It is not and would not be appreciated here. You complain that at the English terminus any one can claim your luggage and disappear with it. No doubt, if you are slow and they are sharp, such may be the case,

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and the company may have to pay the penalty; but the English traveller prefers the freedom of the present practice, and would, I fancy, wish the check system at a warmer place than the United States when any delay arose in dealing with his luggage at the stations owing to the adoption of the check system. The English traveller's idea of luggage 'checking' is to have his portmanteau safely stowed under his carriage seat, and his smaller articles placed in the rack over his head. I do not see any insuperable difficulty in adopting the check system in this country, but none of the partial attempts that have been made in that direction have proved successful or popular."



THE GUARD.

Americans who spend a vacation in Europe not uncommonly form the opinion that the compartment carriages must eventually give place to cars of the American pattern. A merely casual survey, such as the travel of the tourist affords, of the manners and habits of even a people as nearly allied to Americans as the English does not convey any adequate idea of the degree in which the distinctions of class govern matters of the kind. A railway carriage is a modification of the private carriage, the post-chaise, the stage-coach, and the carrier's wagon. Those vehicles have been merely adapted to steam traction and railway schedules, and the conventions which characterized their use before Stephenson's time remain unchanged in their new condition.

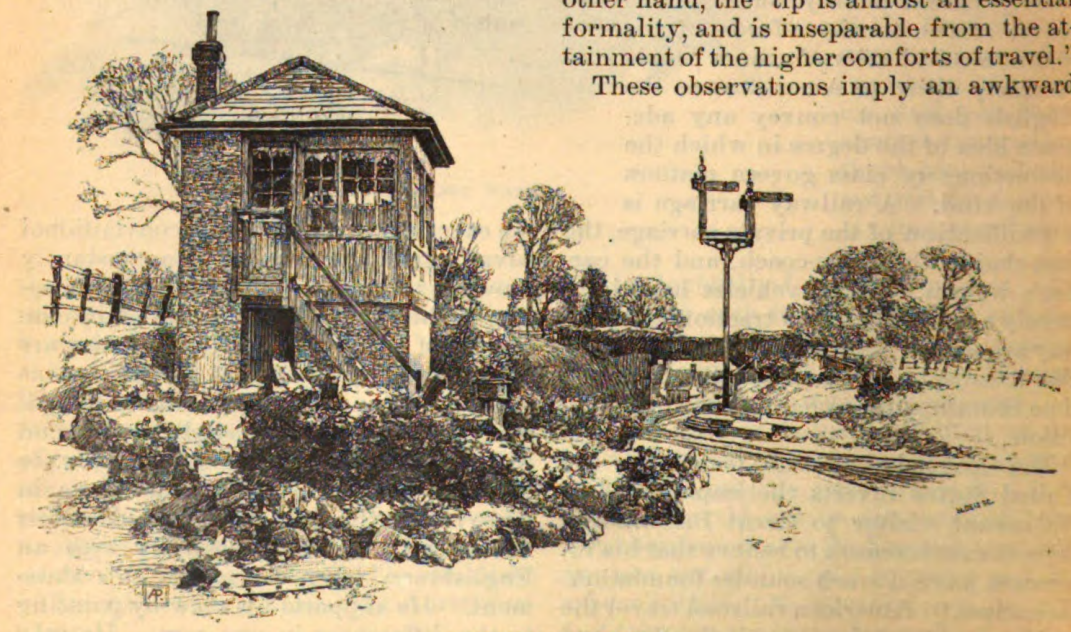
The Englishman who travels in the United States inverts the impressions of the casual visitor to Great Britain, and there is much reason to believe that his inferences have a much sounder foundation. He notices in American railroad travel the rapid growth of the class distinction, and the eagerness with which its conventional advantages are availed of by a constantly growing proportion of the public. It appears to him that the differences of the conditions of travel in the two countries are really very slight, and that the distinctions of a first, second, and third class exist already in America in no slight degree, and will, before the lapse of many years, be quite as emphatic and characteristic in America as they are in England. It is not easy to argue successfully with an Englishman when he makes this statement. He supports his view by pointing to the differences in our cars. He asks

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you what is the practical difference between one of the Mann boudoir cars—an execrable designation to apply to a vehicle—and an English first-class carriage. There is not any difference, except that the one is entered at the sides and the other at the ends. The seclusion of the passenger, or of the groups of passengers, is precisely the same, and is the end that is sought to be obtained.

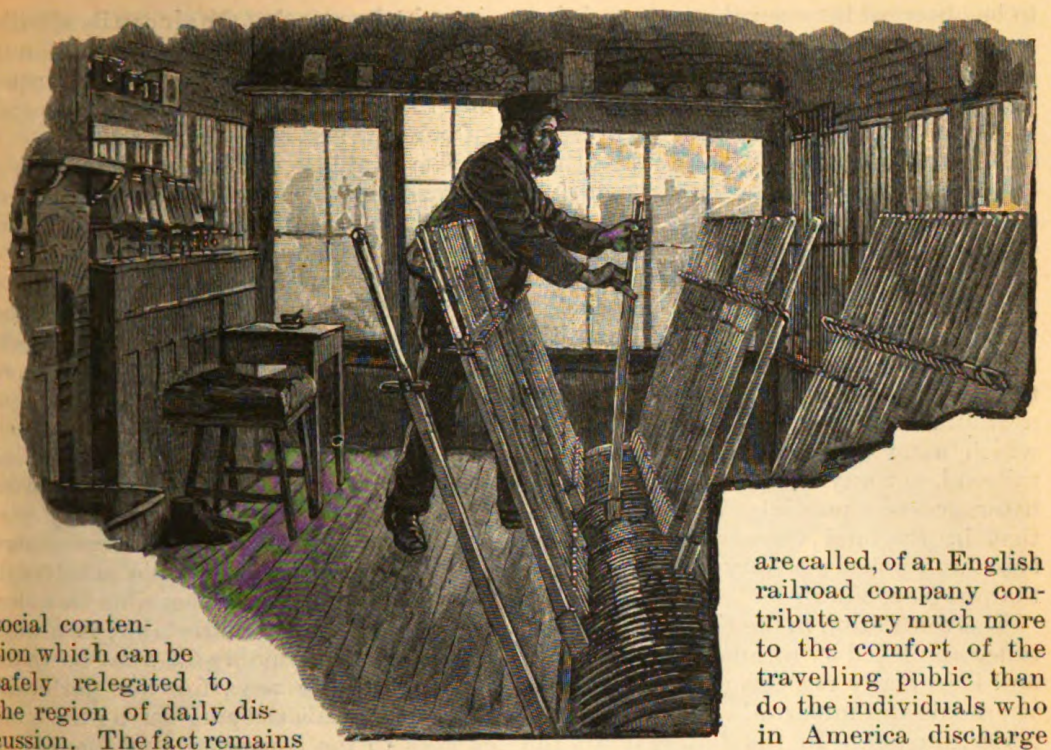
"Your designations in these matters," our phlegmatic observer says, "are a little turgid and extravagant, and not a little elusive. Your palace cars are only another form of first or second class carriages. There is nothing palatial about them, any more than there is about what we call a gin palace in London—a term which is of a semi-humorous or satirical origin. Why not admit the class distinction as openly as you adopt it in practice? If I want to go from New York to Boston, there are three classes open to me. The ordinary car, well equipped, well ventilated, and comfortable, that I call your third-class, your original carrier's wagon or stage-coach, in which I am exposed to the danger of having to sit for some hours side by side with a common workman or person of very inferior social condition—an individual whose close companionship is as repugnant to me as I assert that it is repugnant to your cultivated and wealthy classes—that is your third-class, disguise the fact as you may. Your second-class is the open saloon of your 'parlor' or 'chair' car. There I secure, by an extra payment, one of some twenty arm-chairs which are disposed on each side, and I make my journey without the danger of any disagreeable intrusion or propinquity. Your first-class is easily attained in the exclusive seclusion which is afforded by one of the compartments in these parlor, palace, or chair cars—compartments which have room for two, four, or more persons, and in which I can travel under the very same conditions as those which I enjoy on an English railway. I detect two differences. In England I am conspicuously labelled as a first-class passenger, whereas here I have the advantages of one without formal or ceremonial emphasis. In England I secure my exclusive compartment by a gratuity to the conductor or guard; here I effect it by paying the extra fares which the compartment I select would earn if all the seats in it were occupied. The latter is the more expensive expedient of the two, but it commends itself to my sense of right. I have a very much higher respect for your American conductor than I have for our English guard, although I am painfully aware that there is no ratio of reciprocity in the sentiment to be detected. It would be impossible for me to offer your official the equivalent of our half-crown; in fact, I have learned that the consequence of an attempt to do so would possibly be most disagreeable, if not calamitous. With our guard, on the other hand, the 'tip' is almost an essential formality, and is inseparable from the attainment of the higher comforts of travel."

These observations imply an awkward



AN ENGLISH SIGNAL-BOX.

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THE INTERLOCKING SWITCHES AT CLAPHAM JUNCTION, ENGLAND.

social contention which can be safely relegated to the region of daily discussion. The fact remains for the immediate purposes of this paper that distinctions of class constitute a ruling factor in English railway travel, and that they are part and parcel of the British constitution.

Smoking obtains largely in the third-class carriages, but on some lines carriages or parts of carriages in each class are set apart for smokers, and designated as smoking-carriages. You can always smoke in a first-class carriage if you have, as American travellers put it, "made yourself solid with the conductor." In America smoking is out of the question except in the car which is known as the smoker, and in the smoking compartment of the parlor-palace arrangement. The former does a good deal to discourage smoking on trains. It is almost invariably an indifferent car, poor in all its appointments, filthy, and ill-smelling. So foul is its atmosphere, especially in winter, that all cigars smoked in it taste and smell alike, and all badly. Then a large proportion of the people who are hardened enough to travel in the smoker are victims of the distressing habit of chewing, and it is unnecessary to describe how effectively they contribute to the general abomination. The English third-class carriage is a counterpart in many respects of the American smoker.

As a general rule, the servants, as they are called, of an English railroad company contribute very much more to the comfort of the travelling public than do the individuals who in America discharge analogous duties. There is no question that they impress travelling Americans in that way—a fact which can be safely attributed to the American practice of invariably "going first-class." It is equally beyond dispute that they have three classes of manners, one for each class of passengers, and one of the earliest observations that one makes at a railway station in the outskirts of London, where the passengers' tickets are collected prior to arrival at the terminus, is of the sensible gradation of civility and consideration in the guard's address. At the first-class carriage window he deferentially says, "Tickets, please, gentlemen!" at the second he utters a lively, "Tickets, please!" and at the third he growls, hoarsely and abruptly, "Tickets!"

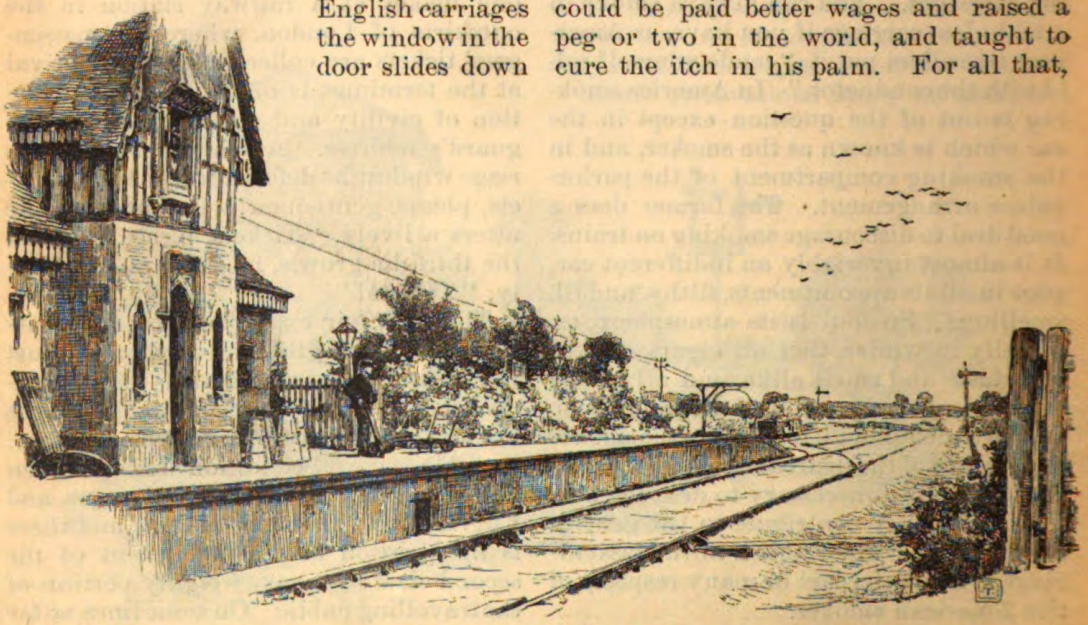
This is a fair example of class distinction upon an English railway, but it must not be inferred from it that the second-class has any very marked disadvantages for travellers as compared with the first. Sensible and well-conditioned Englishmen will tell you that "only Americans and English snobs travel first-class," and there is no question of the preferment of the second-class by a very weighty portion of the travelling public. On some lines, so far as upholstery goes, there is little difference

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to be observed between the two, and these roads have found their account in improving the second-class to that degree. The third-class, as already intimated, is bad upon all lines, and the crowding is at times intolerable. Managers say that better accommodations would be thrown away upon the people who travel third-class, and that it is all they can do now to make the carriages durable or indestructible enough for their use. What curious reflections this statement should cause in the minds of those who are familiar with the New York elevated railroads and their neat and handsomely decorated cars, than which none are more crowded on any railroad, nor any that are used by a more heterogeneous public! When will it be that in England there will be but one class, and nobody be any the worse for it than in New York?

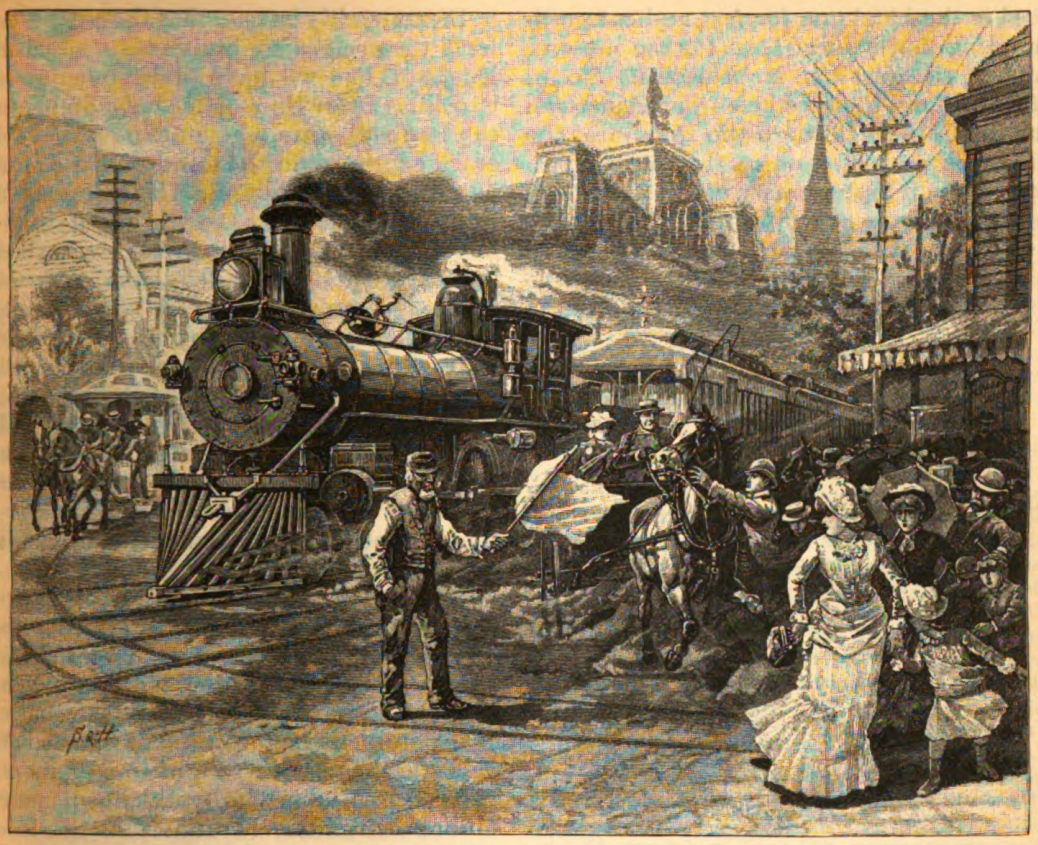
The ventilation in the English carriages is accomplished by means of the windows, and is in many respects preferable to the wholesale and impartial ventilation of the American car. In the latter, if all the passengers were of one mind in respect to their preference of Fahrenheit, it could be arranged comfortably enough; but that is impossible, and in winter the golden mean of the management is sought in heating the car to the highest possible point. The consequence is that travel is rendered uncomfortable and unhealthy, while in summer the distribution of discomfort is more arbitrary. In the English carriages the window in the door slides down into the door, so that the air can be admitted above the heads of the passengers—an excellent device, and one which it is surprising that we do not find imitated in some of our new first-class coaches.

The gratuity system is obnoxious at first to most Americans abroad, but they soon get used to it, and take a hand merrily in despoiling the railway company—particularly after they have had a lesson in Continental railroad travel. A passenger who pays the guard or *contrôleur* of a train half a crown or a crown, or five or twenty francs, for the privilege of enjoying a whole compartment to himself on his journey is certainly defrauding some one, and when he reflects that in doing it he is defrauding the railway company, it greatly mitigates his repugnance to the objectionable principle involved in gratuities generally. A sensible traveller, determined to be comfortable, is always ready to pay reasonably for what he wants. In America he pays for his parlor-car privileges or his sleeping-berth; the money goes to the company, and there is an end of it. In England he suborns a guard, who is neither more nor less than a licensed defaulter to his employer's interests, and for five shillings or less he occupies the space intended for six or eight people. The money ought to go to the railroad company, whose property is used. The profit of the management would be greater, and the highly caparisoned guard with his fine uniform and gold-lace could be paid better wages and raised a peg or two in the world, and taught to cure the itch in his palm. For all that,



AN ENGLISH RAILWAY STATION.

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A TRAIN PASSING THROUGH AN AMERICAN CITY.

as already stated, the civility and consideration of these servants count for a great deal in the securing of the traveller's comfort, and it would be a great thing if we could import their manners without their practices.

A frequent subject of discussion is the speed of English trains as compared with that of American trains, and "The Wild Irishman" and "The Flying Scotchman," well-known expresses which are sought by all travellers, are constantly quoted for performances which put American railroads to shame. The truth of the matter is that we have trains in America which are as fast as the fastest trains in England, and that they have trains in England which are as slow as the slowest trains in America. We have few roads which in respect of general equipment for fast running are able to compete with the English roads, and the average speed between termini in England of one thousand trains would be very much higher than the mean speed between termini of one thousand trains in America. The reason is found in the differences of tracks and operating conditions. The following salient advantages are presented in England: a better road-bed generally; a track absolutely isolated, and with all road crossings, footpaths, and intersecting lines above or below grade; a better system of signals, enabling an express to run through a city and over a hundred sets of points without reduction of speed; shorter stops at stations, because the carriages open sideways, and can be emptied in one-third, or less, of the time required to debark the passengers in an American train. There is no such thing as running a train through the streets of a city on an unguarded equality with foot-passengers and vehicles. The roadway is either elevated upon a stone viaduct, or depressed between high walls, or concealed in a tunnel. In America such a condition of things is impossible, because of the extent of the country, the impracticability of fencing and protecting a track of such great mileage, or of elevating it or depressing it in all the towns it encountered. Of course the English road-

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bed is the ideal one for fast and safe railroading, but it is, at least for the present, out of the question for America. To an Englishman the spectacle of an American train running through the middle of the street is preposterous in the last degree, and it is undoubtedly wrong in both theory and practice.*

It can readily be seen that the conditions lend themselves to high mean speed in England, but we have trains on one or two lines from New York, but notably on the Pennsylvania, which are as fast as the crack expresses on the London and Northwestern or the Midland. It is impossible in the present rapid growth and development of the American railroad system that it should equal in its detail the perfected methods of our neighbor's. What we can say is that there are many features of our railroading that we may well feel proud of. Our casualty list is creditably small, and we carry our passengers, high and low, far more cheaply than they do in England. We treat them humanely in the main, and while we do make our discriminations, none of them can be described as odious or unjust.

In the management of stations the English and American termini are about on a par, but their minor and country stations are incomparably better managed than ours. The bar and refreshment counter is a prominent feature of every station of note, and has been wrought to a degree of importance that is wholly unknown under similar conditions in America. It is a great convenience to travellers, and conduces to much drinking, and to eating that is of a character quite as favorable to dyspepsia as anything known in America.

The country stations look for the most part like comfortable homes of favored and stalwart station-masters. There is generally some space about them that can be used

* An English writer has been at the pains to make the following comparisons of American and English schedules of fast trains. It appeared recently in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and it is interesting as far as it goes, and serves to show that a good case can be made out on both sides of the question. "From New York to Albany there are 10 trains daily—I only give them one way in each case—all called express, with an average time of 4 hours 47½ minutes, and a journey speed of 29⅝ miles per hour. The track follows the course of the Hudson nearly the whole way, and is almost a dead level. Compare this with the 'Great Northern,' London to Sheffield, an infinitely harder course: 9 trains in 3 hours 39½ minutes—162 miles, and an average journey speed of 44⅛ miles per hour—the fastest does the journey in 3 hours 23 minutes, and last summer did it in 3 hours 12 minutes—a journey speed of over 50 miles an hour. Next, New York to Boston may fairly be compared with the accommodation between London and Manchester. Mr. Foxwell gives 20 expresses from London to Manchester, all trains with third-class carriages, with an average journey speed of nearly 41 miles. The fastest last year, the Great Northern expresses, 203 miles in 4 hours 15 minutes, or a journey speed of 47¾ miles. The two lines running directly between New York and Boston give only 8 trains daily, marked express, distance 233 miles, and a very much easier course than the Great Northern, average time 7 hours 16 minutes, giving a journey speed of only 32⅜ miles. The fastest, a train limited to Pullman cars, would not be called an express at all in England, its speed being 38¾ miles. New York to Pittsburgh may be compared with London to Glasgow. The former route has 5 trains daily, marked express (one of them the Chicago limited); distance, 444 miles; average time, 14 hours 49 minutes; speed, just under 30 miles an hour. Fastest, 12 hours; journey speed, 37 miles. London to Glasgow, 13 expresses—distance, 401 to 440 miles, average speed of all, 38¾ miles, and all but one have third-class carriages. Fastest, which may be called a limited train, east coast express, 440 miles in 10 hours 20 minutes—a journey speed of 42.5 miles. A word as to the two Chicago specials run as limited trains, and by which a large extra fare is charged. I asked a 'railroad' agent in the States what their speed was, and he replied, 'Fifty miles an hour right through.' Mr. Bigelow says they run from New York to Chicago in 24 hours, both of them really taking 26½ hours. One is run by the Pennsylvania Company, and has a distance of 912 miles to travel; the other by the New York Central, and about 977 miles, giving speeds of 34.4 and 36.8 miles per hour. These trains are only for those who can afford to pay a high fare, and for accommodation to the general public compare badly with the third-class trains to Glasgow; the American, with a daily distance of nearly 1900 miles, at a speed of 35.5 miles; the English trains running upward of 5000 miles, at an average speed of nearly 39 miles. As might be expected, the fastest travelling in America is between the two largest towns, New York and Philadelphia; taking all trains both ways that make the journey at over 40 miles an hour, I find there are 14 by the Pennsylvania, with an average speed of 42.9 miles, and 6 by the Bound Brook route, with an average of 42½ miles. Between Liverpool and Manchester, much smaller towns, there are 52 trains daily at a greater speed—32 by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln Company, 4 averaging 51½ miles, and 28, 45⅝ miles, and 20 by the London and Northwestern at a speed of 45 miles. For the above comparisons every train in America that has a speed of over 40 miles an hour for any part of its course has been used; but although the result is so very much in favor of the speed of English trains, not one-half of the latter have been brought into requisition. The fact is, the Americans do not know how slow their trains are, and it is quite time the idea that their 'lightning expresses' and 'thunder-bolt trains' eclipse everything else in the world was exploded. Compared with the best trains in America, the English ones exceed them in speed quite 25 per cent., and if one goes for instances to anywhere more than 500 miles from New York, the comparison becomes absurd."

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as a garden, and this, however small, is frequently kept gay with flowers. Two of the great companies offer rewards for the best-kept stations and signal-boxes, and on these lines flowery stations are naturally most common, but on the other lines you may often see attempts to get rid of the inherent hideousness that clings to a railway. The usual garden is a narrow strip between the platform for passengers and the inclosing railing. It is enacted by Parliament that no post, rail, or other obstacle shall come nearer than six feet from the edge of the platform, and this makes it necessary to inclose quite a wide space. Between the six feet of platform and the fence is the station-master's garden. The flowers that he grows differ according to the soil of the district. In a rich clay he will have standard rose-trees as the principal feature; in a warm, light soil his strong point may be the chrysanthemums tied back against the palings. But as his object is to have plenty of color all the year round, you will generally find that the main part of the border is filled with fresh plants in each season, such as the gardener uses for his spring and summer beds. In the spring there are double daisies, red and white, that blossom from February till June, blue forget-me-nots (*Myosotis dissitiflora*) that keep gay almost as long, pansies, wall-flowers, and the yellow alyssum and white iberis—hardy cruciferous plants that grow in big clumps against the edging of tile or ornamental stone, breaking the stiffness of the line, and bringing a mass of flowers in early spring. In May or early June, when all danger of frost is over, he will plant geraniums, calceolarias, lobelias, and such like tender perennials, and his sweet-peas, convolvuli, nemophila, and other annuals will come into blossom. But the gayest time of all is in late summer and early autumn, for then his garden is full of dahlias, nasturtiums trained up the fence, China asters, marigolds (French and African), phloxes, and all the gaudy flowers that come into blossom after the kindly influence of a few warm months. These and many other plants are to be found in most of the gardens; but as all gardening that is done lovingly shows individuality, you will notice as you travel that each station has some particular flower by which you can remember it—the roses at Halton Junction, the dahlias at Milcote. There has been nothing more welcome in American railroad management than the imitation of our English brethren in their treatment of their stations, and nothing is regarded with a more lively or sympathetic interest than the horticultural ambitions and struggles of the station-masters on some of our leading lines.



A PENNY A MILE.

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FROM A DRAWING BY ALFRED PARSONS.

See Wordsworth's Sonnet, page 391.

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INTRODUCTION TO "MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS."

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves no prison is: and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some Souls (for such their needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

AIX-LES-BAINS.

THIS charming valley, lying at the foot of the French Alps, its own jagged and picturesque guardian mountains being a part of the Jurassic chain, has not yet received that attention which has been bestowed on Vichy, or on Kissingen, Carlsbad, Marienbad, Schwalbach, and other German spas, and yet it has great claims to public consideration, for its springs are especially adapted to the cure of neuralgia, catarrh, and rheumatism. Its geographical position is convenient, as it is but a day's journey from Paris, and by crooking an elbow geographically at Dijon, another at Mâcon, and a third at Culoz, we zigzag very easily across France from Paris southeasterly to Aix.

It is not a very picturesque or amusing journey, for France presents none of her best features on the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railroad. Long lines of poplars, fertile plains, and few important towns greet the eye until we reach Dijon, an interesting and peculiar place. The fine scenery first breaks on us at Culoz, an hour and a half from Aix. Here curious strata that look like braided ribbons begin to crop out on the mountain-sides, and high needle-like peaks convince the traveller that he is nearing the great backbone of Europe, these summits being the extension of the crooked spines of that great mountain chain whose chief vertebræ are Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. Aix is in Savoy, and therefore geographically in France, but historically Aix has been alternately under French and Italian influences. The splendid vegetation, the tropical bloom, the fields full of vineyards, the stone houses with their impossible stone balconies high in air, and an occasional campanile, as beyond the Alps, all tell the traveller that this is a land of Italian beauty.

Wherever a fountain of warm healing waters flowed from the ground, the old Romans found it. Here, thousands of years ago, these luxurious bathers constructed an immense establishment, reproducing the plan of the Roman baths of Titus, Agrippa, Antoninus, and Diocletian. Bricks and *amphoræ* are found in the grounds at Aix completely identical with those of the baths of Caracalla at Rome. The barbarians destroyed these immense works, and during six centuries Aix disappears from the pages of history. Its story under the Merovingian and Carlovingian kings, the dukes of Burgundy, the counts, dukes, and kings of Savoy, is interesting, but must not detain us. Antiquarians now go fishing in the pretty lake of Bourget, the mirror in which the mountains of Aix repeat themselves, for *palafittes*, the submerged piles on which the lake-dwellers' houses were built, and bring up bronzes and flints of different periods. The pedestrian finds many an old castle and abbey ruin on mountain-sides to show what great folk lived here since the thirteenth century; but it was not until the sixteenth century that the baths be-

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came again of importance. Then Aix became a marquisate, and Henry IV. of France came here to bathe. His royal presence gave the last virtue to the waters, and to-day a certain swimming-bath is named the "Royal," and a street passes over it called by his name.

The house of Savoy, whose last representative seized the iron crown and ascended the Quirinal, was ever friendly to Aix. King Victor Amédee III. restored the town after a fire, and erected a bathing establishment in 1776. Then came French occupation, political disasters, and the exile of the house of Savoy. However, on its return in 1815 began the new era of progress for Aix, which has continued (with slight drawbacks) ever since. The Savoyard loves his mountains and his lakes, and remembers his flag, but he respects all national institutions; he is "true to one party, and that is himself"; and he has fought with equal bravery for France and Italy during their alternate occupations. The language of the people is a *patois* composed of French and Italian. The Savoyard is a hot, fiery, lovable creature, dark, handsome, romantic when young, a much shrivelled figure when old, but always courteous and helpful—a perfect gentleman.

The French government has unhesitatingly incurred vast expenditures for the thermal establishments, which are without an equal in the world. Well may it value this vast reservoir of hot and healing water, which bursts out of the ground, covered with huge gas bubbles, from the depth of a thousand meters! The waters are of two kinds—sulphur-soda and alum. Though they are charged with carbonic acid gas, they are not exported. Their chief mineral constituents are sulphur in the form of the hyposulphite, the carbonate and the sulphate of lime, and the sulphate of magnesia, with some organic matter called *barrégine*, from Barréges, where the substance was first discovered. The alum spring rises behind a vast grotto filled with harmless snakes and magnificent stalactites. In 1857 the workmen employed in enlarging the canal broke the walls of this grotto, and down came a flood full of snakes into the town. This water is now brought down by galleries or canals, and is on tap through the town at several fountains, while the sulphur spring rises in the establishment, and is poured forth upon the bather with a profusion which reminds him of how the "water comes down at Lodore." The establishment is a large handsome granite building of three stories. A fine staircase leads into a splendid hall, which divides the various stone rooms where the treatment is given. And what bountiful appliances we shall find! There are two immense swimming-baths with cold douches, two warm swimming-baths, two family swimming-baths with douches, forty-one single baths, twenty-five large douches each with trained doucheurs or doucheuses, twenty douches with a single doucheur or doucheuse, two douches *en cercle*, three douches *à colonne*, six vapor baths, two inhaling rooms, three rooms for inhaling spray, five vapor baths, four ascending douches, four foot-baths, and six steam baths, called, pictorially, *bouillons;* and indeed one comes out with a boiled lobster's complexion, though not, as in Hood's pun, "with éclat."

Two thousand or three thousand different baths are given daily, and everywhere is to be seen the indefatigable Dr. Brachet, the distinguished local physician, who dictates the use of millions of litres of water daily. The alum springs have to be cooled with natural cold water before they can be used. So enormous a thermal establishment as this, is of course the daily centre of a motley procession. All who can walk to the baths do so. Those who can not are carried in queer covered Sedan-chairs, veiled like beauties of the seraglio; but if any adventurous Turk should strive to take a peep, it is to be feared that he would be disappointed. The patient, carefully landed in front of his particular douche, is received by his bathers, who proceed to seat him on a wooden bench, and open fire upon him from two powerful sprinklers, rubbing him all the time. Ladies are treated most tenderly by old *Savoyardes*, who, in their way, are picturesque objects in their bathing dresses; most soft are they of touch and tender of rheumatic joints. These peasant women are amongst the most accomplished shampooers and *doucheuses* in the world.

After fifteen or twenty minutes of this and other vigorous treatment the patient is wrapped in a hot sheet, then in several blankets, and placed in the Sedan-chair, carefully curtained from the outside world. Taken up by his now invisible bearers, he is deposited, after this secluded walk through the busy streets of Aix, at his

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own bedside, carefully lifted, in his mummified condition, and put in bed, tucked up, and left, as a wit has expressed it, "to simmer" for a half-hour. Then he may be taken out, dressed, and resume his individuality.

There is no doubt that this treatment, pursued for a month, is of extraordinary value in combating chronic rheumatic affections, whether in constitutions of the scrofulous or the lymphatic diathesis, and in removing the thickness and stiffness which so often remain after attacks of acute rheumatism. After several courses of this treatment a power of resisting the inroads of rheumatic poison seems to be imparted to the constitution. The powerful waters of Vichy, Carlsbad, and Wiesbaden may be hurtful when not administered with caution, while those of Aix, Marlioz, and Challes are always innocuous.

In this region nature has been bountiful of healing waters. Within a few miles of Aix are found the alkaline springs of St.-Simon, the sulphur waters of Challes, which announce themselves not too agreeably to the most aristocratic of senses, those of Marlioz, of Allevard, Brides, and Ariarge, all of which are variously beneficial. Chronic post-nasal catarrh is especially benefited here; and here people with phthisis and chronic bronchitis breathe freely. Scrofula, constitutional anæmia, chlorosis, and the majority of skin-diseases are benefited, but persons suffering from cancerous affections or certain forms of heart-disease, as atrophy or hypertrophy, *angina pectoris*, or aneurism of the heart and of the large vessels, must not come to Aix. Congestion of the brain is not improved here, but the air is an immediate tonic for the sleepless. One could go to sleep and remain in that happy condition for quite Rip Van Winkle's period, or perhaps for the longer term of the Sleeping Beauty, could nature be sustained. In this respect Aix is to be most highly commended to nervous, overworked Americans.

Of gout and sciatica Aix presents a wonderful story of cure. Many a cripple throws away his crutches after four weeks. Some must come every year, but all are helped. English visitors far outnumber all others for the relief of these maladies.

"Diseases of the nervous system constitute two-fifths of the illnesses seeking relief at our baths," says Dr. Brachet in his useful little book on Aix-les-Bains, which should be in the hands of every medical man in the United States. Lombard, of Geneva, says, "The successful treatment of paralysis is one of the jewels in the therapeutic crown of Aix."

Singers are very fond of this place and treatment. Madame Patti has been here, and Madame Lucca's rooms are pointed out. Several large rooms in the establishment are charged with clouds of finely atomized medicated waters, where the delicate-throated go to breathe. Chronic colds are cured at Aix, and the sufferers from loss of voice, chronic laryngitis, and granular pharyngitis (clergyman's sore throat) are sent here with good results by medical specialists.

We might go on indefinitely with the medical virtues of Aix were there not other aspects of the place that are more attractive. Many persons must go in summer to some watering-place where amusement is quite as much required as health. And where better than to Aix? Aix-les-Bains presents the usual requisite of Casino life. There are plays, opera, and beautiful music. The usual *divertissements* and gardens are attached to the Grand Hôtel d'Aix and to the Hôtel de l'Europe, where excellent bands play daily. The Hôtel Splendide, a large modern structure, commanding a far-reaching and magnificent view, and filled with elevators and all our American improvements, stands high above the town. This hotel is useful for all but invalids who must be carried to their baths. To them it is inconvenient, but for a party of pleasure the Splendide is the best although the hottest of hotels.

Madame Guibert, of the Grand Hôtel d'Aix, boasts the best cook. Many of the guests at the other hotels come to her for her good eleven-o'clock breakfasts and her admirable dinners. There is a charming *pension* called Villa Marie Louise, which commands a view, and has the honor of harboring Cardinal Howard when he visits Aix. The Hôtel Beau Site is very good, and the Hôtel Vennat et Bristol, in a garden, and commanding a fine view, is well spoken of. The Italian villas, hid in gardens, contrast sharply with narrow, crowded, and, it is to be feared, rather dirty streets, which are, however, as picturesque as possible.

Fine squares and long vistas of trees, belts and groves of sycamore and fir, walnut and ash, limes and poplars, large hotels and pretty chalets, all these cluster

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irregularly around the great bathing establishment, the old Roman arch of Campanus, and the cathedral. Then come shops and casinos; then dark, silent, cool squares filled with trees, while everywhere about the horizon stand the sentinel mountains, protecting the imprudent, the sick, and the weary from easterly winds.

The climate is mild and equable; the days are warm, but the nights are cool even in midsummer. After rain comes that delicious coolness which characterizes our June and October. The sun is brilliant, the moonlight nights exquisite. It is sometimes too hot in mid-day for violent exercise, but it is never too warm for driving. The season at Aix is from the 26th of April to the 1st of October. The establishment is open, however, during the entire year.

The local population of Aix is about 5000. Its floating population for three years past has exceeded 24,000 annually. Amongst this varied crowd we enumerate in 1884 Russian princesses, French senators, German barons, and English people of title. In 1885 Queen Victoria visited the place. Very few Americans have found their way to this charming spot. This is a remarkable fact, for of all the watering-places of Europe Aix-les-Bains would seem to have the most perfect affinity for the American constitution, as it adapts itself peculiarly to American maladies.

Dr. Brachet, the successor of a long line of eminent physicians of Aix, enjoys a European eminence as a specialist, a scholar, and a writer. He is much esteemed by his patients and beloved by the poor, to whom he shows great humanity. His love of truth, his rugged manner, and his absence of pretense give him a sort of Abernethy air which at first a nervous woman may fear. But all his patients soon learn to feel that Dr. Brachet has their cure at heart. He is only impatient with affectations, with selfish and foolish "*malades imaginaires.*" With the real sufferer he is most tender. His book on Aix-les-Bains is too strictly a medical treatise to be more freely quoted here, but it has given what is most valuable technically and statistically to this paper. It contains some agreeably written chapters at the end which show that this hard-worked man has the literary gift. No one should attempt the cure at Aix-les-Bains without consulting Dr. Brachet, as he has the matter of rheumatism, gout, nervous and skin diseases, bronchitis, paralysis, at his fingers' ends. He allows no douches without a careful examination of the heart and lungs, which is, he says, absolutely indispensable.

No patient who has ever tried sulphur baths anywhere will be surprised to hear that the first sensation is delightful, that the second and third days are weary ones, and that at the end of the fifth day a sense of exhaustion tells how great a physical change is preparing him for his cure. Dr. Brachet gives his patients an off day, one in every five, which is used, generally, in a very quiet and perfectly easy excursion up the lake of Bourget. This lake bears the same relation to the Italian lakes that the mountains of Aix bear to the mountains of Switzerland. It is less extensive, but wears many of the charms of Lugano in miniature, reflecting the purple tints of the Savoyard Alps, and suffused with its own opaline charm. It leads one to Hautecombe, the burial-place of the house of Savoy. Here lived the famous Abbot of Clairvaux. It is now, after a period of desecration, the home of Benedictines.

ELDER BROWN'S BACKSLIDE.

ELDER BROWN told his wife good-by at the farm-house door as mechanically as though his proposed trip to Macon, ten miles away, was an every-day affair, while, as a matter of fact, many years had elapsed since unaccompanied he set foot in the city. He did not kiss her. Many very good men never kiss their wives. But small blame attaches to the elder for his omission on this occasion, since his wife had long ago discouraged all amorous demonstrations on the part of her liege lord, and at this particular moment was filling the parting moments with a rattling list of directions concerning thread, buttons, hooks, needles, and all the many etceteras of an industrious housewife's basket. The elder was laboriously assorting these postscript commissions in his memory, well knowing that to return with any one of them neglected would cause trouble in the family circle.

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Elder Brown mounted his patient steed that stood sleepily motionless in the warm sunlight, with his great pointed ears displayed to the right and left, as though their owner had grown tired of the life burden their weight inflicted upon him, and was, old soldier fashion, ready to forego the once rigid alertness of early training for the pleasures of frequent rest on arms.

"And, elder, don't you forgit them caliker scraps, or you'll be wantin' kiver soon an' no kiver will be a-comin'."

Elder Brown did not turn his head, but merely let the whip hand, which had been checked in its backward motion, fall as he answered mechanically. The beast he bestrode responded with a rapid whisking of its tail and a great show of effort, as it ambled off down the sandy road, the rider's long legs seeming now and then to touch the ground.

But as the zigzag panels of the rail fence crept behind him, and he felt the freedom of the morning beginning to act upon his well-trained blood, the mechanical manner of the old man's mind gave place to a mild exuberance. A weight seemed to be lifting from it ounce by ounce as the fence panels, the weedy corners, the persimmon sprouts and sassafras bushes, crept away behind him, so that by the time a mile lay between him and the life partner of his joys and sorrows he was in a reasonably contented frame of mind, and still improving.

It was a queer figure that crept along the road that cheery May morning. It was tall and gaunt, and had been for thirty years or more. The long head, bald on top, covered behind with iron-gray hair, and in front with a short tangled growth that curled and kinked in every direction, was surmounted by an old-fashioned stove-pipe hat, worn and stained, but eminently impressive. An old-fashioned Henry Clay cloth coat, stained and threadbare, divided itself impartially over the donkey's back and dangled on his sides. This was all that remained of the elder's wedding suit of forty years ago. Only constant care, and use of late years limited to extra occasions, had preserved it so long. The trousers had soon parted company with their friends. The substitutes were red jeans, which, while they did not well match his court costume, were better able to withstand the old man's abuse, for if, in addition to his frequent religious excursions astride his beast, there ever was a man who was fond of sitting down with his feet higher than his head, it was this self-same Elder Brown.

The morning expanded, and the old man expanded with it; for while a vigorous leader in his church, the elder at home was, it must be admitted, an uncomplaining slave. To the intense astonishment of the beast he rode, there came new vigor into the whacks which fell upon his flanks; and the beast allowed astonishment to surprise him into real life and decided motion. Somewhere in the elder's expanding soul a tune had begun to ring. Possibly he took up the far faint tune that came from the straggling gang of negroesaway off in the field, as they slowly chopped amid the thread-like rows of cotton plants which lined the level ground, for the melody he hummed softly and then sang strongly, in the quavering, catchy tones of a good old country churchman, was, "I'm glad salvation's free."

It was during the singing of this hymn that Elder Brown's regular motion-inspiring strokes were for the first time varied. He began to hold his hickory up at certain pauses in the melody, and beat the changes upon the sides of his astonished steed. The chorus under this arrangement was,

"I'm *glad* salvation's *free*,
I'm *glad* salvation's *free*,
I'm *glad* salvation's *free* for *all*,
I'm *glad* salvation's *free*."

Wherever there is an italic, the hickory descended. It fell about as regularly and after the fashion of the stick beating upon the bass drum during a funeral march. But the beast, although convinced that something serious was impending, did not consider a funeral march appropriate for the occasion. He protested, at first, with vigorous whiskings of his tail and a rapid shifting of his ears. Finding these demonstrations unavailing, and convinced that some urgent cause for hurry had suddenly invaded the elder's serenity, as it had his own, he began to cover the ground with frantic leaps that would have surprised his owner could he have realized what was going on. But Elder Brown's eyes were half closed, and he was singing at the top of his voice. Lost in a trance of divine exaltation, for he felt the effects of the invigorating motion, bent only on making the air ring with the lines which he dimly imagined were drawing upon him the eyes

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of the whole female congregation, he was supremely unconscious that his beast was hurrying.

And thus the excursion proceeded, until suddenly a shote, surprised in his calm search for roots in a fence corner, darted into the road, and stood for an instant gazing upon the new-comers with that idiotic stare which only a pig can imitate. The sudden appearance of this unlooked-for apparition acted strongly upon the donkey. With one supreme effort he collected himself into a motionless mass of matter, bracing his front legs wide apart; that is to say, he stopped short. There he stood, returning the pig's idiotic stare with an interest which must have led to the presumption that never before in all his varied life had he seen such a singular little creature. End over end went the man of prayer, finally bringing up full length in the sand, striking just as he should have shouted "free" for the fourth time in his glorious chorus.

Fully convinced that his alarm had been well founded, the shote sped out from under the gigantic missile hurled at him by the donkey, and scampered down the road, turning first one ear and then the other to detect any sounds of pursuit. The donkey, also convinced that the object before which he had halted was supernatural, started back violently upon seeing it apparently turn to a man. But seeing that it had turned to nothing but a man, he wandered up into the deserted fence corner, and began to nibble refreshment from a scrub oak.

For a moment the elder gazed up into the sky, half impressed with the idea that the camp-meeting platform had given way. But the truth forced its way to the front in his disordered understanding at last, and with painful dignity he staggered into an upright position, and regained his beaver. He was shocked again. Never before in all the long years it had served him had he seen it in such shape. The truth is, Elder Brown had never before tried to stand on his head in it. As calmly as possible he began to straighten it out, caring but little for the dust upon his garments. The beaver was his special crown of dignity. To lose it was to be reduced to a level with the common wool-hat herd. He did his best, pulling, pressing, and pushing, but the hat did not look natural when he had finished. It seemed to have been laid off into counties, sections, and town lots. Like a well-cut jewel, it had a face for him, view it from whatever point he chose, a quality which so impressed him that a lump gathered in his throat, and his eyes winked vigorously.

Elder Brown was not, however, a man for tears. He was a man of action. The sudden vision which met his wandering gaze, the donkey calmly chewing scrub buds, with the green juice already oozing from the corners of his frothy mouth, acted upon him like magic. He was, after all, only human, and when he got hands upon a piece of brush, he thrashed the poor beast until it seemed as though even its already half-tanned hide would be eternally ruined. Thoroughly exhausted at last, he wearily straddled his saddle, and with his chin upon his breast resumed the early morning tenor of his way.

II.

"Good-mornin', sir."

Elder Brown leaned over the little pine picket which divided the book-keepers' department of a Macon warehouse from the room in general, and surveyed the well-dressed back of a gentleman who was busily figuring at a desk within. The apartment was carpetless, and the dust of a decade lay deep on the old books, shelves, and the familiar advertisements of guano and fertilizers which decorated the room. An old stove, rusty with the nicotine contributed by farmers during the previous season while waiting by its glowing sides for their cotton to be sold, stood straight up in a bed of sand, and festoons of cobwebs clung to the upper sashes of the murky windows. The lower sash of one window had been raised, and in the yard without, nearly an acre in extent, lay a few bales of cotton, with jagged holes in their ends, just as the sampler had left them. Elder Brown had time to notice all these familiar points, for the figure at the desk kept serenely at its task, and deigned no reply.

"Good-mornin', sir," said Elder Brown again, in his most dignified tones. "Is Mr. Thomas in?"

"Good-morning, sir," said the figure. "I'll wait on you in a minute." The minute passed, and four more joined it. Then the desk man turned.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

The elder was not in the best of humor when he arrived, and his state of mind had not improved. He waited full a minute as he surveyed the man of business.

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"I thought I mout be able to make some arrangements with you to git some money, but I reckon I was mistaken." The warehouse man came nearer.

"This is Mr. Brown, I believe. I did not recognize you at once. You are not in often to see us."

"No; my wife usually 'tends to the town bizness, while I run the church and farm. Got a fall from my donkey this morning," he said, noticing a quizzical, interrogating look upon the face before him, "and fell squar' on the hat." He made a pretense of smoothing it. The man of business had already lost interest.

"How much money will you want, Mr. Brown?"

"Well, about seven hundred dollars," said the elder, replacing his hat, and turning a furtive look upon the warehouseman. The other was tapping with his pencil upon the little shelf lying across the rail.

"I can get you five hundred."

"But I oughter have seven."

"Can't arrange for that amount. Wait till later in the season, and come again. Money is very tight now. How much cotton will you raise?"

"Well, I count on a hundr'd bales. An' you can't git the sev'n hundr'd dollars?"

"Like to oblige you, but can't right now; will fix it for you later on."

"Well," said the elder, slowly, "fix up the papers for five, an' I'll make it go as far as possible."

The papers were drawn. A note was made out for $552 50, for the interest was at one and a half per cent. for seven months, and a mortgage on ten mules belonging to the elder was drawn and signed. The elder then promised to send his cotton to the warehouse to be sold in the fall, and with a curt "Anything else?" and a "Thankee, that's all," the two parted.

Elder Brown now made an effort to recall the supplemental commissions shouted to him upon his departure, intending to execute them first, and then take his written list item by item. His mental resolves had just reached this point when a new thought made itself known. Passers-by were puzzled to see the old man suddenly snatch his head-piece off and peer with an intent and awe-struck air into its irregular caverns. Some of them were shocked when he suddenly and vigorously ejaculated,

"Hannah-Maria-Jemimy! goldarn an' blue blazes!"

He had suddenly remembered having placed his memoranda in that hat, and as he studied its empty depths his mind pictured the important scrap fluttering along the sandy scene of his early-morning tumble. It was this that caused him to graze an oath with less margin than he had allowed himself in twenty years. What would the old lady say?

Alas! Elder Brown knew too well. What she would not say was what puzzled him. But as he stood bare-headed in the sunlight a sense of utter desolation came and dwelt with him. His eye rested upon sleeping Balaam anchored to a post in the street, and so as he recalled the treachery that lay at the base of all his affliction, gloom was added to the desolation.

To turn back and search for the lost paper would have been worse than useless. Only one course was open to him, and at it went the leader of his people. He called at the grocery; he invaded the recesses of the dry-goods establishments; he ransacked the hardware stores; and wherever he went he made life a burden for the clerks, overhauling show-cases and pulling down whole shelves of stock. Occasionally an item of his memoranda would come to light, and thrusting his hand into his capacious pocket, where lay the proceeds of his check, he would pay for it upon the spot, and insist on having it rolled up. To the suggestion of the slave whom he had in charge for the time being that the articles be laid aside until he had finished, he would not listen.

"Now you look here, sonny," he said, in the dry-goods store, "I'm conducting this revival, an' I don't need no help in my line. Just you tie them stockin's up an' lemme have 'em. Then I *know* I've *got* 'em." As each purchase was promptly paid for, and change had to be secured, the clerk earned his salary for that day at least.

So it was when, near the heat of the day, the good man arrived at the drug-store, the last and only unvisited division of trade, he made his appearance equipped with half a hundred packages, which nestled in his arms and bulged out about the sections of his clothing that boasted of pockets. As he deposited his deck-load upon the counter, great drops of perspiration rolled down his face and over his water-logged collar to the floor.

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There was a something exquisitely refreshing in the great glasses of foaming soda that a spruce young man was drawing from a marble fountain, above which half a dozen polar bears in an ambitious print were disporting themselves. There came a break in the run of customers, and the spruce young man, having swept the foam from the marble, dexterously lifted a glass from the revolving rack which had rinsed it with a fierce little stream of water, and asked mechanically, as he caught the intense look of the perspiring elder, "What schrup, sir?"

Now it had not occurred to the elder to drink soda, but the suggestion, coming as it did in his exhausted state, was overpowering. He drew near awkwardly, put on his glasses, and examined the list of syrups with great care. The young man, being for the moment at leisure, surveyed critically the gaunt figure, the faded bandana, the antique claw-hammer coat, and the battered stove-pipe hat, with a gradually relaxing countenance. He even called the prescription clerk's attention by a cough and a quick jerk of the thumb. The prescription clerk smiled freely, and continued his assaults upon a piece of blue mass.

"I reckon," said the elder, resting his hands upon his knees and bending down to the list, "you may gimme sassprilla an' a little strawberry. Sassprilla's good for the blood this time er year, an' strawberry's good any time."

The spruce young man let the syrup stream into the glass as he smiled affably. Thinking, perhaps, to draw out the odd character, he ventured upon a jest himself, repeating a pun invented by the man who made the first soda fountain. With a sweep of his arm he cleared away the swarm of insects as he remarked, "People who like a fly in theirs are easily accommodated."

It was from sheer good-nature only that Elder Brown replied, with his usual broad social smile, "Well, a fly now an' then don't hurt nobody."

Now if there is anybody in the world who prides himself on knowing a thing or two, it is the spruce young man who presides over a soda fountain. This particular young gentleman did not even deem a reply necessary. He vanished an instant, and when he returned a close observer might have seen that the mixture in the glass he bore had slightly changed color and increased in quantity. But the elder saw only the whizzing stream of water dart into its centre, and the rosy foam rise and tremble on the glass's rim. The next instant he was holding his breath and sipping the cooling drink.

As Elder Brown paid his small score he was at peace with the world. I firmly believe that when he had finished his trading, and the little blue-stringed packages had been stored away, could the poor donkey have made his appearance at the door, and gazed with his meek, fawn-like eyes into his master's, he would have obtained full and free forgiveness.

Elder Brown paused at the door as he was about to leave. A rosy-cheeked schoolgirl was just lifting a creamy mixture to her lips before the fountain. It was a pretty picture, and he turned back, resolved to indulge in one more glass of the delightful beverage before beginning his long ride homeward.

"Fix it up again, sonny," he said, renewing his broad, confiding smile, as the spruce young man poised a glass inquiringly. The living automaton went through the same motions as before, and again Elder Brown quaffed the fatal mixture.

What a singular power is habit? Up to this time Elder Brown had been entirely innocent of transgression, but with the old alcoholic fire in his veins, twenty years dropped from his shoulders, and a feeling came over him familiar to every man who has been "in his cups." As a matter of fact, the elder would have been a confirmed drunkard twenty years before had his wife been less strong-minded. She took the reins into her own hands when she found that his business and strong drink did not mix well, worked him into the church, and sustained his resolutions by making it difficult and dangerous for him to get to his toddy. She became the business head of the family, and he the spiritual. Only at rare intervals did he ever "backslide" during the twenty years of the new era, and Mrs. Brown herself used to say that the "sugar in his'n turned to gall before the backslide ended." People who knew her never doubted it.

But Elder Brown's sin during the remainder of the day contained an element of responsibility. As he moved majestically down toward where Balaam slept in the sunlight, he felt no fatigue. There was a glow upon his cheek-bones, and a faint tinge upon his prominent nose. He

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nodded familiarly to people as he met them, and saw not the look of amusement which succeeded astonishment upon the various faces. When he reached the neighborhood of Balaam it suddenly occurred to him that he might have forgotten some one of his numerous commissions, and he paused to think. Then a brilliant idea rose in his mind. He would forestall blame and disarm anger with kindness—he would purchase Hannah a bonnet.

What woman's heart ever failed to soften at sight of a new bonnet?

As I have stated, the elder was a man of action. He entered a store near at hand.

"Good-morning," said an affable gentleman with a Hebrew countenance, approaching.

"Good-mornin', good-mornin'," said the elder, piling his bundles on the counter. "I hope you are well?" Elder Brown extended his hand fervidly.

"Quite well, I thank you. What—"

"And the little wife?" said Elder Brown, affectionately retaining the Jew's hand.

"Quite well, sir."

"And the little ones—quite well, I hope, too?"

"Yes, sir; all well, thank you. Something I can do for you?"

The affable merchant was trying to recall his customer's name.

"Not now, not now, thankee. If you please to let my bundles stay untell I come back—"

"Can't I show you something? Hat, coat—"

"Not now. Be back bimeby."

Was it chance or fate that brought Elder Brown in front of a bar? The glasses shone bright upon the shelves as the swinging door flapped back to let out a coatless clerk, who passed him with a rush, chewing upon a farewell mouthful of brown-bread and bologna. Elder Brown beheld for an instant the familiar scene within. The screws of his resolution had been loosened. At sight of the glistening bar the whole moral structure of twenty years came tumbling down. Mechanically he entered the saloon, and laid a silver quarter upon the bar as he said:

"A little whiskey an' sugar." The arms of the bar-tender worked like a fakir's in a side show as he set out the glass with its little quota of "short sweetening" and a cut-glass decanter, and sent a half-tumbler of water spinning along from the upper end of the bar with a dime in change.

"Whiskey is higher'n used to be," said Elder Brown; but the bar-tender was taking another order, and did not hear him. Elder Brown stirred away the sugar, and let a steady stream of red liquid flow into the glass. He swallowed the drink as unconcernedly as though his morning tod had never been suspended, and pocketed the change. "But it ain't any better than it was," he concluded, as he passed out. He did not even seem to realize that he had done anything extraordinary.

There was a millinery store up the street, and thither with uncertain step he wended his way, feeling a little more elate, and altogether sociable. A pretty, black-eyed girl, struggling to keep down her mirth, came forward and faced him behind the counter. Elder Brown lifted his faded hat with the politeness, if not the grace, of a Castilian, and made a sweeping bow. Again he was in his element. But he did not speak. A shower of odds and ends, small packages, thread, needles, and buttons, released from their prison, rattled down about him.

The girl laughed. She could not help it. And the elder, leaning his hand on the counter, laughed too, until several other girls came half-way to the front. Then they, hiding behind counters and suspended cloaks, laughed and snickered until they re-convulsed the elder's *vis-à-vis*, who had been making desperate efforts to resume her demure appearance.

"Let me help you, sir," she said, coming from behind the counter, upon seeing Elder Brown beginning to adjust his spectacles for a search. He waved her back majestically. "No, my dear, no; can't allow it. You mout sile them purty fingers. No, ma'am. No gen'l'man 'll 'low er lady to do such a thing." The elder was gently forcing the girl back to her place. "Leave it to me. I've picked up bigger things 'n them. Picked myself up this mornin'. Balaam—you don't know Balaam; he's my donkey—he tumbled me over his head in the sand this mornin'." And Elder Brown had to resume an upright position until his paroxysm of laughter had passed. "You see this old hat?" extending it, half full of packages; "I fell clear inter it; jes' as clean inter it as them things thar fell out'n it." He laughed again, and so did the girls. "But, my dear, I whaled half the hide off'n him for it."

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"Oh, sir! how could you? Indeed, sir, I think you did wrong. The poor brute did not know what he was doing, I dare say, and probably he has been a faithful friend." The girl cast her mischievous eyes toward her companions, who snickered again. The old man was not conscious of the sarcasm. He only saw reproach. His face straightened, and he regarded the girl soberly.

"Mebbe you're right, my dear; mebbe I oughtn't."

"I am sure of it," said the girl. "But now don't you want to buy a bonnet or a cloak to carry home to your wife?"

"Well, you're whistlin' now, birdie; that's my intention; set 'em all out." Again the elder's face shone with delight. "An' I don't want no one-hoss bonnet neither."

"Of course not. Now here is one; pink silk, with delicate pale blue feathers. Just the thing for the season. We have nothing more elegant in stock." Elder Brown held it out, upside down, at arm's-length.

"Well, now, that's suthin' like. Will it soot a sorter red-headed 'ooman?"

A perfectly sober man would have said the girl's corsets must have undergone a terrible strain, but the elder did not notice her dumb convulsion. She answered, heroically:

"Perfectly, sir. It is an exquisite match."

"I think you're whistlin' again. Nancy's head's red, red as a woodpeck's. Sorrel's only half-way to the color of her top-knot, an' it do seem like red oughter to soot red. Nancy's red an' the hat's red; like goes with like, an' birds of a feather flock together." The old man laughed until his cheeks were wet.

The girl, beginning to feel a little uneasy, and seeing a customer entering, rapidly fixed up the bonnet, took fifteen dollars out of a twenty-dollar bill, and calmly asked the elder if he wanted anything else. He thrust his change somewhere into his clothes, and beat a retreat. It had occurred to him that he was nearly drunk.

Elder Brown's step began to lose its buoyancy. He found himself utterly unable to walk straight. There was an uncertain straddle in his gait that carried him from one side of the walk to the other, and caused people whom he met to cheerfully yield him plenty of room.

Balaam saw him coming. Poor Balaam. He had made an early start that day, and for hours he stood in the sun awaiting relief. When he opened his sleepy eyes and raised his expressive ears to a position of attention, the old familiar coat and battered hat of the elder were before him. He lifted up his honest voice and cried aloud for joy.

The effect was electrical for one instant. Elder Brown surveyed the beast with horror, but again in his understanding there rang out the trumpet words,

"Drunk, drunk, drunk, drer-unc, -er-unc, -unc, -unc."

He stooped instinctively for a missile with which to smite his accuser, but brought up suddenly with a jerk and a handful of sand. Straightening himself up with a majestic dignity, he extended his right hand impressively.

"You're a goldarn liar, Balaam, and, blast your old buttons, you kin walk home by yourself, for I'm danged if you sh'll ride me er step."

Surely Coriolanus never turned his back upon Rome with a grander dignity than sat upon the old man's form as he faced about and left the brute to survey with anxious eyes the new departure of his master.

He saw the elder zigzag along the street, and beheld him about to turn a friendly corner. Once more he lifted up his mighty voice.

"Drunk, drunk, drunk, drer-unc, drer-unc, -erunc, -unc, -unc."

Once more the elder turned with lifted hand, and shouted back:

"You're a liar, Balaam, goldarn you! You're er iffamous liar." Then he passed from view.

III.

Mrs. Brown stood upon the steps anxiously awaiting the return of her liege lord. She knew he had with him a large sum of money, or should have, and she knew also that he was a man without business methods. She had long since repented of the decision which sent him to town. When the old battered hat and flour-covered coat loomed up in the gloaming and confronted her, she stared with terror. The next instant she had seized him.

"For the Lord sakes, Elder Brown, what ails you? As I live, if the man ain't drunk! Elder Brown! Elder Brown! for the life of me can't I make you hear? You crazy old hypocrite! you desavin' old sinner! you black-hearted wretch! where have you ben?"

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The elder made an effort to wave her off.

"Woman," he said, with grand dignity, "you forgit yussef; shu know ware I've ben 'swell 'sI do. Ben to town, wife, an' see yer wat I've brought—the fines' hat, ole woman, I could git. Look 't the color. Like goes 'ith like; it's red an' you're red, an' it's a dead match. What yer mean? Hey! hole on! ole woman! —you! Hannah!—you." She literally shook him into silence.

"You miserable wretch! you low-down drunken sot! what do you mean by coming home and insulting your wife?" Hannah ceased shaking him from pure exhaustion.

"Where is it, I say? where is it?"

By this time she was turning his pockets wrong side out. From one she got pills, from another change, from another packages.

"The Lord be praised, and this is better luck than I hoped! Oh, elder! elder! elder! what did you do it for? Why, man, where is Balaam?"

Thought of the beast choked off the threatened hysterics.

"Balaam? Balaam?" said the elder, groggily. "He's in town. The infernal ole fool 'sulted me, an' I lef' him to walk home."

His wife surveyed him. Really at that moment she did think his mind was gone; but the leer upon the old man's face enraged her beyond endurance.

"You did, did you? Well, now, I reckon you'll laugh for some cause, you will. Back you go, sir—straight back; an' don't you come home 'thout that donkey, or you'll rue it, sure as my name is Hannah Brown. Aleck!—you Aleck-k-k!"

A black boy darted round the corner, from behind which, with several others, he had beheld the brief but stirring scene.

"Put a saddle on er mule. The elder's gwine back to town. And don't you be long about it neither."

"Yessum." Aleck's ivories gleamed in the darkness as he disappeared.

Elder Brown was soberer at that moment than he had been for hours.

"Hannah, you don't mean it?"

"Yes, sir, I do. Back you go to town as sure as my name is Hannah Brown."

The elder was silent. He had never known his wife to relent on any occasion after she had affirmed her intention, supplemented with "as sure as my name is Hannah Brown." It was her way of swearing. No affidavit would have had half the claim upon her as that simple enunciation.

So back to town went Elder Brown, not in the order of the early morn, but silently, moodily, despairingly, surrounded by mental and actual gloom.

The old man had turned a last appealing glance upon the angry woman, as he mounted with Aleck's assistance, and sat in the light that streamed from out the kitchen window. She met the glance without a waver.

"She means it, as sure as my name is Elder Brown," he said, thickly. Then he rode on.

IV.

To say that Elder Brown suffered on this long journey back to Macon would only mildly outline his experience. His early morning's fall had begun to make itself felt. He was sore and uncomfortable. Besides, his stomach was empty, and called for two meals it had missed for the first time in years.

When, sore and weary, the elder entered the city, the electric lights shone above it like jewels in a crown. The city slept; that is, the better portion of it did. Here and there, however, the lower lights flashed out into the night. Moodily the elder pursued his journey, and as he rode, far off in the night there rose and quivered a plaintive cry. Elder Brown smiled wearily: it was Balaam's appeal, and he recognized it. The animal he rode also recognized it, and replied, until the silence of the city was destroyed. The odd clamor and confusion drew from a saloon near by a group of noisy youngsters, who had been making a night of it. They surrounded Elder Brown as he began to transfer himself to the hungry beast to whose motion he was more accustomed, and in the "hail fellow well met" style of the day began to bandy jests upon his appearance. Now Elder Brown was not in a jesting humor. Positively he was in the worst humor possible. The result was that before many minutes passed the old man was swinging several of the crowd by their collars, and breaking the peace of the city. A policeman approached, and but for the good-humored party, upon whom the elder's pluck had made a favorable impression, would have run the old man into the barracks. The crowd, however, drew him laughingly into the saloon and to the bar. The reaction was too

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much for his half-rallied senses. He yielded again. The reviving liquor passed his lips. Gloom vanished. He became one of the boys.

The company into which Elder Brown had fallen was what is known as "first-class." To such nothing is so captivating as an adventure out of the common run of accidents. The gaunt countryman, with his battered hat and claw-hammer coat, was a prize of an extraordinary nature. They drew him into a rear room, whose gilded frames and polished tables betrayed the character and purpose of the place, and plied him with wine until ten thousand lights danced about him. The fun increased. One youngster made a political speech from the top of the table; another impersonated Hamlet; and finally Elder Brown was lifted into a chair, and sang a camp-meeting song. This was rendered by him with startling effect. He stood upright, with his hat jauntily knocked to one side, and his coat tails ornamented with a couple of show-bills, kindly pinned on by his admirers. In his left hand he waved the stub of a cigar, and on his back was an admirable representation of Balaam's head, executed by some artist with billiard chalk.

As the elder sang his favorite hymn, "I'm glad salvation's free," his stentorian voice awoke the echoes. Most of the company rolled upon the floor in convulsions of laughter.

The exhibition came to a close by the chair overturning. Again Elder Brown fell into his beloved hat. He arose and shouted: "Whoa, Balaam!" Again he seized the nearest weapon, and sought satisfaction. The young gentleman with political sentiments was knocked under the table, and Hamlet only escaped injury by beating the infuriated elder into the street.

What next? Well, I hardly know. How the elder found Balaam is a mystery yet: not that Balaam was hard to find, but that the old man was in no condition to find anything. Still he did, and climbing laboriously into the saddle, he held on stupidly while the hungry beast struck out for home.

V.

Hannah Brown did not sleep that night. Sleep would not come. Hour after hour passed, and her wrath refused to be quelled. She tried every conceivable method, but time hung heavily. It was not quite peep of day, however, when she laid her well-worn family Bible aside. It had been her mother's, and amid all the anxieties and tribulations incident to the life of a woman who had free negroes and a miserable husband to manage, it had been her mainstay and comfort. She had frequently read it in anger, page after page, without knowing what was contained in the lines. But eventually the words became intelligible and took meaning. She wrested consolation from it by mere force of will.

And so on this occasion when she closed the book the fierce anger was gone.

She was not a hard woman naturally. Fate had brought her conditions which covered up the woman heart within her, but though it lay deep, it was there still. As she sat with folded hands her eyes fell upon—what?

The pink bonnet with the blue plume!

It may appear strange to those who do not understand such natures, but to me her next action was perfectly natural. She burst into a convulsive laugh; then, seizing the queer object, bent her face upon it and sobbed hysterically. When the storm was over, very tenderly she laid the gift aside, and bare-headed passed out into the night.

For a half-hour she stood at the end of the lane, and then hungry Balaam and his master hove in sight. Reaching out her hand, she checked the beast.

"William," said she, very gently, "where is the mule?"

The elder had been asleep. He woke and gazed upon her blankly.

"What mule, Hannah?"

"The mule you rode to town."

For one full minute the elder studied her face. Then it burst from his lips:

"Well, bless me! if I didn't bring Balaam and forgit the mule!"

The woman laughed till her eyes ran water.

"William," said she, "you're drunk."

"Hannah," said he, meekly, "I know it. The truth is, Hannah, I—"

"Never mind now, William," she said, gently. "You are tired and hungry. Come into the house, husband."

Leading Balaam, she disappeared down the lane; and when, a few minutes later, Hannah Brown and her husband entered through the light that streamed out of the open door, her arms were around him, and her face upturned to his.

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THE "PAWNEE" PANIC.

LEXICOGRAPHERS define a *panic* to be a "sudden fright," usually groundless—a state of alarm, fear, and terror that seizes the mind without premonition, and for the time so bewilders the intellect as to render it incapable of reaching any conclusion that a deliberate judgment could approve as forming a rational basis for wise and discreet action. Panics are always attended with flurry, hurry, distraction, and "confusion worse confounded."

A panic spreads with a rapidity that is perfectly marvellous. It will run through a whole camp of fifty thousand men in less time than fifty couriers, on steeds fleet as air, could bear it to the head-quarters of as many regiments of soldiers. It will sweep over a whole city of a hundred thousand inhabitants in a briefer space of time than the drowsy police, at their respective stations, can spring their rattles, and before the alarm-bells can be struck, every man, woman, and child is seized with a nervous chill more violent and bone-wrenching than a third-day ague. Teeth chatter, muscles involuntarily contract, and knees smite together. Let a panic strike a community in the night-time. What scenes transpire for merriment and banter when the excitement subsides, and reason again asserts its supremacy over the temporary storm of emotive distraction!

A first-class panic is invariably marked by the following characteristics, namely, unlimited credulity, extravagant exaggeration, and the loss of self-possession.

There is positively nothing that a panic-stricken mind will not believe with an unquestioning faith. It believes everybody, it believes everything. The blatant fool, who would be laughed at in the calm and tranquil flow of rational life, at once becomes an oracle. His utterances, for the nonce, are listened to by gaping crowds of ordinarily sensible people as though he spoke by inspiration. Nothing is seen in the pure "dry light" of unclouded reason. Hideous phantoms are conjured up, that stalk like giant skeletons through the misty twilight, and the excited imagination clothes them in the drapery that vagrant fancy weaves in her magic loom. The conceptive faculty is quickened into unwonted activity, and instantly the mite becomes an elephant; the leather-winged bat dilates into a flying dragon or hippogriff; the hum of a bee smites the inner ear like the mournful dirge for the dead wailing along the path of the sighing winds; the rumbling of carriages over the highways sounds like a heavy cannonade in a hard-fought battle; and the shriek of a locomotive whistle is mistaken for the blast of Gabriel's trumpet summoning the long-buried dead to the final judgment.

Exaggeration keeps pace with credulity. Nobody tells a thing as he heard it. Five hundred becomes five thousand, and then fifty thousand, before it travels round a square. It grows at every step of its advance. You may tell a panic story yourself, and meet it in half an hour at the next corner, and no more recognize it than a lover would his sweetheart, seen last night at the ball in gas-light, glittering in jewels, and decked in gorgeous robes, if he were unexpectedly to meet her this morning in deshabille, giving out breakfast to the cook in the pantry. The most cautious and thoughtful of men and women rarely ever tell a panic-story without some slight addition to it.

The loss of self-possession is an unfailing attendant on a panic. One can no more control his thoughts and emotions than he can his quaking joints and shivering muscles. Blinded in his intellectual perception and apprehension by the excitement of the moment, passion snatches the reins from the firm grasp of the right hand of reason, and drives the rowels into the flanks of the furious steed; the rider is carried where frenzy leads, without end or aim in his frantic career.

The *Pawnee* panic occurred at an early period of the late war, and before our people really knew what war meant. Years—long, dark, bloody years of carnage, death, and desolation—taught us the meaning of that word *war*. We learned its import and significance in hard-fought battles, in hospitals filled with the sick, the mangled, mutilated, and dying, in long and weary marches, in bivouac and camp through cold and dreary winters, in blockaded ports, in privation and want, in widowhood and orphanage, in desolated lands and charred ruins, in prostrated fortunes and heart-broken families, in the loss of those we most loved and honored—the brave sons of the South. We know and feel what war is *now*. We have had enough of it, and our hearts grow sick and faint as we recall its horrors and recount its long train of evils.

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The *Pawnee* panic occurred, as I say, at the beginning of the war, and before the wonderful achievements of naval architecture had marked a new era in this arm of the public service.

The *Pawnee* was a comparatively small naval craft, hardly worthy of the name—carrying three or four guns, and perhaps forty or fifty men. But by some freak of fortune this notorious little steamboat rapidly acquired wonderful celebrity, and in a day became the terror of all good Confederates bordering on the James, and the circumjacent country. None of the triple-turreted, iron-clad, steel-plated, heavy-metal, long-range-mounted Monitors of a later day created one-hundredth part of the alarm and consternation that were occasioned by the *Pawnee* at the beginning of the war. The very name became a raw head and bloody bones to men, women, and children. This is not the only instance, however, in which the late war forced little contemptible things from obscurity into notoriety. The shoddy aristocracy, the bedizened martinets, and the small men in office clothed with a little brief authority, furnish abundant proof, if proof were necessary, to the contrary.

But, I was saying, the *Pawnee* had become a fright and a terror to the novitiates in the Confederate cause. It had become the leviathan of Chesapeake Bay, of Hampton Roads, the Elizabeth River, and the James. In the excited imaginations of the masses of the people it was conceived of as being but little less in capacity than the *Great Eastern*, with perhaps a hundred guns of enormous calibre, protruding their dark and hideous muzzles from the port-holes along its iron-sheathed sides; hung with cutlasses and battle-axes, stored with vast magazines and other munitions of war, crowded (besides its complement of men for naval service) with a whole brigade of soldiers, who, with gleaming muskets and glittering bayonets, backed by artillery, were ready to leap on shore at any point, and deal death and destruction to the fratricidal rebels who had dared to lift their hands "against the best government in the world." In itself, the *Pawnee* was regarded as the impersonation and embodiment of all the strength of "Yankee Doodledum."

On Saturday, the 20th day of April, 1861, several companies of Confederate soldiers from Richmond and Petersburg had gone down to Norfolk, and by their arrival, and by the running of empty trains of cars up and down the railroad till a late hour of the night, making the impression that large numbers of troops were constantly arriving, frightened the Federal forces into the rash and desperate deed of burning, with their own hands, the great navy-yard at Gosport, together with the large naval vessels lying dismantled in the harbor. The *Pawnee* escaped unharmed. Tidings reached Richmond and Petersburg by telegraph early on Sunday morning, the 21st of April, of the destruction of the navy-yard, and of the evacuation of the port by the Federal troops. The State and military authorities at Richmond congratulated themselves on the quiet possession of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and only regretted that the *Pawnee* had not been captured or disabled.

It was Sunday. The churches of Richmond were crowded with worshippers. Religious services were progressing. Early in the morning of that memorable day the First Virginia Regiment, under the command of Colonel Moore, who had held his head-quarters at the elegant Spotswood Hotel, had gone out to camp, marching through the streets to the tune discoursed by the band, "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming." Many of the worshippers in the churches were sad, and their eyes were red with weeping, on account of the separations of the morning with husbands, sons, brothers, and lovers, who had been ordered out of the city to the camp.

Orders had been issued by the military authorities that, in the event of any alarm, the bells should be rung as a signal to citizens and soldiers to put themselves in an attitude of defense. Ministers were in their pulpits, congregations large and serious, the streets well-nigh deserted, and quiet pervaded the city. Suddenly the bells at the police stations were struck, and simultaneously with the sharp, quick clang of the bells, the startling cry was heard ringing through the streets, "The *Pawnee!* the *Pawnee!*" The services in the churches were abruptly closed; congregations from a score of houses of worship rushed into the streets without any regard to "the order of their going." The soldiers from the camp, in double-quick, swept through the city on their way to Rocketts, the steamboat landing at the lower end of the city.

"The *Pawnee*, with thousands of men

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aboard, is approaching the city!" was now the cry, which was caught up by panic-stricken crowds, and shouted to the echo.

Consternation seized the public mind, and wives seized their husbands, and sisters their brothers, and maidens their sweethearts, for a last embrace and parting kiss; and these, in their turn, seized their double-barrelled shot-guns and revolvers and old muskets, and hurried to the scene of action.

"The *Pawnee* is in sight; can be seen from Libby's Hill; is steaming up the river, and will soon open her guns on the city!" was shouted from every corner. By this time the whole population was out-of-doors. Surging crowds went rushing down Main Street. From every part of the city they came breathless and excited, and directly from all the surrounding country they poured into the city on jaded horses and in creaking, rickety carts and wagons. Everything tended to Rocketts and Libby's Hill. The concourse became immense. Soldiers and citizens, men, women, and children, crowded together. Women were shrieking and crying; Governor Letcher was delivering a martial and patriotic harangue; ministers of the Gospel were exhorting the people to trust in God. Still the dreaded boat, supposed to have infernal machines and enginery of death on board, was reported to be nearing the city. Old, useless pieces of artillery were charged, and laid in the streets without carriages or caissons. The terror and fright were at their height. As some of the shot-gun squad passed down the streets to the bloody fray, the question was asked by the terrified females that lined the sidewalks, with their little ones convulsively clasped to their breasts, "Do you think there will be a battle?" The response was flung back, "Yes; in less than an hour these streets will be running half-leg deep in human blood." A son of the Emerald Isle came bolting into the crowd on Libby's Hill, flourishing his well-tried shillalah, and calling out vociferously, with his broad Irish brogue: "Show me the inimy! show me the inimy! I'll kill ivery mother's son of 'em!"

But the whole scene beggars description, and to this day thousands feel ashamed of the *Pawnee* panic, and heartily wish they had not made such ninnies of themselves on the occasion. There was no *Pawnee* in the river nearer than Hampton Roads, and at dark the crest-fallen men crept back to their homes with solemn vows that they never would be fooled by a panic again.

This event embodies all the credulity, exaggeration, and loss of self-possession which we have mentioned as the unfailing characteristics of a panic. But let no one speak or think of the occurrence disparagingly, or as casting ridicule upon the inhabitants of Richmond. The tables are too easily turned. Only a few months later, at a place called Manassas, on the Bull Run, there was a panic involving a great army. Fifty thousand men broke ranks and ran. And for what? Who ever knew? A great army, on the edge of a great victory, suddenly took fright, as if smitten by an invisible hand. Besmeared with mud, drenched with rain, the demoralized crowd crept into Alexandria and Washington the next morning. The details of this panic, if we were to give them, would surely throw the *Pawnee* panic in the shade.

DECORATIVE SENTIMENT IN BIRDS.

A LOVE of the beautiful is a distinctly marked characteristic of most members of the feathered family, and it therefore ought not to be at all surprising that the desire and ability to create the beautiful are found in various degrees of development among birds.

The appreciation of what is beautiful in form, color, motion, and sound is the primary cause of the extraordinary change which comes upon the male birds at the period of courtship. In most instances there is not only a wonderful increase in brilliancy of plumage, but even a radical change in its coloring. The voice theretofore dumb takes to itself the most exquisite tones, and the most fantastic activity takes the place of sober plodding after the necessities of life.

Who that has seen a male bird endeavoring to gain the favor of the coquettish female by exhibiting, by every device, every one of his new-found beauties of person, voice, and motion can doubt the reason for his possession of those manifold charms and graces? Is it not merely a pretty counterpart of the actions of the male human animal under similar cir-

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cumstances? True, the human animal voluntarily beautifies himself, while the bird has no voice in the change in his condition and appearance; but this fact has no bearing upon the other fact that it is by the display of his beautiful person and by the mellow tones of his voice that he seeks to captivate the regard of the female, she being susceptible to such things. Besides, the male bird, we may be sure, did not always undergo this change. There was a time when he did not, and then he found that the chance possession by any of his fellows of graces of person, voice, or action gained for them speedy favor from the females, and thus the love of the beautiful eventually brought about its existence, inasmuch as such birds as lacked beauty failed to please, and failing to please, failed to find wives.

Then, too, the vanity of such birds as the peacock, bird-of-paradise, and lyre-bird is plainly founded on an appreciation of the beauty of their plumage, for not only do these and similar birds take the utmost care to keep their plumage free from spot or ruffle, but they take in their own beauty a positive delight, now lifting their gorgeous feathers in a sort of silent ecstasy, and now strutting up and down with uncontrollable pride.

These and many other instances which might be cited show plainly enough a consciousness of beauty on the part of the bird. From this it is but a step to the desire for the beautiful, and another step from this to the effort to produce. Effort and accomplishment do not always go together, however, any more with the bird than with man, and some very strange results are brought about in the endeavor of some birds at decoration.

The most striking example of this abortive effort or at least bizarre form of decoration is found in the case of the motmot, a South American bird, which succeeds in paralleling some of the most absurd of humanity's decorative freaks, notably that one of some savage tribes which consists of filing the teeth to points.

The motmot is by Nature endowed with more than an ordinary degree of beauty. The prevailing color of its plumage is green, the wings and tail being tinged with a beautiful shade of blue; a sable tuft, edged with blue, adorns its breast, and a blue-edged black triangle surrounds the eye and extends to the ear. In addition to this and to a long and graceful tail, it has upon its head a crest which it can erect at will.

But, as if dissatisfied with Nature's attempt to beautify it, the motmot essays an improvement. It selects the two middle feathers of its tail, those two being usually the longest and most conspicuous, as the objects of its decorative design. About an inch from the tip of each feather it cuts away with its serrated bill about an inch of the web on each side of the shaft, thus giving each feather the appearance of a lawn tennis bat. Nor is this done in a mechanical or instinctive way, for sometimes a too anxious motmot will begin too soon and before its tail has reached its full growth, and will clip away on the wrong feathers, thus disfiguring itself even in motmot estimation, in this respect being not unlike the young males of the human family who, rather than not shave at all, will sometimes use the razor on that much of the hair of the head as wanders down in front of the ears.

It was formerly supposed that the motmot wore away the web from its tail feathers by constantly turning around while sitting on its nest, and when Waterton explained the real reason for the condition of the feathers he was laughed at. Recently, however, captive birds have been seen to perform the cutting operation.

It must be admitted that, having given the motmot credit for decorative intention, we must stop, for it is as far from success in its design as humanity with its waist-pinching, teeth-filing, foot-cramping, and ear-boring. Fortunately, however, for the reputation of our feathered friends, for one abortive attempt in this direction we can record many successful ones. And it is noteworthy that as man and the bird both fail in parallel lines, so they find success in similar directions. Perhaps this is because Nature is not willing to be improved in her own person, but is always complaisant when called by any of her creatures to aid in the embellishment of their mechanical devices.

In its architectural efforts it is, then, that the bird most fully realizes the true decorative sentiment which struggles within it for an outlet. This is seen in a great variety of small ways, which would remain, for the most part, unnoticed were they the only evidences of the expression of its artistic feeling.

The best builders, as might be expected, are invariably the ones which, not resting

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THE MOTMOT.

contented with a mere shelter, however elaborately constructed or ingeniously devised, seek by various means to beautify their homes. Sometimes superfluous additions, purely decorative in their character, are made to the home; sometimes the effect of embellishment is produced by the selection in construction of such materials as in themselves or in combination will please the eye, care being always taken never to sacrifice utility to appearance, therein providing man with a valuable example; sometimes, again—and this is perhaps the very acme of art among

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birds—merely ornamental and profusely decorated structures are made, the sole purpose of which is to afford the builders and their friends pleasant meeting-places.

The robbers and ruffians of the bird world, like the same classes among men, either build not at all or confine their efforts to the least that can safely be done, wasting no time on decoration. So, too, with those expatriated birds, for the most part pirates, which, deserting their natural element, pass their lives on the water; they content themselves with the bare rock or convenient sand hole. On the other hand, the pretty-plumaged or sweet-voiced birds, as a rule, are the ones among whom is found the most fully developed decorative sentiment.

Passing over the humming-bird and scores of others, the decoration on whose dainty nests, it may be said, is merely the outcome of an effort at concealment, we shall have no difficulty in selecting birds whose efforts are so well directed that the most skeptical can not fail to see that they are not only well directed, but also both intelligent and conscious.

The baya, known by a great variety of names, and scientifically as *Nelicurvius baya*, is a resident of southeastern Asia, being particularly plentiful in Farther India. It is one of the weaver birds, whose peculiarity is that they build their nests by skillfully weaving into the desired shapes long strips of grass or other material. The baya is a most sociable little fellow, and in Burmah builds his bottle-shaped nest under the eaves of the human habitations.

There they are not disturbed, and frequently as many as thirty may be seen hanging about one house, swaying gently in the breeze, and adding greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene. The nest is in itself a beautiful and ingenious piece of work. The upper portion is divided into two chambers, one for Mother Baya while she is sitting, and one for Father Baya when he has earned the right to rest by having provided his wife with food. The lower portion of the nest is a general living-room for the whole family as soon as the little ones have grown strong enough to leave the upper chamber.

Here is a home that might well be all that the most exacting could require, but having provided for creature comfort, the baya has yet to gratify its sense of the beautiful. The little mother is hardly settled down when the male bird, having put the finishing touches to the nest, darts forth and returns with a fresh lump of clay, which he affixes to the inner wall of the nest. Then quickly away again to capture one of the living sparks of which there are myriads in the tropics. The fire-fly is secured to the lump of clay, and lights up the little home with its phosphorescent glow. Another and another are added, until the patient little mother has light enough to cheer her during the long dark night. After that one or more of the animated diamonds are fastened to the exterior, there to glitter and flash for the delectation of the outside world, for the baya is no selfish lover of art. He does not lock his treasures up in his gallery, but is willing to share his enjoyment with all.

And what pleasure he does give can be easily comprehended by a slight effort of the imagination, which has only to picture a quaint little hut with overhanging eaves nestling in the gloom of a tangled tropical forest. From the eaves gently wave the gayly illuminated bird-nest lanterns, shedding a soft, happy home light on the poor little cottage, which loses its wretchedness for the time being and is transformed into a fairy palace.

So wonderful does all this seem that one might well be excused for doubting. Corroborative testimony in this case is sufficiently found in the marvellous intelligence of the little bird, as shown in its capacity for learning what its human captors may choose to teach it. Among other things, according to Sir William Jones, it is taught to dart down a well after a ring which has been dropped therein, and seizing it before it reaches the water, bear it with apparent exultation to its master. It can be taught to carry notes from one person to another; it learns to twirl in its beak a small staff with blazing tow at each end; at a sign it flies from its master to pluck from a beloved mistress the piece of gold which the maidens of Benares wear between the eyebrows.

In some respects the hammer-head (*Scopus umbretta*), of Africa, is more remarkable, though possibly less pleasing, as an architect and decorator, than the baya. It selects a sloping piece of ground as a foundation, and on it erects a dome-shaped edifice of mud and twigs which sometimes covers an area of nearly fifty square feet. This is proportionately a very great size, for the bird is only twenty inches in length; but all the inclosed space is needed for this

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ILLUMINATED NEST OF THE BAYA.

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highly civilized bird, which has ideas of comfort and luxury in advance of the native human denizens of Central Africa.

The doorway to this dwelling is placed on the lower part of the slope, in order that rain may not cause an inundation of the habitation. A level platform of wood is then built at the higher end of the structure, and a carpet of some soft vegetable material is laid on it. A partition wall with a doorway is then raised to cut this portion off from the main room, for this is the mother's chamber and the nursery. Another portion of the dwelling is then partitioned off for use as a store-room, and it is the male bird's duty to stock it with provisions against a bad season. The remaining space in the house is retained by the male bird as a sort of guard-house and resting-place combined.

All this having been done to the satisfaction of the female bird—for be it understood, to the greater honor of the fair sex, the female is the architect and master mechanic, while the male is only a journeyman builder—the male bird divides his time between finding food and seeking objects wherewith to decorate the exterior of his mansion. In this case no interior decoration is attempted, possibly for the reason that Mistress Hammer-head, like our well-known mother of the Gracchi, considers her children ornament enough.

The hammer-head has his own ideas of decoration, and there is good reason for believing that he prefers quantity to quality, or it may be that to him all that glitters is gold. Bleached bones, bits of glass, buttons, pipes, knives, broken crockery, and such like objects are sought for with great eagerness. That it lacks the highest artistic taste is shown in the fact that it makes no distinction between old and new bric-à-brac, but selects its ornaments with an eye to beauty only—a piece of vulgarity which its human critics ought to forgive it on the score that it is only a bird. Such is the avidity of the hammer-head for objects of art that it will appropriate by force of arms whatever pleases it, and in this at least is not without parallel among men. This freedom of appropriation is so well known that natives, upon losing any glittering object, will at once make a visit to the nest of a hammer-head and overhaul its art treasures, very much as the nations of Europe scanned the galleries of France after the downfall of the first Napoleon.

The baya and the hammer-head are but extreme types of those birds which decorate the nest itself, and may be used to strengthen the plausibility of the theory that those other birds which are held to be merely mechanical, are in truth actuated by an intelligent if low order of artistic sentiment. The humming-bird must be credited with some design when it so tastefully binds bits of moss or lichen to its tiny nest by means of spider-web silk. And what objection can be urged against the pretty little Syrian nut-hatch, which beautifies the outside of its clay nest with the iridescent gossamer wings of various insects? If it were not for wearing a simile threadbare, mention might be made of another feathered Cornelia who surpasses even that Roman matron; for whereas the human mother contented herself with a figure of speech, the bird mother, the dwarf swift of Africa, stops short of nothing less than the act itself. She really gums her little ones to the palm leaf on which her nest is built, and there lets the living jewels flutter and chirp while the breeze tosses about the unsteady home. To be candid, however, this instance proves nothing, for it is her little ones' safety, and not decoration, which the little swift has in view. The result, not the intention, is decorative.

Turning now to the class of birds which employs building materials with a decorative design, we come first upon our own Baltimore oriole—a bird, by-the-way, which derives its name from its colors, black and yellow (Lord Baltimore's), and not because it is confined to the locality of the city of Baltimore. Although a weaver, it is a member of the great raven family, and calls the crow cousin. Its relationship to this latter bird will in a measure account for its love of gay colors, and its lack of scruples in appropriating whatever it wishes.

Ordinarily the Baltimore oriole, or starling, as it should be called, finds the materials for its nest in such bits of thread or fibre as can be picked up in the fields; but not unfrequently it visits the human habitations in its vicinity and steals from them any material which may be exposed. When a choice is given it, it will select the brightest and gayest colored materials for its nest, passing by equally good but more sober stuff. In a number of instances this tendency of the bird has been experimented with by giving it the choice

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THE HAMMER-HEAD AND ITS NEST.

of a great variety of gay-colored bits of string. The resulting nests were as beautiful as human skill could possibly have made them. Indeed, the expertness of the bird in interweaving its materials is such that, according to the naturalist Wilson, one old lady, to whom he showed a nest, seriously proposed having the bird taught to darn stockings.

A similar tendency to the use of gayly colored materials is exhibited by the crimson-beaked weaver-birds of Africa (*Quelea sanguinirostris*), which in confinement are a source of pleasure to their captors from the beautiful nests they build, or weave, from bits of colored yarn and worsted combined with feathers in a most artistic manner. This little fellow (it is only four inches long) proves that the possession of artistic feeling does not of necessity have a sweetening effect upon the disposition. A more quarrelsome bird can hardly be found, though it must be said in extenuation that its cruelty is tempered by ingenuity; its favorite pastime is catching other birds—smaller ones always—by the tail, and holding them suspended thus for several seconds.

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Whether or not the white-eyed fly-catcher of this continent can be called artistic is a question, inasmuch as it shows a marked partiality for newspapers as building material. This lack of good taste is in a measure condoned by the fact that it chooses the smilax for its building-place. The great crested fly-catcher, with still more questionable taste, ornaments its nest with the cast-off sloughs of snakes.

It is in the third group of birds, however, that is found the most convincing and remarkable exhibition of artistic feeling. Notable in this group is the gardener-bird (*Amblyornis inornata*), of Papua. Its nest is a very commonplace affair, its architectural and artistic genius finding scope elsewhere.

It is but a few years since that a traveller in Papua came upon a miniature house and grounds hidden away in the depths of the virgin forest. Although led by the natives to look for such a thing, he could not but be surprised, and only the most rigid and careful investigation would satisfy him that this house was built and these grounds laid out by birds. He gave the subject most scrupulous attention, and as a result has made known to the world one of the most extraordinary facts in natural history.

According to this naturalist, Dr. Bessari, the gardener-bird selects a level spot on which is growing a shrub with a stalk about the thickness of a walking-cane. This stalk is the central pillar of the edifice, and serves, at about twenty inches from the ground, to fasten the frame-work of the roof to. In and out of the stems forming the frame-work are woven other stems, until a water-proof roof is made. The whole structure when finished is about a yard in diameter at the base, is tent-shaped, and has a large arched opening for a doorway. The central pillar is held firmly in place by an embankment of moss built up around the root. A gallery is also constructed, running around the interior of the hut.

The grounds cover about the same space as the house, and are made green and lawn-like by being covered with patches of moss brought thither for that purpose. Over the lawn are placed in artistic manner bright flowers, fruits, and fungi. Insects, too, which are attracted by reason of brilliant coloring, are captured and disposed about the grounds. Nor is this all; the inner gallery is also decorated with these bright objects. And when the ornamental fruits, flowers, and insects begin to fade, they are removed and replaced. Moreover, with evident design, the material of which the house is built is a species of orchid which retains its freshness for a very long time.

And now why should this sober-colored little bird go far from its nest and build such elaborate and highly decorated house and grounds? For the purpose of having a common meeting-place for social intercourse. This is extraordinary, perhaps, but there is no doubt that it is true, for Australia furnishes several fully attested cases of a similar though less marvellous kind.

These so-called bower-birds exhibit much less architectural ability than the gardener, but are not far behind that bird in decorative sentiment. There is a number of varieties of bower-birds, differing from each other in minor points, but all alike in the main features of building pleasure houses and grounds, and decorating them with miscellaneous ornamental objects. None of these birds is large, the gardener being about the size of our robin, while the bower-birds, which, by-the-way, are near relatives of the first-named bird, are about the size of a pigeon.

Perhaps the most expert and æsthetic of the bower-builders is the spotted collar-bird (*Chlamydera maculata*), which also is the possessor of considerable personal beauty. Besides a varicolored and harmonious plumage, it has a collar of long feathers about its neck. Like the Baltimore bird, this bower-builder, and of course all its relatives also, is a cousin of the crow, a circumstance which may go to prove that a barbaric love of high color and glitter is in truth a good foundation upon which to build pure artistic sentiment.

The nest of the spotted collar-bird, like that of the gardener, is a very ordinary affair, the feathered artist in this particular perhaps resembling the average human artist, and calling to mind the vulgar saying that shoe-makers' children are always poorly shod. However just the comparison, the fact is that our bird reserves all his artistic efforts for the assembly-rooms, where in common with his fellows he labors to build and adorn the bower wherein they may all disport themselves. The masculine pronoun is advisedly used here, for though, as a rule, in the bird world the female is the architect, in the case of the

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NEST OF THE GOLDEN ROBIN.

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GARDENER-BIRDS.

bower-birds that function is assumed by the male.

The bower is built by first making a platform of woven twigs about three feet long and two feet wide. Along the sides of this flooring are planted twigs held in place by being stuck into the earth and by stones laid against them. These twigs are curved inward to meet at the top, and other twigs are interwoven to give added strength and imperviousness to rain. Besides this, however, the interior of the bower is lined with a species of tall soft grass so disposed that the heads almost meet at the roof. Stones of a large size are placed so as to keep the grasses in position, and care is taken that no projecting spur of the twigs employed in building shall turn inward, and thus make it possible for a careless reveller to injure his feathers.

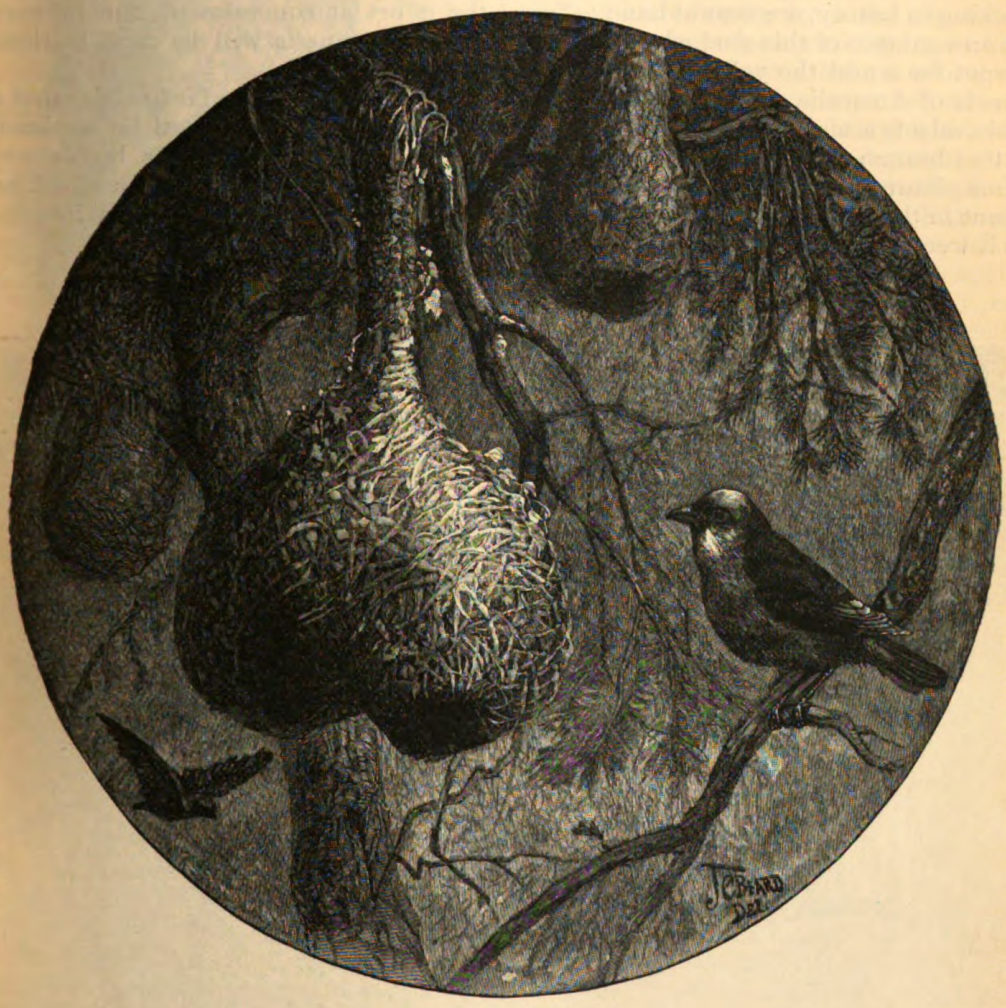
The birds now search the country for miles around for ornamental objects, selecting only such as are pure white or brilliantly colored. Shells, pebbles, feathers, agates, bleached bones, seeds, and in fact anything decorative, even skulls, are brought and placed about, not at hap-hazard, but in a systematic way which can indicate only intelligent disposition. Pathways are marked out at each end of the bower by means of pebbles, while little

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ornamental hillocks are erected before each entrance.

When the structure and its surroundings have been completed, the assembly-rooms are thrown open, and a festive gathering is held. The males strut about and exhibit their fine feathers and graceful carriage, while the females look on in rapt admiration, thus reversing the order observed in human assemblies. Then dancing takes place, though, whether from modesty or conscientious scruples it is not known, the males and females dance singly, and never in pairs of opposite sexes. The final results are, however, believed to be the same, and frequent marriages follow such meetings as this.

There is no room for skepticism in the case of the gardener and bower birds, for the motive in collecting the various decorative objects is plainly born of a desire to gratify a love of the beautiful. The wholly festive nature of the structure is also a further proof of the absence of any idea of utility in the impulse, not to say well-defined and conscious intention in making what may fairly be called the collection of bric-à-brac.



NEST OF THE WEAVER-BIRD.

In the light of these few facts, which are only examples of many others, may it not be seen that many acts of birds which have hitherto been ascribed to chance, or to some particular phase of instinct, as that of concealment, for example, are really dictated, if by nothing higher, at least by a self-conscious love of

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the beautiful? A decided and discriminating preference for what is beautiful need not argue the possession of reasoning faculties, any more than the possession of the latter predicts the love of the beautiful.

It seems as if there must be some design in the selection of certain trees by certain birds, particularly when other trees equally available for all practical purposes, but lacking in beauty, are near at hand. Take as an example of this studied selection of a spot for a nest the yellow-throated sericornis of Australia, which, whenever possible, selects a mass of moss pendent from a tree branch in which to build its nest. Thus picturesquely hung, the nests swing about in the breeze, and the little ones are, as it were, born in mid-air.

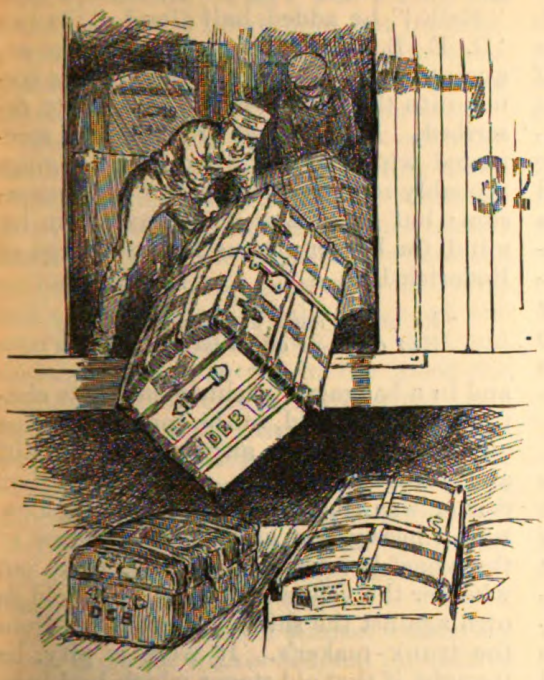
Then see the fantastic shapes in which nests are made. Here will be a perfect wine-glass, there a goblet, and indeed almost every conceivable form which can be bounded by a curve is constructed, the caprice alone of the individual builder seeming to govern the fashion. And the evident, if instinctive, harmony in color between the materials of a nest and its surroundings can not be laid entirely to the effort at concealment, for in many cases these nests will be most fearlessly displayed.

It will be going too far to claim that all birds are moved by an artistic sentiment, but this much at least has been shown, that most birds are artistic in effect, and that many are artistic in both intention and effect.



PLAY-HOUSE OF THE COLLAR-BIRD.

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THERE was a frightful struggle going on within the baggage car. Trunks, valises, and satchels had risen in revolt against the train hands, and were, to all appearances, getting the best of the fight, and escaping by twos and threes from the square side door. The men inside were making a brave stand, but they were outnumbered and overmatched. If one of them laid hold upon a handle, the trunk to which it belonged would spin over and over, wrench itself free, fly out at the door, revolving as it flew, and bump its brains out on the platform. This plan failing, it would turn end over end, and effect its escape all the same. Now and then a porter would undertake to handle two small pieces together, one in each hand, but they would instantly develop an enormous centrifugal force, which would extend the man's arms to their fullest length, and he would be obliged to let go to save himself just at the car door. Of course the small trunks would escape, each on its own line of descent, and land, perhaps on the pile of wounded beneath, or perhaps would go clean over, and roll down the gang-plank on board the steamboat, which seemed to be the goal of their ambition.

On the wharf the struggle was renewed by a fresh set of men. The trunks, apparently exhausted, lay still in all postures of helplessness, but the instant a human hand touched strap or handle an electric energy seemed to shoot through them, and they were again instinct with life at every angle, turning double somersaults, and executing wild waltzes, until at length the last one, Deb's new Saratoga, took a triumphant header from the car, catching a tremendous impetus by rocking on its curved roof before taking the dive. It planted one corner successfully on the side of a travel-worn sole-leather trunk as it came down, alighted on its own personal rollers, shook off, as if he had been a kitten, a huge porter who attempted to detain it, dallied for an instant with another, dragging him helplessly to the gangway, and then plunged down the steep incline with a hoarse roar of defiance.

"Good-by, Deb," shouted the foiled porter, reading the initials on the escaping trunk as it vanished; and a laugh went up all round. The first officer sung out, "In, plank! Cast off your head-line!" and in a moment more the overlooked relics of the fray tumbled aboard, and the big white steamer moved out into the harbor.

No one had noticed the real Deb, who watched all this from the deck, and blushed painfully when the rough porter publicly made free with a pet name which she had never heard before save in the familiar accents of the home circle.

"Dorothy Elizabeth" were the names written on the little slip of paper which Thomas Bradford handed to Dr. Cleveland at her christening, twenty years before.

Nobody had noticed the combination of initials until the christening was nearly a year past, when Aunt Fanny came back from abroad and brought her new niece a lot of linen all daintily marked D. E. B. in red silk. The name was promptly substituted for the half-dozen baby names previously current, and Dorothy became Deb from that time onward, until we find her standing on the deck, with the noise of the escaping steam perpetuating in her ears the all-day-long roar of the rushing express train.

It was dead low tide when Deb went down the sloping plank on board the boat, and her spirits were corresponding-

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ly depressed. In her limited experience of the ocean and its ways she had always noticed that her spirits rose and fell with the tide—a mild species of lunacy, as she described it, for she was in the habit of carrying a local tide-table in her pocket (yes, I repeat it, in her *pocket*, for she insisted on having one if not more of those useful receptacles about her dress), and privately consulting it whenever she was asked to make an appointment for a specific day and hour. If she had a headache or a fit of the blues, which was very likely, during the last of the ebb, she would consult her oracle, and promise to be ready with a full capacity for enjoyment if the turn of the tide nearly coincided with the hour of departure.

As she recognized the state of affairs she half instinctively argued that if it was low tide the steamer must of necessity meet the flood within an hour, and in fact the vessel was hardly pointed for the outer channel when Deb's dull headache vanished, a dash of color came into her pale cheeks, and as she passed the red-painted can-buoy at the harbor mouth she was sailor enough to notice that the strong inflowing current made it heave and sway mightily at its moorings. It was flood tide.

Deb was on her way to spend the summer with the Aunt Fanny before mentioned, who owned a little box of a sea-side cottage at Anniskansett, on the Cape Cod coast, and had always retained an exceptional interest in the niece to whom she unintentionally gave the nickname which had outlasted girlhood, and bade fair to follow its owner into the untried and often momentous realms of the twenties.

Deb's trunk had been the first at the home railway station away up at the terminus of the road in New Hampshire, and hence it had not unnaturally found its way to the innermost corner of the car, whence it was almost the last to emerge when the baggage was unloaded on the wharf. Nobody had noticed another trunk, also marked "D. E. B.," which had been tumbled aboard at Boston, and made its escape among the leaders of the *émeute* described at the beginning of this story.

The owner of this last trunk, however, had noted the debarkation and shipment of our little Deb's Saratoga, and wondered who its owner could be. It must be a woman, he reasoned, for no man, unless he were a "drummer," would travel with a trunk like that, and even drummers generally prefer trunks with square tops. "Hello!" he added, half aloud, "the two 'D. E. B.'s' seem destined to make acquaintance." This as No. 1 drove its corner into the top of No. 2, as already described. He laughed grimly as he speculated which of his personal belongings probably received the force of the concussion; but there was little anxiety in his mind, for his trunk was like the targe of Roderick Dhu—

> "Its brazen studs and tough bull-hide
> Had death so often dashed aside"—

and in a baggage-smashing *mêlée* its elastic strength would, in the long-run, come out victorious over any number of stiff and brittle Saratogas. That iron-shod corner was sharp, however, and the blow was a heavy one, and in the shadow of the wharf houses he could not make out whether the veteran traveller had held its own against the shiny upstart fresh from the trunk-maker's. It were a pity, he thought, if that old stager, which had been carried over the Himalayas and into Thibet on yak-back, and had formed a part of a mule's load when the animal that carried it fell over a precipice into the great Colorado cañon—it were a pity if this hard old campaigner should be worsted in an encounter with a trumpery structure of boards and paper on its first journey.

He turned to see if any one had noticed his exclamation, and caught the distressed, half-comical expression with which a young lady near him heard the railway porter's rough farewell shouted down the gangway—"Good-by, Deb!"

"I think that must be the owner," he said to himself. "Wonder who she is? Looks like a nice girl. Yankee girl, I should say. She little thinks that there's another Deb aboard, or that our personal belongings have been violently introduced to each other on the wharf. Wonder if her people at home call her Deb, as mine do me? 'Twouldn't be strange; the initials naturally suggest it when you see them together. She looked as though it took her breath away when that fellow sung out, 'Good-by, Deb.' I believe I'll go below and see if my trunk was badly stove."

So down he went, and found the two D. E. B. trunks standing affectionately side by side, with a comical air of having made mutual and satisfactory explana-

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tions. An inspection of his own revealed nothing serious. There was a deep indentation in the tough hide, but no actual fracture; so, leaving the two in their posture of friendly companionship and support, he returned to the saloon deck.

Meanwhile Miss Deb, having—after the manner of her sex when travelling alone—watched her trunk safely on board, secured a camp-stool and established herself comfortably on the after-deck, where the sea-breeze and the magnetism of the rising tide quickly removed all traces of the weary journey by rail, with its dust and cinders. Deb was not in the mood for reading, and having a deep-seated aversion to sitting still with nothing to do, she was presently at work at a strip of worsted, which grew rapidly under her fingers, and afforded her the satisfaction of actual employment, while it left endless opportunities for watching the passing panorama of coast-line and sailing craft.

After half an hour of aimless wandering about the boat, with occasional inquisitive but unavailing glances into the "ladies' cabin," as that always unattractive flat-iron shaped compartment on the lower deck is called, "Deb," or, to give his actual name, Dorsey Brokaw, discovered the object of his quest. Not Deb! Oh no; by no means. All this time he had been carrying a folding camp-stool on his arm, and looking for a place to sit in which should be exactly to his taste. He was very fastidious in this particular, considering the habits of his life. A railroad contractor and engineer by profession, he had run his slender lines of steel over spurs of the Andes, through Rocky Mountain cañons, and across Asiatic steppes. His life was divided into periods of intense activity and absolute idleness. The present was an "off year" on railroad construction, and having just completed a large Western contract, he found himself at the threshold of a long vacation, which might last six months, or a year, or more, according to circumstances. Eighteen months on the arid Western plains had given him such a longing for the sea that on handing in his accounts and receiving his final payment he had taken the first train for his native New England shore, stopping in Boston only long enough to procure clothing more suitable for watering-place life than were the flannels, buckskins, and sombrero in which he had made his eastward journey. The Norfolk jacket of the period had appealed at once to his sense of the fitness of things. Knickerbockers had largely come in since he had been west of the Alleghanies, and he could not quite bring himself to their adoption, but with his deeply sunburned complexion, dark blue travelling hat, and new tourist's suit to match, he might easily have passed for a millionaire on the way to join his yacht. Indeed, he was by no means poorly off in the matter of this world's goods. His regular contract percentages had left in his hands a very considerable fraction of the millions intrusted to him for disbursement. A month before, he had arranged by telegraph for the establishment of his mother and sisters in a cozy little summer cottage nestled with others of its kind among the oak-covered bluffs of southern Cape Cod.

It was odd to see this old campaigner so long in finding a place to his mind on this civilized Eastern steamer, still more singular that he should find it at last so near Deb's sheltered corner, where he could read his paper, and furtively keep an interested eye on her, for she was a rather nice person to look at, not particularly pretty, but very clean-looking, and with nice hair and eyes. Oddest of all was it, perhaps, that scarcely had he seated himself when Deb, who truly had not noticed him at all, suddenly remembered that she had forgotten since she came on board to see if she had her trunk check safe in her pocket. Account for it who can, however, the unrecognized proximity of Deb masculine instantly suggested the check question to Deb feminine. Search was instituted forthwith; handkerchief, purse, vinaigrette, and keys were successively extracted, and at last the check. Deb turned it over, wondering whether it was numbered 99 or 66. It might be either. There was a lavish supply of dints on either side, which might or might not be intended for punctuation marks. What should she do about it? Ah! there was one of the colored porters. She beckoned him, and asked him, so appealingly, would he *please* see if the check was right, that he cheerfully replied, "Certainly, miss," and not being specially occupied at the time, took the bit of brass and kept it during a five minutes' flirtation with the mulatto chamber-maid on the cabin stairs. After this he dutifully returned, and unblushingly assured Deb that the check was all right.

"But," said Deb, "is it 99 or 66? I

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can't quite make out;" and she once more presented it for his inspection.

"Oh, the baggage-master says it is 66," answered the smart attendant, with just a little twinge at his toughened conscience when he saw Deb's perfect belief in his truthfulness. However, he went his way, knowing instinctively that Deb would never think of tipping him; and she, with ease of mind fully restored, resumed her pleasant introspective mood of work and observation.

All this Deb masculine noticed and inwardly laughed at, as men will laugh at the little anxieties of women-folk when travelling alone; but all the same he could not for the life of him keep from watching her, and at length she caught him at it, and in a sort of absent-minded way opened her big gray eyes and looked straight at him, the fact being that the Atlantic with its illimitable expanse of blue and its white foam flashing up the rocks filled her whole soul at the moment, and her mental focus could not instantly adjust itself to so insignificant an object as a man, even though he were somewhat distinguished of aspect and possessed an ultra-fashionable copper-bronze complexion.

The object of her regard, however, was very differently affected, and instantly became absorbed in his newspaper, with a complexion in which the copper for a few seconds largely dominated the bronze. Deb flushed a bit too when it dawned upon her that she had been staring at a stranger, and for the remainder of the trip, which fortunately was not long, the unconsciously amicable relations between these two became slightly strained, Deb masculine anathematizing himself for unintended rudeness, and Deb feminine having an uneasy consciousness that she had been watched.

Presently the whistle of the steamer as she rounded a rocky point arbitrarily cut short these little tacit misunderstandings. The "All ashore for 'Skansett!" sounded through cabins and passages, causing a general move on the part of those who intended landing at that select and exclusive, though not very fashionable, resort.

Deb gathered up her belongings, and was among the first on the main-deck, whither, after a barely decent interval, the other Deb followed. In due time the plank was thrown ashore, and Aunt Fanny was embracing her pretty niece on the steps of a pony-phaeton, while a tall man looked grimly on from behind an awning post, and then giving his check and order to one of the two rival baggage expressmen whom Anniskansett boasted, strode away toward the cottage pointed out to him as his destination.

Meanwhile, unobserved by their respective owners, the two "D. E. B." trunks were trundled ashore side by side, on one and the same truck, and dumped somewhat promiscuously on the wharf, still maintaining their amicable relations, the big Saratoga sitting on the head, as it were, of its diminutive escort.

Aunt Fanny having satisfactorily embraced her niece, beckoned her own particular expressman, one Dorman, who received Deb's check, and obligingly helped turn the phaeton round, and get the staid little pony's head pointed homeward.

No time was wasted at Anniskansett, and the boat was quickly off again, leaving the rival expressmen to wrangle over their prey.

"Sixty-six!" called Deb masculine's man, and in a twinkling he had whipped off the corresponding check with its leathern thong, and thrown it and its supposed duplicate to the wharf-master.

"Ninety-nine!" cried Aunt Fan's man, and in a moment he had matched checks and bundled the trunk into his wagon. Away drove the two in opposite directions, when their respective loads were made up, and in the course of an hour the two trunks, torn ruthlessly apart, were deposited, each at the wrong cottage, and each was at once carried in-doors, the Saratoga to the returned engineer's room, on which his mother and sister had been lavishing their decorative talent, and the war-worn sole-leather portmanteau to the dainty little chamber prepared by Aunt Fan's loving hands for her favorite niece.

It so happened that the *dénouement* did not take place at once. Aunt Fan insisted that Deb should sit down at the tea table before taking off her hat, while Mrs. Brokaw and her daughters had so much crying and laughing to go through with over their returned wanderer that he had no desire to break, even for a moment, the little family circle, united after so long a separation. The old traveller, indeed, carried with him in his satchel all that he required for his immediate toilet, and so the four sat as long at the table as Edith, whose week it was at housekeeping, would let

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them, and only left it to group themselves on the veranda, while the sails in the offing reflected the sun's last rays, and the horizon line changed from blue to purple under the shadow of advancing twilight.

At Aunt Fan's a different scene transpired. The little dingy, travel-worn, but eminently serviceable sole-leather trunk of our engineer had been, as we have seen, carried upstairs. Bridget and Mary sniffed at its dimensions, the one remarking, contemptuously, to the other:

"Missus's niece didn't fetch her other dress this time."

"No, nor her Sunday bunnet nayther, by the same token."

And both these Hibernian ladies determined forthwith to treat poor Deb with as much coolness as was consistent with amicable relations to their mistress.

Tea over, Aunt Fan went upstairs with Deb to witness her pleasure at the dainty room. Such fresh white curtains, such pretty rugs over the matting, such inviting bamboo chairs, with two upholstered for cold weather, were never seen.

"And here," said Aunt Fan, "is an architectural device of my own—a trunk closet," and she triumphantly drew aside a species of portière concealing an ingeniously contrived alcove large enough to hold a modern trunk of the most exaggerated dimensions, with space allowed for raising the lid, and shelves for the permanent disposition of trays.

With her eyes on Deb's face to observe the effect, Aunt Fan did not note the revelation she had made until, seeing Deb's countenance fall, she glanced at the closet, and her first impression was that it was empty. The modest little black trunk was hardly visible in the dim light.

"Why, Deb! Is that the only trunk you brought?"

"Aunty, that's not my trunk!"

The exclamations were simultaneous, the accentuation of one expressed deeply shocked surprise, and the other dismay mingled with horror.

"Well, I'm sure I'm glad it isn't," was Aunt Fan's next remark. "Dorman must have been crazy to think that little thing belonged to you. It must be a mistake. Of course yours has gone somewhere else. I'll send and have it looked up at once."

So it came to pass that Mary and Bridget were obliged to reconsider their joint resolution, and Mary was forthwith dispatched to the post-office to find out where Dorman lived; but it was after hours, and the local postmistress had gone out rowing with her young man.

Mary met one of her "cousins" on the way back, and "just took a little turn wid her," as she subsequently remarked to Bridget, but did not reach home till 8.35 by Aunt Fan's parlor clock. She accounted for her long absence by declaring to the ladies that she had walked the feet off her hunting that blessed expressman, and "niver a hair uv him could I find, mem."

"Poor Mary!" said tender-hearted Aunt Fan. "Go and have some more tea, and tell Bridget to put on her hat and come here."

Bridget presently appeared in her war paint, and was sent off for a certain young fisher-boy who occasionally lent a hand when there was men's work to be done about Aunt Fan's cottage. This youth was found by nine o'clock, but professed the densest ignorance as to the Dorman habitat. Still, he expressed a willingness to look it up, and started off. Ten o'clock came, and no report; eleven, and then Aunt Fan said she would wait no longer. Ten minutes afterward the fisher-boy arrived, and Deb interviewed him from the second-story window, with Aunt Fan, in dishabille, as a chaperon in the background.

Yes, he had found the Dorman mansion, but all hands had been in bed and asleep for three hours, and he had only aroused Dorman *père* by vehement knockings, whereupon the said *père* had "cussed" him (the fisher-boy) roundly, and told him "there couldn't nothing be done about it nohow till mornin'."

"Well, I suppose we must make the best of it," said Aunt Fan. "It's a great bother, but Dorman shall find your trunk in the morning, or I will go over to his rival. Good-night, dear."

Left alone, and partly disrobed, Deb bethought herself to make a closer inspection of the strange trunk, and placing the lamp on the floor, she drew back the portière, and seating herself, regarded the interloper with no friendly eyes.

"Why," she said to herself, after a while, as a gleam of recognition came to her memory, "I do believe it is the very trunk that mine came down on top of. I felt as if the breath had been crushed out of the poor creature, but it does not seem any the worse for it. I wonder if I can

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see where it struck?" A closer inspection revealed the dent, which Deb regarded with a certain sense of personal proprietorship. "I wonder if there's a name on the end?" and straightway Deb's hands were upon a strap, and she managed, with something of an effort—for the trunk was very heavy, considering its diminutive size—to pull the end round to the light.

Deb's pretty bare arms fell limp at her sides, and she sat looking helplessly at her own initials with an odd little superstitious feeling, as if the battered old portmanteau had an uncanny personality about it.

There was nothing to indicate ownership save the three letters in paint that had once been white, but was now considerably the worse for wear. The letters were duplicated on the other end, to ascertain which fact the trunk was pulled fairly out into the room, and looked far more respectable than when it lurked furtively in the shadows.

"Whose can it be?" thought Deb.

It was really very tantalizing to have such a provoking trunk in one's room and not know something about it.

She went on with her preparations for the night, when, in hanging up her dress, what should drop out of the pocket but her own bunch of keys! Now Deb was as honorable a daughter of Eve as ever lived, but when those keys fell at her feet, as much as to say, "Here we are! try us," she would have been more than mortal had she failed to pick them up and glance guiltily at the trunk.

There it sat (in the shadow again, for she had placed the candle on the dressing-table), with its brass name-plate exposed to view, and it actually seemed to chuckle to itself as it saw Deb turn toward it and blush.

I grieve to say that Deb's next glance was toward the door, and her next move in that direction, when she softly shot the bolt, and again looked over her shoulder at that dreadful trunk.

Surely it was rocking itself back and forth, as if actually going into hysterics at seeing her bolt the door.

Deb resolutely blew out the light, went to the window, opened the blinds, and gazed for a moment out over the shining sea, while the full moon looked in at her casement, making the room bright with its soft radiance.

Deb loved, above all things, to sleep in a moon-lighted room, so she said her prayers and went to bed like a good girl. With her head on her pillow she could look out through the open window and see the surf flash now and then as a roller heavier than usual broke over the rocks. The moon cast a broad band of light across the floor, bringing out the pattern of the rug, and curiously changing its colors from what they were by day. It shone on the matting with its little squares of green and red. It touched the hanging corner of the table cover, and crept slowly upward over the embroidered design in Kensington stitch. And at last Deb, who had been watching all this in a kind of trance, saw it reflected from a bright object on the table corner. She was just dropping off to sleep when she saw it, but opened her eyes enough to recognize her bunch of keys.

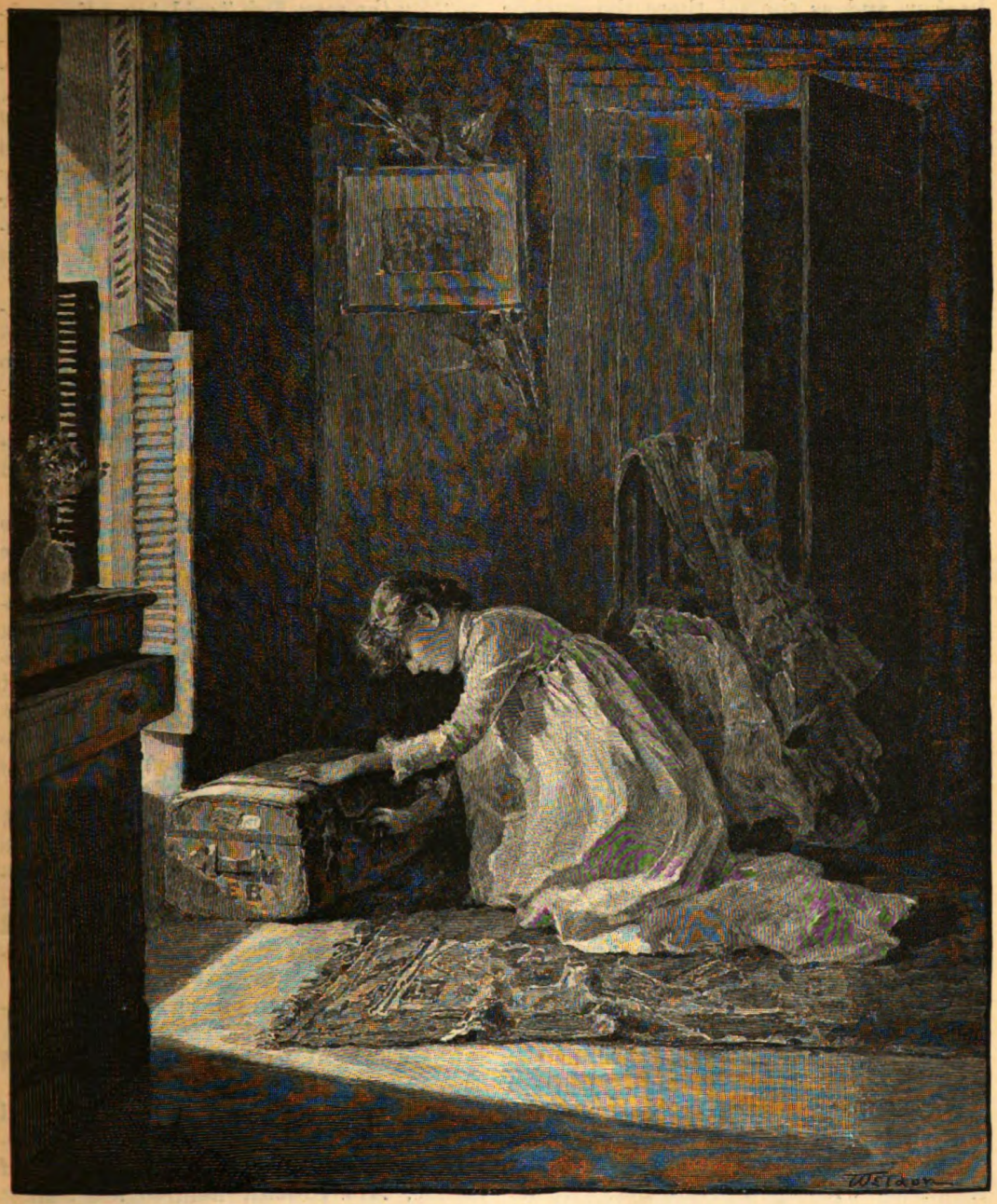
At the same instant she caught a dull yellowish gleam from beyond. The moon—and it is curious beyond belief what a reputation for mischief that luminary has gained in the course of its long and varied relations with mankind—the moonlight had crept across the floor, and managed to peep through the upper left-hand corner of the window and reflect a ray from the brass name-plate aforesaid directly into Deb's half-closed eyes.

Judge her not too harshly, O reader, be thou a man or a woman, if she half rose to rest on her elbow, then sat on the edge of the low bed, and then stole softly across the floor, possessing herself of the keys as she passed the table, and drew near that fascinating trunk.

She knelt on the rug before it, and the moonbeams reflected from her white dress shed a subdued light over the object of her curiosity. In a moment she had undone the small buckle that held a leather flap over the lock, and tried the first key on the bunch—that of her secretary at home. It was too small. The next belonged to her hat-box. It was the right size but would not turn, and it was with some difficulty that she got it out again. The third and last was the key of her own missing trunk. It was of brass, and looked the right size. Her fingers trembled a little as she slipped it into the key-hole.

What if it should get caught or break in the lock? She remembered how brother Jack broke a key once in trying to open an obstinate trunk. Very gently, very cautiously, she turned it from side to

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"SHE KNELT ON THE RUG BEFORE IT."

side, only a few degrees past the key-hole either way.

Nothing seemed to obstruct the motion. She turned it a little farther; it touched something. It seemed to her that she could almost see with her finger-tips, so sensitive were they to the movement of the mechanism.

Her heart was beating quickly with excitement as she steadily increased the pressure. The spring was certainly yielding —yielding, until, with a snap, which almost made Deb scream, the bolt flew back and the hasp sprung out from its socket.

Deb started to her feet with clasped hands and burning cheeks. She went over to the window and sat down on its ledge. How still the house was! Outside she heard the surf booming on the reef. A large schooner yacht lay in the

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harbor, and as she sat there the anchor watch on board struck eight bells. Could it be midnight? It seemed not more than twenty minutes since eleven o'clock.

"That exasperating trunk! Whose can it be? I wonder if my key will lock it again?"

Horrible thought! and back went Deb to lock and unlock the alluring bolt half a dozen times. There was no doubt about it. They key was a perfect fit.

By this time Deb's conscience had become a bit hardened by continual trifling with temptation, and she began to reason with herself that, after all, since the trunk *could* be opened, the simplest way to settle the question of ownership was to open it.

The large strap was rather tight, but Deb kneeled on the trunk, and having very vigorous muscles in those shapely hands and arms of hers, she soon had them undone; and then conscience awoke again, and she had another vision: the memory of a picture came back to her, an exquisite fancy of Pandora that she had seen somewhere. The luckless damsel of classic fable was kneeling on a chest of beaten silver (just as Deb herself was at that very moment kneeling on the old trunk), and raising its lid. From underneath the lifted cover a myriad mocking elves were escaping and flying up and away beyond possibility of capture.

For a brief moment Deb struggled with herself, and even went so far as to half refasten one of the straps, but "What nonsense!" she said to herself. "Modern men don't carry elves in their trunks, nor feathers either. Why should I be afraid?"

Nevertheless, she shivered a bit as she lifted the heavily packed top; but perhaps she was getting a little chilly, and probably it was the moonlight that made her seem a trifle pale; at all events, the strange trunk lay wide open before her, with its contents exposed. The next thing Deb did was to close, lock, and treble strap what had caused her so much trouble, and creep back into bed. She was entirely satisfied by what she had seen, and was sound asleep before the drowsy anchor watch struck two bells on board the yacht.

What farther tribulations the two trunk owners passed through need not here be related. Suffice it that the rival expressmen were in due time confronted and made to compare notes, and by noon of the next day each had delivered a missing trunk to its proper owner.

"By-the-way, Deb," said Aunt Fan, after luncheon, "there is a family of newcomers in the north cottage. A Mrs. Brokaw and daughters—two or three of them, I don't know which; and I wish you would call there with me when we drive out this afternoon. I understand they are very nice people, and there is a son and brother coming by-and-by, a surveyor, or something of that kind, who has been out West for ever so long."

Deb was quite ready to make acquaintances, and in the latter part of the afternoon the pony-phaeton was brought to the door. 'Skansett prided itself on informality in the matter of social requirements, and it was quite the thing for ladies to drive themselves, or make calls on foot if so disposed.

Arrived at the Brokaws' cottage, the two ladies advanced up the walk, and found the family seated on the veranda, after the pleasant sea-side custom. The introductions had therefore to be of the most direct and awkward character, without the convenient medium of cards, and it was not until the feminine portion thereof was over that Mrs. Brokaw named her son to the visitors, and Deb turned to confront her fellow-passenger of the day before.

The recognition was mutual, but as yet Deb had no reason to think of him as the receiver of her own trunk, and the proprietor of the one whose influence from time to time during the day had rested with unpleasant weight upon her conscience.

The little company naturally divided itself into two semi-detached groups, with Aunt Fan and Mrs. Brokaw in one, and Deb and her fellow-traveller in the other.

"We should never have come," said Aunt Fan, "if we had known your long-lost boy had just returned," and then, of course, Mrs. Brokaw assured her that it was the best time in the world to call, and finding a sympathetic listener in Aunt Fan, went on to talk of the returned wanderer and his adventures, until wishing to appeal to him for confirmation of some statement, she turned toward him with,

"Tell me, Deb, how was it that—?" She stopped in dismay at the start with which her younger visitor turned, and the amazed look with which she regarded her.

"I beg your pardon, mother; I didn't catch the last part of your question," said her son, who was already on friendly conversational terms with his guest.

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"Oh, I was just telling Mrs. Brokaw about that funny mistake about your trunk, and I could not remember— Why, Miss Bradford, what is the matter?" this as she saw Deb flush up to the very ripples of brown hair on her forehead.

Here Aunt Fan came laughingly to the rescue. "One moment, Mrs. Brokaw. What did you call your son just now?"

"Deb."

"Deb?" incredulously from Aunt Fan.

"Yes; his full name is Dorsey Everett Brokaw, and the initials spell D. E. B., don't you see?"

"Deb, dear, did you ever!" was all that Aunt Fan could say; at which remark, of course, Deb masculine was somewhat astounded.

Then it all came out how the initials of the two were identical; how the same home name—"a sort of initial-acrostic, either masculine, feminine, or neuter," as Dorsey Brokaw put it, had become attached to each in childhood, and had clung to them ever since, how the trunk checks had become indistinguishably mixed, how the trunks themselves had gone visiting, and all the rest of it.

"Do you know, Miss De—I mean Miss Bradford," said Dorsey, "we tried all the keys in the house on your trunk, hoping to find whose it was, but none of them would fit."

Poor little Deb! she was painfully distrait all through this talk, but fortunately the others were so animated that her silence was hardly noticed, and by the time Dorsey's very personal appeal was made to her, she was able to make some not altogether inappropriate response. Her distress of mind was very deep, for she was rather morbidly conscientious, and in this instance her perplexity and distress were increased by an inexplicable element of uncertainty. She seemed to have perpetrated her midnight deed under a spell. She saw herself, as it were, through a gauze veil, kneeling in the moonlight and trying her keys in that exasperating lock. Deb had never read Elephas Levi or Madame Blavatsky, and knew nothing of the alleged "Astral" being which, it is said, sometimes leaves us when we are asleep, and goes and does things which it shouldn't, and of which we get the credit or discredit when we return to our proper selves. She only felt that under the bewitching influence of the full moon she had done what now seemed to her a very dishonorable act. What would she not have given to be able to refer as frankly to the matter of trying the keys as did this handsome fellow beside her? However, after a few days, during which it always seemed to be low tide, she in a measure recovered her usual spirits.

The acquaintance thus inaugurated between the two households quickly ripened into an informal friendship. After an ineffectual attempt to keep up a show of give and take in the matter of interchange of calls, the young ladies agreed mutually to run in whenever they liked, and of course the two Debs were presently calling each other Miss Deb and Mr. Deb in the most friendly fashion possible.

So the summer hastened away, and it came to pass when September arrived with its wonderful clear moonlight nights, and cottagers were beginning to put up their board shutters and go home to the cities, that one evening our two families agreed to join forces for an afternoon tea on the rocks of Farther Point, and wait to see the full harvest-moon rise before coming home.

Two well-filled luncheon baskets were accordingly provided and sent down to the beach, and at four o'clock, with Dorsey and a friend invited for the occasion at the oars, the party started to cross the harbor. It need not be here related how the cloth was spread on a flat rock at the edge of the woods, how the one Deb gathered drift-wood and made the coffee, while the other toasted some slices of bread, how it was the most perfect of September days, and how at last the sun went down in an amber sky, and the shadows began to gather in the hollows of the rocks and underneath the stunted oaks of the hill-side.

Leaving the two elder ladies in a sort of sisterly converse, whereof they had of late become very fond, the younger ones strolled off down the rocks toward the bold promontory which formed the end of the point. Now while divisions and separations are an integral part of this life, they are particularly prone to occur in parties made up as this one was of unequal numbers of the opposite sexes, and it presently happened that Edith, the younger of the Misses Brokaw, found herself sitting alone, and gazing pensively at the sad sea waves, while the others, Deb in its dual form, and her sister Bell with her escort, continued on their respective and devious ways, totally oblivi-

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ous of her existence. Pouting a little, Edith gathered up her skirts and went back alone to her mother and Aunt Fan, who were so deep in confidential discourse that without speaking she found a seat near them, and, wrapping herself in a shawl and meditation, waited for the moon to rise.

With Belle and her beau we have no especial concern, but this is what Deb Bradford was saying to Deb Brokaw just as the moon lifted the edge of her shield out of the sapphire sea, and they two stood facing each other on the very apex of Farther Point.

"Stop, Mr. Brokaw—stop! Do not go on till I have told you something."

"But Deb—Miss Bradford—"

"No! Wait! Let me speak;" and then Deb, with a voice that gave way more than once, but with an earnestness of purpose that fixed and held her companion's attention, told the story of her humiliation. How she had opened the trunk, and what she had seen, sparing herself in no smallest particular.

"There," she said, sadly, when she had finished, "now take me back to my aunt. You were asking me to—to be your wife. Your words were hardly uttered. Consider them altogether unsaid, and let me go."

"Deb, you are dreaming. You can never have opened my trunk."

"But I did."

"Impossible!"

"I will tell you what I saw."

"Well."

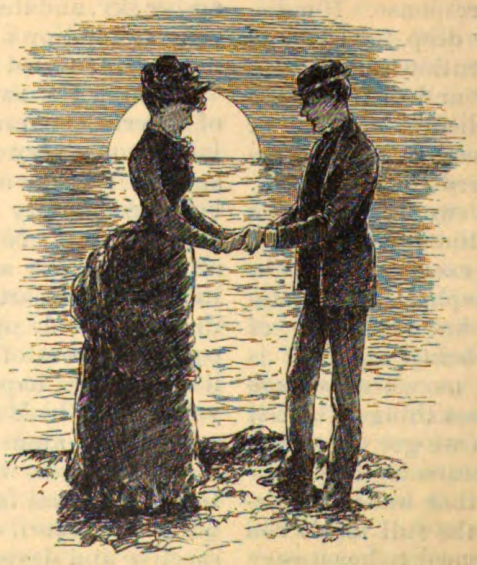
"Right on top, looking up at me in the moonlight, was the miniature of a lovely, lovely girl, framed in gold and velvet, and with such a reproachful expression on its face that it has haunted me ever since."

"I knew it! I knew it! Deb, you were dreaming, sure enough. Do you want to know what you would really have seen if you had opened that trunk? Yes? Well, you would have seen a tin cup, a pair of Colt revolvers, army size, and a large sheath-knife. You were dreaming, Deb—you were dreaming. And what's more, the lock is a combination, and you could not have opened it even if your key *had* fitted."

Deb was fairly carried away by his impetuosity. Could it have been all a dream? The remembrance had grown more and more vague with every passing day. Perhaps he was right. Heaven grant it! and a conviction that he must be telling the truth crept into her heart as she raised her brimming eyes to his. She could not speak, but she held out both hands.

Just at this moment, Edith, sitting on the rocks a bow-shot inland, broke in upon the half-audible confidences of her mother and Aunt Fan.

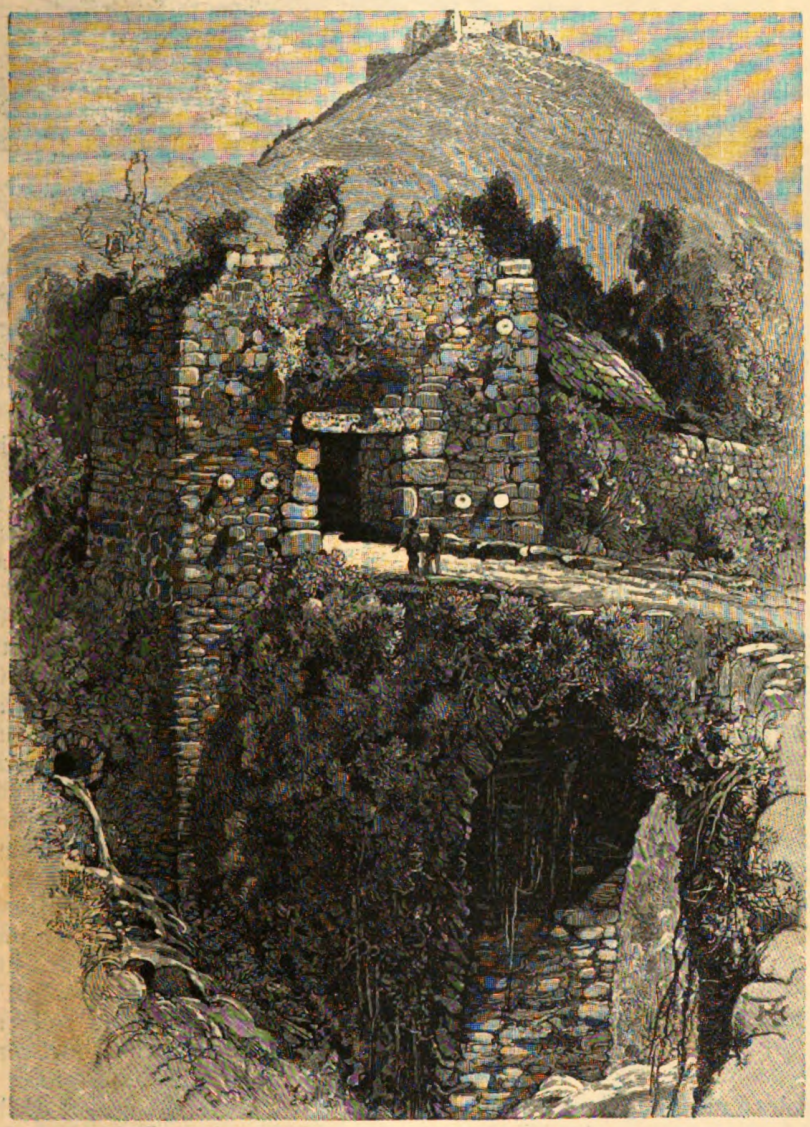
"I haven't heard the whole conversation," she said, "but if you are talking about Deb and Miss Bradford, it strikes me you may as well set your minds at rest," and, laughing softly, she pointed toward the rising moon.



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A LUNCH WITH THE DRUZES.

WE had camped at Cæsarea Philippi, or Banias. The Hill of Dan was but a mile away, so that we had reached the northern limit of Palestine. Well may the title of the "Holy Land" be denied to Syria this morning. Must climb Mount Hermon, and take lunch with the Druzes." In a few moments we are across the upper source of the Jordan, just where it pours in full flood from the earth at the base of

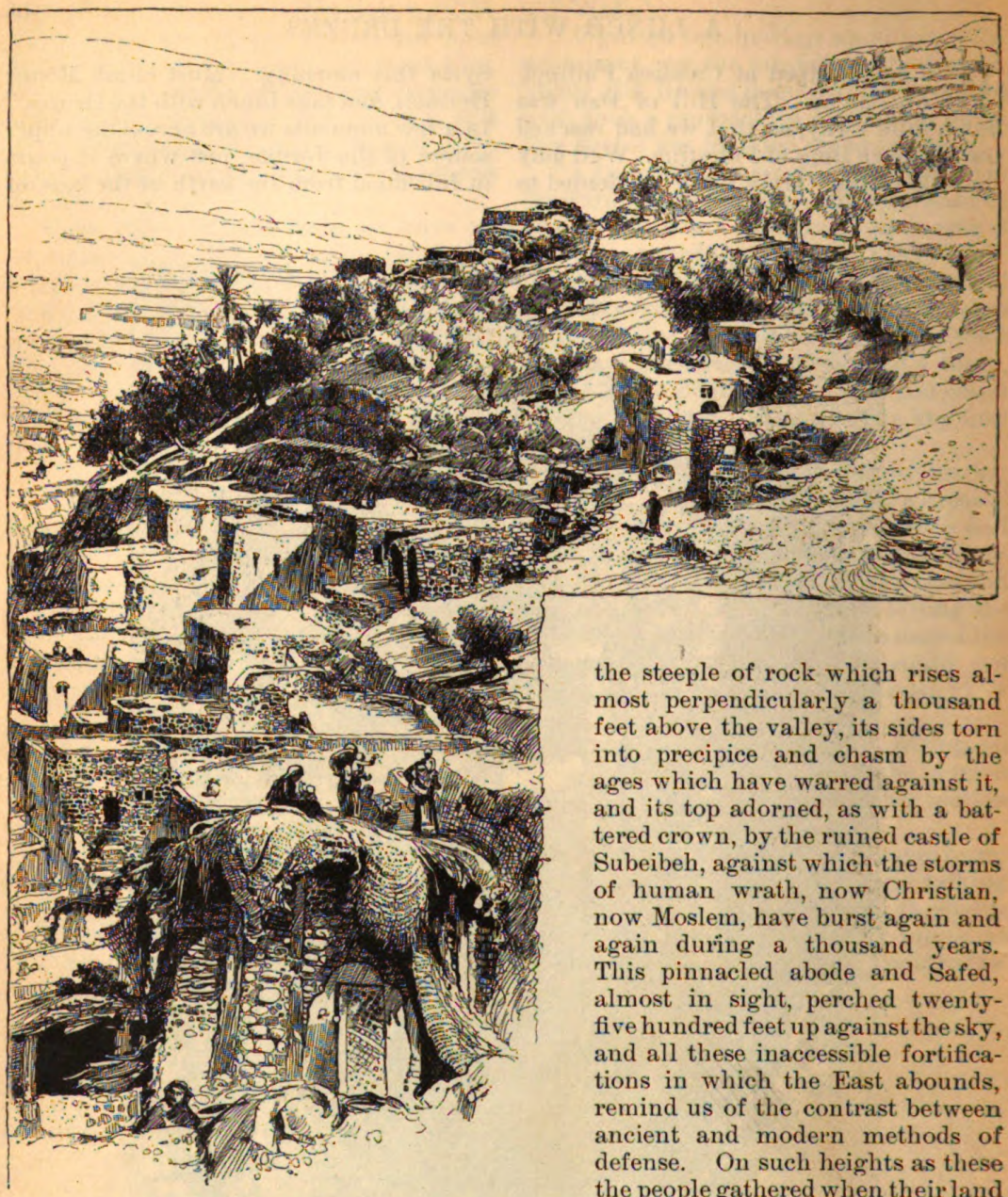


OLD BRIDGE AT BANIAS.

that beyond, for His holy feet paused here in their weary mission to the chosen people, and were turned back to Jerusalem, where He suffered for all mankind.

"To horse, gentlemen!" shouted our dragoman, as we came from the breakfast tent in the early twilight. "We enter the rocky cliff, and flashes in a hundred miniature cascades, which join their babble into a roar as they run. We cast a parting glance into the great cavern which was once the sanctuary of the Greek Pan, and read again the inscriptions on the solid rock above it, which were carved by

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A DRUZE VILLAGE ON MOUNT HERMON.

hands long since mouldered with the faith they would have perpetuated. We laugh at the "country-seats" which the people of Banias have built on the roofs of their town houses—little booths of sticks and leaves, in which they escape the raids of scorpions and lizards and the hordes of noisome vermin which infest the stones below, and where they at the same time regale themselves with the magnificent view of the plain of Huleh across to the Waters of Merom. We gaze with awe upon the steeple of rock which rises almost perpendicularly a thousand feet above the valley, its sides torn into precipice and chasm by the ages which have warred against it, and its top adorned, as with a battered crown, by the ruined castle of Subeibeh, against which the storms of human wrath, now Christian, now Moslem, have burst again and again during a thousand years. This pinnacled abode and Safed, almost in sight, perched twenty-five hundred feet up against the sky, and all these inaccessible fortifications in which the East abounds, remind us of the contrast between ancient and modern methods of defense. On such heights as these the people gathered when their land was invaded, and were as safe as eagles from the short-ranged weapons of their assailants.

Now we begin the ascent of the eastern slope of Hermon. Behind us the Land of Promise, from Dan to Beersheba, fills the view. Before us rises the grand old sentinel of Palestine, dropping the white plumes of snow from his helmet of ice, his body wounded with many a cavern, and bleeding in torrents which roar down his sides. But suddenly out from their retreats behind peak and promontory the clouds charge down upon us, first rolling their squadrons of blinding mist, then rattling

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their infantry fire of rain-drops and hail, until darkness and deluge commingle in the assault. Our horses can hardly stagger up against the solid storm. With heads bent upon the necks of our faithful beasts, we batter our way along, and as we can not see nor chat, we fall to musing about the Druzes.

We are to lunch in one of their villages. But from what we have heard of this people we might be forgiven for a slight fear lest they may lunch off our bones if we enter their retreats. These are the men who twenty years ago drenched the valleys of the Lebanons with the blood of Christians. From village to town and from town to city went their war-cry: "Deen, deen, deen Mohammed!" (The religion, the religion, the religion of Mohammed.) Eleven thousand men fell beneath their bullets and knives in Deir-el-Kamer, Hasbeya, Zachle, and Damascus. Ismail-il-Uttrush, one of their most ferocious chieftains, came from a hamlet near us. These men were the pets of that she-devil Sitt Naaify and her monster brother Said Bey Jumblatt. When the Turkish soldiers had driven the Christians of Hasbeya into the court-yard of the seraglio, under pretense of affording them protection, the Druzes sprang upon them with daggers and hatchets, hacking their victims slowly to pieces, beginning with fingers and toes, lopping off noses and ears, that they might prolong the feast of blood until their appetites were cloyed with the fiendish revelry, and then they cut their throats. Sitt Naaify, holding up a lantern over the piles of the slain, uttered a compliment which was doubtless appreciated in hell: "Well done, my good and faithful Druzes! this is just what I expected from you."

And we are going to lunch with these amiable fellows! What if they should still be thinking of that pleasant command of their old mistress, "Leave not a Christian man alive in Syria between seven and seventy years old"! Hallo! dragoman, does Mistress Naaify keep house among the Druzes?

We are made quite comfortable with the assurance that Sitt Naaify has gone to "her own place." According to one account, she has taken a heavy laundry contract down by the river Styx, where she is engaged in the endless task of washing the blood marks from her own soul; according to another, she is the devil's chief cook, and has to roast the souls of her Druzes, holding them in her own hands over the Tartarean fires.

These Druzes have some excellent qualities. They never harm a woman. In the heat of the fiercest massacres they would unclasp the mother's arms from the form of her boy, or drag her away from the side of her husband, before they struck the bloody blow. They are like blood-hounds, ungovernable in their cruelty when on the scent of the enemy, but playful, affectionate, faithful to friends. Just now they hate the Turks, who made such use of them in 1859–60. The English have been humoring them, so that we will pass for friends. For some days past we have been coming upon little squads of Turkish soldiers, who are watching their movements to give instant report of anything like an armed uprising among them, and to intercept the communication of the Druzes of the Hauran district with those of the valley of the Litany, and those scattered over the Lebanons, or, as they are called, the "mountains of the Druzes." But the Turk can never master this people, who are banded together by a system of intercourse and a community of interest which make them in their scattered hamlets really the most compact people in Syria.

Perhaps the closest tie between them is that of their religious faith. While Mohammedans, they are a heretical sect, hated by the orthodox Moslem almost as much as are the Christians. Their peculiar faith was expressed by one of them while murdering a Christian. The victim with his dying breath cried out, "In Thy name, Lord Jesus." His murderer replied with a kick: "Call on your Jesus! He can't save you. Don't you know that God is a Druze?" This, which to us is a horrid blasphemy, is to him a pious belief. He holds that Hakem, the Fatimite Caliph (996–1021 A.D.), was a manifestation of God. He anticipates the re-appearance of Hakem as a mighty conqueror, when he will lead the Druzes to the summit of earthly glory. Hence he regards himself as belonging to a sacred caste.

But while we are thus musing, the clouds lift, and by our side, nestling on the slope of Hermon, at an elevation of about five thousand feet, gleam the white walls of Mejdel. If this is a fair specimen of their villages, the Druzes are better housed than their Arab neighbors. Some of these houses are of cut stone, two stories high, with arched verandas, in inviting contrast

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DEMANDING OUR BOOTS.

with the cobble-stone and thatched hut of the Arab villager, or the black goat-hair tents of the Bedâwî rover. Boys clamber along by our horses, selling curious shells of Hermon, which are claimed as relics of the olden time when the waters covered the tops of the mountains, but which, upon minute examination, only prove that for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee is not peculiar. These keen-eyed little imps are the true sons of the men who volunteered in a regiment for the Russian service in the Crimea, pouched the bounty, and staid at home.

About eleven o'clock we arrived at Beit Jenn. The site of this hamlet shows that the Druze has a love of nature in his bloodshot eye; for what but the magnificent view could have induced him to hang his village on the almost perpendicular face of a precipice? The houses are so constructed that the roof of one, made of logs, and plastered thick with mud, becomes the court-yard of the next above it, the whole settlement looking like a giant stairway. The topmost houses command the plateau above; the lowest range the valley beneath, like a water-battery.

The dense clouds shut us in again as we approach the village, so that our cavalcade is not observed until our horses' heads are poking into the doors of the astounded inhabitants. But in an instant more the whole settlement is in commotion. The entire population, men, women, naked babies, and mangy dogs, pour from their homes as from holes in the earth, and leaping from roof to roof, or streaming down the narrow paths between the houses, surround us with glances as sharp as their historic daggers. A moment's conversation convinces them that we are only a lot of hungry and bedraggled travellers. A few coins effect a lease for an hour or two of one of the most stately residences in the town, from cellar to garret, both of which apartments are in one, floored with mother earth, and roofed with untrimmed branches of trees, whose interstices are filled with mud. The side walls of our "own hired house" are thickly plastered with yellow clay, upon which some native artist has executed pot-hooks and

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noses in *basso-rilievo* work, suggestive of the state of sculpture a thousand years before the days of Tubal-Cain. Clay bins for grain protrude from the walls, like the well-stuffed pouches of kangaroos. Holes dug out between the stones answer for shelves, pantries, bureaus, secretaries, wine closets, and catch-alls—suggestive of most commendable economy of furniture and space. There are no such useless parasites of civilization as tables and chairs, though of uncivilized parasites there is an abundance.

The Druzes are exceedingly hospitable, for a hundred of them bow to us to enter and make ourselves at home. They even grunt their pleasure as our hosts when Yosef abu Yakoob (Joseph the father of Jacob), our honored lunch-man, opens his pannier, spreads our great rug on the "ground-floor," and heaps it with our own cold meats and fruits, while we decorate its border with our crossed legs. Our hosts crowd so densely about the doorway—the only opening we have for daylight—that it is difficult to distinguish a chicken bone from a boot heel, or a napkin from a riding skirt. We beg our entertainers not to spoil their hospitality by rendering it unavailable, but our remonstrances only bring them in denser multitude about the entrance. As we entreat, they scowl. There is no help for it but to invite them in. They fill every inch of standing-room at our backs as quickly as small boys pack a theatre when the doors are opened. Bending over us with uncouth and unsavory forms, they watch our every motion as closely as if our performance with fingers and forks were some new species of jugglery. Yosef solves our perplexity by assuring us that these fellows are like great dogs that fondle their friends by pawing them to death; for the Druze imagines that he is negligent in hospitality if he allows his guest to do anything, even the most private, without showing his interest in it.

When we come out of our banqueting hall we feel this point of etiquette a little too sharply, as our new friends proceed to examine our coats, hats, shoe-strings, and, unless they are already occupied by our own hands, the insides of our pockets as well. Our muleteers prevent them from showing the same interest in our saddle-bags and harness only by keeping up a Gatling-gun fire of threatening gabble, interspersed with a discharge now and then of stones. They beg in pantomime for our ladies' finger rings, watch chains, gloves, and gaiter buttons, and are thrown into rhapsodies at the display of a Yankee pocket-knife with six blades. At one moment the murmur of their cupidity, as they stand grunting in groups, is ominous of danger; the next, their childish glee over some trifling gift is equally reassuring.

Three of us being Americans, and of course more inquisitive than other members of the party, wander a little way off to inspect Druzedom in the interior. We are met by the sheik, a white-haired, big-nosed, pinch-eyed man, who is a physiognomical enigma. Is he a venerable saint, whose amiability of aspect has become somewhat knotted and gnarled by the severity of his devotions, or is he an unmitigated old rascal, whose villainy blotches his hypocritical countenance? Perhaps he is simply a typical Druze, whose racial character is a conglomerate of the worst and some of the best features of human nature. We will give him the benefit of all our doubts. With the profoundest salaams he invites us to follow him to his house in a distant part of the village. His dwelling is a repetition of the other houses, except that it is two stories in height, the lower floor being occupied by his cattle. The walls are covered with the same rudimentary art, though in more profusion than those of the common people. The floor of his drawing-room, basilica, or whatever name might best fit the solitary apartment, is made of packed clay. One end of it is covered with several mats and rugs. Taking off his shoes, which he does by simply stepping out of them, he seats himself cross-legged in one corner, and bowing like a rolly-poly, he invites us to do likewise. But the moment we approach the rugs the sheik goes off in what seems to be a genuine case of spontaneous combustion. He puffs his cheeks, alternately grunts in sub-ventral and shrieks in hyper-falsetto tones, and is apparently about to fly to pieces with the violence of his gesticulations. What can be the matter with him? Is he subject to fits, like his great prophet Mohammed, or is his spasm of purely mental origin, of which we have been the innocent occasion? A significant gesture gives us the clew to a proper diagnosis of his disorder. He fitfully points to his own uncovered feet, and then to ours booted for

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the tramp, and over-booted for horseback. We see it all. In our verdancy we had not imagined that we were called upon to play the part of Moses at the burning bush simply to show reverence to the mayor of Beit Jenn.

The uproar brings a crowd of Druzes, who jam themselves into the room, and turn the solo performance of the sheik into a general chorus. Of course there could be no doubt about our personal bravery, and on this occasion we find it rising to valor's better part, which is discretion. Three Americans, out of hearing of their party, in a group of fifty yelling half savages, are not under any special obligation to uphold the dignity of the American flag. Though we carried one—twelve inches by eight—in our pocket for great emergencies, such as hiring an Arab to climb higher with it on the staff at the top of the Pyramid in Egypt than the Arab hired by an Englishman did with Miss Britannica's pocket handkerchief, we feel that to wave it in the faces of these men, who never heard of a continent beyond the seas, would be worse than to cast pearls before swine. We are disposed to yield our own sense of propriety to that of our friends. But to take off our boots in such quarters is not the wisest thing to do. We therefore compromise. We delegate all our dignity to the person of Dr.——, to whom we reverently point as our "big sheik." The doctor removes his double layer of leather, and curls up in the corner opposite to his Honor, imitating so far as possible the same crooking of the legs and contortions of phyz, as much as to say, We like your customs far better than our own, and would be pleased to learn them.

The comicalities of the situation at once make us feel of kin. Man is the animal who laughs. That is the mark of the unity of the race, and the mutual laugh drives all fear from our hearts and wrath from theirs. In a few moments good-fellowship is so far restored that we take our part in the entertainment—the part the caged animals take in the entertainment of the menagerie. We give them our home songs, from "Nearer, my God, to Thee," to "Mulligan Guards," drawing grunts of delight from the audience at every Selah. The wild crew try to join in the chorus of the "Blue-tailed Fly," and accomplish a grand success, covering fully seventeen octaves. Louder and higher swells the song, until our leader's top note breaks off in the middle, to the convulsive delight of the sheik, who beats his hams almost blue in the rhapsody of his applause.

But alas for human nature even in its best moods! An ignominious wretch, unimpressed by all this sweet brotherly love which was floating about him, filling his ears and nostrils as with incense, has taken the opportunity to steal our "big sheik's" boots. Such is his impudence that there he stands in them, admiring his dirty legs with so splendid a peroration. Our gentle remonstrances act upon the serene circle as the winds do on these mountain ponds, and in a moment Druzedom is in an angry uproar. Cries of *Bakhshîsh!* rise from all sides. A hundred hands are stretched out, some clinched into fists, and some discovered feeling for our pockets. Even the sheik catches the undignified mania. After some moments of hubbub our side of the house "gets the floor," and with energetic pointing to the boot-y, and affectionate patting of the stockinged feet of our "big sheik," and most mellifluous repetition of the word *bakhshîsh* while we rub the wishbone of the other sheik, we succeed in lodging a new idea in that old hypocrite's covetous breast. Rising from his corner, he swells big with contempt for the cupidity of his people. With righteous indignation he orders the restoration of the sacred boots, and almost breaks his nose with the wrench he gives it in affecting to sneer at the filthy feet they are stripped from. With majestic gesture he waves them to be gone.

And now shall we treat this old humbug as a prince or as a beggar? Our notions of propriety suggest the latter course. To our astonishment, a very insignificant coin from each allays all the itching of his palm, and shaking hands with us all, he dismisses us with mutual satisfaction. Outside the house we have some rough pleasantry with our new friends, and with their noisy escort we rejoin our party, and meet their curiosity concerning our absence with marvellous tales of the mysterious orgies of the Druzes in secret places.

In an hour we are on the highest point of the slope of Hermon we are to cross, with the mighty wall of snow peaks above our heads on the west, and to the north the descending steps of long plateaux leading down into the desert.

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INDIAN SUMMER.

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V.

COLVILLE fell asleep with the flattered sense which abounds in the heart of a young man after his first successful evening in society, but which can visit maturer life only upon some such conditions of long exile and return as had been realized in his. The looks of these two charming women followed him into his dreams; he knew he must have pleased them, the dramatic homage of the child was evidence of that; and though it had been many years since he had found it sufficient cause of happiness to have pleased a woman, the desire to do so was by no means extinct in him. The eyes of the girl hovered above him like stars; he felt in their soft gaze that he was a romance to her young heart, and this made him laugh; it also made him sigh.

He woke at dawn with a sharp twinge in his shoulder, and he rose to give himself the pleasure of making his own fire with those fagots of broom and pine twigs which he had enjoyed the night before, promising himself to get back into bed when the fire was well going, and sleep late. While he stood before the open stove, the jangling of a small bell outside called him to the window, and he saw a procession which had just issued from the church, going to administer the extreme unction to some dying person across the piazza. The parish priest went first, bearing the consecrated wafer in its vessel, and at his side an acolyte holding a yellow silk umbrella over the Eucharist; after them came a number of *facchini* in white robes and white hoods that hid their faces; their tapers burned sallow and lifeless in the new morning light; the bell jangled dismally.

"They even die dramatically in this country," thought Colville, in whom the artist was taken with the effectiveness of the spectacle before his human pity was stirred for the poor soul who was passing. He reproached himself for that, and instead of getting back to bed, he dressed and waited for the mature hour which he had ordered his breakfast for. When it came at last, picturesquely borne on the open hand of Giovanni, steaming coffee, hot milk, sweet butter in delicate disks, and two white eggs coyly tucked in the fold of a napkin, and all grouped upon the wide salver, it brought him a measure of the consolation which good cheer imparts to the ridiculous human heart even in the house where death is. But the sad incident tempered his mind with a sort of pensiveness that lasted throughout the morning, and quite till lunch. He spent the time in going about the churches; but the sunshine which the day began with was overcast, as it was the day before, and the churches were rather too dark and cold in the afternoon. He went to Viesseux's reading-room and looked over the English papers, which he did not care for much; and he also made a diligent search of the catalogue for some book about Florence for little Effie Bowen: he thought he would like to surprise her mother with his interest in the matter. As the day waned toward dark, he felt more and more tempted to take her at her word; when she had said that any day was her day to him, and go to see her. If he had been a younger man he would have anxiously considered this indulgence and denied himself, but after forty a man denies himself no reasonable and harmless indulgence; he has learned by that time that it is a pity and a folly to do so.

Colville found Mrs. Bowen's room half full of arriving and departing visitors, and then he remembered that it was this day she had named to him on the Ponte Vecchio, and when Miss Graham thanked him for coming his first Thursday, he made a merit of not having forgotten it, and said he was going to come every Thursday during the winter. Miss Graham drew him a cup of tea from the Russian samovar which replaces in some Florentine houses the tea-pot of Occidental civilization, and Colville smiled upon it and upon her, bending over the brazen urn with a flower-like tilt of her beautiful head. She wore an æsthetic dress of creamy camel's-hair, whose color pleased the eye as its softness would have flattered the touch.

"What a very Tourguéneffish effect the samovar gives!" he said, taking a biscuit from the basket Effie Bowen brought him, shrinking with redoubled shyness from the eyebrows which he arched at her. "I wonder you can keep from calling me Fedor Colvillitch. Where is your mother, Effie Bowenovna?" he asked of the child, with a temptation to say Imogene Grahamovna.

They both looked mystified, but Miss

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Graham said, "I'm sorry to say you won't see Mrs. Bowen to-day. She has a very bad headache, and has left Effie and me to receive. We feel very incompetent, but she says it will do us good."

There were some people there of the night before, and Colville had to talk to them. One of the ladies asked him if he had met the Inglehart boys as he came in.

"The Inglehart boys? No. What are the Inglehart boys?"

"They were here all last winter, and they've just got back. It's rather exciting for Florence." She gave him a rapid sketch of that interesting exodus of a score of young painters from the art school at Munich, under the lead of the singular and fascinating genius by whose name they became known. "They had their own school for a while in Munich, and then they all came down into Italy in a body. They had their studio things with them, and they travelled third class, and they made the greatest excitement everywhere, and had the greatest fun. They were a great sensation in Florence. They went everywhere, and were such favorites. I hope they are going to stay."

"I hope so too," said Colville. "I should like to see them."

"Dear me!" said the lady, with a glance at the clock. "It's five! I must be going."

The other ladies went, and Colville approached to take leave, but Miss Graham detained him.

"What is Tourguéneffish?" she demanded.

"The quality of the great Russian novelist Tourguéneff," said Colville, perceiving that she had not heard of him.

"Oh!"

"You ought to read him. The samovar sends up its agreeable odor all through his books. Read *Lisa* if you want your heart really broken."

"I'm glad you approve of heart-breaks in books. So many people won't read anything but cheerful books. It's the only quarrel I have with Mrs. Bowen. She says there are so many sad things in life that they ought to be kept out of books."

"Ah, there I perceive a divided duty," said Colville. "I should like to agree with both of you. But if Mrs. Bowen were here I should remind her that if there are so many sad things in life, that is a very good reason for putting them in books too."

"Of course I shall tell her what you said."

"Why, I don't object to a certain degree of cheerfulness in books; only don't carry it too far—that's all."

This made the young girl laugh, and Colville was encouraged to go on. He told her of the sight he had seen from his window at daybreak, and he depicted it all very graphically, and made her feel its pathos perhaps more keenly than he had felt it. "Now that little incident kept with me all day, tempering my boisterous joy in the Giottos, and reducing me to a decent composure in the presence of the Cimabues; and it's pretty hard to keep from laughing at some of them—don't you think?"

The young people perceived that he was making fun again; but he continued with an air of greater seriousness. "Don't you see what a very good thing that was to begin one's day with? Why, even in Santa Croce, with the thermometer ten degrees below zero in the shade of Alfieri's monument, I was no gayer than I should have been in a church at home. I suppose Mrs. Bowen would object to having that procession go by under one's window in a book; but I can't really see how it would hurt the reader, or damp his spirits permanently. A wholesome reaction would ensue, such as you see now in me, whom the thing happened to in real life."

He stirred his tea, and shook with an inward laugh as he carried it to his lips.

"Yes," said Miss Graham, thoughtfully, and she looked at him searchingly in the interval of silence that ensued. But she only added: "I wish it would get warmer in the churches. I've seen hardly anything of them yet."

"From the way I felt in them to-day," sighed Colville, "I should think the churches would begin to thaw out about the middle of May. But if one goes well wrapped up in furs, and has a friend along to rouse him and keep him walking when he is about to fall into that lethargy which precedes death by freezing, I think they may be visited even now with safety. Have you been in Santa Maria Novella yet?"

"No," said Miss Graham, with a shake of the head that expressed her resolution to speak the whole truth if she died for it, "not even in Santa Maria Novella."

"What a wonderful old place it is! That curious façade, with the dials and its

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layers of black and white marble soaked golden red in a hundred thousand sunsets! That exquisite grand portal!" He gesticulated with the hand that the tea-cup left free, to suggest form and measurement, as artists do. "Then the inside! The great Cimabue, with all that famous history on its back—the first divine Madonna by the first divine master, carried through the streets in a triumph of art and religion! Those frescoes of Ghirlandajo's, with real Florentine faces and figures in them, and all lavished upon the eternal twilight of that choir—but I suppose that if the full day were let in on them once, they would vanish like ghosts at cock-crow! You must be sure to see the Spanish chapel; and the old cloister itself is such a pathetic place. There's a boys' school, as well as a military college, in the suppressed convent now, and the colonnades were full of boys running and screaming and laughing and making a joyful racket; it was so much more sorrowful than silence would have been there. One of the little scamps came up to me and the young monk that was showing me round, and bobbed us a mocking bow and bobbed his hat off; then they all burst out laughing again and raced away, and the monk looked after them and said, so sweetly and wearily, 'They're at their diversions; we must have patience.' There are only twelve monks left there; all the rest are scattered and gone." He gave his cup to Miss Graham for more tea.

"Don't you think," she asked, drawing it from the samovar, "that it is very sad having the convents suppressed?"

"It was very sad having slavery abolished—for some people," suggested Colville: he felt the unfairness of the point he had made.

"Yes," sighed Miss Graham.

Colville stood stirring his second cup of tea, when the *portière* parted, and showed Mrs. Bowen wistfully pausing on the threshold. Her face was pale, but she looked extremely pretty there.

"Ah, come in, Mrs. Bowen!" he called gayly to her. "I won't give you away to the other people. A cup of tea will do you good."

"Oh, I'm a great deal better," said Mrs. Bowen, coming forward to give him her hand. "I heard your voice, and I couldn't resist looking in."

"That was very kind of you," said Colville, gratefully; and her eyes met his in a glance that flushed her face a deep red. "You find me here—*I* don't know why!—in my character of old family friend, doing my best to make life a burden to the young ladies."

"I wish you would stay to a family dinner with us," said Mrs. Bowen, and Miss Graham brightened in cordial support of the hospitality. "Why can't you?"

"I don't know, unless it's because I'm a humane person, and have some consideration for your headache."

"Oh, that's all gone," said Mrs. Bowen. "It was one of those convenient headaches—if you ever had them, you'd know—that go off at sunset."

"But you'd have another to-morrow."

"No, I'm safe for a whole fortnight from another."

"Then you leave me without an excuse, and I was just wishing I had none," said Colville.

After dinner Mrs. Bowen sent Effie to bed early to make up for the late hours of the night before, but she sat before the fire with Miss Graham rather late, talking Colville over, when he was gone.

"He's very puzzling to me," said Miss Graham. "Sometimes you think he's nothing but an old cynic, from his talk, and then something so sweet and fresh comes out that you don't know what to do. Don't you think he has really a very poetical mind, and that he's putting all the rest on?"

"I think he likes to make little effects," said Mrs. Bowen, judiciously. "He always did, rather."

"Why, was he like this when he was young?"

"I don't consider him very old now."

"No, of course not. I meant when you knew him before." Miss Graham had some needle-work in her hand; Mrs. Bowen, who never even pretended to work at that kind of thing, had nothing in hers but the feather screen.

"He is old, compared with you, Imogene, but you'll find, as you live along, that your contemporaries are always young. Mr. Colville is very much improved. He used to be painfully shy, but he put on a bold front, and now the bold front seems to have become a second nature with him."

"I like it," said Miss Graham, to her needle.

"Yes; but I suspect he's still shy, at heart. He used to be very sentimental,

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and was always talking Ruskin. I think if he hadn't talked Ruskin so much, Jenny Milbury might have treated him better. It was very priggish in him."

"Oh, I can't imagine Mr. Colville's being priggish!"

"He's very much improved. He used to be quite a sloven in his dress: you know how very slovenly most American gentlemen are in their dress, at any rate. I think that influenced her against him too."

"He isn't slovenly now," suggested Miss Graham.

"Oh no; he's quite swell," said Mrs. Bowen, depriving the adjective of slanginess by the refinement of her tone.

"Well," said Miss Graham, "I don't see how you could have endured her after that. It was atrocious."

"It was better for her to break with him, if she found out she didn't love him, than to marry him. That," said Mrs. Bowen, with a depth of feeling uncommon for her, "would have been a thousand times worse."

"Yes, but she ought to have found out before she led him on so far."

"Sometimes girls can't. They don't know themselves; they think they're in love when they're not. She was very impulsive, and of course she was flattered by it; he was so intellectual. But at last she found that she couldn't bear it, and she had to tell him so."

"Did she ever say why she didn't love him?"

"No; I don't suppose she could. The only thing I remember her saying was that he was 'too much of a mixture.'"

"What *did* she mean by that?"

"I don't know exactly."

"Do you think he's insincere?"

"Oh no. Perhaps she meant that he wasn't single-minded."

"Fickle?"

"No. He certainly wasn't that in her case."

"Undecided?"

"He was decided enough with her—at last."

Imogene dropped the hopeless quest. "How can a man ever stand such a thing?" she sighed.

"He stood it very nobly. That was the best thing about it; he took it in the most delicate way. She showed me his letter. There wasn't a word or a hint of reproach in it; he seemed to be anxious about nothing but her feeling badly for him. Of course he couldn't help showing that he was mortified for having pursued her with attentions that were disagreeable to her; but that was delicate too. Yes, it was a very large-minded letter."

"It was shocking in her to show it."

"It wasn't very nice. But it was a letter that any girl might have been proud to show."

"Oh, she *couldn't* have done it to gratify her vanity!"

"Girls are very queer, my dear," said Mrs. Bowen, as if the fact were an abstraction. She mused upon the flat of her screen, while Miss Graham plied her needle in silence.

The latter spoke first. "Do you think he was very much broken by it?"

"You never can tell. He went out West then, and there he has staid ever since. I suppose his life would have been very different if nothing of the kind had happened. He had a great deal of talent. I always thought I should hear of him in some way."

"Well, it was a heartless, shameless thing! I don't see how you can speak of it so leniently as you do, Mrs. Bowen. It makes all sorts of coquetry and flirtation more detestable to me than ever. Why, it has ruined his life!"

"Oh, he was young enough then to outlive it. After all, they were a boy and girl."

"A boy and girl! How old were they?"

"He must have been twenty-three or four, and she was twenty."

"*My* age! Do you call that being a girl?"

"She was old enough to know what she was about," said Mrs. Bowen, justly.

Imogene fell back in her chair, drawing out her needle the full length of its thread, and then letting her hand fall. "I don't know. It seems as if I never should be grown up, or anything but a child. Yes, when I think of the way young men talk, they do seem boys. Why can't they talk like Mr. Colville? I wish I could talk like him. It makes you forget how old and plain he is."

She remained with her eyelids dropped in an absent survey of her sewing, while Mrs. Bowen regarded her with a look of vexation, impatience, resentment, or the last refinement of these emotions, which she banished from her face before Miss Graham looked up and said, with a smile: "How funny it is to see Effie's infatua-

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tion with him! She can't take her eyes off him for a moment, and she follows him round the room so as not to lose a word he is saying. It was heroic of her to go to bed without a murmur before he left to-night."

"Yes, she sees that he is good," said Mrs. Bowen.

"Oh, she sees that he's something very much more! Mr. Waters is good."

Miss Graham had the best of the argument, and so Mrs. Bowen did not reply.

"I feel," continued the young girl, "as if it were almost a shame to have asked him to go to that silly dancing party with us. It seems as if we didn't appreciate him. I think we ought to have kept him for high æsthetic occasions and historical researches."

"Oh, I don't think Mr. Colville was very deeply offended at being asked to go with us."

"No," said Imogene, with another sigh, "he didn't seem so. I suppose there's always an under-current of sadness—of tragedy—in everything for him."

"I don't suppose anything of the kind," cried Mrs. Bowen, gayly. "He's had time enough to get over it."

"Do people *ever* get over such things?"

"Yes—men."

"It must be because he was young, as you say. But if it had happened *now*?"

"Oh, it *couldn't* happen now. He's altogether too cool and calculating."

"Do you think he's cool and calculating?"

"No. He's too old for a broken heart—a new one."

"Mrs. Bowen," demanded the girl, solemnly, "could *you* forgive yourself for such a thing, if you had done it?"

"Yes, perfectly well, if I wasn't in love with him."

"But if you'd made him *think* you were?" pursued the girl, breathlessly.

"If I were a flirt—yes."

"*I* couldn't," said Imogene, with tragic depth.

"Oh, be done with your intensities, and go to bed, Imogene," said Mrs. Bowen, giving her a playful push.

VI.

It was so long since Colville had been at a dancing party that Mrs. Bowen's offer to take him to Madame Uccelli's had first struck his sense of the ludicrous. Then it had begun to flatter him; it implied that he was still young enough to dance if he would, though he had stipulated that they were not to expect anything of the kind from him. He liked also the notion of being seen and accepted in Florentine society as the old friend of Mrs. Bowen, for he had not been long in discovering that her position in Florence was, among the foreign residents, rather authoritative. She was one of the very few Americans who were asked to Italian houses, and Italian houses lying even beyond the neutral ground of English-speaking intermarriages. She was not, of course, asked to the great Princess Strazzi ball, where the Florentine nobility appeared in the mediæval pomp—the veritable costumes—of their ancestors; only a rich American banking family went, and their distinction was spoken of under the breath; but any glory short of this was within Mrs. Bowen's reach. So an old lady who possessed herself of Colville the night before had told him, celebrating Mrs. Bowen at length, and boasting of her acceptance among the best English residents, who, next after the natives, seem to constitute the social ambition of Americans living in Italian cities.

It interested him to find that some geographical distinctions which are fading at home had quite disappeared in Florence. When he was there before, people from quite small towns in the East had made pretty Lina Ridgely and her friend feel the disadvantage of having come from the western side of an imaginary line; he had himself been at the pains always to let people know, at the American watering-places where he spent his vacations, that though presently from Des Vaches, Indiana, he was really born in Rhode Island; but in Florence it was not at all necessary. He found in Mrs. Bowen's house people from Denver, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, New York, and Baltimore, all meeting as of apparently the same civilization, and whether Mrs. Bowen's own origin was, like that of the Etruscan cities, lost in the mists of antiquity, or whether she had sufficiently atoned for the error of her birth by subsequent residence in the national capital and prolonged sojourn in New York, it seemed certainly not to be remembered against her among her Eastern acquaintance. The time had been when the fact that Miss Graham came from Buffalo would have gone far to class her with the animal from which her native city had taken its name; but now it made no difference, unless it

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was a difference in her favor. The English spoke with the same vague respect of Buffalo and of Philadelphia; and to a family of real Bostonians Colville had the courage to say simply that he lived in Des Vaches, and not to seek to palliate the truth in any sort. If he wished to prevaricate at all, it was rather to attribute himself to Mrs. Bowen's city in Ohio.

She and Miss Graham called for him with her carriage the next night, when it was time to go to Madame Uccelli's.

"This gives me a very patronized and effeminate feeling," said Colville, getting into the odorous dark of the carriage, and settling himself upon the front seat with a skill inspired by his anxiety not to tear any of the silken spreading white wraps that inundated the whole interior. "Being come for by ladies!" They both gave some nervous joyful laughs as they found his hand in the obscurity, and left the sense of a gloved pressure upon it. "Is this the way you used to do in Vespucius, Mrs. Bowen?"

"Oh no, indeed!" she answered. "The young gentlemen used to find out whether I was going, and came for me with a hack; and generally, if the weather was good, we walked home."

"That's the way we still do in Des Vaches. Sometimes, as a tremendous joke, the ladies come for us in leap-year. How do you go to balls in Buffalo, Miss Graham? Or, no; I withdraw the embarrassing question." Some gleams from the street lamps, as they drove along, struck in through the carriage windows, and flitted over the ladies' faces and were gone again. "Ah! this is very trying. Couldn't you stop him at the next corner, and let me see how radiant you ladies really are? I may be in very great danger; I'd like to know just how much."

"It wouldn't be of any use," cried the young girl, gayly. "We're all wrapped up, and you couldn't form any idea of us. You must wait, and let us burst upon you when we come out of the dressing-room at Madame Uccelli's."

"But then it may be too late," he urged. "Is it very far?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bowen. "It's ridiculously far. It's outside the Roman Gate. I don't see why people live at that distance."

"In order to give the friends you bring the more pleasure of your company, Mrs. Bowen."

"Ah! that's very well. But you're not logical."

"No," said Colville; "you can't be logical and complimentary at the same time. It's too much to ask. How delicious your flowers are!" The ladies each had a bouquet in her hand, which she was holding in addition to her fan, the edges of her cloak, and the skirt of her train.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bowen; "we are so much obliged to you for them."

"Why, I sent you no flowers," said Colville, startled into untimely earnest.

"Didn't you?" triumphed Mrs. Bowen. "I thought gentlemen always sent flowers to ladies when they were going to a ball with them. They used to, in Columbus."

"And in Buffalo they always do," Miss Graham added.

"Ah! they don't in Des Vaches," said Colville.

They tried to mystify him further about the bouquets; they succeeded in being very gay, and in making themselves laugh a great deal. Mrs. Bowen was even livelier than the young girl.

Her carriage was one of the few private equipages that drove up to Madame Uccelli's door; most people had not even come in a *remise*, but, after the simple Florentine fashion, had taken the little cabs, which stretched in a long line up and down the way; the horses had let their weary heads drop, and were easing their broken knees by extending their forelegs while they drowsed; the drivers, huddled in their great-coats, had assembled around the doorway to see the guests alight, with that amiable, unenvious interest of the Italians in the pleasure of others. The deep sky glittered with stars; in the corner of the next villa garden the black plumes of some cypresses blotted out their space among them.

"*Isn't* it Florentine?" demanded Mrs. Bowen, giving the hand which Colville offered in helping her out of the carriage a little vivid pressure, full of reminiscence and confident sympathy. A flush of youth warmed his heart; he did not quail even when the porter of the villa intervened between her and her coachman, whom she was telling when to come back, and said that the carriages were ordered for three o'clock.

"Did you ever sit up so late as that in Des Vaches?" asked Miss Graham, mischievously.

"Oh yes; I was editor of a morning

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paper," he explained. But he did not like the imputation of her question.

Madame Uccelli accepted him most hospitably among her guests when he was presented. She was an American who had returned with her Italian husband to Italy, and had long survived him in the villa which he had built with her money. Such people grow very queer with the lapse of time. Madame Uccelli's character remained inalienably American, but her manners and customs had become largely Italian; without having learned the language thoroughly, she spoke it very fluently, and its idioms marked her Philadelphia English. Her house was a menagerie of all the nationalities; she was liked in Italian society, and there were many Italians; English-speaking Russians abounded; there were many genuine English, Germans, Scandinavians, Protestant Irish, American Catholics, and then Americans of all kinds. There was a superstition of her exclusiveness among her compatriots, but one really met every one there sooner or later; she was supposed to be a convert to the religion of her late husband, but no one really knew what religion she was of, probably not even Madame Uccelli herself. One thing you were sure of at her house, and that was a substantial supper: it is the example of such resident foreigners which has corrupted the Florentines, though many native families still hold out against it.

The dancing was just beginning, and the daughter of Madame Uccelli, who spoke both English and Italian much better than her mother, came forward and possessed herself of Miss Graham, after a polite feint of pressing Mrs. Bowen to let her find a partner for her.

Mrs. Bowen cooed a gracious refusal, telling Fanny Uccelli that she knew very well that she never danced now. The girl had not much time for Colville; she welcomed him, but she was full of her business of starting the dance, and she hurried away without asking him whether she should introduce him to some lady for the quadrille that was forming. Her mother, however, asked him if he would not go out and get himself some tea, and she found a lady to go with him to the supper-room. This lady had daughters whom apparently she wished to supervise while they were dancing, and she brought Colville back very soon. He had to stand by the sofa where she sat till Madame Uccelli found him and introduced him to another mother of daughters. Later he joined a group formed by the father of one of the dancers and the non-dancing husband of a dancing wife. Their conversation was perfunctory; they showed one another that they had no pleasure in it.

Presently the father went to see how his daughter looked while dancing; the husband had evidently no such curiosity concerning his wife; and Colville went with the father, and looked at Miss Graham. She was very beautiful, and she obeyed the music as if it were her breath; her face was rapt, intense, full of an unsmiling delight, which shone in her dark eyes, glowing like low stars. Her abandon interested Colville, and then awed him; the spectacle of that young, unjaded capacity for pleasure touched him with a profound sense of loss. Suddenly Imogene caught sight of him, and with the coming of a second look in her eyes the light of an exquisite smile flashed over her face. His heart was in his throat.

"*Your* daughter?" asked the fond parent at his elbow. "That is mine yonder, in red."

Colville did not answer, nor look at the young lady in red. The dance was ceasing; the fragments of those kaleidoscopic radiations were dispersing themselves; the tormented piano was silent.

The officer whom Imogene had danced with brought her to Mrs. Bowen, and resigned her with the regulation bow, hanging his head down before him as if submitting his neck to the axe. She put her hand in Colville's arm, where he stood beside Mrs. Bowen. "Oh, *do* take me to get something to eat!"

In the supper-room she devoured salad and ices with a childish joy in them. The place was jammed, and she laughed from her corner at Colville's struggles in getting the things for her and bringing them to her. While she was still in the midst of an ice, the faint note of the piano sounded. "Oh, they're beginning again! It's the Lancers!" she said, giving him the plate back. She took his arm again; she almost pulled him along on their return. "Why don't *you* dance?" she demanded, mockingly.

"I would, if you'd let me dance with you."

"Oh, that's impossible! I'm engaged ever so many deep." She dropped his arm instantly at sight of a young Englishman

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who seemed to be looking for her. This young Englishman had a zeal for dancing that was unsparing; partners were nothing to him except as a means of dancing; his manner expressed a supreme contempt for people who made the slightest mistake, who danced with less science or less conscience than himself. "I've been looking for you," he said, in a tone of cold rebuke, without looking at her. "We've been waiting."

Colville wished to beat him, but Imogene took his rebuke meekly, and murmured some apologies about not hearing the piano before. He hurried off with her without recognizing Colville's existence in any way.

The undancing husband of the dancing wife was boring himself in a corner; Colville decided that the chances with him were better than with the fond father, and joined him, just as a polite officer came up and entreated him to complete a set. "Oh, I never danced in my life," he replied; and then he referred the officer to Colville. "Don't *you* dance?"

"I used to dance," Colville began, while the officer stood looking patiently at him. This was true. He used to dance the Lancers too, and very badly, seventeen years before. He had danced it with Lina Ridgely and the other one, Mrs. Milbury. His glance wandered to the vacant place on the floor; it was the same set which Miss Graham was in; she smiled and beckoned derisively. A vain and foolish ambition fired him. "Oh yes, I can dance a little," he said.

A little was quite enough for the eager officer. He had Colville a partner in an instant, and the next he was on the floor.

"Oh, what fun!" cried Miss Graham; but the fun had not really begun yet.

Colville had forgotten everything about the Lancers. He walked round like a bear in a pen; he capered to and fro with a futile absurdity; people poked him hither and thither; his progress was attended by rending noises from the trains over which he found his path. He smiled and cringed, and apologized to the hardening faces of the dancers; even Miss Graham's face had become very grave.

"This won't do," said the Englishman at last, with cold insolence. He did not address himself to any one; he merely stopped; they all stopped, and Colville was effectively expelled the set; another partner was found for his lady, and he wandered giddily away. He did not know where to turn; the whole room must have seen what an incredible ass he had made of himself, but Mrs. Bowen looked as if she had not seen.

He went up to her, resolved to make fun of himself at the first sign she gave of being privy to his disgrace. But she only said, "Have you found your way to the supper-room yet?"

"Oh yes; twice," he answered, and kept on talking with her and Madame Uccelli. After five minutes or so something occurred to Colville. "Have *you* found the way to the supper-room yet, Mrs. Bowen?"

"No!" she owned, with a small, pathetic laugh, which expressed a certain physical faintness, and reproached him with insupportable gentleness for his selfish obtuseness.

"Let me show you the way," he cried.

"Why, I *am* rather hungry," said Mrs. Bowen, taking his arm, with a patient arrangement first of her fan, her bouquet, and her train, and then moving along by his side with a delicate-footed pace, which insinuated and deprecated her dependence upon him.

There were only a few people in the supper-room, and they had it practically to themselves. She took a cup of tea and a slice of buttered bread, with a little salad, which she excused herself from eating because it was the day after her headache. "I shouldn't have thought you *were* hungry, Mrs. Bowen," he said, "if you hadn't told me so," and he recalled that, as a young girl, her friend used to laugh at her for having such a butterfly appetite; she was in fact one of those women who go through life the marvels of such of our brutal sex as observe the ethereal nature of their diet. But in an illogical revulsion of feeling, Colville, who was again cramming himself with all the solids and fluids in reach, and storing up a vain regret against the morrow, preferred her delicacy to the magnificent rapacity of Miss Graham: Imogene had passed from salad to ice, and at his suggestion had frankly reverted to salad again, and then taken a second ice, with the robust appetite of perfect health and perfect youth. He felt a desire to speak against her to Mrs. Bowen, he did not know why and he did not know how; he veiled his feeling in an open attack. "Miss Graham has just been the cause of my playing the fool, with her-

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dancing. She dances so superbly that she makes you want to dance too—she made me feel as if I *could* dance."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bowen; "it was very kind of you to complete the set. I saw you dancing," she added, without a glimmer of guilty consciousness in her eyes.

It was very sweet, but Colville had to protest. "Oh no; you didn't see me *dancing;* you saw me *not* dancing. I am a ruined man, and I leave Florence to-morrow; but I have the sad satisfaction of reflecting that I don't leave an unbroken train among the ladies of that set. And I have made one young Englishman so mad that there is a reasonable hope of his not recovering."

"Oh no; you *don't* think of going away for that!" said Mrs. Bowen, not heeding the rest of his joking.

"Well, the time has been when I have left Florence for less," said Colville, with the air of preparing himself to listen to reason.

"You mustn't," said Mrs. Bowen, briefly.

"Oh, very well, then, I won't," said Colville, whimsically, as if that settled it.

Mrs. Bowen would not talk of the matter any more; he could see that with her kindness, which was always more than her tact, she was striving to get away from the subject. As he really cared for it no longer, this made him persist in clinging to it; he liked this pretty woman's being kind to him. "Well," he said, finally, "I consent to stay in Florence on condition that you suggest some means of atonement for me which I can also make a punishment to Miss Graham."

Mrs. Bowen did not respond to the question of placating and punishing her *protégée* with sustained interest. They went back to Madame Uccelli and to the other elderly ladies, in the room that opened by archways upon the dancing-room.

Imogene was on the floor, dancing not merely with unabated joy, but with a zest that seemed only to freshen from dance to dance. If she left the dance, it was to go out on her partner's arm to the supper-room. Colville could not decently keep on talking to Mrs. Bowen the whole evening; it would be too conspicuous; he devolved from frump to frump; he bored himself; he yawned in his passage from one of these mothers or fathers to another. The hours passed; it was two o'clock; Imogene was going out to the supper-room again. He was taking out his watch. She saw him, and "Oh, don't!" she cried, laughing, as she passed.

The dancing went on; she was waltzing now in the interminable german. Some one had let down a window in the dancing-room, and he was feeling it in his shoulder. Mrs. Bowen, across the room, looked heroically patient, but weary. He glanced down at the frump on the sofa near, and realized that she had been making a long speech to him, which, he could see from her look, had ended in some sort of question.

Three o'clock came, and they had to wait till the german was over. He felt that Miss Graham was behaving badly, ungratefully, selfishly; on the way home in the carriage he was silent from utter boredom and fatigue, but Mrs. Bowen was sweetly sympathetic with the girl's rapture. Imogene did not seem to feel his moodiness; she laughed, she joked, she told a number of things that happened, she hummed the air of the last waltz. "Isn't it divine?" she asked. "*Oh!* I feel as if I could dance for a week." She was still dancing; she gave Colville's foot an accidental tap in keeping time on the floor of the carriage to the tune she was humming. No one said anything about a next meeting when they parted at the gate of Palazzo Pinti, and Mrs. Bowen bade her coachman drive Colville to his hotel. But both the ladies' voices called good-night to him as he drove away. He fancied a shade of mocking in Miss Graham's voice.

The great outer door of the hotel was locked, of course, and the poor little porter kept Colville thumping at it some time before he unlocked it, full of sleepy smiles and apologies. "I'm sorry to wake you up," said Colville, kindly.

"It is my duty," said the porter, with amiable heroism. He discharged another duty by lighting a whole new candle, which would be set down to Colville's account, and went before him to his room up the wide stairs, cold in their white linen path, and on through the crooked corridors haunted by the ghosts of extinct *tables d'hôte*, and full of goblin shadows. He had recovered a noonday suavity by the time he reached Colville's door, and bowed himself out, after lighting the candles within, with a sweet plenitude of politeness, which Colville, even in his gloomy mood, could not help admiring in a man

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in his shirt sleeves, with only one suspender up.

If there had been a fire, Colville would have like to sit down before it, and take an account of his feelings, but the atmosphere of a bed-chamber in a Florentine hotel at half past three o'clock on a winter morning is not one that invites to meditation; and he made haste to get into bed, with nothing clearer in his mind than a shapeless sense of having been trifled with. He ought not to have gone to a dancing party, to begin with, and then he certainly ought not to have attempted to dance; so far he might have been master of the situation, and was responsible for it; but he was, over and above this, aware of not having wished to do either, of having been wrought upon against his convictions to do both. He regarded now with supreme loathing a fantastic purpose which he had formed while tramping round on those women's dresses, of privately taking lessons in dancing, and astonishing Miss Graham at the next ball where they met. Miss Graham! What did he care for that child? Or Mrs. Bowen either, for the matter of that? Had he come four thousand miles to be used, to be played with, by them? At this point Colville was aware of the brutal injustice of his mood. They were ladies, both of them, charming and good, and he had been a fool; that was all. It was not the first time he had been a fool for women. An inexpressible bitterness for that old wrong, which, however he had been used to laugh at it and despise it, had made his life solitary and barren, poured upon his soul; it was as if it had happened to him yesterday.

A band of young men burst from one of the narrow streets leading into the piazza and straggled across it, letting their voices flare out upon the silence, and then drop extinct one by one. A whole world of faded associations flushed again in Colville's heart. This was Italy; this was Florence; and he execrated the hour in which he had dreamed of returning.

VII.

The next morning's sunshine dispersed the black mood of the night before; but enough of Colville's self-disgust remained to determine him not to let his return to Florence be altogether vain, or his sojourn so idle as it had begun being. The vague purpose which he had cherished of studying the past life and character of the Florentines in their architecture shaped itself anew in the half-hour which he gave himself over his coffee; and he turned it over in his mind with that mounting joy in its capabilities which attends the contemplation of any sort of artistic endeavor. No people had ever more distinctly left the impress of their whole temper in their architecture, or more sharply distinguished their varying moods from period to period in their palaces and temples. He believed that he could not only supply that brief historical sketch of Florence which Mrs. Bowen had lamented the want of, but he could make her history speak an intelligible, an unmistakable tongue in every monument of the past, from the Etruscan wall at Fiesole to the cheap, plain, and tasteless shaft raised to commemorate Italian Unity in the next piazza. With sketches from his own pencil, illustrative of points which he could not otherwise enforce, he could make such a book on Florence as did not exist, such a book as no one had yet thought of making. With this object in his mind, making and keeping him young, he could laugh with any one who liked at the vanity of the middle-aged Hoosier who had spoiled a set in the Lancers at Madame Uccelli's party; he laughed at him now alone, with a wholly impersonal sense of his absurdity.

After breakfast, he went without delay to Viesseux's reading-room, to examine his catalogue, and see what there was in it to his purpose. While he was waiting his turn to pay his subscription, with the people who surrounded the proprietor, half a dozen of the acquaintances he had made at Mrs. Bowen's passed in and out. Viesseux's is a place where sooner or later you meet every one you know among the foreign residents at Florence; the natives in smaller proportion resort there too; and Colville heard a lady asking for a book in that perfect Italian which strikes envy to the heart of the stranger sufficiently versed in the language to know that he never shall master it. He rather rejoiced in his despair, however, as an earnest of his renewed intellectual life. Henceforth his life would be wholly intellectual. He did not regret his little excursion into society; it had shown him with dramatic sharpness how unfit for it he was.

"Good-*morning!*" said some one in a bland under-tone full of a pleasant recognition of the claims to quiet of a place where some others were speaking in their ordinary tones.

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Colville looked round on the Rev. Mr. Waters, and took his friendly hand. "Good-morning—glad to see you," he answered.

"Are you looking for that short Florentine history for Mrs. Bowen's little girl?" asked Mr. Waters, inclining his head slightly for the reply. "She mentioned it to me."

By day Colville remarked more distinctly that the old gentleman was short and slight, with a youthful eagerness in his face surviving on good terms with the gray locks that fell down his temples from under the brim of his soft felt hat. With the boyish sweetness of his looks blended a sort of appreciative shrewdness, which pointed his smiling lips slightly aslant in what seemed the expectation rather than the intention of humor.

"Not exactly," said Colville, experiencing a difficulty in withholding the fact that in some sort he was just going to write a short Florentine history, and finding a certain pleasure in Mrs. Bowen's having remembered that he had taken an interest in Effie's reading. He had a sudden wish to tell Mr. Waters of his plan, but this was hardly the time or place.

They now found themselves face to face with the librarian, and Mr. Waters made a gesture of waiving himself in Colville's favor.

"No, no!" said the latter; "you had better ask. I am going to put this gentleman through rather an extended course of sprouts."

The librarian smiled with the helplessness of a foreigner who knows his interlocutor's English but not the meaning of it.

"Oh, I merely wanted to ask," said Mr. Waters, addressing the librarian, and explaining to Colville, "whether you had received that book on Savonarola yet. The German one."

"I shall see," said the librarian, and he went upon a quest that kept him some minutes.

"You're not thinking of taking Savonarola's life, I suppose?" suggested Colville.

"Oh no. Villari's book has covered the whole ground forever, it seems to me. It's a wonderful book. You've read it?"

"Yes. It's a thing that makes you feel that, after all, the Italians have only to make a real effort in any direction, and they go ahead of everybody else. What biography of the last twenty years can compare with it?"

"You're right, sir—you're right," cried the old man, enthusiastically. "They're a gifted race, a people of genius."

"I wish for their own sakes they'd give their minds a little to generalship," said Collvile, pressed by the facts to hedge somewhat. "They did get so badly smashed in their last war, poor fellows."

"Oh, I don't think I should like them any better if they were better soldiers. Perhaps the lesson of noble endurance that they've given our times is all that we have the right to demand of them in the way of heroism; no one can say they lack courage. And sometimes it seems to me that in simply outgrowing the different sorts of despotism that had fastened upon them, till their broken bonds fell away without positive effort on their part, they showed a greater sublimity than if they had violently conquered their freedom. Most nations sink lower and lower under tyranny; the Italians grew steadily more and more civilized, more noble, more gentle, more grand. It was a wonderful spectacle—like a human soul perfected through suffering and privation. Every period of their history is full of instruction. I find my ancestral puritanism particularly appealed to by the puritanism of Savonarola."

"Then Villari hasn't satisfied you that Savonarola wasn't a Protestant?"

"Oh yes, he has. I said his puritanism. Just now I'm interested in justifying his failure to myself, for it's one of the things in history that I've found it hardest to accept. But no doubt his puritanic state fell because it was dreary and ugly, as the puritanic state always has been. It makes its own virtues intolerable; puritanism won't let you see how good and beautiful the Puritans often are. It was inevitable that Savonarola's enemies should misunderstand and hate him."

"You are one of the last men I should have expected to find among the *Arrabiati*," said Colville.

"Oh, there's a great deal to be said for the Florentine Arrabiati, as well as for the English Malignants, though the Puritans in neither case would have known how to say it. Savonarola perished because he was excessive. I am studying him in this aspect; it is fresh ground. It is very interesting to inquire just at what point a man's virtues become mischievous and intolerable."

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These ideas interested Colville; he turned to them with relief from the sense of his recent trivialities; in this old man's earnestness he found support and encouragement in the new course he had marked out for himself. Sometimes it had occurred to him not only that he was too old for the interests of his youth at forty, but that there was no longer time for him to take up new ones. He considered Mr. Waters's gray hairs, and determined to be wiser. "I should like to talk these things over with you—and some other things," he said.

The librarian came toward them with the book for Mr. Waters, who was fumbling near-sightedly in his pocket-book for his card. "I shall be very happy to see you at my room," he said. "Ah, thank you," he added, taking his book, with a simple relish as if it were something whose pleasantness was sensible to the touch. He gave Colville the scholar's far-off look as he turned to go; he was already as remote as the fifteenth century through the magic of the book, which he opened and began to read at once. Colville stared after him; he did not wish to come to just that yet either. Life, active life, life of his own day, called to him; he had been one of its busiest children: could he turn his back upon it for any charm or use that was in the past? Again that unnerving doubt, that paralyzing distrust, beset him, and tempted him to curse the day in which he had returned to this outworn Old World. Idler on its modern surface, or delver in its deep-hearted past, could he reconcile himself to it? What did he care for the Italians of to-day, or the history of the Florentines as expressed in their architectural monuments? It was the problems of the vast, tumultuous American life, which he had turned his back on, that really concerned him. Later he might take up the study that fascinated yonder old man, but for the present it was intolerable.

He was no longer young, that was true; but with an ache of old regret he felt that he had not yet lived his life, that his was a baffled destiny, an arrested fate. A lady came up and took his turn with the librarian, and Colville did not stay for another. He went out and walked down the Lung' Arno toward the Cascine. The sun danced on the river, and bathed the long line of pale buff and gray houses that followed its curve, and ceased in the mist of leafless tree-tops where the Cascine began. It was not the hour of the promenade, and there was little driving; but the sidewalks were peopled thickly enough with persons, in groups or singly, who had the air of straying aimlessly up or down, with no purpose but to be in the sun, after the rainy weather of the past week. There were faces of invalids, wistful and thin, and here and there a man, muffled to the chin, lounged feebly on the parapet and stared at the river. Colville hastened by them; they seemed to claim him as one of their ailing and aging company, and just then he was in the humor of being very young and strong.

A carriage passed before him through the Cascine gates, and drove down the road next the river. He followed, and when it had got a little way it stopped at the road-side, and a lady and little girl alighted, who looked about and caught sight of him, and then obviously waited for him to come up with them. It was Imogene and Effie Bowen, and the young girl called to him: "We *thought* it was you. Aren't you astonished to find us here at this hour?" she demanded, as soon as he came up, and gave him her hand. "Mrs. Bowen sent us for our health—or Effie's health—and I was just making the man stop and let us out for a little walk."

"My health is very much broken too, Miss Effie," said Colville. "Will you let me walk with you?" The child smiled, as she did at Colville's speeches, which she apparently considered all jokes, but diplomatically referred the decision to Imogene with an upward glance.

"We shall be very glad indeed," said the girl.

"That's very polite of you. But Miss Effie makes no effort to conceal her dismay," said Colville.

The little girl smiled again, and her smile was so like the smile of Lina Ridgely, twenty years ago, that his next words were inevitably tinged with reminiscence.

"Does one still come for one's health to the Cascine? When I was in Florence before, there was no other place if one went to look for it with young ladies—the Cascine or the Boboli Gardens. Do they keep the fountain of youth turned on here during the winter still?"

"I've never seen it," said Imogene, gayly.

"Of course not. You never looked for

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it. Neither did I when I was here before. But it wouldn't escape me now."

Since he had met them he had aged again, in spite of his resolutions to the contrary; somehow, beside their buoyancy and bloom, the youth in his heart faded.

Imogene had started forward as soon as he joined them, and Colville, with Effie's gloved hand stolen shyly in his, was finding it quite enough to keep up with her in her elastic advance.

She wore a long habit of silk, whose fur-trimmed edge wandered diagonally across her breast and down to the edge of her walking dress. To Colville, whom her girlish slimness in her ball costume had puzzled after his original impressions of Junonian abundance, she did not so much dwindle as seem to vanish from the proportions his vision had assigned her that first night when he saw her standing before the mirror. In this out-door avatar, this companionship with the sun and breeze, she was new to him again, and he found himself searching his consciousness for his lost acquaintance with her, and feeling as if he knew her less and less. Perhaps, indeed, she had no very distinctive individuality; perhaps at her age no woman has, but waits for it to come to her through life, through experience. She was an expression of youth, of health, of beauty, and of the moral loveliness that comes from a fortunate combination of these; but beyond this she was elusive in a way that seemed to characterize her even materially. He could not make anything more of the mystery as he walked at her side, and he went thinking—formlessly, as people always think—that with the child or with her mother he would have had a community of interest and feeling which he lacked with this splendid girlhood; he was both too young and too old for it; and then, while he answered this or that to Imogene's talk aptly enough, his mind went back to the time when this mystery was no mystery, or when he was contemporary with it, and if he did not understand it, at least accepted it as if it were the most natural thing in the world. It seemed a longer time now since it had been in his world than it was since he was a child.

"Should you have thought," she asked, turning her face back toward him, "that it would be so hot in the sun to-day? *Oh*, that beautiful river! How it twists and writhes along! Do you remember that sonnet of Longfellow's—the one he wrote in Italian about the Ponte Vecchio, and the Arno twisting like a dragon underneath it? They say that Hawthorne used to live in a villa just behind the hill over there; we're going to look it up as soon as the weather is settled. Don't you think his books are perfectly fascinating?"

"Yes," said Colville; "only I should want a good while to say it."

"*I* shouldn't!" retorted the girl. "When you've said fascinating, you've said everything. There's no other word for them. Don't you like to talk about the books you've read?"

"I would, if I could remember the names of the characters. But I get them mixed up."

"Oh, *I* never do! I remember the least one of them, and all they do and say."

"I used to."

"It seems to me you *used* to do everything."

"It seems to me as if I did.

> "'I remember, when I think,
> That my youth was half divine.'"

"Oh, Tennyson—yes! *He's* fascinating. Don't you think he's fascinating?"

"Very," said Colville. He was wondering whether this were the kind of talk that he thought was literary when he was a young fellow.

"How perfectly weird the 'Vision of Sin' is!" Imogene continued. "Don't you like *weird* things?"

"Weird things?" Colville reflected. "Yes; but I don't see very much in them any more. The fact is, they don't seem to come to anything in particular."

"Oh, *I* think they do! I've had dreams that I've lived on for days. Do you ever have prophetic dreams?"

"Yes; but they never come true. When they do, I know that I didn't have them."

"What *do* you mean?"

"I mean that we are all so fond of the marvellous that we can't trust ourselves about any experience that seems supernatural. If a ghost appeared to me I should want him to prove it by at least two other reliable, disinterested witnesses before I believed my own account of the matter."

"Oh!" cried the girl, half puzzled, half amused. "Then of course you don't believe in ghosts?"

"Yes; I expect to be one myself some day. But I'm in no hurry to mingle with them."

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Imogene smiled vaguely, as if the talk pleased her, even when it mocked the fancies and whims which, after so many generations that have indulged them, she was finding so fresh and new in her turn.

"Don't you like to walk by the side of a river?" she asked, increasing her eager pace a little. "I feel as if it were bearing me along."

"I feel as if I were carrying it," said Colville. "It's as fatiguing as walking on railroad ties."

"Oh, that's too bad!" cried the girl. "How can you be so prosaic? Should you ever have believed that the sun could be so hot in January? And look at those ridiculous green hill-sides over the river there! Don't you like it to be winter when it *is* winter?"

She did not seem to have expected anything from Colville but an impulsive acquiescence, but she listened while he defended the mild weather. "I think it's very well for Italy," he said. "It has always seemed to me—that is, it seems to me now for the first time, but one has to begin the other way—as if the seasons here had worn themselves out like the turbulent passions of the people. I dare say the winter was much fiercer in the times of the Bianchi and Neri."

"Oh, how delightful! Do you really believe that?"

"No, I don't know that I do. But I shouldn't have much difficulty in proving it, I think, to the sympathetic understanding."

"I wish you would prove it to mine. It sounds so pretty, I'm sure it must be true."

"Oh, then, it isn't necessary. I'll reserve my arguments for Mrs. Bowen."

"You had better. She isn't at all romantic. She says it's very well for me she isn't—that her being matter-of-fact lets me be as romantic as I like."

"Then Mrs. Bowen isn't as romantic as she would like to be if she hadn't charge of a romantic young lady?"

"Oh, I don't say that. Dear me! I'd no idea it *could* be so hot in January." As they strolled along beside the long hedge of laurel, the carriage slowly following them at a little distance, the sun beat strong upon the white road, blotched here and there with the black irregular shadows of the ilexes. The girl undid the pelisse across her breast, with a fine impetuosity, and let it swing open as she walked. She stopped suddenly. "Hark! What bird was that?"

"'It was the nightingale, and not the lark,'" suggested Colville, lazily.

"Oh, *don't* you think *Romeo and Juliet* is divine?" demanded Imogene, promptly dropping the question of the bird.

"I don't know about Romeo," returned Colville, "but it's sometimes occurred to me that Juliet was rather forth-putting."

"You *know* she wasn't. It's my favorite play. I could go every night. It's perfectly amazing to me that they can play anything else."

"You would like it five hundred nights in the year, like *Hazel Kirke*? That would be a good deal of Romeo, not to say Juliet."

"They ought to do it out of respect to Shakespeare. Don't you like Shakespeare?"

"Well, I've seen the time when I preferred Alexander Smith," said Colville, evasively.

"Alexander Smith Who in the world is Alexander Smith?"

"How recent you are! Alexander Smith was an immortal who flourished about the year 1850."

"That was before I was born. How could I remember him? But I don't feel so very recent for all that."

"Neither do I, this morning," said Colville. "I was up at one of Pharaoh's balls last night, and I danced too much."

He gave Imogene a droll glance, and then bent it upon Effie's discreet face. The child dropped her eyes with a blush like her mother's, having first sought provisional counsel of Imogene, who turned away. He rightly inferred that they all had been talking him over at breakfast, and he broke into a laugh which they joined in, but Imogene said nothing in recognition of the fact.

With what he felt to be haste for his relief she said, "Don't you hate to be told to read a book?"

"I used to—quarter of a century ago," said Colville, recognizing that this was the way young people talked, even then.

"Used to?" she repeated. "Don't you now?"

"No; I'm a great deal more tractable now. I always say that I shall get the book out of the library. I draw the line at buying. I still hate to *buy* a book that people recommend."

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"What kind of books *do* you like to buy?"

"Oh, no kind. I think we ought to get all our books out of the library."

"Do you never like to talk in earnest?"

"Well, not often," said Colville. "Because, if you do, you can't say with a good conscience afterward that you were only in fun."

"Oh! And do you always like to talk so that you can get out of things afterward?"

"No. I didn't say that, did I?"

"Very nearly, I should think."

"Then I'm glad I didn't quite."

"I like people to be outspoken—to say everything they think," said the girl, regarding him with a puzzled look.

"Then I foresee that I shall become a favorite," answered Colville. "I say a great deal more than I think."

She looked at him again, with envy, with admiration, qualifying her perplexity. They had come to a point where some moss-grown, weather-beaten statues stood at the corners of the road that traversed the bosky stretch between the avenues of the Cascine. "Ah, how beautiful they are!" he said, halting, and giving himself to the rapture that a blackened garden statue imparts to one who beholds it from the vantage-ground of sufficient years and experience.

"Do you remember that story of Heine's," he resumed, after a moment, "of the boy who steals out of the old castle by moonlight, and kisses the lips of the garden statue, fallen among the rank grass of the ruinous parterres? And long afterward, when he looks down on the sleep of the dying girl where she lies on the green sofa, it seems to him that she and that statue are the same?"

"Oh!" deeply sighed the young girl. "No; I never read it. Tell me what it is. I *must* read it."

"The rest is all talk—very good talk, but I doubt whether it would interest you. He goes on to talk of a great many things—of the way Bellini spoke French, for example. He says it was blood-curdling, horrible, cataclysmal. He brought out the poor French words and broke them upon the wheel, till you thought the whole world must give way with a thunder-crash. A dead hush reigned in the room; the women did not know whether to faint or fly; the men looked down at their pantaloons, and tried to realize what they had on."

"Oh, how perfectly delightful! how shameful!" cried the girl. "I *must* read it. What is it in? What is the name of the story?"

"It isn't a story," said Colville. "Did you ever see anything lovelier than these statues?"

"No," said Imogene. "*Are* they good?"

"They are much better than good—they are the very worst rococo."

"What makes you say they are beautiful, then?"

"Why, don't you see? They commemorate youth, gayety, brilliant, joyous life. That's what that kind of statues were made for—to look on at rich, young, beautiful people and their gallantries; to be danced before by fine ladies and gentlemen playing at shepherds and shepherdesses; to be driven past by marcheses and contessinas flirting in carriages; to be hung with scarfs and wreaths; to be parts of eternal *fêtes champêtres.* Don't you see how bored they look? When I first came to Italy I should have detested and ridiculed their bad art; but now they're exquisite—the worse, the better."

"I don't know what in the world you *do* mean," said Imogene, laughing uneasily.

"Mrs. Bowen would. It's a pity Mrs. Bowen isn't here with us. Miss Effie, if I lift you up to one of those statues, will you kindly ask it if it doesn't remember a young American signore who was here just before the French Revolution? I don't believe it's forgotten me."

"No, no," said Imogene. "It's time we were walking back. Don't you like Scott?" she added. "I should think you would if you like those romantic things. I used to like Scott so *much!* When I was fifteen I wouldn't read anything but Scott. Don't you like Thackeray? Oh, he's so *cynical!* It's perfectly delightful."

"Cynical?" repeated Colville, thoughtfully. "I was looking into *The Newcomes* the other day, and I thought he was rather sentimental."

"Sentimental! Why, what an idea! That is the strangest thing I ever heard of. Oh!" she broke in upon her own amazement, "don't you think Browning's 'Statue and the Bust' is splendid? Mr. Morton read it to us—to Mrs. Bowen, I mean."

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Colville resented this freedom of Mr. Morton's, he did not know just why; then his pique was lost in sarcastic recollection of the time when he too used to read poems to ladies. He had read that poem to Lina Ridgely and the other one.

"Mrs. Bowen asked him to read it," Imogene continued.

"Did she?" asked Colville, pensively.

"And then we discussed it afterward. We had a long discussion. And then he read us the 'Legend of Pornic,' and we had a discussion about that. Mrs. Bowen says it was real gold they found in the coffin; but I think it was the girl's 'gold hair.' I don't know which Mr. Morton thought. Which do you? Don't you think the 'Legend of Pornic' is splendid?"

"Yes, it's a great poem, and deep," said Colville. They had come to a place where the bank sloped invitingly to the river. "Miss Effie," he asked, "wouldn't you like to go down and throw stones into the Arno? That's what a river is for," he added, as the child glanced toward Imogene for authorization—"to have stones thrown into it."

"Oh, let us!" cried Imogene, rushing down to the brink. "I don't want to throw stones into it, but to get near it—to get near to any bit of nature. They do pen you up so from it in Europe!" She stood and watched Colville skim stones over the current. "When you stand by the shore of a swift river like this, or near a railroad train when it comes whirling by, don't you ever have a morbid impulse to fling yourself forward?"

"Not at my time of life," said Colville, stooping to select a flat stone. "Morbid impulses are one of the luxuries of youth." He threw the stone, which skipped triumphantly far out into the stream. "That was beautiful, wasn't it, Miss Effie?"

"Lovely!" murmured the child.

He offered her a flat pebble. "Would you like to try one?"

"It would spoil my gloves," she said, in deprecating refusal.

"Let *me* try it!" cried Imogene. "I'm not afraid of my gloves."

Colville yielded the pebble, looking at her with the thought of how intoxicating he should once have found this bit of willful abandon, but feeling rather sorry for it now. "Oh, perhaps not," he said, laying his hand upon hers and looking into her eyes.

She returned his look, and then she dropped the pebble and put her hand back in her muff, and turned and ran up the bank. "There's the carriage. It's time we should be going." At the top of the bank she became a mirror of dignity, a transparent mirror to his eye. "Are you going back to town, Mr. Colville?" she asked, with formal state. "We could set you down anywhere."

"Thank you, Miss Graham. I shall be glad to avail myself of your very kind offer. Allow me." He handed her ceremoniously to the carriage; he handed Effie Bowen even more ceremoniously to the carriage, holding his hat in one hand while he offered the other. Then he mounted to the seat in front of them. "The weather has changed," he said.

Imogene hid her face in her muff, and Effie Bowen bowed hers against Imogene's shoulder.

A sense of the girl's beauty lingered in Colville's thought all day, and recurred to him again and again; and the ambitious intensity and enthusiasm of her talk came back in touches of amusement and compassion. How divinely young it all was, and how lovely! He patronized it from a height far aloof.

He was not in the frame of mind for the hotel table, and he went to lunch at a restaurant. He chose a simple trattoria, the first he came to, and he took his seat at one of the bare, rude tables, where the joint saucers for pepper and salt, and a small glass for tooth-picks, with a much-scraped porcelain box for matches, expressed an uncorrupted Florentinity of custom. But when he gave his order in off-hand Italian, the waiter answered in the French which waiters get together for the traveller's confusion in Italy, and he resigned himself to whatever chance of acquaintance might befall him. The place had a companionable smell of stale tobacco, and the dim light showed him on the walls of a space dropped a step or two lower, at the end of the room, a variety of sketches and caricatures. A waiter was laying a large table in this space, and when Colville came up to examine the drawings he jostled him, with due apologies, in the haste of a man working against time for masters who will brook no delay. He was hurrying still when a party of young men came in and took their places at the table, and began to rough him for his delay. Colville could recognize several of them in the vigorous burlesques on

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the walls, and as others dropped in the grotesque portraitures made him feel as if he had seen them before. They all talked at once, each man of his own interests, except when they joined in a shout of mockery and welcome for some new-comer. Colville, at his *risotto*, almost the room's length away, could hear what they thought, one and another, of Botticelli and Michelangelo; of old Piloty's things at Munich; of the dishes they had served to them, and of the quality of the Chianti; of the respective merits of German and Italian tobacco; of whether Inglehart had probably got to Venice yet; of the personal habits of Billings, and of the question whether the want of modelling in Simmons's nose had anything to do with his Italian accent; of the overrated coloring of some of those Venetian fellows; of the delicacy of Mino da Fiesole, and of the genius of Babson's tailor. Babson was there to defend the cut of his trousers, and Billings and Simmons were present to answer for themselves at the expense of the pictures of those who had called their habits and features into question. When it came to this, all the voices joined in a jolly uproar. Derision and denial broke out of the tumult, and presently they were all talking quietly of a reception which some of them were at the day before. Then Colville heard one of them saying that he would like a chance to paint some lady whose name he did not catch, and "She looks awfully sarcastic," one of the young fellows said.

"They say she *is*," said another. "They say she's awfully intellectual."

"Boston?" queried a third.

"No; Kalamazoo. The centre of culture is out there now."

"She knows how to dress, anyhow," said the first commentator. "I wonder what Parker would talk to her about when he was painting her? He's never read anything but Poe's 'Ullalume.'"

"Well, that's a good subject—'Ullalume.'"

"I suppose she's read it?"

"She's read 'most everything, they say."

"What's an Ullalume, anyway, Parker?"

One of the group sprang up from the table and drew on the wall what he labelled "An Ullalume." Another rapidly depicted Parker in the moment of sketching a young lady; her portrait had got as far as the eyes and nose when some one protested: "Oh, hello! No personalities."

The draughtsman said, "Well, all right!" and sat down again.

"Hall talked with her the most. What did she say, Hall?"

"Hall can't remember words in three syllables, but he says it was mighty brilliant and mighty deep."

"They say she's a niece of Mrs. Bowen's. She's staying with Mrs. Bowen."

Then it was the wisdom and brilliancy and severity of Imogene Graham that these young men stood in awe of! Colville remembered how the minds of girls of twenty had once dazzled him. "And, yes," he mused, "she must have believed that we were talking literature in the Cascine. Of course I should have thought it an intellectual time when I was at that age," he owned to himself with forlorn irony.

The young fellows went on to speak of Mrs. Bowen, whom it seemed they had known the winter before. She had been very polite to them; they praised her as if she were quite an old woman.

"But she must have been a very pretty girl," one of them put in.

"Well, she has a good deal of style yet."

"Oh yes, but she never could have been a beauty like the other one."

On her part, Imogene was very sober when she met Mrs. Bowen, though she had come in flushed and excited from the air and the morning's adventure. Mrs. Bowen was sitting by the fire, placidly reading; a vase of roses on the little table near her diffused the delicate odor of winter roses through the room; all seemed very still and dim, and of another time, somehow.

Imogene kept away from the fire, sitting down, in the provisional fashion of women, with her things on; but she unbuttoned her pelisse and flung it open. Effie had gone to her room.

"Did you have a pleasant drive?" asked Mrs. Bowen.

"Very," said the girl.

"Mr. Morton brought you these roses," continued Mrs. Bowen.

"Oh," said Imogene, with a cold glance at them.

"The Flemmings have asked us to a party Thursday. There is to be dancing."

"The Flemmings?"

"Yes." As if she now saw reason to

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do so, Mrs. Bowen laid the book face downward in her lap. She yawned a little, with her hand on her mouth. "Did you meet any one you knew?"

"Yes; Mr. Colville." Mrs. Bowen cut her yawn in half. "We got out to walk in the Cascine, and we saw him coming in at the gate. He came up and asked if he might walk with us."

"Did you have a pleasant walk?" asked Mrs. Bowen, a breath more chillily than she had asked if they had a pleasant drive.

"Yes, pleasant enough. And then we came back and went down the river-bank, and he skipped stones, and we took him to his hotel."

"Was there anybody you knew in the Cascine?"

"Oh no; the place was a howling wilderness. I never saw it so deserted," said the girl, impatiently. "It was terribly hot walking. I thought I should burn up."

Mrs. Bowen did not answer anything; she let the book lie in her lap.

"What an odd person Mr. Colville is!" said Imogene, after a moment. "Don't you think he's very different from other gentlemen?"

"Why?"

"Oh, he has such a peculiar way of talking."

"What peculiar way?"

"Oh, I don't know. Plenty of the young men I see talk cynically, and I do sometimes myself—desperately, don't you know. But then I know very well we don't mean anything by it."

"And do you think Mr. Colville does? Do you think he talks cynically?"

Imogene leaned back in her chair and reflected. "No," she returned, slowly, "I can't say that he does. But he talks lightly, with a kind of touch and go that makes you feel that he has exhausted all feeling. He doesn't parade it at all. But you hear between the words, don't you know, just as you read between the lines in some kinds of poetry. Of course it's everything in knowing what he's been through. He's perfectly unaffected; and don't you think he's good?"

"Oh yes," sighed Mrs. Bowen. "In his way."

"But he sees through you. Oh, quite! Nothing escapes him, and pretty soon he lets out that he has seen through you, and then you feel so *flat!* Oh, it's perfectly intoxicating to be with him. I would give the world to talk as he does."

"What was your talk all about?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose it would have been called rather intellectual."

Mrs. Bowen smiled infinitesimally. But after a moment she said, gravely: "Mr. Colville is very much older than you. He's old enough to be your father."

"Yes, I know that. You feel that he feels old, and it's perfectly tragical. Sometimes when he turns that slow, dull, melancholy look on you, he seems a thousand years old."

"I don't mean that he's positively old," said Mrs. Bowen. "He's only old comparatively."

"Oh yes; I understand that. And I don't mean that he really seems a thousand years old. What I meant was, he seems a thousand years off, as if he were still young, and had got left behind somehow. He seems to be on the other side of some impassable barrier, and you want to get over there and help him to our side, but you can't do it. I suppose his talking in that light way is merely a subterfuge to hide his feeling, to make him forget."

Mrs. Bowen fingered the edges of her book. "You mustn't let your fancy run away with you, Imogene," she said, with a little painful smile.

"Oh, I *like* to let it run away with me. And when I get such a subject as Mr. Colville, there's no stopping. I can't stop, and I don't *wish* to stop. Shouldn't you have thought that he would have been perfectly crushed at the exhibition he made of himself in the Lancers last night? He wasn't the least embarrassed when he met me, and the only allusion he made to it was to say that he had been up late, and had danced too much. Wasn't it wonderful he could do it? Oh, if *I* could do that!"

"I wish he could have avoided the occasion for his bravado," said Mrs. Bowen.

"I think I was a little to blame, perhaps," said the girl. "I beckoned him to come and take the vacant place."

"I don't see that that was an excuse," returned Mrs. Bowen, primly.

Imogene seemed insensible to the tone, as it concerned herself; it only apparently reminded her of something. "Guess what Mr. Colville said, when I had been silly, and then tried to make up for it by being very dignified all of a sudden?"

"I don't know. How had you been silly?"

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The servant brought in some cards. Imogene caught up the pelisse which she had been gradually shedding as she sat talking to Mrs. Bowen, and ran out of the room by another door.

They did not recur to the subject. But that night, when Mrs. Bowen went to say good-night to Effie, after the child had gone to bed, she lingered.

"Effie," she said at last, in a husky whisper, "what did Imogene say to Mr. Colville to-day that made him laugh?"

"I don't know," said the child. "They kept laughing at so many things."

"Laughing?"

"Yes; he laughed. Do you mean toward the last, when he had been throwing stones into the river?"

"It must have been then."

The child stretched herself drowsily. "Oh, I couldn't understand it all. She wanted to throw a stone in the river, but he told her she had better not. But that didn't make *him* laugh. She was so very stiff just afterward that he said the weather had changed, and that made *us* laugh."

"Was that all?"

"We kept laughing ever so long. I never saw any one like Mr. Colville. How queerly the fire shines on your face! It gives you such a beautiful complexion."

"Does it?"

"Yes, lovely." The child's mother stooped over and kissed her. "You're the prettiest mamma in the world," she said, throwing her arms round her neck. "Sometimes I can't tell whether Imogene is prettier or not, but to-night I'm certain you are. Do you like to have me think that?"

"Yes, yes. But don't pull me down so; you hurt my neck. Good-night."

The child let her go. "I haven't said my prayer yet, mamma. I was thinking."

"Well, say it now, then," said the mother, gently.

When the child had finished she turned upon her cheek. "Good-night, mamma."

Mrs. Bowen went about the room a little while, picking up its pretty disorder. Then she sat down in a chair by the hearth, where a log was still burning. The light of the flame flickered upon her face, and threw upon the ceiling a writhing, fantastic shadow, the odious caricature of her gentle beauty.

EAST ANGELS.

CHAPTER XI.

"MAN alive! of all the outlandish!" This was the unspoken phrase in Minerva Poindexter's mind as she watched a little scene which was going on near by. "I suppose it's peekin', but I don't believe they'd mind. What in the name of all *creation* are they at?"

Behind one of the old houses of Gracias there was a broad open space which had once been a field. On the far edge of this sunny waste stood some negro cabins, each brilliant with whitewash, and possessing a shallow little garden of its own gay with flowers; in almost every case, above the low roof rose the clear green of a clump of bananas. A path bordered by high bushes led from the town to this little settlement, and here it was that Celestine, herself invisible, had stopped to look through a rift in the foliage. A negro woman was coming down the dusty track which passed in front of the cabins; on her head she carried a large bundle tied up in a brightly colored patchwork counterpane. As she drew near the first house she espied her friend Mrs. Johnson sitting on her front step enjoying the air, with the last young Johnson, Nando, on her knee. The first woman (Celestine knew that she was called Jinny) stopped, put one arm akimbo, and, steadying her bundle with the other hand, began to sway herself slightly from side to side at the hips, while her bare feet, which were plainly visible, together with a space of bare ankle above, coming out below her short cotton skirt, moved forward in a measured step, the heel of the right being placed diagonally against the toes of the left, and then the left in its turn advanced with a slow level sweep, and placed diagonally across the toes of the right. There was little elevation of the sole, the steps, though long, being kept as close as possible to the ground, but without touching it, until the final down pressure, which was deep and firm. There seemed to be no liberty allowed: it was a very exact measure that Jinny was treading; the tracks made by her heel, the broad spread of her foot, and the five toes

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in the white dust, followed each other regularly in even zigzags which described half-circles. Thus swaying herself rhythmically, turning now a little to the right, now a little to the left, Jinny slowly approached Mrs. Johnson, who regarded her impassively, continuing to trot Nando without change of expression. But when Jinny had come within a distance of fifteen feet, suddenly Mrs. Johnson rose, dropped her offspring (who took it philosophically), and began in her turn to sway herself gently from side to side, and then, with arms akimbo, her bare feet performing the same slow, exact evolutions, she advanced with gravity to meet Jinny, the two now joined in a crooning song. They met, circled round each other three times with the same deliberate step and motion, their song growing louder and louder. Then Mrs. Johnson shook her skirts, flung out her arms with a wild gesture, and stopped as suddenly as she had begun, walking back to her door-step and picking up Nando, while Jinny, advancing and taking up a comfortable position on one broad foot (idly stroking its ankle meanwhile with the dust-whitened sole of the other), the two fell into conversation, with no allusion either by word or look to the mystic exercises of the moment before.

"Howdy, Mis' Johnson?" said Jinny, as though she had just come up. "How's Mister Johnson dis mawnin'? Speck he's bettah; I year he wuz."

"Yessum, Miss Jinny More, yessum. He's bettah, dat's de fac'; he's mighty nigh 'bout well agin, Mister Johnson is, tank de Lawd!"

"Save us! what mistering and missusing!" said Celestine to herself. She watched them a moment longer, the colored people being still a profound mystery to her. Then she emerged from her bush-bordered path, and making her way to Mrs. Johnson, hurriedly delivered her message: Mrs. Harold would like to have her come to the eyrie for a while to act as nurse for Mrs. Rutherford.

For that lady had met with an unfortunate accident; while stepping from her phaeton she had fallen, no one knew how or why, and though the phaeton was low and the ground soft, she had injured one of her knees so seriously that it was feared that she would not be able to walk for some time. Once fairly in bed and obliged to remain there, other symptoms had developed themselves, so that she appeared to have, as the sympathetic Betty (who had hurried up from East Angels, bringing Garda with her) expressed it, "a little, just a *little*, you know, and only the very *nicest* part, of course, of pretty much everything under the sun." In this condition of affairs Katrina Rutherford naturally required a good deal of waiting upon. And after the time had been divided between Margaret and Celestine for several days and nights, Dr. Kirby peremptorily intervened, and told Margaret to send for Looth Johnson, "the best nurse in Gracias—the best, in fact, south of the city of Charleston." Looth was Telano's mother: this was in her favor with Celestine. But when the poor Vermont spinster was actually face to face with her, it was difficult to believe that a person who danced with bare black legs in the dusty road in the middle of the day could be either the mother of the spotlessly attired Telano or the sort of attendant required by Mrs. Rutherford. Dr. Kirby's orders, peremptory as they were, Celestine herself would have freely disobeyed; but she did not dare disobey them when they had been repeated by Margaret Harold.

"It's where your son is," she explained, desperately, forcing herself to think of Telano's snowy jackets as she caught another glimpse of his mother's toes.

"I knows whar 'tis," replied Looth, who had risen and dropped a courtesy. And then, as Celestine departed, hurrying away with an almost agitated step, "Telano 'lows she's a witch," she said to Jinny, in a low voice, as the two looked after the spare erect figure in its lath-like black gown. "*I* 'lows, howsumebber, it's juss ribs an' bones an' all knucklely up de back; nubbuddy 'ain't *seed* so many knucklelies! I say, Jinny, 'tain't much honeyin' roun' *she's* eber been boddered wid, I reckon." And the two women laughed, though restraining themselves to low tones, with the innate civility of their race.

Meanwhile it was taking Minerva Poindexter the entire distance of the walk home to compose herself after that dancing, and more especially after the unseemly amplitude of the two large, comely black women, an amplitude which she would have confined immediately, if she had had the power, in gowns of firm fibre made after a straight fashion she knew, in which, by means of a system of restrictive seams in unexpected places, the

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modeller was able to neutralize the effect of even the most expansive redundancy.

At present Mrs. Rutherford was absorbing the time of Margaret, Celestine, Evert Winthrop; of Betty Carew, who, sending Garda to stay with the Moores, remained herself with dear Katrina; of Dr. Kirby, who paid three visits a day; of Telano, Cyndy, Maum Jube, and Aunt Dinah-Jim, who had transferred herself and her disorderly skill to the kitchen of the eyrie. During the only other serious illness Katrina Rutherford had known, one of her friends had remarked, "Oh, she's *such* a philanthropist!"

"Philanthropist?" said another, inquiringly.

"Yes; she has such a wonderful talent for employing people. That's philanthropy nowadays, you know, and I *think* Katrina could employ the whole town."

Looth arriving, still redundant but spotlessly neat in a loose white linen short gown over a brilliant yellow cotton skirt, a red handkerchief arranged as a turban, white stockings, and broad, low shoes (which were soundless), supplied an element of color at the eyrie, as well as abundant tact, a sweet, cooing voice, and soft strong arms for lifting. She called Mrs. Rutherford "honey," and changed her position skillfully and sympathetically twenty times a day. Mrs. Rutherford liked the skill; even better she liked the sympathy; she had often complained that there was very little true sensibility in either Margaret or Celestine. To hear and see Looth persuade her patient to eat her dinner was a daily entertainment to Winthrop. It was the most persuasive coaxing ever heard, and Mrs. Rutherford, while never once losing her martyr expression, greatly enjoyed it; there was some different method of tender urging for each dish. Celestine, who was not a jealous person, looked on with deep though concealed interest, never failing to be in the room, apparently engaged with something else, when Looth appeared with the tray. Though she understood her mistress's foibles perfectly, she was yet at heart fond of her (she had dressed her too long not to be), and would have felt her business in life at an end if separated from her. But she could no more have called her "my dove," and cooed over her with soft enthusiasm when she had eaten a slice of venison, than she could have danced at noon bare-legged in the dusty road.

But in spite of all these helpers, Mrs. Rutherford did not improve. If she did not grow worse, she did not grow better. At last she declared that she should never grow better so long as she must hear, day and night, the wash of the water on the near beach; now it was only a teasing ripple, which still she must listen for, now a long regular swell, to which she found herself forced mentally to beat time. As they could not take away the sea—even Looth could not coo it away—there was some uneasiness at the eyrie as to what the result would be; they decided that it was but a fancy, and that she would soon forget it. But Katrina Rutherford did not forget. At length there came three nights in succession during which she did not sleep "a moment." She announced to Winthrop that she should soon be in need of no more sleep, "save the last long one." Dr. Kirby, who still profoundly admired her—she continued to look very handsome after Celestine had attired her for the day in a dressing-gown of delicate hue, covered with white lace, a dainty little lace cap lightly resting on her soft hair—Dr. Kirby said to Winthrop that unstrung nerves were a serious matter, and that though her idea about the water was a fancy, of course, the loss of three nights' sleep was anything but fanciful. They could not move the sea; but they could move her, and they must. The next question was—where? The Seminole being as near the water as the eyrie, there was nothing to be gained by going there. Betty promptly offered her own house, and was full of plans for taking in their whole party under her hospitable roof. But Mrs. Rutherford confided to her nephew that the sighing of the pines all round Betty's domicile would be as "maddening" as the water, if not worse. "I'd rather they'd howl," she said.

Then came Mrs. Kirby in her black silk visite, her parasol held high above her head, and with mathematical precision directly over it, though the afternoon sun, slanting from the west, shone steadily into her eyes underneath, so that she was kept winking and blinking all the way. She came to offer their residence; the full half of it stood empty, and, needless to say, that she and Reginald would be right glad if the ladies would accept it. But Mrs. Rutherford confided, to Margaret this time, that nothing would induce her to go there.

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"She would be sure to come in every day with cookies hidden somewhere about her, and then *nibble*."

"They're wafers, I think," said Margaret, laughing.

"Wafers or cookies, she crunches when she eats them; I've heard her," Mrs. Rutherford declared. "It's all very well for you to laugh, Margaret; *you* have no sensitiveness. I wish I had a cooky now," she went on, irrelevantly—"a real one; or else a jumble, or a cruller, or an oley-koek. But there's no getting anything in this desolate place; their one idea is plum-cake—plum-cake!"

Mrs. Kirby was followed by Mr. Moore, who brought a note from his wife, cordially placing at the disposal of the Northern party "five pleasant rooms at the rectory," which could be made ready for them at any time upon shortest notice.

"They haven't more than six in all," commented Winthrop. "Does this mean, do you suppose, that they intend to shut themselves up into one, and give up to us all the rest?"

"Very probably," Margaret answered.

But the Moores were not obliged to make good their generous offer. Mrs. Rutherford said that she could not possibly live in the house with an invalid. "Always little messes being carried clinking upstairs on waiters, or left standing outside of doors for people to tumble over, the cups, with dregs of tea in them, set into each other. It's horrid!"

"But there are no stairs at the rectory," suggested Winthrop.

"Don't be catalogue-ish, Evert; you step into them a great deal worse on a ground-floor," replied his aunt.

Meanwhile the sea still washed the beach under the eyrie, and now, too, the nerves of almost everybody in it, for neither Margaret nor Celestine could sleep when Mrs. Rutherford could not; even Winthrop, at the Seminole, found himself wakeful, listening to the little soft sound, and thinking of his suffering aunt. For in spite of her fancies and her fairly good appetite, in spite of her rich dressing-gowns and carefully arranged hair, Aunt Katrina undoubtedly did suffer. Already her eyes had begun to have something of a sunken look. To Margaret and Winthrop she appeared sometimes to be seeing them through a slight haze, and to be trying, though ineffectually, to pierce it. "That dreadful water on the beach! that dreadful water!" was still her constant complaint.

"Do you think she would like to go down to East Angels?" suggested Dr. Kirby to Margaret one morning. "The motion of a carriage she couldn't bear at present, but she could go down very well in the *Emperadora*."

But Margaret thought she would not like it at all.

"How do you know, without asking, what I should like at all?" Aunt Katrina demanded when Margaret repeated to her this little conversation. Aunt Katrina liked to have all the little conversations repeated. "Don't imagine, Margaret, I beg, that you know all my feelings by intuition."

Later in the day came Evert. "Dr. Kirby has a fantastic plan for your going down to East Angels to stay for a while, Aunt Katrina. But I told him that you didn't like East Angels."

"Where did you get that idea? But of course from Margaret, who thinks she knows everything. East Angels is a charming old place."

"Oh!" said her nephew, rather astonished, remembering various adjectives she had applied to it; "decayed" had been a favorite one.

"I have always thought it charming," pursued the lady. And then she began to enumerate its good points. It was too far from the lagoon to be troubled by that tiresome sound of the water; it had no pines near it to tease people to death with their sighing; there would be no old ladies to drop in with their cookies and nibble; and there were no invalids, with teacups being sent clinking upstairs (Mrs. Rutherford herself drank chocolate). The one objection was that Dr. Reginald would have a long ride every morning to get to her. But Dr. Reginald, coming in at this moment, gallantly volunteered, in case she should go down there, to spend a week with them by way of beginning. In the evenings they could play cribbage until she should feel drowsy, for she certainly would feel drowsy down there among the—he had almost said "pines," but stopped in time; then he thought of live-oaks, but remembered that she considered them "dreary." Among the—he had nearly brought out "magnolias," but recollected that she disliked their perfume, and that she had called the myrtles "scrawny." "Among the andromedas," he con-

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cluded at last, pronouncing the word firmly, determined not to abandon it.

"Oh, andromedas. Aromatic?" inquired the patient, languidly.

"Immensely so," replied the Doctor. "Im—*mensely!*"

The next day, coming in again and finding that the poor lady had passed another bad night, and that at half past nine in the morning she had burst into tears, and called Looth her "only friend," as that turbaned handmaid was feeding her with the softest sympathy and toast, he took Winthrop to the north piazza and seriously advised the change.

"But East Angels is still Garda's," said Winthrop. "I don't see how we can go there."

"She will be delighted to have you. I don't think Garda is happy at present when long separated from Mrs. Harold," went on the speaker, candidly. "Mrs. Harold has had a wonderfully cheering influence over her, poor child, since her mother's death. Garda has been so unlike herself —I hardly know what to call it—passive, perhaps. I presume you have not noticed the change, but ma and I have."

Winthrop thought he had noticed. But all he said was: "We should have to send down the servants, and—and a good many other things, I'm afraid. The party would be large. It would be like taking possession, so many of us."

"Don't let that trouble you," said the Doctor, balancing himself in his old way. "In the matter of guests, our feeling here has always been that the more we had under our roof the better; yes, the better."

"It is true that the place is to be mine as soon as I can get a title. You are the guardian; perhaps you will allow us to rent it until then?"

"Sir," said the Doctor, stopping his balancing, "we will not speak of rent." And in truth rent was not a word esteemed in Gracias. Nobody "rented" there, and nobody "boarded"; each man lived in his own house, and sat at his own table. The roof might be in need of repairs, and the table bare, but they were at least his own. "As you have remarked, I am Miss Thorne's guardian, and as such I can assure you that she will be right glad to entertain you all at East Angels, and for as long a time as it will be agreeable to you to so favor her."

Thus it was arranged they were all to pay Garda a visit. It was to be ignored that workmen were to be sent down to the old house, and all the resources of Gracias-á-Dios strained to the utmost to make the rooms accord with the many requirements of Mrs. Rutherford; it was to be ignored that six servants and supplies of all kinds were to be added. Garda appeared at the eyrie, and gave her invitation. She seemed to think of it in the same way that the Doctor did—it was a visit. She had all the air of a hostess, though rather a listless one.

Nothing in this young girl had Margaret Harold admired more than the untroubled way in which she had accepted her new friend's assistance. Mrs. Rutherford, who was very industrious in prodding for motive (she considered it a praiseworthy industry, and felt that much sham would have remained unrevealed without her), had long ago announced that Garda's affection for Margaret was based upon her own pennilessness and Margaret's fortune. If this were so, there was at least no eagerness about it. The girl accepted all that Margaret did simply; sweetly enough, but as a matter of course. The funeral expenses had been paid by the Gracias friends; they had claimed this as their privilege. But since then Margaret had provided for everything, from Garda's new mourning garb to the money for the daily housekeeping at East Angels—sums which Betty Carew had disbursed with her nicest care, which were yet, in spite of her efforts, a mad expenditure when compared with the economies of Mrs. Thorne. The lean, clean larder of East Angels had had a sense of repletion that was almost wicked, and had felt itself carried wildly back to the days of Old Madam, who had spent the last of the Duero capital in making herself comfortable, smiling back wickedly in the blue eyes of Melissa Whiting when the latter had tried to save some of it.

Margaret could not but contrast Garda's simple way with the scruples, the inward distress, which she herself should have been a victim to if she had been placed at that age in such a situation, thrown entirely upon the care of a comparative stranger, at best a new friend. But here was a nature which could accept unreservedly and generously. It seemed to her a noble trait. She said this to Mrs. Rutherford in answer to one of that lady's attacks.

"If the positions were to be reversed, Aunt Katrina, I am sure she would be just

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the same; she would give in the way in which she now accepts; she would share everything with me with the same unreserve, and without a second thought."

"Give *me* the second thoughts, then," said Aunt Katrina. "I must say I can not see the nobility in it that you and Evert see." (This was quite true; Aunt Katrina never saw nobility.) "The girl has always had what she wanted, and she's got it now; that's all there is of it. Evert talks about her being so contented; most of us are contented, I suppose, when every wish is gratified, and if you would look at it fairly, without all this decoration you have added to it, you would see that hers have always been. Evert brings up their poverty—it has all come out, of course, since the mother's death. But, poor or not poor, *Garda* at least always had what she wanted; there were always honey cakes and oranges for her, and those old servants would wait upon her when they would not speak to her mother. She has never lifted her hand to do anything in her life but swing in her hammock, smell her roses, and play with that crane. Evert keeps harping—what simple things they were to give her so much pleasure. But somebody had to work to keep up even the 'simple things.' And that somebody was her mother. Simple—of course they were simple; she has been brought up in the country, and she is only sixteen; she has had no opportunity to see anything else. But it seems to me that the laziness which is shown by that hammock, and the epicureanism which comes out in the honey cakes and oranges, yes, and the roses too, and the frivolity which makes her find amusement by the hour in playing with that dreadful crane—all these are a very pretty development of temperament in a girl of that age."

Over this dark picture Margaret was unable to resist a laugh.

"Laugh on," said Aunt Katrina, ominously. "You will live to come to my opinion."

But Margaret continued to think Garda's free acceptance the sign of a generous nature. The girl judged her benefactress by herself; if she had been the one to bestow the kindness, she would not have liked a parade of obligation, effusive thanks; Margaret therefore would not like them either.

But if Garda did not turn the conversation toward Margaret's material gifts, she did turn it, and warmly, upon the delight it was to her that her friend was to be at East Angels; upon that point she was effusive enough. "*Now* I can live," she said.

"There's something so tiresome in being with Aunt Betty Carew day after day," she added, meditatively. "Don't you think so?"

"She has been extremely kind to you," Margaret answered.

"Yes, she's very kind; there's nobody kinder. That doesn't make her any the less wandering in her conversation, or any the less easily flushed. Do you remember how pretty my dear little mother was? She had such a nice straight little nose it was a pleasure to look at her. You have a lovely nose too, Margaret; it's a great comfort to me. Oh, won't you stay at East Angels until it is time to go North? In that way, as I am to go with you, we shouldn't be separated at all."

"Aunt Katrina may tire of East Angels in two days," Margaret answered.

"We won't allow it. We'll amuse her!" Garda declared with soft energy.

But something else was to amuse poor Aunt Katrina. She made the little journey comfortably, one beautiful morning, on the *Emperadora*, surrounded by her little retinue, of which Betty was one; she enjoyed her installation, and the novelty of the new room; she enjoyed the congratulations of Dr. Kirby, when, later in the day, he came down for his week's visit, and she played cribbage with him for a little while in the evening. Her nephew too was there; she had required his presence. "You must come, of course, Evert," she said; "I couldn't possibly stay away down in that lonely place without you." So Evert had been obliged to install himself as well as his aunt; he took up his abode not unwillingly in the old house which he expected some day to own.

After the cribbage, Aunt Katrina went to bed, and passed a night of blessed oblivion, unteased by the whining water: that had been her latest term for it—that it whined. But after a few days of this delightful rest, a fresh assortment of pains lifted their heads. The Doctor first alluded to them as rheumatic. But Aunt Katrina would not accept that suggestion. He then called them "suppressed gout." This was better; Aunt Katrina had always had a certain sort of esteem for gout. Besides, suppressed gout had no fixed habitation; Aunt Katrina, having very shapely

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feet, took the opportunity, the very day she accepted the name, to have herself lifted to the sofa, where these same members, in delicate slippers, reposed upon a bear-skin, only half concealed by an India shawl.

But these little vanities could be forgiven; they could even be encouraged (and were by the quick-witted Looth), if they had the power to make her forget her pain. The pain was of the kind she herself described as "wearing." Fortunately it was not constant; there were many free intervals. But during these intervals she was often tired; and Katrina Rutherford had lived such an easy, comfortable life that she had almost never been tired before. This fatigue after pain sometimes extended to her mind, and made her irritable and nervous. On these days no one could soothe her but Margaret, and it was soon discovered that no one must try. Margaret must read to her, read her to sleep; Margaret must sit in a certain place, and sit still; she must not leave the room; nobody must speak to her but Margaret—the others could say what was necessary through her. During one of her free intervals she explained to Winthrop that it was Margaret's voice that soothed her; "it's so hard," she said.

"I shouldn't think that quality would be particularly soothing," Winthrop answered.

"On the contrary, it's the very one—that is, for me. I only need her when I've been reduced to a pulp—like the pulp in the paper mills—by pain; at such times that hard voice of hers is the first firm thing I can take hold of; I crystallize round it by degrees, and gradually get back *some* shape and strength again."

Margaret's voice was not in the least hard; it was low and clear; when it took on certain intonations, very sweet. But Winthrop did not remind his aunt of this; she could crystallize round any adjectives that pleased her in her moments of rest; her nephew's usual championship of justice was postponed until she should be better.

During this time Celestine and Looth were often obliged to be companions; there were certain things they each did which no one else could do as well, and therefore neither one could be spared. To Celestine it was a weird experience, this sitting up at night in the large bare room of a strange old Spanish house (a house which had been inhabited for generations by Papists), opposite a great black woman in a red turban, who was in the habit of dancing bare-legged in the roads in the middle of the day; and all this on a winter night with roses blooming outside in the garden, and the perfume of orange blossoms coming in through the half-closed windows—a winter night which seemed to have gone astray from some other world. The absence of cold in winter climates abroad Celestine had accepted without opposition; it was only part of their general outlandishness. But that such foreign eccentricities should exist in the United States of America, under the sensible Stars and Stripes, this she by no means approved; like many other persons, she could not help believing that frost-tipped noses were an accompaniment of general republican simplicity and virtue, and that a good conscience and east wind could not be long separated without danger to morals.

She had never alluded to the dance. But one night Looth herself alluded to it. "Specks yer seen us, Miss Selsty, dat day you wuz down dar fur to ax me to come up yer to nuss—specks yer seen me an' Jinny?"

Celestine nodded grimly: a confession was evidently on the way.

"Yessum, Miss Selsty, I reckoned yer seen us. We wuz *shoutin'*," Looth went on, with gentle satisfaction. "I's a very rilligeous 'oman, Miss Selsty, yessum. An' so's Jinny too."

All the Gracias friends came down often to East Angels to inquire after Mrs. Rutherford; Madam Ruiz and Madam Giron came over from their respective plantations. De Torrez, however, did not come. He remained at home, and sent his respectful inquiries by his aunt. Neither the Doctor nor Mr. Moore had betrayed his secret; these two gentlemen were not in the habit of betraying anybody. De Torrez did not altogether like their reticence upon this particular occasion; he could not see that it was a subject upon which reticence was required. In the old days (the only days he cared much about) the position of suitor, devoted suppliant for his lady's favor, was an honorable one, one distinctly recognized. He should like to be recognized as occupying it now. But if these friends would not tell, he could not. To tell would not accord with his present posture of waiting in silence, the silence of ardor. "Posture" was his own word; no one else would have dreamed of ap-

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plying it to the immovably erect bearing of this self-controlled young man. Gracias, too, was having veritable postures to look at. These were the attitudes of Manuel Ruiz, which were new and surprising. After that first burst of fury (which De Torrez had witnessed) he had taken to riding over the barren at headlong speed on his large, thin black horse, with several knives stuck in his belt—a belt whose presence (in itself brigandish) he had further emphasized by tying over it round his slim waist a scarlet sash. Next he had suddenly appeared as a man of dissipations, a scoffer; he haunted the two small, rather sleepy bar-rooms of Gracias, smoking large cigars, wearing his sombrero much on one side, and in public places—the plaza, for instance—made cynical remarks about the fairer sex. Mrs. Moore confided to Mrs. Kirby that they had "been told" that these remarks were accompanied by cold laughter. This was worse even than the knives and the galloping, and Gracias was considering what had better be done, when, lo! Manuel appeared among them playing a third part. He was not only himself, but far more mellifluous even than he had ever been before; his manner, indeed, when he met any of these ladies, having in it such a delicate yet keenly personal admiration, such an appreciation of what they had been as well as of what they were, that all of them, even stout, honest Betty, and little Mrs. Kirby herself, under her high-held parasol, were set to blushing a little, without knowing why, and to vaguely adjusting their front hair with a touch or two, only to become conscious of it later, and say to themselves, angrily, that that boy ought to have a good horsewhipping! Manuel called upon all his friends and all his mother's friends (except Garda at East Angels), and could hardly sit in a chair. Upon seeing him, the idea was that he had been accustomed to a divan; he seemed always to have come from the sipping of nectar, to have touched nothing but rose leaves. Having thus thrown abundant dust in the eyes of the town, he took his departure. As he had long threatened, he was going to see the world. He mentioned to Mrs. Harold that he should endeavor to "take in" New York. And then he sailed on a coasting schooner for Key West, with four dollars and twenty cents in his pocket.

Gracias knew nothing of the real cause of all this. Madam Ruiz, Manuel's broad-shouldered and martial-looking, but in reality sighingly gentle, sentimental stepmother, was not in his confidence with regard to Garda. But she would not have credited the story, even if she had been, for she firmly believed her handsome stepson to be invincible from the Everglades to the Altamaha. During the long, warm, midsummer afternoons, when flat Patricio, low in the blue sea, had not a shadow, this lady, in her thick white house, the broad rooms darkened by the closed shutters, was in the habit of amusing herself with many romances about this. For your warm, still countries are ever the land of the story-teller. Madam Ruiz now and then told her stories to her husband.

"Yes, yes," said that gentleman; "he inherits it all from me." He was partially paralyzed, and sat all day in his chair. He did not like to have Manuel about much, he envied him so. He took more comfort in the children of this second marriage—a flock of brown-skinned, chattering little girls, who would be sure to grow up dark, lovely, and gentle, with serene, affectionate eyes, and the sweetest voices in the world, in which to call him their "dearest papa."

De Torrez kept his friend's secret punctiliously, as it was not to his credit. It was very much against his credit to have gone as he did to Garda, De Torrez thought.

As for Garda herself, she said afterward that she did not mention it because she did not think it of consequence enough to mention. She did not like to tell things; she was not a narrator (this was one of her mother's words). Besides, it was not interesting. The girl had a very decided way about what was and was not interesting. But she stopped there; she did not explain to others; she had the air of not taking the trouble even to explain to herself the grounds upon which these decisions had been formed. That they were formed, that was enough for her.

CHAPTER XII.

EVERT WINTHROP was very fond of the pine-barrens. He could scarcely have told why. They seemed to him to have a marked character of their own; their green aisles were as unlike the broad roll of the

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prairie as they were unlike the usual thick growth of the American forest further north. The pines of the barren stood apart from each other; they were not even in clusters or pairs. To a Northerner, riding or walking for the first time across the broad sun-barred spaces under them, the feeling was that this separated growth was the final outer fringe of some thick forest within, that it would soon come to an end, widen out, and disappear. But it never did disappear; the single trees went on rising in the same slender way from the open ground. They continued to rise for miles. And when the new-comer had once got rid of the idea that they would soon stop, when he had once become accustomed to the sparse unmingled growth, it seemed beautiful and more beautiful in a way of its own; as slender girls will sometimes seem more exquisite in their fair meagreness than the maturer women about them with their sumptuous shoulders and arms.

For one thing, the barrens were the home of all the breezes; winds from the four quarters of the heavens could sweep through their aisles as freely as though no trees were there: the foliage was far above. But though the winds could blow as they liked, they yet had to take something of the influences of the place as they passed, and the one most akin to them was the aromatic odor of the trees—pines long sun-warmed, never touched by ice or snow. These odors they gathered up and bore along, so that if it was a breeze from the south, one felt like sitting still and breathing the soft fragrance forever; and if it was a north wind, careering down the broad vistas, the resinous tang it carried gave a sort of excitement which could find its best expression in the gallops of a fast horse over the levels. At least so Winthrop thought. And he had often been guilty of riding for miles at a speed which he would not have acknowledged at the North; it seemed boyish to ride at that rate for the mere sake of the glow and the spicy wind on one's cheeks.

The barrens were always green. But it was not the green of the Northern forest; it was the dark, tranquil, unchanging hue of the South. The ground was covered thickly with herbage and little shrubs. Here and there flower stalks had made their way through, pushing themselves up as high as they could in order to get their heads out in the sunshine; there they swung merrily to and fro, and looked about them—violets so broad and bright that one could recognize their blueness at a distance, red bells of the calopogon, the yellow and lavender of pinguiculas rising from their prim little rosettes of leaves down below; near the pools the pitcher-plants; nearer still, hiding in thickets, the ferns. Some of the ferns did not hide; the Royal Osmunda came outside and lifted its head and cinnamon wands high in the air like a tree. The pools were a wonder. How came they there in so dry a land? For the barrens were pure white sand; each narrow road, where the exterior mat of green had been worn away, was a dry soft track in which the foot sank warmly. The pools were there, however, and in abundance. Though shallow, their clear water had a rich hue like that of dark red wine. Those on horseback or in a cart went through them, the little silver-white descent on one side to get to them, and the ascent on the other, forming the only "hills" the barrens knew. For those on foot, a felled pine-tree sometimes served as a bridge.

The trails, crossing in various directions, were many. They all appeared to be old. One came upon them unexpectedly; often they were not visible in the low shrubbery three feet away. Once found, they were definite enough; they never became merged in the barren, or stopped; they always went on and on, no one knew whither; they did not appear to know themselves, or care. And certainly no one else knew, as Winthrop found when occasionally, he being more lost than usual (on the barrens he was always lost to a certain degree, and liked it), he stopped his horse to ask of a passing cracker in what direction some diverging trail would bring him out. The cracker, astride his sorry pony, would stare at him open-mouthed, but he never knew. Packed into the two-wheeled cart behind him, all his family, with their strange clay-colored complexions and sunburned light hair, would stare also; and they never knew. They were a gentle, mummy-like people, too indolent even to wonder why a stranger should wish to know. They stared at him with apathetic eyes, and then passed on, not once turning their heads, even the children, for a second look. But as a general thing Winthrop rode on without paying heed to the direction he was taking. He could always guide himself back after a fashion by the pocket compass he carried.

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Occasionally some trail would bring him to the peaceful remains of what had once been a home. Somebody had inclosed a space here some time, redeemed it from the waste, and built himself an abode. The white base of his chimney was often all that was left, and it was impossible to say whether the last fire had been kindled there twenty or two hundred years before. The climate evaded dates. But Winthrop did not give much study to the details of the barrens, though these included many small wood creatures that scurried away before the sound of his horse's steps, the clever little opossum remaining behind to play his game of pretending to be dead. This Northerner, with his taste for action, preferred a good gallop without pause, enjoying most of all that peculiar sense of soft, wild solitude which a pine-barren gives to such a marked degree. True, there were the trails. But the trails seemed to belong to a more complete solitude still, the solitude of the past. They had been made by people long gone—the first Spaniards; the Franciscan missionaries of Menendez, "Captain-General of the Oceanic Seas"; early explorers looking for the fountain of youth and a land of gems and gold; and before these by the Indians, that most obstinate race, which had preferred to be exterminated rather than avail itself of the benefits of Christian slavery, which were offered as freely by the arriving white men to these their brethren of a red complexion as they had been in other lands to those of a black.

One afternoon Winthrop was out on the barren, when he saw in the distance a horse and phaeton. There was no phaeton in all that broad country but his aunt's. He rode across to see who was in it. To his surprise it was Garda, and alone. She was leaning indolently back on the cushioned seat, the reins held idly in her hand, an immense bunch of roses fastened in her belt. The horse was one he did not know.

"Garda!—this you?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, laughing at his surprise. "Everything was so dull at the house that I thought I must do something. So I did this."

"I wasn't aware that you knew how to drive?"

"This isn't driving."

"No, I hardly think it is," he answered, looking at her reclining figure and the loose reins. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Whose horse have you?—if I may ask another question."

"Madam Giron's; I sent Pablo to borrow it, as I did not like to take your aunt's."

"Then they know what you are doing?"

"Pablo knows."

"And Margaret?"

"No, Margaret doesn't know. I should have told her, of course, if I could have seen her, or rather, if I could have seen her, I should not have come out. But that was the trouble—I couldn't see her; she has been shut up in Mrs. Rutherford's room ever since early this morning, and there's no prospect, according to Looth, of seeing her until to-morrow."

"Yes, I feared my aunt was going to have one of her bad days."

"Of course I'm sorry. But that doesn't make the hours any shorter, that I know of. There was no one to speak to; even you were away. *You* have the advantage of being able to leave the house whenever you like, in the *Emperadora* or on horseback, and staying out forever."

"Well, I've turned up now."

"I don't want you now; I've 'turned up' myself. Where are you going, may I ask in my turn?"

"Going to drive you home."

"Not if you intend to tie that horse of yours at the back of the phaeton, where he will nibble my shoulders all the way. But I'm not going home yet; haven't I told you how dull it was there? I'm going on."

"I don't know about letting you go on; I'm not satisfied with the look of that horse."

"Yes, he's the wildest one Madam Giron has; but that isn't very wild," said Garda, in a tone of regret.

"You are already over four miles from East Angels—"

"Delightful!"

"—and if you won't turn round or let me drive you, I shall have to follow you on horseback; I shouldn't have a clear conscience otherwise."

"Oh, have a clear conscience, then."

But she did not long like this arrangement; the sound of another horse behind made Madam Giron's horse restless, so that she could not keep the reins lying idle, as she liked.

"Let your horse go, and come and drive me," she said.

"Let him go? Where?"

"Home, I suppose."

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"He wouldn't do it; he's an animal of much intelligence, and of course has observed that he could lead a nomadic life here perfectly, with constant summer, and water, and—but I can't say much for the grass. I think, however, that I can arrange it so that he shall not trouble you." And dismounting, he changed and lengthened some straps; then seating himself in the phaeton beside her, he took the reins, his own horse trotting along docilely at his side of the phaeton, fastened by a long line.

"It's caravanish," said Garda. "But I'll allow it because I want you to drive. It's more amusing than driving myself."

"More lazy, you mean."

"Yes; I ran away to be lazy."

"For a variety?"

She did not take this up, but, leaning back still further, half closed her eyes, as though variety, or indeed conversation, were supremely indifferent to her.

"Have you often been out in this way on the barrens, driving yourself?" he went on.

"This is the first time I have ever driven—on the barrens or anywhere else."

"Yet you come out alone, and with this restless horse! I never knew you to do such a thing before."

"That only shows how short a time you have known me. I always like to do things I have never done before."

The phaeton rolled on toward the west—on and on, as she would not let him turn. But he did not wish to turn now; they had reached a part of the barren which he had not visited, though he had ridden to much greater distances both toward the north and the south. Here were wider pools. And here also was a sluggish narrow stream. Far off on the left rose the long dark line of the great cypresses on the edge of one of the swamps. The sluggish stream at length crossed their road, or rather their road essayed to cross the sluggish stream. But the dark water looked deep; there were no tracks of wheels on the little descent to show that any one had tried the ford lately—say within the last twenty years. Winthrop hesitated.

"Go on," said Garda, tapping his arm with one of the roses which she had taken from her belt.

"But I might have to swim with you to the other shore."

"Nothing I should like better."

"To see me soaked?"

"To see you excited."

"That wouldn't excite me; I should only be cold and depressed. In any case it is time for us to turn back."

"No. I've set my heart upon going at least as far as that ridge." And she pointed with the rose to a little rise of land on the other side of the stream, a low swell of the barren, whose sides and summit were covered thickly with Dr. Kirby's andromedas and shining laurel, sprays of yellow jasmine, bright with flowers, pushing through the darker green, and springing into the air. "There's the bridge," she added.

Winthrop turned; a felled pine-tree, roughly smoothed, crossed the stream a short distance below the ford.

"You can tie the horses here, and we will walk over," pursued Garda.

"Then will you come back?" he asked, amused by her taking it as a matter of course, always, that she was to have her own way.

"Then I will come back."

He tied the horses to two pine-trees, some distance apart from each other. Then he tried the bridge. It seemed firm. Garda, refusing his offers of assistance, crossed lightly and fearlessly behind him. Some of the twigs still remained on the old trunk, and she lifted her skirt so that they should not catch upon it and cause her to stumble. When they had gone nearly three-quarters of the distance, Winthrop, turning his head to speak to her, saw that she wore low slippers, thin-soled papery little shoes fit only for a carpeted floor. "You must not go among those bushes in those shoes," he said. "The bushes over there are sure to be wet; all that ground is wet."

"Don't stop on the bridge," said Garda, laughing.

But he continued to bar the way. "I will bring you the flowers," he said.

"I don't want the flowers, I want to go myself to the top of that ridge, and look over the other side."

"There's nothing to see on the other side."

"That makes no difference. Go on. Go on."

He turned round; cautiously, for the bridge was slippery and narrow. They were now face to face.

"I shall never yield," Garda declared, gayly. "But I shall make *you* yield. Easily."

"How?"

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"By telling you that if you do not go on, I shall jump into the water, and get to the other bank in that way."

He laughed. But as he did so he suddenly felt a conviction come over him, owing to an expression he saw in her eyes, that she was capable of carrying out her threat. He seized her hands. But she wrested them from his grasp, and as she did so he had a vision of her figure in the water below. He could easily rescue her, of course; but it would be a situation whose pleasures he should fail to appreciate, both of them wet through, and many miles from home. She had no sooner freed her hands, therefore, then he took a firmer hold of her, so that she could not stir.

But she still openly exulted; her face, close to his, was brilliant with light and mirth. "That's of no use," she said. "You can not possibly walk backward on this narrow tree, even if you could carry me—which I doubt."

It was true that his back was toward the bank which was near, the one they had been approaching, and that he could not make his way thither on that narrow surface without seeing where he was going. He had flushed a little at her taunt. "I can carry you back to the side we started from," he said.

"No, you can not do that, either. For I could easily blind you with my hands, and make you stumble."

"Garda!—how absurd!"

"Yes; but it's *you* who look so," she answered, bursting into a peal of irrepressible glee.

Winthrop had the feeling that she might be right. He knew that he was flushed and angry. No man likes to be laughed at, even by a girl of sixteen. Her eyes, though overflowing with mirth, had still an unconquerable look in them. Suddenly he released her. "Your actions are ridiculous," he said; "I can only leave you to yourself." And turning, he crossed to the near bank. He had successfully resisted his impulse, which had been (and it was an impulse whose strength surprised him) to take her, mocking and mirthful as she was, and carry her back to the bank from which they had started; he felt sure that he could have done it in spite of any resistance she might have attempted to make.

Garda ran after him, and put her arm in his. "Are you vexed with me?" she said, looking up coaxingly in his face.

"Don't you think you are old enough now, Garda, not to act so much like a child?"

"It isn't a child," she answered, as it seemed to him rather strangely. "I shall always be like this."

"Do you mean that you never intend to be reasonable?"

"Oh, I don't know what I intend; I don't think I intend anything; intending's a trouble. But don't be angry with me," she went on. "You and Margaret are all I have now." And she looked up at him still coaxingly, but this time through a mist of tears.

"I am not vexed," answered Winthrop, quickly. He knew what subject the tears foreboded. "Will you have the kindness to glance at your feet?" he added, by way of diversion into another channel.

They had been standing among the low bushes on the further shore, and Garda was again holding her skirt slightly lifted; her thin slippers were seen to be as completely drenched as though they had been in the stream. "Yes, they're wet," she assented, lifting first one, and then the other, so as to get a good view. "They're quite wet through, soles and all. And, do you know, my feet are already a little cold."

"And we have still the long drive home. You must acknowledge that you are wise."

At this moment they heard a sound, and turned. Madam Giron's horse had broken his fastenings, and was starting down the barren, the phaeton gently rolling along behind him. Winthrop ran across the pine-tree bridge and after him, as swiftly yet as noiselessly as he could, so that the sound of pursuit should not increase his speed. But Madam Giron's horse enjoyed a run on his own account, and after trotting along for a while, he broke into the pace which suited him best, a long-stepped easy gallop. Thus, with the phaeton bounding along at his heels, he took his way down the broad green vista, faster and faster, yet still with a regular motion, which was doubly exasperating because it seemed so much more like an easy gait for the saddle (which it was) than a demoralized running away. At length, when Winthrop himself had run half a mile, in the vain hope that he would stop or turn, Madam Giron's steed disappeared in the distance, having reached and gone down, Garda said, the curve of the earth, as a ship does at sea.

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"Isn't it funny? What are we going to do now?" she asked. She had come back across the bridge while he was vainly pursuing the chase.

"If it were not for your wet feet I should put you on my horse and start toward home, hoping to meet some one with a cart. As it is, I think you had better try to walk for a while."

"It would be very uncomfortable in these wet things. No; I couldn't."

"I hardly know what we can do, then, unless you will take off your stockings and those silly slippers, and wrap your feet up in something dry. Then I could put you on the horse."

"But there's nothing to wrap them up in."

"Yes; my coat."

Garda laughed. "To think of seeing *you* without one!"

But at length this was done; the pretty little feet, white and cold, she dried with her handkerchief, and then wrapped up as well as she could in his coat, securing the wrapping with the black ribbon which had been her belt. Thus protected he lifted her, laughing at her own helplessness, on the horse, where she sat sidewise, holding on; she had fastened all the roses which had been in her belt on her palmetto hat, so that she looked like a May-queen. Winthrop walked on in advance, leading the horse by the bridle, and carrying her slippers dangling from his arm by a string, in the hope, he said, of at least beginning the drying. For some time Garda amused herself making jests at their plight. But after a while the uneasy posture in which she was obliged to sit began to tire her; she begged him to stop and let her rest awhile.

"We shouldn't reach home then until long after dark," he answered. "As it is, at this rate, it will be very late before we can get there."

"Never mind that. Of what consequence is it? I'm so tired!"

He came back, and walking by her side, guiding the horse by the rein, he told her to put her hand on his shoulder, and steady herself in that way. This bettered matters a little, and they got over another long slow mile. The sun had sunk low in the west; his horizontal rays lit up the barren with a flood of golden light. "My poor slippers are no drier," said Garda, lifting the one that hung near her.

"If we had had time we could have made a fire, and dried them with very little trouble."

"Oh, let us make a fire! I love to make a fire in the woods. You could get plenty of dry cones and twigs in no time; it wouldn't take fifteen minutes in all. Then, if they were once dry, I could walk."

"Your fifteen minutes would be half an hour at least, and that is a half-hour of daylight very precious to us just now. Besides, I am afraid I doubt your walking powers."

"Yes," answered Garda, with frankness; "I hate to walk."

"Yet you can run," he suggested, referring to her escapade on Patricio beach.

Garda took up this memory, and was merry over it for some time. Then, growing weary again, she told him despotically that he must stop. "I can not bear this position and jolting a moment longer, with my feet fettered in this way," she said, vehemently. "You wouldn't, either."

He turned. Though she was smiling, he saw that she had grown pale. "I shall have to humor you. But I give you fifteen minutes only." He lifted her down, and mounting the horse, rode off to a distance, first in one direction, then in another, hoping to discover some one whom he could send in to Gracias for a carriage or wagon. But the wide barren, growing rapidly dusky, remained empty and still; there was no moving thing in sight.

When he came back, he found that Garda had put on her stockings and slippers again, wet as they were. She was trying to walk. But the soft sand of the track clung to each damp shoe so that she lifted, as she said, a mountain every time she took a step. In spite of this, "I'm going on," she announced.

"You must, now that you have put on those wet things again; it's the only way to keep you from taking cold."

So they started, Garda leaning on his arm, while he held the bridle with his other hand. "I might ride, and carry you behind me," he suggested. "Like Lochinvar."

"Who was Lochinvar? See; there's somebody!"

He looked toward the point she indicated, and saw the figure of a man going in another direction, and at a good distance from them. He jumped on his horse again, and rode across to speak to him. The man proved to be a tall young

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negro of eighteen or nineteen. He was ready to do anything that Winthrop should desire, but he had also the disappointing tidings to communicate that they were even further from East Angels and Gracias than they had supposed; they were still ten miles out.

"Why, it's Bartolo," said Garda, as they came back together. She had seated herself, and was looking at her clogged feet gravely.

"Yessum," said Bartolo, removing his fragmentary straw hat.

"He's Telano's cousin," pursued Garda, inspecting the wrinkled kid at the heel of the left slipper. "Do you know, they are beginning to shrink. They hurt me."

Winthrop stood still,deliberating. There was no house or cabin of any kind within a number of miles, Bartolo said. If he should send the boy in to Gracias on foot for a carriage, and keep on advancing with Garda in the same direction at their present slow rate, they should not probably reach East Angels until nearly midnight; he did not dare leave her alone, and go in on horseback himself; and he would not leave her with only Bartolo for protector. This last would have been the Southern way, and Garda herself suggested it. "Ride in to Gracias as fast as you can, and come back with a carriage or something for me; I shall not be afraid if Bartolo can stay."

Bartolo showed his white teeth. "I ken stay, sho," he said. He was blacker and jollier than his cousin Telano. He had not the dignified manners of a Governor of Vermont. He was attired in a light costume of blue cotton shirt and butternut trousers, his sleeves rolled up, his feet bare.

Winthrop still deliberated. "Perhaps it would be better," he said at last, "if Bartolo should go in on my horse; I could wait here with you." And he looked at Garda with eyes which asked the question was Bartolo to be trusted so far as that.

She understood. "Bartolo will carry your message as well as any one could, I know," she answered.

Bartolo gave his head a lurch to one side in acknowledgment of her compliment. He slapped his leg resoundingly —"I *tell* yer!" he said. It was his way of affirming his capabilities.

There was really nothing else to be done, unless Winthrop should essay to ride, as he had suggested, with Garda behind him. And Garda declined to try this mode of progression. Bartolo offered the statement that he could reach Gracias, and have a carriage back, before dark.

"That's impossible," said Winthrop, briefly.

"'Twon' be more'n de edge of de ebenin', den, marse," said Bartolo, with his affable optimism.

"Be off, in any case; the sooner you are back, the more dimes you will have."

Bartolo flung himself in a heap upon the saddle, disentangling his legs after the horse was in motion; then, his bare feet dangling and flapping without use of the stirrup, he galloped across the barren, not by the road, but taking a shorter cut he knew. Winthrop stood watching him out of sight. But he could not see far, as the light was nearly gone.

"Now make a fire," said Garda.

"Don't you think you could walk on—if we should go very slowly? We might shorten the distance by a mile or two."

"I don't think I could take a step. These slippers are tightening every minute in some wrong place; they hurt me even as I sit still."

"Try my shoes."

"I couldn't carry them; my feet would slip out at the top."

This was true; her little feet looked uselessly small, now that they were needed for active service. "You are very inconvenient," he said, smiling.

"The next thing—you will be asking me to go in to Gracias barefoot," continued Garda. "But I never could, never; one step on this sand would make me all creepy."

"Well," said Winthrop at last, accepting his fate, "I suppose I might as well make a fire."

"It's what I wanted you to do in the first place," answered Garda, serenely.

He made a fire that leaped high toward heaven. He made it systematically, first with twigs and pine cones which he collected and piled together with precision before applying the match; then he added dry branches, which he searched for and hauled in with much patience and energy.

"When I asked you to make a fire, I did not suppose you would be away all night," remarked Garda, as he returned from one of these expeditions, dragging another great load behind him.

"All night? Twenty minutes, perhaps."

"At least an hour."

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He looked at his watch by the light of the blaze, and found that she was right; he had been at work an hour. As he had now collected a great heap of branches for further supply, he stood still, watching his handiwork. Garda was sitting, or rather half reclining, on his coat, her back against a pine, her slippers extended toward the glow.

"You look sleepy," he said, smiling to see her drowsy eyes. "But I am glad to add that you also look warm."

"Yes, I am very comfortable. But, as you say, I am sleepy; would you mind it if I should really fall asleep?"

"The best thing you could do."

She put her head down upon her arm; her eyes closed. It was not long before he could perceive that sleep had come. He took off his soft felt hat, and, kneeling down, raised her head gently and placed it underneath as a pillow. She woke and thanked him; but fell asleep again immediately. He drew the little mantle she wore—it was hardly more than a scarf—more closely round her shoulders, added to it the only thing he had, his silk handkerchief. And then, coatless and hatless, he walked up and down beside the fire and her sleeping figure, keeping watch and listening for the distant sound of wheels. But it was too early to listen; he knew that. Night had darkened fully down upon the barren; the fire, no longer leaping, burned with a steady red glow. A breeze stirred now and then in the pine-trees; but except that soft sound it was very still. And the aromatic odors grew stronger.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning, about eight o'clock, the only covered carriage of which Gracias could boast drove up to the door of East Angels. From it descended (it really was a descent, for the carriage had three folding steps) Evert Winthrop, then Garda, then Mrs. Carew, to meet, gathered in the lower hall near the open door, Dr. Kirby and his mother, the Reverend Middleton Moore, Madam Ruiz, Madam Giron, and, in the background, Pablo and Raquel. Margaret was not there, nor Celestine; but Looth's head peeped over the old carved railing at the top of the stairway, and outside, gathered at the corner of the house, were Telano, Aunt Dinah-Jim, Maum Jube, and Cyndy, furtively looking on. Dr. Kirby's face was dark as night. Mr. Moore, who always preferred that everything should be as usual, was doing his best (in opposition to the Doctor) to keep it usual to-day. Of course they had been anxious. But Garda was found; he did not see why they should continue to be distressed. He had been talking to Madam Ruiz about Vittoria Colonna. Little Mrs. Kirby, in her neat brown bonnet with little brown silk cape attached to it behind, looked anxious and tired. Madam Giron, with some hastily donned black lace drapery over her head, and Madam Ruiz (in spite of Mr. Moore's Italian conversation), appeared more reserved than was usual with them.

The arriving Betty alone was radiant. But she shone for all. She half fell out of the carriage in her haste, and almost brought Evert Winthrop, who was assisting her, to the ground. Garda, while waiting a moment for these two, glanced at the assembled group within, and, smiling at their marshalled array, waved a gay little salutation to the Doctor, who was advancing to meet them. But the Doctor was in no mood for such light greetings. In majestic silence he came forth, representing the others, representing Gracias-á-Dios, representing every departed Duero and Thorne.

Winthrop detested scenes. He was much annoyed that these people had (as he said to himself) thought it necessary to make one. But he saw that he could not prevent it: they had made up their minds to take it in that way. If he did not speak, the Doctor would; and it was better to speak first and speak lightly, and thus, by ignoring their solemnity, break it up, than to be put through a catechism on his own account.

"Ah, Doctor," he said, "good-morning. We have had an accident, as you see, and are rather late. But it isn't of as much consequence as it might have been, because Garda has given me the right to take care of her; she has promised to be my wife."

It was out—the great news! Betty Carew, disentangled from the carriage, fell to kissing everybody in her excitement, and saying, tearfully, "Isn't it—*isn't it* beautiful?" Old Mrs. Kirby walked back, and meekly sat down on the bottom stair. She was pleased, but she was also extremely tired, and in the reaction she was becoming conscious of it; though deeply in-

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terested, her principal hope now was that somebody would think of breakfast. Madam Giron (generously unmindful of her missing horse) and Madam Ruiz came forward together to offer their congratulations. At heart they were much astonished, for they both thought Winthrop far too old for Garda. They tried not to show their surprise, and said some very sweet things. But Mr. Moore was the most startled person present; Winthrop's speech had seemed to him the most unusual thing he had ever heard. He walked up and down several times, rubbing his hands as if he did not quite know what to do. Then he tried to present a better appearance in the presence of all these friends, and stood still, putting the tips of his fingers together and looking at them, saying every now and then, in a conciliating tone (apparently as much to himself as to any one else), "Yes, yes; of course; yes, yes."

These little flurries of words, movement, and embraces had gone on simultaneously. And Winthrop had all the time been trying to lead the way toward the stairs. Dr. Kirby had not spoken a syllable, either in answer to Winthrop's first speech, or Betty's tearful "*Isn't* it beautiful?" or Mr. Moore's "Yes, yes"; he had only swallowed. What he was swallowing he alone knew. But now he found his voice, and drawing Garda—who had kept on laughing to herself softly—away from the women who were surrounding her, "Come upstairs, Garda," he said; "this open hall is no place for a serious conversation."

It occurred to Winthrop that he might have thought of this before.

Meanwhile the large heavy Looth had gone on a thunderous run through the whole length of the upper hall, on her way to a back staircase, in order to get down first and tell the news to Telano, Aunt Dinah, and the others. For Pablo and Raquel held themselves aloof from the new servants (though kindly allowing them to do all the work for the household), and it gave Looth joy to forestall them. Pablo and Raquel were of the old *régime;* they held their heads high because they were not receiving wages, but "b'longed to de place"; they had small opinion of "free niggahs" still, and were distinctly of the belief that "man's payshin" was an invention of the Yankees, which would soon come to a well-merited end. "*Den* we'll see squirmin'!"

When the friends were re-assembled in the drawing-room upstairs, Dr. Kirby said, with gravity, "Let some one inform Mrs. Harold."

Winthrop repressed a movement of impatience; the little Doctor with his magisterial air, the tall, lank clergyman trying to conciliate his own surprise, Mrs. Carew with her ejaculations and handkerchief, the two Spanish ladies, who, as it was a sentimental occasion, and Garda not near, stood romantically holding each other's hands, even poor tired little Mrs. Kirby, folded up quiet and small as a mouse in her chair—they all seemed to him tedious and unnecessary. Then his glance reached Garda, who was looking at him over the low bulwark of the Doctor's shoulder. His face softened, and he smiled back at her; evidently they must let these good people have their way.

But Garda was less patient. "I am going myself to find Margaret," she said, and slipped from the room before the Doctor could stop her.

"I don't think she will come back immediately," said Winthrop, smiling a little with recovered good-humor at the solemn face the Doctor turned toward him. "If these friends will kindly excuse me, I should like to go to my room for a while, as I have been up all night. Perhaps you will come with me?" he added to the Doctor; "for a moment or two."

It was not at all the Doctor's idea, this easy "moment or two," of the formal interview which should take place between the suitor and the guardian. But neither had it been at all to his taste—Winthrop's first remark that they were "rather late." Rather late—he should think so, indeed! About fourteen hours. However, his genuine fondness for Garda induced him to waive ceremony, and he prepared to follow the Northerner, who, with a courteous bow to the others, was turning to leave the room.

But they would not let him go so. They must all shake hands with him again. Madam Ruiz and Madam Giron turned their lovely eyes upon him, and said some more enchanting things. Betty, taking his hand in both of hers, gave him her blessing. Mr. Moore's clasp was more limp; he was a very sincere man, and did not know yet whether he was pleased or not; he did not think Penelope would know. When Winthrop and Dr. Kirby had left the room, he took leave of

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the ladies, mounted his little pony, and started on his return to Gracias; perhaps, after all, Penelope *would* know. Madam Ruiz and Madam Giron went next, not aware that the tidings they carried would bring another access of that dangerous rage to Manuel when he should hear it in Key West, and a heavy conviction that the world's last days were certainly near to poor stiff De Torrez. Betty Carew was to remain. To her, when they were alone, Mrs. Kirby, waiting for Reginald, confided her need for breaking her fast.

"And *I'm* famished too," said Betty, wiping her eyes decisively for the last time, and putting away her handkerchief; "only one doesn't remember it now, of course, at such a time as *this*." (But Mrs. Kirby thought she did remember.) "We had a little something before we started, at my house—where dear Evert in the *sweetest* way brought Garda, as soon as they reached Gracias, but it was only a little, and I'll go directly out now myself and speak to Aunt Dinah, as Mrs. Harold and Garda are talking, I reckon—yes, *indeed*, they've got something to talk about now, haven't they? and *what* a comfort this will be to Mrs. Harold, coming so *soon* after her taking charge of the dear, dear child, and making her more than ever one of the family, of course; and Katrina too, what a comfort it will be to her to have her dear nephew so *delightfully* married! But there, I'll go out and speak to Aunt Dinah; 'twon't be long, Mistress Kirby; 'twon't be long."

Mrs. Kirby hoped it would not be; she sat very still in her low chair; it seemed to help her more if she sat still. She was seventy-five years old, and a very delicate little woman; her last meal had been taken at five o'clock of the afternoon, or, as she would have said, of the evening, before. She had been up all night, having started with her son for East Angels soon after Telano had appeared at their door saying that Garda had not come home, and Mrs. Harold wished to know if she were with them. Reginald, though in his mental perceptions so quick and keen, was very blind at night as regarded actual vision; in consequence they had missed their way, and after long meandering wanderings over the level country in various directions through the soft darkness, behind their old horse June on a slow walk (her white back was the only thing they could either of them see), they had found themselves at dawn far away from East Angels, so that they had only been able to arrive there half an hour before Garda herself appeared. They found several of their friends already assembled, and learned from them that word had been sent down from Gracias that Garda had reached Mrs. Carew's house in safety with Evert Winthrop, and that all three would soon be at East Angels.

This news had occasioned much relief. Also some pleasant conjecture and comment. But Reginald Kirby did not conjecture or comment when they told him the tale; he maintained an ominous silence. Too ominous, Mr. Moore thought: let ominousness be kept for one's attitude toward crime. The truth was that Mr. Moore, much as he admired Dr. Reginald (and he admired him sincerely), thought that he had just one little fault: he was disposed at times to be somewhat theatrical. So he spoke in his most amiable way of Garda's adventure being "quite idyllic," and turning to the Doctor, added, pleasantly, "Why so saturnine?" And then again (as it seemed to him a good phrase), "Why so saturnine?" And then a third time, and more playfully, as though it were a poetical quotation, "Why?—tell me why?"—which was indeed imitated from one of Penelope's songs, "Where, tell me where," referring to a Highland laddie.

The Doctor glared at him. Then he took him by the button and led him apart from the others, to the end of the room. "Sir," he said, frowning, "you can take what stand you like in this matter; *you* are a clergyman, and a certain *oatmealish* view of things becomes your cloth. But I, sir, am a man of the world, and must act accordingly." And leaving the parson to digest that, he had returned to his post at the door.

When Betty came back from her interview with Aunt Dinah she brought with her a piece of hot corn-bread; "I thought you might like a taste of it," she said. Mrs. Kirby was very glad to get it; she sat breaking off small fragments and eating them carefully—Mrs. Rutherford would have said that she nibbled. "Yes, the *sweetest* thing!" continued Betty, seating herself broadly in an arm-chair, and searching again for her handkerchief. "Let me see—you and the Doctor started down here about midnight, didn't you? Well, of course we didn't feel like going to bed after *that*, of course, not knowing

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where our poor dear child might be, and so I went over and sat with Penelope Moore, and Mr. Moore *very* often went down to the gate, and indeed a good deal of the time he staid out on the plaza; Telano's coming up had let everybody know what had happened, and a good many other people sat up besides ourselves, and some of the old servants got together with torches and went out on the barren to look, only Mr. Moore wouldn't organize a *regular* search, because he supposed that was being done here under the Doctor's directions. At length, when it was nearly three, Mr. Moore came in and said that he thought we had better go to bed and get what sleep we *could;* that we should only be *perfectly* useless and exhausted the next day if we sat up all night" (here little Mrs. Kirby heaved a noiseless sigh); "and so I went home, and *did* go to bed, but more to occupy the time than anything else, for of course it was simply *impossible* to sleep, anxious as I was. But I must have dropped off, after all, I reckon, because it was just dawn when Cynthy came up to tell me that Mr. Moore was down-stairs; I *rushed* down, and he said that Marcos Finish, the livery-stable man, had been to the rectory to say that Bartolo Johnson had come to his house a short time before, knocked him up, and told him that the Northern gentleman and Garda were ten miles out on the barren, and that he had been sent in to bring out a carriage for them. He confessed—Bartolo—that he ought to have been there *hours* before, as the gentleman had sent him in on his own horse not much past eight in the evening. But, on the way, he had to pass the cabin of one of his *friends*, he said—a nice friend, that wild, drinking Joe Tasteen!—and Joe stopped him, and he intended to stay only a moment, of course, which soon became many minutes as the foolish boy lay on the floor in a drunken sleep, while two of Joe's hangers-on, though not actually Joe himself, I believe, made off with the horse. Of course it was a regular plot, and I'm afraid Mr. Winthrop will never see *that* horse again! When Bartolo *did* at last wake up, he came in to Gracias as fast as he could scamper, and went straight to Marcos's place and told all about it—the only redeeming feature in *his* part of the affair—and Marcos got out his carriage, and sent one of his best men as driver, with Bartolo as guide, and then he went over to your house to tell the Doctor, and not finding him, came on to the rectory, and Mr. Moore told him that he did wrong not to come to him *before* sending the carriage (but Marcos said Bartolo wouldn't wait), because he himself would have gone out in it after Garda, of course. This was the first *we* knew, in Gracias, of Mr. Winthrop's being with the dear child, and it *did* seem so fortunate that if they were to be lost at all, they should happen to be lost together. Mr. Moore thought, and so did Marcos Finish, that they would go directly to East Angels, and so he rode down there, and I was going down myself, later, only they did that *sweet* thing, they came in to Gracias and directly to *me*. There they were in the drawing-room when I hurried down, Garda laughing, oh, *so* pretty, the dear! As soon as I knew, I took her in my arms and gave her a true *mother's* blessing. Oh, Mistress Kirby, how such days as this take us back to our *own* spring-time, to the first buddings and blossomings of our *own* dear days of love! I am sure—I am sure," continued Betty, overcome again, and lifting the handkerchief, "that we *can not* but remember!"

Mrs. Kirby remembered. But not with her lachrymal glands; it was not everybody who was endowed with such copious wells there, suitable for every occasion, as Betty had been endowed with. She nodded her head slowly, and looked at the floor. She had finished the corn-bread, and now sat holding the remaining crumbs carefully in the palm of her left hand, while, in a secondary current of thought (the first was occupied with Garda and her story), she wished that Betty had brought a plate. "Do what I can," she said to herself, "some of them *will* get on the carpet."

Garda, escaping from the Doctor, had gone to Margaret's room. She had not much hope of finding her; her not having been present to greet them seemed to indicate that she was engaged with Mrs. Rutherford. But Margaret was there.

Garda ran up to her and kissed her. "The only thing I cared about, Margaret, was you—whether *you* were anxious."

"How could I help being anxious?" Margaret answered. "It was the greatest relief when we heard that you had reached Gracias." She was seated, and did not rise; but she put one arm round the young girl, and looked at her affectionately.

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Garda sat down on a footstool, and rested her elbows on Margaret's knee. "You are so pale," she said.

"I am afraid we are all rather pale; we haven't been to bed; we were anxious about you, and then Aunt Katrina has had one of her bad nights."

But Garda never had much to say about Aunt Katrina. She looked at Margaret with an unusually serious expression in her dark eyes. "I have something to tell you, Margaret. You know how wrong you have thought me in liking Lucian as I did; what do you say, then, to my liking somebody who is very different—Mr. Winthrop? What do you say to my marrying him? Not now. When I am two or three years older. He has always been so kind to me, and I like people who are kind. Of course you are ever so much surprised. But I hope you won't dislike it. One of the pleasantest things about it to me is that it will keep me near you."

Margaret did not say whether she was surprised or not. But she took the girl in her arms and held her close for a moment.

"How much you care about it!—I believe you care more than I do," said Garda, putting her head down on Margaret's shoulder contentedly.

"No," answered Margaret, smiling, "that is impossible, isn't it? It is only that those who are older always realize such things more."

"Well, I don't want to realize anything more just at present," said Garda. She left her friend, and standing long enough to lift her rounded arms above her head in a long stretch, she threw herself down on a low couch. "*Oh*, I'm so sleepy! And I'm hungry too. I wish you would let me have my coffee in here, Margaret; then I could talk to you and tell you all about it, and slip off to bed without seeing any one. Don't you want to hear all about it?"

Margaret had risen to ring for Telano. "Of course I do," she said, as she crossed the room.

"Let me see," began Garda, in a narrating tone. "I went to sleep. Then I woke up, and after a while I got frightened." She put her hands under her head and closed her eyes. Presently she began to laugh. "That's all there is to tell; yes, really. I got frightened—the barren was so dark and so large behind me."

She said no more. As she had once remarked of herself, she was not a narrator.

Margaret did not question her; she was engaged in clearing one of the tables for the coffee.

After a while Garda, still with her eyes closed, spoke again: "Margaret."

"Well?"

"You will have to tell me all the things I mustn't say and do."

"You will know them without my telling."

"Never in the world."

A few minutes more of silence, and then Garda's voice a second time: "Margaret."

"Well?"

"Tell me you are pleased, or I won't go on with it."

"Oh, Garda, that's not the tone—"

"Yes, it is. The very one! Don't be afraid; we like each other. He likes me in his way, and that will do. That is, it will do if you will tell me how to please him."

"You must ask him that."

"Oh, *he'll* tell. His principal occupation for a long time is going to be the discovery of my faults." But as she looked up at Margaret, re-awakened and laughing, it did not seem to the latter woman that he would be able to find many.

In any case, he had not set about it yet. As he went through the hall toward his room, accompanied by the Doctor, "I take it that it's hardly necessary, Doctor," he said, "to formally solicit your consent."

The Doctor waited until they had reached the room, and the door was closed behind them. "I think it *is* necessary, Mr. Winthrop," he answered, gravely.

"Very well, then. I ask it," said the younger man. And his voice, as he spoke, had a pleasant sound.

The Doctor had liked Evert Winthrop. There were two or three things about him which he should have preferred to see changed; still, faults and all, he had liked him. And he liked his present demand (though by no means the manner of it); the Northerner was taking the proper course; he had taken it promptly. Still, the idea was impossible, perfectly impossible, that Garda, the child whom they all loved, the daughter of Edgar Thorne and all the Dueros, could be appropriated, carried off, by this stranger, without any trouble to himself, at an hour's notice! And that he, Reginald Kirby, should be asked to give his consent to it in that light way! Give his consent? Never!

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The Doctor's feelings were conflicting. And growing more so. He looked at Winthrop, and thought of twenty things. At one instant he felt a strong desire to knock him down. The next, he was grateful. He said to himself, almost with tears, that at least it should not be so easy. There should be obstacles, and plenty of them; if there was no one else to raise them, he, Reginald Kirby, would raise them. He found it difficult to know what he really did think, at least with any coherence.

But Winthrop was waiting; he must say something. "Edgarda is very young," he began, in rather a choked voice.

"I know it. I should, of course, wait until she was older—at least eighteen."

"Two years," said the Doctor, mechanically.

"Yes, two years."

"And in the mean time?"

"In the mean time we should, I hope, go on much as we are going now. She is under Mrs. Harold's charge, you know."

The Southerner thought that this also was spoken much too lightly. "Would your intention be to—to educate her further?" he asked, bringing out the question with an effort. It seemed to him that he never could consent to that, to have their child carried off, while still so young and impressible, and subjected to the radical modern processes that passed as education for girls at the high-pressure North.

"No," Winthrop answered, divining the Doctor's thought, and smiling over it, "I have no intentions of that kind. How could I have? If Garda should choose to study for a while, that would be her own affair, and Mrs. Harold's. She will be entirely free."

"Do you mean that you will exercise no authority?"

"None whatever."

"Then you do not consider it an engagement?" said the Doctor, drawing himself up belligerently.

"As much of an engagement as this: she has said that she would be my wife at the end of two years, if, at the end of two years, she should find herself in the same mind."

"For God's sake, sir, don't smile; don't take it in that way! At what are you laughing? It can not be at Garda; it must be therefore at myself. I am not aware in what respect I am a subject for mirth." The Doctor was suffocating.

"You don't do me justice," said Winthrop, this time seriously enough. "I ask you, and with all formality, since you prefer formality, for your permission, as guardian, to make Edgarda Thorne my wife, if, at the end of two years, she should still be willing."

"And if she shouldn't be? She is a child, sir—a child."

"That is what I am providing for; if she shouldn't be, I should not hold her for one moment."

"And in the mean time do you hold yourself?" The Doctor was still fiery.

"I hold myself completely."

"Do I understand, then, that you consider yourself engaged to her, but that she is not to be engaged to you?"

"That is what it will amount to. And it should be so, on account of the difference in our ages."

There was a silence. Then, "It is an honorable position for you to take," said Kirby.

He had forced himself to say it. For, now that he was sure of this man (he had really in his heart been sure of him all along, but now that he had it in so many words), and his anxieties of one sort were set at rest, he could allow himself the pleasure of freely hating him, at least for a few moments. It was not a violent hate, but it was deep—the jealous dislike, the surprised pain, which a father who loves his young daughter has to surmount before he can realize that she is willing to trust herself to another man, even the man she loves. What does she know of love? is his thought—his fair little child.

Winthrop did not appear to be especially impressed by the Doctor's favorable opinion of him—of him and his position. He went on to define the latter further. "I think it would be more agreeable for us all now, Garda herself included, if she could be made independent, even if only in a small way, as regards money. I had not intended, as you know, to buy all the outlying land of East Angels. But now I will do so; it is just as well to have it all. The money will be in your charge, of course; but perhaps you will allow me to see to the investment of it, as I have good opportunities for that sort of thing? I think it is probable that we can secure for her, between us, a tolerable little income."

"As you please," said the Doctor. Then he tried to be more just. "Very proper," he said.

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This was the only allusion between them to the fact that the suitor was a rich man. And Winthrop, often as Kirby's unnecessary (as he thought) ceremonies and stateliness had wearied him, forgave it all now in the satisfaction it was to him to be considered purely for himself—himself alone without his wealth; yes, even by an unknown little doctor down in Gracias-á-Dios. He felt quite a flush of pleasure over this as he realized that the interview was coming to an end without one word on this subject, apparently not one thought. He shook hands with the Doctor warmly. And he felt that all these people would talk and care far more about what he was personally than about what he possessed. It was very refreshing.

The Doctor allowed his hand to be shaken; but his feeling of dislike was still enjoying its short season of free play. He looked at the younger man and felt that he detested him; he had a separate (though momentary, perhaps) detestation for his gray eyes, for his white teeth, his thick hair, his erect bearing; he wanted to strike down his well-shaped hands. This stranger (stranger, indeed; a few months ago they had never heard of him) was to have Garda, carry her off, and make what he chose of her; for that was what it would come to. He, as guardian, might raise as many obstacles as he pleased; but if the child herself consented, what would they amount to? And the child had chosen the stranger. A mist rose in his eyes. He turned quickly toward the door.

"I am afraid you have had no breakfast," said Winthrop, courteously, as he followed him.

The Doctor had not thought of this. He seized it as an excuse. "I will go and ask for something now," he said, and, with a brief bow, he left the room. In the hall outside, in a dark corner, he was obliged to stop and wipe his eyes. Poor Doctor! Poor fathers all the world over! They have to, as the phrase is, get over it.

Before Gracias had been fully apprised of Garda's engagement, Mr. and Mrs. Moore came down to East Angels to see Margaret; they came, indeed, the morning after Winthrop's interview with Dr. Kirby, and explained that they should have come on the previous afternoon if they had been able to secure old Cato and his boat. It was no small thing for Mrs. Moore to make such a journey. And Margaret expressed her acknowledgments.

"It is, in fact, an especial matter that has brought me down to-day," answered Penelope. "*Would* you allow Middleton to go out and look at the roses? It is a long time since he has had an opportunity of seeing them." When Middleton had departed, his wife, who was established in an easy-chair, with her own rubber cushion, disguised in worsted-work, behind her, went on as follows: "I have come, Mrs. Harold, about this reported engagement between our little Garda and your cousin Mr. Winthrop" (Winthrop and Margaret had ceased to disclaim this relationship which Gracias had made up its mind to establish between them). "When Middleton returned from here yesterday, he told me of Mr. Winthrop's speech—when they first reached here, you know—and we talked it over. Middleton was pleased, of course" (Penelope *had* known, then)—"I mean with the general idea, as he has the highest esteem for your cousin. But while we were still talking about it—for anything that so nearly touches Garda touches us too—we thought of something else. And I confess it troubled us. Edgarda is lovely. But Edgarda is a child, or nearly so; what is more, we remember that your cousin has always treated her as one. Now a man doesn't care for a child, Mrs. Harold, in the way he cares for a wife, and Middleton and I are both firmly of the opinion that only a love that is inevitable, overwhelming" (Penelope emphasized these adjectives with her forefinger), "should be the foundation of a marriage. Look at us, we are examples of this. I couldn't have lived without Middleton; Middleton couldn't have lived without me--I mean after we had become aware of the state of our feelings toward each other. And we both think this should be the test: can he *live* without her?—can she *live* without him? If they can, either of them, they had better not marry. Of course, as to what may happen *afterward*" (Penelope had suddenly remembered to whom she was talking), "that is another matter; things may occur; we may not be responsible. But, as a *beginning*, this overmastering love is, we are convinced, the only real foundation. Now, does your cousin care for Garda in this way? that is what we ask. And if he does not, is there any other reason that could have influenced him in making such an engagement? At this point of our conversation, Middleton repeated to

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me a remark of Dr. Kirby's—which I will not particularize further than to say that it contained the *Kirbyly* coined word—*oatmealish*. But it was that very epithet that convinced us that he had meant to suggest by it the idea that what had happened would cause remark in Gracias. Now, Mrs. Harold, this is a mistake; you and your cousin, all of you, in fact, are strangers; you do not know either Gracias á-Dios or Reginald Kirby as we do. Gracias will not remark; Gracias has not such habits; and Reginald Kirby's views must not be taken in such a serious matter as this. Much as we like Reginald Kirby, indisputable as is his talent—and we consider him, all Gracias considers him, one of the most brilliant men of the time—he is in some of his judgments—I regret to say it—but he *is* light! When he speaks on certain subjects, one might, indeed, almost think that he was" (here Penelope lowered her voice) "*French*. And so Middleton and I have come down to-day to say that your cousin must not be in the least influenced by anything he may have suggested. Gracias will *not* comment; Middleton, speaking (through me) as rector of the parish, assures you of this, and he knows our people. I hope you will not think us forward. But we could not possibly stand by and see Garda sacrificed—married to a man who does not love her in the only *true* way. And all on account of a misconception!"

"I don't think Evert was influenced by anything Dr. Kirby said," Margaret answered.

"Or would say?"

"Or would say."

"You think, then, that the idea of possible comment in Gracias had nothing to do with it?"

"I don't like to discuss it, Mrs. Moore; it seems to me an intrusion on our part. But, as I understand your great interest in Garda, and as she is under my charge at present, I will say that though what happened, by accident, may perhaps have hastened Evert's action, he has, in my opinion, been long interested in her."

"Oh, interested. We are all interested."

"I mean he has cared for her."

Mrs. Moore shook her head, and folded her gloved hands decisively. "That is not enough," she answered. "The question is—does he *love* her?" And she drew in her lips so that two sharp little indentations showed themselves at the corners of her mouth.

"You'll have to ask him that," said Margaret, rising. "I am going to get you a glass of wine."

"Now that is the only unkind thing I have ever heard you say, Mrs. Harold; of course we can not ask him; his position forces him to say yes, and we should know no more than we did before. But *could* you sit by—I ask you as a woman—and see Garda sacrificed in that cruel way?"

"It wouldn't be such a sacrifice—marrying Evert Winthrop," said Mrs. Harold, in a tone which was almost sharp.

"It makes no difference *who* it is, if he doesn't love her," responded Penelope, solemnly; and she believed with all her heart in what she said. She looked at Margaret. But Margaret's back was toward her. She rose, and with her weak little step crossed the room to where Margaret was standing, taking some cake from Mrs. Thorne's shining old mahogany sideboard.

This champion of love, as she made her little transit, was seen to be attired in a gown of figured green delaine, the plain untrimmed skirt, which was gathered at the waist, touching the floor. The upper part of this garment had the appearance of being worn over a night dress. But this was because Penelope believed in all persons presenting themselves "exactly as Nature made them." She therefore presented herself in that way. And it was seen that Nature had made her with much shoulder-blade and elbow, a perfectly flat chest, over which the green gown was, in addition, tightly drawn, to expand below, however (with plenty of room to show the pattern), over one of those large, loose, flat waists concerning which the possessors, for unexplained reasons, always cherish evident pride. In the way of collar, Penelope had a broad white ruffle, which, however, in spite of broadness, was loose enough in front (though fastened with a large shell-cameo breastpin) to betray, when she turned, two collar-bones and an inch or two of neck below. An edge of black lace, upon which bugles had been sewed, adorned her sleeves; she wore a black silk bonnet with a purple flower, and black kid gloves with one button. Her black shawl lay on a chair.

"Dear Mrs. Harold," she said, when she reached the sideboard, "we are thinking

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only of Garda. Do content us if you can, and relieve our anxiety. We have the firmest confidence in you."

"There is no reason why you should have it."

But the Southern woman took her hands. "Something has vexed you—I don't, of course, know what. We should be very fond of you if we dared to be, Margaret; perhaps some day you will let us show it. But this is another matter; *this* is about Garda."

"Yes, it is another matter," Margaret answered. She drew her hands away, but her voice took on its old sweetness again. "Don't feel the least trouble about it, Mrs. Moore; there's no cause. If you want my opinion, here it is: I think he loves her. I think he has loved her, though perhaps without knowing it, for a long time."

And ringing for Telano, she gave her orders about the wine, and sent for Mr. Moore—in case he had completed his inspection of the roses.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHEN Willis wrote his *Pencillings by the Way*, it was said that such offenses against the social amenities had never been committed as his vivid and bright little sketches of noted figures in English society. For a long time afterward it was understood that Americans were looked upon askance in London drawing-rooms as possible sinners of the same kind. Yet Americans at home have been often struck with the freedom of Englishmen at table in commenting upon other persons generally known; and even distinguished Englishmen in the social circle have been known to speak of other distinguished Englishmen in a manner which certainly no distinguished American would permit himself in alluding to other Americans.

The possible explanation that the American is afraid that his words might be repeated points, perhaps, to the secret of the Englishman's freedom. It is that in England such remarks are not repeated. The sacredness of the social circle and of all its incidents is inviolable and inviolate. This, at least, is what is said when wonder is expressed at the license of the British tongue; and it is this feeling and tradition, of course, which made Willis's letters so grievous an offense in the eyes of Englishmen. Footmen and valets, indeed, may tattle, it may be said, and against such chances there is no defense but silence. But if society can not be sure of its own honor, what becomes of it?

There should be added to this statement the fact of the essential courage and independence of the Englishman. He speaks his mind more freely than any other man. He is, indeed, the slave of many conventionalities, and submits to the rigors of a social caste in a manner which amazes his kin beyond the sea. But the spirit which justifies the saying that an Englishman's house is his castle, an Englishman's hat is his crown, is that ability to stand by himself and his own opinions which explains much of the peculiar ascendency of the Briton in the world. An Englishman, said a shrewd cosmopolitan, can be the most disagreeable man in the world. This is due to a misapplication of his immense power of self-assertion. He is unable to be a cosmopolitan. John Bright says that the Englishman really despises the foreigner.

Yet this disposition, too, has its great advantages for the rest of the world. The Briton upon his travels in the days before railroads were general, the Briton making the grand tour in his carriage, and even upon the Rhine steamer not alighting from it, but condescendingly and a little contemptuously surveying Europe from that wheeled throne, as from a portable piece of England, was an amusing figure; but he was very characteristic, and all subsequent travellers may call him blessed. He was, evidently, not a personage who proposed to do in Rome as the Romans do, and for that very refusal going to Rome became a thousandfold pleasanter journey for all other pilgrims.

The droll Englishman who sat in his carriage and, as it were, lifted his nose against foreign countries, was yet the apostle of comfort. People who, in the words of one of his country's poets, called their mothers mares, and all their daughters fillies, could know nothing of the necessities of civilized beings, and he therefore took all his appliances with him. Let any one read the European hand-book of Mrs. Marianne Stark, of which we have heretofore spoken—a book which preceded Murray's and Harper's inestimable manuals—and see what the grand tour implied of preparation and equipment. To arrange for the journey, according to Mrs. Stark, was like providing for the march of a British army into Central Africa. The very detail of the directions, the enumeration of things that must be carried, implied the utter poverty of the land in all the familiar resources of civilized comfort.

And what was the result? In one word, the result was delightful hotels all over Europe, with every kind of convenience. It was the transfer of comfortable England to uncomfortable Italy. It was the ability to do in Rome as the Englishman does in London. It

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was the surrounding of enjoyment with comfort. Obviously, had the Briton started with the blithe theory that Italian discomfort was as good as English comfort, and that a true cosmopolitan would not trouble himself about a cup of tea, and a bath, and a mattress, the pleasure of the pleasure-seeking American, for instance, would have been seriously impaired.

It is this same courage of self-assertion which explains the freedom of the English talk of which we spoke—a freedom which is protected by an honorable understanding. But it is curious that the harmless gossip of Willis, which was sharply resented as a Yankee impertinence and want of honor probably characteristic of Americans, has now grown into a system of newspapers published in London, and devoted to a hundredfold more objectionable tattle about London society and its conspicuous figures than can be found in the sketch-book of any stranger, and very much more vulgar and offensive than anything of the kind known in America. Books are now published in London under foreign names which discuss "society" with a freedom unparalleled in any other country. The best of these is the book called *Society in London*, by a foreign resident, which the Harpers have issued in a very convenient form.

It is a picture-gallery of London society, in which the portraits are drawn by a very clever artist. He frees his mind upon his canvas, sketching his subjects precisely as they appear to him, and as the larger part of them are well-known persons, and the touch is vivid, the result is very entertaining. There is apparently no malice in the work, and many of the portraits of more familiar persons will be recognized as probably accurate. It contains, of course, no account of conversations, but is confined to descriptions and characterizations of famous men and women. It has also the charm of the perfect freedom of the incognito. Indeed, the secret of authorship in such a case must be sacredly kept, because social ostracism would necessarily follow discovery.

No book corresponding to this has ever been published in this country, which seems to many Englishmen guilty of having produced so arrant an offender of the kind as Willis. The pungent artist of *Society in London* is doubtless an Englishman. The *World* of Mr. Yates and the papers of Mr. Labouchere show that England can supply the necessary disposition and talent. But the modern development of the daring "society" journal and of a work like this will necessarily put the dinner table upon its guard. The next step will be an advance from crisp and sparkling sketches of the most conspicuous figures in society to equally sparkling reports of the conversation in the most select drawing-rooms.

The inquisitive genius of the frontier which pulled away the shade from the window of the hotel room in which the newly arrived guest was dressing himself, in order to discover "what you are so —— private for?" is evidently scrutinizing the British drawing-room and dining-room with the same child-like and bland interest.

Victor Hugo was a man peculiarly suited to the French genius for enthusiasm. That he was not the man, however, whom the funeral orators described, "the man of the age," "the incarnation of the nineteenth century," "the world poet," "the master," may be safely affirmed. All that was said and done at his death and burial partook of the almost grotesque extravagance of his own sayings and doings. One of the most characteristic incidents in the weeks immediately following his death was the reported anger of the Paris press with the aldermen of London for refusing a vote of condolence upon the occasion. Rochefort called them a band of "ignorant, jealous turtle-soup eaters."

Indeed, the figure of Victor Hugo is so surrounded by sensational melodramatic effect of every kind, everything about him is and long has been so spectacular, that it is not at all easy to define his exact quality and influence. To rank him among the great men or great historic figures of the world, as is the French disposition, is a vain endeavor. Even as a political, social, or moral force in France, Victor Hugo could not be compared with Voltaire, or Rousseau, or Diderot. As a "liberator of humanity," he is in no degree whatever comparable to Goethe. He was, indeed, in the French phrase, a "child of the age" and of the Revolution. He had a quick sympathy and a flowing tongue for the oppressed and the suffering. He was the chief leader of the Romantic school against the Classical school in the literature of his country, and he was what the French call a marked personality. His conceit was sublime. He sniffed up with an Olympian air the incense of incessant adulation. Frenchmen seemed to think that he was not to be mentioned but with an explosion of superlatives, and the unbounded extravagance of all allusion to him destroyed the expression of sincere feeling.

Victor Hugo was mainly a literary man. As an efficient public man, a statesman, a counsellor, a leader in critical moments, in the midst of fierce revolutionary agitations, his warmest eulogist could hardly claim for him eminence. He was in the truest sense of the familiar phrase a sentimental politician, by which we mean not a man who acknowledges the power of sentiment in the movement of public affairs, but a man who spoke and acted upon theories which took no account of fact, of experience, and of human nature. Because men are poor and oppressed and suffering, and shout for liberty, equality, and fraternity, it does not follow that they can organize and administer a wise, just, and equal government, nor that they may not, even with humane and excellent impulses and desires, introduce anarchy and the maddest injustice. It is the

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vital evil of tyranny and long-continued wrong to men that they become dehumanized. They are reduced by oppression and continued deprivation of every means of enlightenment and intelligence to a semi-brutish condition. It is the deadly sin of every form of prolonged injustice that it tends to extinguish manhood in the victim. The prisoner whose legs have been bound under him for years can not stand erect and walk merely because you cut the bonds. His legs are withered.

Victor Hugo's kind heart and earnest plea for such victims did not make him the Moses to lead them out of the wilderness of their sorrow. Indeed, there are passages in his works describing his conduct in certain emergencies which raise inevitably a pleasant smile at his child-like confidence in the effectiveness of a ribbon or a phrase to appease the most turbulent passions and change the current of events. Compared with Lamartine in the days of '48, who more than once by his tact and oratorical ascendency commanded and restrained the popular passion and purpose, Victor Hugo is ineffective. He stimulated the feeling and expressed it, but he did not control it in any degree. Therefore as a political leader or a statesman he holds no high place.

Testing his character as a poet by the standard of greatness which is applied to him, the greatness of the historic and acknowledged great men, it is not easy to suppose that, conceding all the fine passages in his poetic works, there is any poem of his which the world will canonize with the great poems. It is probable, indeed, that his prose will continue to be more prized than his verse, and of all that he wrote *Les Misérables* seems to be surest of the longest date, because it is a prose epic of the sorrow and suffering that arise from the unchristian and inhuman conditions of civilized society. But in this as in his other works the art is that of the scene-painter, and it has its share of the grotesque rhetorical excesses which diffuse an air of unreality over the whole.

With his goodness of heart and his warm sympathies, and his fiery wrath with wrong, and his constant and overwhelming self-consciousness and posturing, and his great literary talent, the word which seems most truly to describe Victor Hugo is rhetorician. With that character all the fervor of the panegyrics is in entire accord, and all the pageant of his burial. No people could honor the greatest of its benefactors with a more splendid tribute of spectacular sorrow than Paris lavished upon the remains of Victor Hugo. But the genuine, heart-felt grief that the English-speaking people felt in the death of Walter Scott, and the silent mourning that hushed this country while the dead body of Abraham Lincoln passed to its final rest, were very different. It was not the difference of the nations only, but of the men.

THE fact that the money for the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue has been raised so slowly is not surprising, and it does not necessarily show that there is very little popular interest in the project. If the proposal of any monument might be supposed to be sure of an enthusiastic welcome and a prompt execution, it was that of a memorial upon Bunker Hill. But the history of that structure is not the most creditable in our history. It was in 1825, at the jubilee of the battle, that the corner-stone was laid in the presence of Lafayette, whose visit to the country had aroused the utmost enthusiasm, and Mr. Webster delivered the most famous of his occasional orations. But from that day the work languished, and all kinds of plans were suggested to compensate for the want of the patriotic popular response which had been confidently anticipated.

The most noted of these devices for relief was a great fair, which was held in Faneuil Hall and the adjacent Quincy Market Hall, and of which the late Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis was one of the most conspicuous figures. The fair was very successful, but it did not provide for finishing the work, which still lingered in rebuking incompleteness. But when Fanny Elssler came and danced away the hearts of the young men of nearly fifty years ago, the amiable bayadere took pity upon the struggling monument, and—as was merrily said in those light-hearted days, when enthusiastic youth removed the horses from the dancer's carriage and drew her triumphantly home from the theatre—Fanny Elssler turned a pirouette and lifted Bunker Hill Monument to completion upon her divine toe!

This was the story of those days, and there were sturdy patriots who insisted that it was a kind of sacrilege to accept such aid, and that the dancing woman's money should be returned to her. But wiser counsels prevailed, and as subscriptions had been welcomed from all who desired to give, and as there was no question that *La Gitana's* money was good money, honestly earned and freely given, it was most properly received. But not until 1843, in the days of John Tyler, eighteen years after the foundation was laid, did the monument stand complete to "meet the sun in his coming," and to feel "parting day linger and play on its summit." There was another brilliant celebration on the anniversary of the battle. The President went in the procession to the hill, and the same orator who at the laying of the corner-stone had spoken so eloquently spoke again. "Mr. Kent and Mr. Lunt dined with us," wrote John Quincy Adams in his diary on the 18th of June. "They were both at the Bunker's Hill celebration yesterday, which went off admirably well. Webster's oration was brilliant and eminently successful—two hours and seven minutes—suitable to the occasion, and often rapturously cheered."

If we were occupied for eighteen years in raising so purely a patriotic memorial as the Bunker Hill Monument, it is not surprising that the pedestal for the Bartholdi statue—a pedes-

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tal which is itself a kind of monument—has not been erected immediately. There are many reasons for the delay, and chief among them was the feeling in other parts of the country that it was peculiarly a local work, and that New York could easily provide a proper base for so striking a gift. That the statue is not given to New York, but to the country, and that the alliance which it commemorates was not with New York, but with the united colonies, were facts which were forgotten. Then it is undoubtedly true that the sentiment with which the French alliance in the Revolution is now regarded is very different from that of sixty years since, when Lafayette was in the country. Indeed, without the chivalric devotion and heroism of Lafayette which impersonate his country to the American imagination, and in the light of historic facts which have now become familiar, and which were most effectively marshalled by Mr. Jay in his centennial address before the New York Historical Society upon the peace negotiations of 1783, it is not probable that the sentiment in regard to the alliance would be very intense or romantic.

M. Bartholdi, the sculptor, gave in the *Tribune* an account of the inception of the statue, with an interesting comparison of it with other colossal statues. The "Liberty enlightening the World" is the largest statue in the world. Indeed, it is more than twice as high as the statue which is next to it in height, that of San Carlo Borromeo upon the shore of Lago Maggiore, which is about seventy feet. The Bartholdi statue grew out of a conversation at the house of Laboulaye twenty years ago, in which the sentimental relations of nations were discussed, and the preference of the United States for France was attributed by Laboulaye, not to gratitude, but to community of thoughts and conflicts.

After the French and German war M. Bartholdi was exhorted by M. Laboulaye and other French friends of America to come here and propose a monument to the ancient friendship of the two countries. He came, and Longfellow and Sumner and other noted Americans received him kindly and wished him well, and by various persons he was assured that when he and his friends in France began the good work, Americans would co-operate; and on the 6th of November, 1875, at "a banquet which has remained memorable," the enterprise fairly began. On the 22d of February, 1877, Congress voted that the gift should be accepted—not by the government—and designated Bedloe's Island as the site for the erection of the statue. The work was begun, and has proceeded as fast as the money has been subscribed.

But, except for the assiduity of the New York *World*, which opened a popular subscription and stimulated interest every day by publishing the details of the movement, it is not clear that the grant must not have been made finally by Congress. The *World* is apparently to be credited with the honor of securing the completion of a work to which unassisted American public spirit seemed to be unequal.

A VERY different statue from that of Bartholdi is that of the Pilgrim, by J. Q. A. Ward, which the New England Society of New York has erected in the Central Park. It stands upon a beautiful knoll not far from the entrance from Fifth Avenue, at Seventy-second Street, and it is undoubtedly the finest statue in the Park, and one of the finest memorial statues in the country. Of heroic size, nine feet in height, it represents a Puritan of the Plymouth emigration in the prime of life, standing erect, with the right foot advanced and the right hand resting upon the muzzle of the old wheel firelock, of which the butt is planted upon the ground. The costume is the peaked hat, the doublet and broad collar, the heavy, flaring boots, with the wide belt and heavy buckle, and the string of charges for the firelock hanging at the right side from over the left shoulder. The smooth face is that of a man of forty years of age. The expression is lofty, earnest, and undaunted, and the simplicity, dignity, and tranquillity of the figure are finely conceived and portrayed.

It is both a truthful and poetic rendering of the Puritan hero, not the sour and lank fanatic of a hostile tradition, not Praise-God Barebones, but the courtly Winslow, or Bradford, or the young Brewster, rather. It is, indeed, a most fortunate work, and of itself, standing amid the verdure and blossoms of the Park, will unconsciously but truthfully refine and soften the familiar conception of the Plymouth Pilgrim and the great Puritan body to which he belonged. The day of the unveiling was in every way a contrast to the associations of the Pilgrim landing, and, had the choice been voluntary, of all the days since that great event no more charming one could have been selected for such an occasion.

The critical student of the statue and its inscription, however, will remark one striking fact. Although for many a year the 22d of December has been known as Forefathers' Day, the date inscribed upon the pedestal of the "Pilgrim" is December 21. The association with the 22d, however, has become so fixed a tradition that to depart from it required the utmost conviction and courage. But these are precisely the distinctions of the Pilgrim, and the committee of the New England Society are sons of the Puritan. Convinced, therefore, that it ought to be done, it was done. The general belief undoubtedly is that on the 22d of December the whole company of Pilgrims landed from the *Mayflower* upon Plymouth Rock. The equally unquestionable fact is that on the 22d of December there was no Pilgrim within many miles of Plymouth Rock.

It was on the 21st of November, new style, that the *Mayflower* cast anchor in the bay which is now the harbor of Provincetown,

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Cape Cod. The Pilgrims went ashore, but found no water fit for drinking, and in a little shallop which the *Mayflower* had brought a party began to explore the coast to find a proper place for a settlement, and on the 16th of December, new style, they put off for a more extended search. On Saturday, the 19th, they reached Clark's Island, in Plymouth Bay or Harbor, so called from Clark, the chief mate, who first stepped ashore, and on Sunday, the 20th, they rested and worshipped God. On Monday, the 21st of December, they crossed from the island to the mainland somewhere probably in Duxbury or Kingston, which was the nearest point, and coasted along the shore, finding in some spots fields cleared for maize by the Indians and copious streams. They decided that somewhere upon that shore it would be best to land and begin the settlement, but precisely where they did not determine, and sailed away again on the same day, the 21st, to rejoin the *Mayflower* at Cape Cod.

The next day, therefore, the 22d of December, the Plymouth shore and waters relapsed into the customary solitude, and the little band of Pilgrims were once more assembled upon the *Mayflower* many miles away. It was not until the 25th of December that the famous ship left Cape Cod, and on the 26th she dropped anchor between Plymouth and Clark's Island. Not before the 30th was Plymouth finally selected as the spot for settlement, and it was not until the 4th of January, new style, that the Pilgrims generally went ashore and began to build the common house. But it was not until the 31st of March that all the company left the ship. The actual authorities upon the subject are, of course, very few. But they have been carefully collated by Mr. Gay in his *Bryant's History of the United States*, and the story is there clearly told.

Ward's statue brings us very near to those sturdy heroes whose voyage was the most renowned and whose settlement the most momentous in our annals.

"Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God."

Editor's Literary Record.

WE have in *At the Red Glove*[1] one of those pleasing novels, far too seldom met with, which illustrate the power of a skillful artist to construct a story of sustained and engrossing interest out of very simple materials. Its actors experience no perilous vicissitudes nor greatly involved complications, its narrative does not depend for its interest upon any highly spiced situations, and its plot is seasoned by no improprieties or dubieties. And yet so varied and spirited are its incidents, so rapid and changeful the turns in its story, and so engaging its delineation and interplay of character and motive, that we are beguiled and captivated. A tale of Swiss town and *bourgeoisie* life, its scene is laid in Berne, whose plain and unpretentious people of the middle class, while reflecting the traits and peculiarities of their class and country, are yet moved by the passions, emotions, and susceptibilities, and exhibit the virtues and foibles, the failings and weaknesses, that are the universal heritage. In the course of the narrative charming glimpses are vouchsafed of the scenery of the picturesque nook of the world in which its movement is unfolded; and the life and manners, the amusements and characteristics, of the Swiss middle class are depicted with the most engaging realistic effects—the whole combining to give tone and color to the sparkling comedy of love and rivalry of which they form the setting.

[1] *At the Red Glove.* A Novel. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 246. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THERE is a combination of the art of the poet, the painter, and the story-teller in Sarah Orne Jewett's *A Marsh Island.*[2] It is at once an idyl, a romance, and a cabinet of exquisite *genre* word-pictures. A painter who is young, rich, gifted, and a society favorite, but withal thoroughly clean-hearted and unspoiled, is carried by his vagrant art to one of those rural oases so common on the sea-coast counties of Massachusetts, where the rolling ground of the mainland fades into the level marsh-land of the tide-waters. Here, at intervals of luxurious idleness through a languorous sunny day, he reproduces upon his canvas the scenery around him, captivated with its rich glintings of color and its quaint and quiet and secluded beauties, until evening overtakes him. The day's work or play over, he lingers half dreamily and half impatiently, waiting for the lad who had engaged to carry his traps back to the distant town, but lingers fruitlessly, till at length he sees the sun sinking in the west, and he is left seemingly the sole tenant of the country. As he has a "game" foot, and it has become too late for him to find his way back to his hostelry, he bestirs himself to find a shelter for the night, and plods on jocundly, but a little wearily, until he descries in the distance a farm-house nestled amongst tall trees, in the neighborhood of a great red barn that bespeaks the thrift of its owner, and encompassed by a farm that rises from the surrounding marshes like a high and fruitful island. Pleasantest of all to the way-

[2] *A Marsh Island.* By Sarah Orne Jewett. 16mo, pp. 292. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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farer, at that moment, a straight plume of smoke is going up from one of the chimneys of the hospitable-looking dwelling, most supper-like in its suggestions, and he makes for it as a haven where he shall find rest and the creature comforts his inner man is now loudly calling for. Nor were his hopes and expectations disappointed. He is cordially received and hospitably entertained. The house and its belongings gratify his æsthetic taste, while its owners minister to his necessities. It is a happy, a wholesome, and a plentiful home, equally removed from fashion and from rudeness, dignified in its simple freedom, in the frank independence of its primitive manners, in the capable management of its mistress, and in the self-respect, the quiet dignity, and the fine urbanity of its master, and beautified by the presence of a daughter whose loveliness attracted, and whose stately grace and womanly purity held in check, the admiring stranger. He soon becomes a favorite with the old people, ingratiates himself in their confidence, is permitted to stay on indefinitely, sets up his studio in one of the commodious out-buildings, and begins a rural idyl that is told with felicitous warmth and earnestness in this charming story. How the gracious and beautiful farmer's daughter, strong in her maiden innocence, and the handsome young artist, sensitively alive to beauty, are brought closer together by companionship and comradeship; how they mutually influence and regard each other; and whether they indulge in young love's dream, or whether it has already been indulged in to the disappointment of the one or the other, we shall not now reveal. Is it not all written in the delightful prose poem that awaits and will richly reward our readers' perusal?

Mignon; or, Bootles' Baby,[3] is one of those racy morsels which are too good for a solitary meal, and most relishing when enjoyed in the companionship of others. An extravaganza, a literary trifle, its audacious fun and practical humor, the quasi-compromising nature and comicality of some of its situations, and its fine under-tone of gentle and chivalrous manliness combined with moral courage, conspire to make it a perfect book for reading aloud in the freedom of a circle of friends who are themselves innocent of evil, and who disregard the shrugs and misconstructions of Mrs. Grundy. There is a rollicking flavor of soldier and garrison life in portions of the story, which adds greatly to its piquancy without transcending true delicacy, and which also by its gayety and *abandon* serves to bring the finer and tenderer passages into strong relief.

MRS. MACQUOID'S spellful power as a story-teller has never been more agreeably manifested than in her new novel, *Louisa.*[4] By turns bright and sombre, gay, tender, thoughtful, humorous, passionate, and tragic, in this vivid tale of misplaced passion conspiring against loyal and honorable love she touches manifold chords of emotion, and gratifies the intellect while exciting the imagination and arousing the sympathies. Although, as we have said, the story is in part a tale of misplaced passion, it is free from unhealthful or impure excitements. The growth which it delineates of love for another in the heart of the woman who is already a wife is a slow, insidious, and unconscious one, and it halts far away from overt guilt, and is tragically expiated. There is no parade of unclean longings or doings, nor any suggestion of either, in the story, and we look on coldly indignant at the self-deceptions, culminating in discontent and estrangement, and ripening into envy and jealousy, with their inevitable fruitage of unworthy tricks and perfidies, by which the nature of a cold, virtuous, beautiful, and talented woman is transformed and marred, and under whose stings she ineffectually writhes. Contrasted with this darker side of the story is the figure of a younger and still more beautiful woman—resplendent with loyal love and stanch affections, pure as a snow-drop, endowed with great capabilities of passion and self-devotion, but withal bright, buoyant, and sweetly willful in her maiden innocence—whose evolution from girlhood to womanhood, and whose love awakening with its fruition of pangs and joys, are finely delineated. The scene of the story is in Italy, and vibrates between the quiet old city of Umbria and beautiful Florence, and interspersed throughout the narrative are vivid glimpses of Italian scenery, life, manners, and art in town and country.

READERS who have a greater relish for short sketches and stories than for an elaborate book or novel, or who find them more convenient to read upon occasion, will be glad to learn that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. are republishing, in the style of Pickering's justly celebrated "Aldine" publications of the British classics, a series of choice volumes by representative American writers, each of the series being a handy and handsomely bound book, suitable for the pocket or satchel, and of the kind that invites one to "cut and come again." The series is styled "The Riverside Aldine Series," and is not confined exclusively to fiction, but embraces also sketches, essays, and descriptive and other pieces by favorite authors. The issues of the series thus far comprise Aldrich's *Marjorie Daw, and Other Stories,*[5] Warner's

[3] *Mignon; or, Bootles' Baby.* A Novelette. By J. S. WINTER. "Harper's Handy Series." 12mo, pp. 116. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Louisa.* A Novel. By KATHERINE S. MACQUOID. "Harper's Handy Series." In Two Volumes, 12mo, Paper, pp. 218 and 228. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Marjorie Daw, and Other Stories.* By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. 18mo, pp. 287. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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My Summer in a Garden,[6] Lowell's *Fireside Travels*,[7] Bret Harte's *Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Stories*,[8] Howells's *Venetian Life*,[9] and Burroughs's *Wake Robin*[10]—in all seven volumes.

A similar series, different in form and size from the series just noticed, and handsomely but less elegantly printed, is also in course of publication by Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co., of this city. This series is entitled *Tales from Many Sources*,[11] and is confined exclusively to short stories culled from the English magazines, or the production of well-known English writers. Among the selections which appear in the three volumes of the series thus far published are tales by William Black, Charles Reade, "Ouida," Hesba Stratton, "The Duchess," Mrs. Herbert Martin, Thomas Hardy, F. Anstey, W. E. Norris, and others. Although most of the stories are familiar to the readers of our own and the leading English periodicals, they will be new to many, and are all of unexceptionable quality, both as regards their literary workmanship and the fitness of their contents for family reading.

THE conditions that now prevail in the arctic regions are so absolutely the reverse of those which sacred history and tradition have described as prevailing in the highly favored spot which was the blissful abode of our first parents, that nothing could seem more absurd to the ordinary apprehension than to associate the north pole with the site of the Garden of Eden. Indeed, even the most daring imagination could scarcely conceive of anything more widely unlike than the arctic pole, with its immitigable rigors, its impenetrable barriers of ice and snow, its pitiless desolation and sterility, its death-like silence, and its implacable hostility to nearly every form of life, and that earthly paradise whose temperate air was resonant with melody, and fragrant with odor from leaf and tree and flower, in whose equable and delightful climate, perpetually vibrating between fresh and joyous spring and ripe and beneficent summer, the earth teemed with life and beauty and gladness, and where, as our great epic poet has sung, "in narrow room Nature's whole wealth" was "poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plain." And yet, paradoxical as it may seem at the first blush, these two utterly dissimilar things, in the common acceptance so widely separated by distance and so entirely opposite in their conditions, are not merely associated, but their absolute identity is asserted with impressive gravity and sincerity, and with convincing arguments, in a remarkable volume from the pen of one of our ripest scientific and archæological scholars, William F. Warren, LL.D., president of Boston University. In this volume, to which its author has given the title *Paradise Found*,[12] the new and startling hypothesis is broached that the cradle of the human race, the Eden of primitive tradition, was situated at the north pole, in a country since submerged at the time of the deluge. Before entering upon the evidence by which this hypothesis is sustained, the author recapitulates the unsatisfactory results that have been hitherto reached by historic and legendary explorers, and by theologians, naturalists, ethnologists, archæologists, biologists, and other scientific observers and investigators, and it is shown that their researches have proven purely negative or mutually destructive—that the problem of Eden has not only disappointed every effort, but has even baffled every conjecture; that theory after theory has been advanced, but none has been found which satisfies the required conditions; that the mother region of the earth is equally elusive and protean to scholars and men of science in every department; and that representative voices in every camp have been driven to confess their utter ignorance as to the region where human life began. The author then subjects his own hypothesis to an eightfold scientific test: *first*, that of general geogony or scientific cosmology, from which he deduces the fact that the arctic region was not always the ice-bound region which it now is, and that while Eden conditions have probably at one time or another been found everywhere upon the surface of the earth, the first portions of the earth's surface which became sufficiently cool to present the physical conditions of Eden life were assuredly at the north pole; *second*, that of astronomical geography, from which he gathers that as respects daylight the polar regions are and have always been the most favored portions of the globe, and in the prehistoric days were exceptionally favorable to the production and prolongation of life; *third*, that of physiographical geography, which reveals that a continent once existed within the arctic circle, of which at present only slight vestiges remain, which was submerged within a comparatively recent geological period, and that therefore the present distribution of land and water within the arctic circle is, geologically speaking, of very recent origin; *fourth*, that of prehistoric climatology, from which it appears, as is admitted by almost all scientific authorities, that at one time, as is revealed by the remains of eocene animals and plants, the regions within the arctic circle enjoyed a tropical or nearly tropical climate, that they were covered

[6] *My Summer in a Garden.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. 18mo, pp. 290. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[7] *Fireside Travels.* By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. 18mo, pp. 283. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[8] *The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Stories.* By BRET HARTE. 18mo, pp. 279. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[9] *Venetian Life.* By W. D. HOWELLS. In Two Volumes, 18mo, pp. 279 and 284. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[10] *Wake Robin.* By JOHN BURROUGHS. 18mo, pp. 289. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[11] *Tales from Many Sources.* Three Volumes, 12mo, pp. 259, 271, and 266. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[12] *Paradise Found:* The Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole. A Study of the Prehistoric World. By WILLIAM F. WARREN, S.T.D., LL.D. With Original Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 505. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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with vegetation everywhere evergreen, and that in the age of the first appearance of the human race their temperature was the most equable and delightful possible; *fifth*, that of paleontological botany, which has lately established the conclusion that all the floral types and forms revealed in the oldest fossils of the earth originated in the region of the north pole, and from thence spread first over the northern and then over the southern hemisphere, invariably proceeding from north to south, and that therefore this locality was the cradle of the floral life forms of the whole known earth; *sixth*, from paleontological zoology, which abounds in evidence that here too originated, and from this centre eradiated, the fauna of the prehistoric world; and *seventh* and *eighth*, from paleontological anthropology and ethnology, whose latest discoveries point toward the circumpolar regions of the north, the arctic Eden of Dr. Warren, as the only centre from which the migrations of the human race can be intelligibly interpreted.

The convergent and cumulative testimony derived from these sources is certainly surprisingly confirmatory of Dr. Warren's hypothesis, and if he had rested his case at this point it would even then have been a very strong one. But he has strengthened it and added to its impressiveness by subjecting his hypothesis to the further test of ethnic tradition, which shows not only that Eden is not a fable or an idealization, but that its quondam seat was at the north pole is a fact of which there are innumerable and unquestionable traces in ancient cosmology and mythical geography, and in ancient Japanese, Chinese, Aryan and Hindu, Iranian or Old Persian, Akkadian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, and Greek, no less than in Hebrew, thought. Dr. Warren's discussion of the subject is conducted with the utmost candor and dignity, combined with great earnestness and sincerity, and also with an affluence of recondite learning and a beauty and lucidity of style that enhance the interest of the engrossing problem which he has undertaken to solve.

THE Rev. Sir George W. Cox, whose *General History of Greece*, and the excellent compends of ancient history which he has contributed to Mr. Morris's sterling series of "Epochs of Ancient History," are highly esteemed by scholars for their clearness and accuracy, and for the philosophic breadth of their generalizations, has projected a series of *Lives of Greek Statesmen*, from the dawn of contemporary history to the last days of the Achaian League, in the belief that the personal biographies of the great men who moulded or directed the destinies of the Greek commonwealths would be more attractive to youthful readers and to many adult readers than the elaborate histories of Greece, and would at the same time give them a closer and more familiar view of the people and institutions of Greece than they would be able to get from the more extensive works. The first volume[13] of the series has been completed by the author, and is now published in this country by the Messrs. Harper in a handy and serviceable form. The lives in this volume include Solon, Peisistratos, Kleisthenes, Polykrates, Aristagoras, Miltiades, Aristeides, Themistokles, Pausanias, and Gelon, and present a picture of the whole Greek world down to the close of the great struggle with Persia. In the preparation of these lives the historian has exercised his own independent judgment, and does not hesitate to traverse the views of other eminent scholars where he has satisfactory evidence of their inaccuracy as to facts, or their prejudice or injustice as to institutions and individuals. The biographies are admirably written in a vein of strict impartiality, in a compact and graceful style, and they leave no important incident or policy or phase of the national life and literature unconsidered.

THE deep interest in Russian and Central Asian affairs which has been excited by the recent threatening, though happily deferred, "unpleasantness" between Russia and Great Britain will be our excuse, in the lack of opportunity for fuller prompt notice, for calling attention very briefly to several publications bearing upon the subject more or less directly. *Russia under the Tsars*[14] gives a view of Russia from the nihilistic stand-point. Its author, Stepniak, briefly summarizes its past history, and while bitterly exposing the wrongs to which its people have been subjected by the government, and stating their grievances with feverish indignation, yet graphically describes the might and extent of the nation and the ramifications of its civil organization and of its social and political life. The volume will scarcely increase the sympathies of Americans for the Russian government, however it may impress them with the magnitude of the empire over which the Tsar exercises despotic sway, and which, if we are to credit the author, is little different from a slumbering volcano. It is, in fact, a vehement appeal to all who are for progress, for peace, and for humanity to unite in a crusade against Russian despotism.

The Russian Revolt,[15] by Edmund Noble, is a variation upon the same general theme, but with a difference. Its tone is calmer and more philosophical than that of the work just noticed. Its author is a theoretical revolutionist, but he is neither a nihilist nor a terrorist.

[13] *Lives of Greek Statesmen.* Solon—Themistokles. By the Rev. Sir GEORGE W. COX. 12mo, pp. 220. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Russia Under the Tsars.* By STEPNIAK. Rendered into English by WILLIAM WESTALL. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 66. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Same. 12mo, Cloth, pp. 381. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[15] *The Russian Revolt: Its Causes, Conditions, and Prospects.* By EDMUND NOBLE. 16mo, pp. 269. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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Still, he believes, and very clearly demonstrates, that nihilism and terrorism are the natural and legitimate outcome of the cruel and repressive political system which has built and maintains itself on the debasement of the individual and the ruins of public liberty. After an exceedingly able historical outline, in which he describes the complete freedom of the individual which was a special feature of the original political organization of the Slavs, the perfect equality of the members of the independent Slav tribes, and the popular and democratic form of government which bound them together in a federative union, Mr. Noble enters upon an elaborate and very able exposition of the influences—racial and individual, climatic and ethnic, religious, philological, and flowing from habit and physical environment—which have been instrumental in the development of the Russian character, and in reshaping the destinies of the Russian peoples, finally resulting in the present autocratic organization, and its harvest of eternal discontent on the part of all save the favored few who share wealth and place and power with the despot. In the course of this historical review Mr. Noble forcibly depicts some of the characteristic traits which have distinguished the Russian people under all the cruel adversities to which they have been subjected, and which strongly appeal to the sympathy and admiration of mankind. After this he institutes a searching analysis of the causes of the eternal discontent that exists among the people of Russia, of the conditions which range them in perpetual revolt against the autocracy, and of the methods which have been resorted to for arousing the people to a vindication of the rights of which they have been despoiled. Mr. Noble concludes his brilliant monograph with a withering arraignment of the Tsar, and his exercise of absolute power, at the bar of the public opinion of mankind. He considers the autocracy a perpetual menace to Europe, the common enemy of humanity and the rights of man, and an intolerable crime against the people it has enslaved and ruthlessly oppresses; and therefore his verdict is that revolt, in whatsoever form it may be constrained to manifest itself—whether as passive discontent, as religious protest, as philosophical dogma, as ethnological sentiment, as nihilism, as socialism, as incitement to revolution, or as violence and terrorism—is a permanent and justifiable element of the Russian national life.

Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute[16] is a succinct and valuable contribution, by General Rodenbrugh, of the United States army, to the military problems that are involved in a possible hostile contact of England and Russia in Afghanistan. After a brief descriptive sketch of Afghanistan and a glance at its military history, General Rodenbrugh discusses in two separate chapters the military resources, including the army organization, the means of transportation, and the effective forces respectively of Great Britain and Russia, and indicates the routes that must be pursued by the opposing armies, and the approaches and strategic points that are now in the possession of or that will become essential to either in case of war. In this connection there is a careful study of the probable theatre of operations, which is assisted by maps, one of them being a valuable military map compiled from the latest Russian and British official surveys.

ALTHOUGH they have very slight intrinsic literary value, the letters of travel[17] written to his friends at home by the late Earl of Beaconsfield in 1830 and 1831, when he was in the dawn of his career, and had just won his spurs as a writer of romance, have considerable interest as reflecting the natural vivacity and the keen powers of observation of the youth whose literary and political life was destined to prove so varied and influential. We also read with a mixture of curiosity and entertainment his reflections concerning lands and people and governments that later figured prominently in his novels, or over which he afterward exerted a powerful protecting interest in his capacity as a statesman. But the greatest charm of these letters—and it is no mean or inconsiderable one—resides in the thorough unreserve and hearty affectionateness of their tone. In especial the letters to his father are models of what letters should be from a son to a father, filial, reverential, yet as frank and free as if addressed to an elder brother or an intimate and dear friend. Very lovable must Disraeli's nature have been in those early days, if we may judge by the unstudied pourings out of his heart and mind in these letters to his father, and in the other letters in this little volume, addressed to his sister "Sa" and his brother Ralph. He had not yet blossomed into the literary coxcomb that he became in the first intoxication of his success as a novelist, nor had he developed into the combination of political cynic, bushwhacker, dictator, and sphinx into which he was afterward transformed. To his family at least he wore his heart on his sleeve at this time, and these letters also afford abundant evidence that although he had a keen sense of his importance even then, he could be genial and open-hearted with the friends outside of the home circle that he left behind him, or that he made while on his travels.

[16] *Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute.* By THEODORE F. RODENBRUGH, Brevet Brigadier-General U.S.A. 12mo, pp. 139. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[17] *Home Letters Written by the late Earl of Beaconsfield in* 1830 *and* 1831. Illustrated. "Harper's Handy Series." 12mo, pp. 150. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 18th of June.—President Cleveland made the following appointments: Colonel Charles Denby, of Indiana, Minister to China; James W. Whelpley, of New York, Assistant Treasurer of the United States; General W. S. Rosecrans, of California, Register of the Treasury; John B. Stallo, of Ohio, Minister to Italy.

United States Senator H. W. Blair, of New Hampshire, was re-elected June 16.

The public debt of the United States was decreased $3,350,833 in May.

The New Hampshire Senate and House met in joint convention June 11, and elected the following State officers: Secretary of State, A. B. Thompson; State Printer, John B. Clarke; State Treasurer, Solon A. Carter; and Commissary-General, Frank P. Brown.

The Ohio Greenback-Labor Party, June 5, nominated J. W. Northrop for Governor.

The Ohio Republican State Convention, June 11, renominated Judge Joseph B. Foraker for Governor.

The Illinois State Senate passed the Civil Rights Bill June 4.

Governor Hill, of New York, vetoed the new Census Bill passed at the extra session of the Legislature.

Chief Poundmaker and 240 men surrendered to General Middleton May 27.

Mr. Gladstone announced in the House of Commons, June 5, that Russia and England had come to an agreement concerning the points of difference between them which were to be referred to arbitration. He also stated that the governments of the two countries had likewise agreed upon the arbitrator. But as the person chosen for arbitrator had not yet been formally asked to accept, he was therefore unable to say further on the subject then.

The Gladstone government was defeated, June 8, on the second reading of the Budget, by a vote of 264 to 252. The ministry thereupon resigned, and Lord Salisbury was summoned by the Queen to form a new cabinet.

The French Chamber of Deputies, June 8, passed the Scrutin de Liste Bill with the Senate's amendments. The Chamber also, by a vote of 338 to 90, adopted a motion approving the decree secularizing the Pantheon, in order that Victor Hugo might be buried there.

A treaty of peace between France and China was signed June 9.

Prince Bismarck, in replying recently to a number of petitions from the eastern provinces of Prussia in favor of a bimetallic standard for the coinage of money, said that the question was being studied by competent authorities, and that the government would await their report before taking action.

The rebels under Gytan made an assault on the city of Cartagena, Colombia, May 7, but were repulsed, after a severe battle, with the loss of 800 men.

DISASTERS.

May 21.—Fifteen working-women suffocated in a burning building on Sixth Street, Cincinnati.

May 25.—French fishing bark *Georges Jeanne* sunk off the Banks of Newfoundland by steamer *City of Rome*. Twenty-two men lost.

May 27.—Collapse of a three-story tenement-house in Jersey City, burying twenty-nine occupants in the ruins. Four killed.

May and June.—Terrific earthquakes in the Vale of Cashmere. Whole villages were destroyed, and three were swallowed up. Over two thousand persons killed.

June 3.—Thirteen miners killed by an explosion near Durham, England.

June 8.—The town of Paso de Cuarenta, Mexico, destroyed by a water-spout. One hundred and seventy persons drowned.

June 10.—Many persons killed by the falling of a stone staircase in the court-house at Thiers, France, during a murder trial.

June 11.—Six men killed by the caving in of the walls of the new river tunnel above Chattanooga.

June 14.—News of sinking of British steamer *Speke Hall*, from Liverpool for Bombay, in the Gulf of Aden. Only one survivor.

OBITUARY.

May 19.—In Paris, Alphonse de Neuville, painter of military pictures, aged forty-nine years.

May 20.—In Newark, New Jersey, F. T. Frelinghuysen, ex-Secretary of State, in his sixty-eighth year.

May 22.—In Paris, Victor Hugo, the poet, aged eighty-three years.

May 29.—At Bregenz, Alfred Meissner, Austrian poet, aged sixty-three years.

June 5.—In London, Sir Julius Benedict, musician and composer, in his eighty-first year.

June 8.—At Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, Rev. D. D. Whedon, D.D., LL.D., aged seventy-seven years.

June 12.—In New York, James Henry Rutter, President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, aged forty-nine years.—In Paris, Charles Alfonse Rénier, archæologist, aged seventy-six years.

June 15.—At Potsdam, Prince Frederick Charles Nicholas, only son of Prince Charles of Prussia, younger brother of the Emperor William, aged fifty-seven years.—On board his ship, the *Bayard*, Admiral Courbet, commandant of the French fleet in Chinese waters, aged fifty-eight years.

June 17.—At Carlsbad, Bohemia, Field-Marshal Baron von Manteuffel, aged seventy-six years.

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Editor's Drawer.

CONSIDERING the facility of communication and the amount of travel between Europe and America, the Drawer is astonished at the slowness with which certain foreign fashions spread and prevail here—not only fashions in clothing and jewelry, but in attitudes, manner of walking, and general carriage and disposition of the limbs. A study of these phenomena ought to yield some results in sociology. Female fashions, perhaps because women are more alert in such things, are caught more quickly than male fashions. Changes in women's dress appear often to come by cable, though there is an appreciable time between the creation of a new shade and a new mode in Paris and its adoption in New York, and it requires many months (unless it happens to be Centennial year) for the change to be seen in the country at large. Statistics are wanting to show how long it was after the adoption in Paris of a certain style of carrying the parasol before it prevailed in this country. It was a very engaging style. The right arm was thrown forward, the elbow elevated, and the handle of the parasol was daintily held about midway by the fingers, the little finger projecting. This attitude required a little mincing in the step, which was equally engaging. In an incredibly short space of time after this fashion landed, every girl in America carried her parasol in this manner. This attitude was succeeded in time by another method of moving the arms, also imported. But none of these styles were so long in coming across as a certain style in men's scarf-pins. The horseshoe scarf-pin originated in Paris with the Jockey men, became all-prevailing, and ran for at least three years before it became popular in America. Either our jewellers did not "catch on" promptly, or, which is more probable, the left-over stock of French pins was shipped here after the market there was supplied and the style began to change. In regard to the cut of the hair, for men, England seems more successful in imposing its style on this country than France. The mode of cutting the hair out over each temple, which obtained in France, even in the provinces, four or five years ago, was only moderately adopted here, and a sort of loose tie of the cravat has not yet reached us. But our men have taken very kindly to the close crop of the English, which suits very few people, for very few heads are shapely enough to bear this exposure. In regard to gloves, as has been observed before, it was fully two years after the Prince of Wales's set made it the fashion to go without gloves to evening entertainments before it was perfectly recognized as good form to do so in New York. And it is likely that young New York will be bare-handed years after evening London is gloved again. The slowness of adaptation to the mode ought to be mortifying to American pride. The most interesting phenomenon of the summer has been the slow adoption of an English style of walking. This seems to have originated with the smart young Londoners, business "parties," bank clerks, and "Howell and James young men," who as long ago as four or five years might have been seen hurrying along Bond Street, Regent, and Pall Mall. It came in with the cut-away coats buttoned tightly across the breast. The toes were turned in, the shoulders were elevated so as to narrow the chest, the elbows were turned out and upward, the tightly rolled umbrella was carried at a precise angle, and the young man moved swiftly forward with an indescribable air of business smartness—a sort of plunge. Why this commercial and dandiacal sort of gait should be popular here it is impossible to say, especially as its associated pertness and hurry contrast with the weary leisure of the so-called dude. But "it's English, you know." It must be confessed, however, that to a close observer of city pavements and watering-places the gait coming into use here lacks the push and dash of the Bond Street walk, which was satirized years ago in *Patience*.

We have not introduced this subject without a purpose. It is, of course, necessary to wear our hair, and mount our scarf-pins, and tie our cravats, and set up our cut-throat collars, and to walk, in the foreign mode. But it is ridiculous to be so slow in our imitation. Fashion ought to have more alert scouts out in Europe, and quicker methods of diffusing the new styles here. We are always behind time. Now before we get universally and well settled in the Bond Street walk, the English youth will be walking in an entirely different manner, and we shall be as much out of fashion as a last year's almanac. How do we know now that it is the correct thing for a young man to stand with a thumb in each trousers pocket? It may be as out of date as that old and independent American way of wearing the thumbs in the armholes of the vest. Very likely when we are adepts in the high-shouldered, crooked-elbow, rushing gait, the Pall Mall clerks may be turning out their toes, and sauntering along with a sort of bowie-knife nonchalance caught from Texas ranch life. We need Decorative Young Men's Societies to keep us up to the mark.

THE Vicar of Dewsbury, England, writes, touching the article on "Christmas Past" in this Magazine, that the ancient custom of "ringing the Devil's Knell" still prevails in the old church, as it has existed from time immemorial. Church-wardens and parishioners ascend to the ringer's room in the tower of the parish church a little before midnight on Christmas-eve, and the bell is tolled as for a funeral. Up to 1875, when the peal of eight

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bells was recast, the Devil's Knell was tolled on one of the bells called "Black Tom of Soothill." It received its name from the fact that it was given to the church many years ago by Sir Thomas Soothill as an expiatory gift for the murder of a boy whom he threw into a mill-dam.

SARAH JANE.

FAR to the north, where pines and snow-drifts be,
There is a realm of rigor known as Maine.
All winter there the fierce winds whistle free,
And people shovel snow with toil and pain.
And yet it has an interest for me,
Because it is the home of Sarah Jane.

A very charming girl is Sarah Jane,
But prouder, loftier, chillier, none can be.
Whether it is because she dwells in Maine,
Where girls, like pines, grow strong and straight and free,
I can not say; I only know, with pain,
That though so charming, she is cold to me.

And this, alas! is very hard for me,
Because I am so fond of Sarah Jane.
No suitor could more true and loyal be;
There beats not in the whole extent of Maine
A heart from guile and fickleness more free,
And her unkindness gives me keenest pain.

But yet she scorns and ridicules my pain,
And utterly contemns my love and me.
There seems no softer side to Sarah Jane;
Her native lakes can no more frosty be
When zero slips from Greenland down to Maine,
Binds every wave, and leaves no ripple free.

Soon May will come and set the waters free,
And lift the winter's paralyzing pain;
But will the sunshine warm her heart to me?
Will even dog-days melt my Sarah Jane?
If I could but believe that this might be,
What rays of hope would radiate from Maine!

How with the bluebird would I fly to Maine,
With speed as tireless and with wing as free,
Forgetting all my former doubt and pain,
If only she at last would turn to me,
My radiant and relenting Sarah Jane,
Her heart's thawed side! But will it ever be?

Would it could be! Would I were now in Maine!
How would my pain depart and leave me free!
O Fate, give me to win my Sarah Jane!

H. E. S.

DR. H——, who fills a suburban pulpit out West, is of a practical turn of mind, and not infrequently impresses his congregation by original expositions of the Scriptures. In one of a recent series of discourses upon Lazarus, the doctor said: "Now some fool [*sic*] of an infidel will say, 'How could Abraham hear the rich man calling all the way from heaven to Hades?' This, my friends, will not be difficult to comprehend when it is remembered that *we* are talking by telephone a hundred miles or more every day." *We* being the emphatic word, gave perhaps an unintentional significance to the language.

But again the doctor: "This was an actual occurrence. It was not a mere parable that the Lord was relating, but a real happening. He says, 'There was a man,' etc. Lazarus was doubtless the real name of the poor man, but the name of the rich man is not given. He is called Dives. This was not his name, however. *Dives* is simply a Latin word meaning rich, or a rich man. Now you may inquire, why was his name not also given? And the most probable explanation is that the Lord withheld the name of the deceased *out of consideration for the feelings of his surviving friends.*"

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S grandfather was the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, born at Haddam, Connecticut, February 3, 1744. Mr. Cleveland was a Federalist of the school of Jay and Hamilton, whom he supported with more than ordinary zeal, and perhaps not without something of the prejudice which ranked all Jeffersonians with French fatalists and infidels.

Many stories are told illustrating his power of repartee. Among them is the following: On horseback one day Mr. Cleveland was riding from Middletown to Durham; a little stream bounded the limits of the townships. He halted to water his horse; meanwhile a young man, having come from the opposite direction, drew rein so suddenly as to render the water by the disturbance unfit to serve for drink.

"Good-morning, Mr. Minister," said the youth.

"Good-morning, Mr. Democrat," replied the reverend gentleman.

"And pray why did you take me for a Democrat?" queried the young man.

"Pray why did you take me for a minister?" rejoined Mr. Cleveland.

"Oh," said the fellow, "that is plain enough —by your *dress.*"

"And that you are a Democrat is plain enough by your *address,*" was the retort of the preacher.

While visiting in New Haven, Connecticut, Mr. Cleveland died suddenly, September 21, 1815. His remains were interred in a cemetery in that city. His inheritance was a much-loved, respected, and stainless name.

The man of whom we are speaking must not be mistaken for his father, the great-grandfather of President Cleveland, although each was called Aaron, and both were ministers of the Gospel. The elder became a resident of Halifax the year subsequent to the founding of that city. He there established what was known as "Mather's Church," so called after the great New England divine of that time. His pastorate continued five years; during that period he founded a church library. Many of the volumes were his gift. The library is still in existence, and a number of the books containing his autograph presentations may still be seen.

A Scottish preacher succeeded Mr. Cleveland, and the society has since that date been known as "St. Matthew's." It was the first organized Presbyterian Church in the British lower provinces. To-day it is the fashionable church of that denomination in Halifax. The

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Word is preached from the old-fashioned box-like pulpit, to which the minister ascends by two long winding stairways. The pews are, as in the ancient time, padded throughout with scarlet, and the British "red-coats" constitute a large portion of the audience in the high gallery that reaches around three sides of the building.

NOT TO BE KILLED.

"If there were a prize for suicide, it ought to go to the Irishman who vowed 'to hang himself or perish in the attempt.'"

"Well, *I* should give it to the hero of Dumas's *Companions of Jehu*."

"Why, what did *he* do?"

Our talk was being carried on upon the hurricane-deck of a homeward-bound steamer from the Cape, in the full enjoyment of doing nothing, after all the excitement of Zululand and the Transvaal border.

"Well, seemingly he objected to taking his own life, so he was always trying to get somebody else to do it for him, and the more he tried, the more he didn't succeed. Once he quarrelled with a first-rate swordsman, and killed him without getting a scratch himself. Another time he went in among a band of robbers, and they let him go scot-free. Then he challenged an Englishman who was a dead-shot, and John Bull fired in the air. At last he threw himself into the thick of the battle of Marengo, fired his pistol into a powder wagon, and blew up not only himself, but an entire Austrian regiment as well."

"His *report* in that *magazine* must have made some noise in the world," remarked Captain Crawford, of the ——th Foot.

"Come, don't *you* begin trying to make jokes, Crawford, or I'll jump overboard," said Lieutenant Mason, of the Naval Brigade. "After all, that fellow didn't beat the wind-up of Burnand's 'thrilling tale' in the dime novel style: 'And with a wild cry the wretched man plunged the dagger into his heart, discharged the revolver through his brain, swallowed the deadly poison, and sprang from the bridge into the gloomy river below. But his hour was not yet come.'"

"Well, *he* deserved no credit, because he didn't succeed, as the German editor said of the man who tried to kill Bismarck. But, after all, who ever heard of such things in real life?"

"Guess *I* have, anyhow."

We all started and looked around, no one having noticed the presence of Mr. Hiram P. Dollarsworth, U. S., who, indeed, was as habitually silent as the great general whom fame has credited with the power of "holding his tongue in ten languages."

"I kin beat that, I reckin," pursued our taciturn friend. "Hev any of ye ever been at St. Malo?"

"I was there in 1864, Mr. Dollarsworth," said I; "so I can guess to what story you refer, but I'm sure these gentlemen will be glad to hear you tell it."

"Wa'al, I guess it's worth tellin'," rejoined the Yankee, with a grim chuckle, "though I don't know if they'll believe it, neither. You see, thar was a young French officer thar in my time, one o' them young geese that think the hull world's out of j'int if their toe aches. One day—having nothin' better to do, I s'pose—he made up his mind to kill himself, and, like them highfalutin' Frenchers always do, he concluded to fix it so as his suicide should be 'the talk of all Europe.' So up he gits airly one mornin', and down he goes to the beach, takin' with him a rope, and a pistol, and a vial of pizon, and a match-box. Then he climbs up one of the tide-mark posts that's set in a row thar, just as the sea was clost up to it, and he hitches one eend o' the rope around the cross-piece at the top, and the other eend around his neck, and then he set his clothes afire with a match, and swallered the pizon, and let slap the pistol at his head, and chucked himself off the post, all to once."

"Well, he certainly deserved to succeed, after taking so much pains," said Lieutenant Mason, as well as he could speak for laughing.

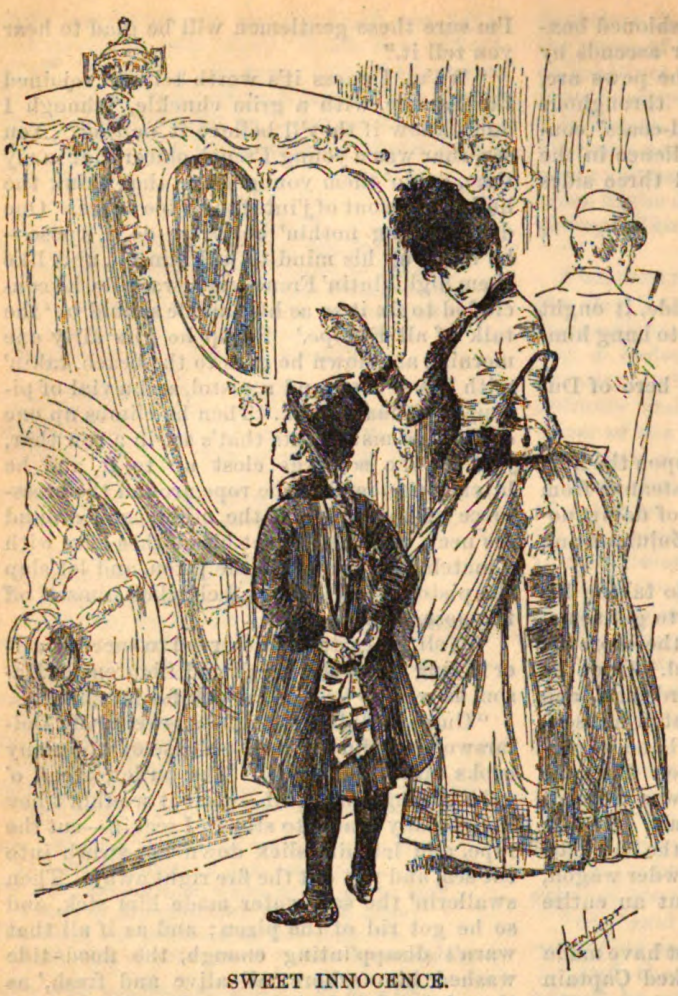
"Guess he didn't, though," answered Mr. Dollarsworth; "for it was jist a case of 'too many cooks spile the broth.' The bullet, 'stead o' goin' through his skull—whar it wouldn't hev found many brains to stop it, I reckin—cut the rope, and let him slick down ker-swosh into the sea, and put out the fire right away. Then swallerin' the salt-water made him sick, and so he got rid of the pizon; and as if all that warn't disapp'inting enough, the flood-tide washed him ashore 'all alive and fresh,' as them lying fish-dealers say. But if he wanted to be 'the talk of all Europe,' I guess he got his wish; for every newspaper on the hull Continent had that story 'fore the month was up, and the poor critter got so e-tarnally laughed at that he concluded to jine the Mexikin Expedition till the thing blew over."

DAVID KER.

THE following stories are from the Sandwich Islands. To properly understand them it must be premised that when the missionaries reduced the Hawaiian to a written language, they found that all the sounds could be represented by the five German vowels and only seven consonants; so when foreign words are used, all other consonants are changed into the ones nearest allied to them. Thus to the native eye and ear the letter K represents the sounds of D, G, J, Q, S, T, and Z, L stands for its sister R, and B and F are written P. All syllables must end in a vowel.

Doctor Coan, one of the early Protestant missionaries to this group, one day baptized a child "Maikia." He was an excellent native scholar, and yet the name puzzled him. He did not remember ever having heard it. After the parties were gone he searched his text-books for

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SWEET INNOCENCE.

MOTHER. "This was the coach of Louis XIV."
MIMI. "Is he dead, mamma?"
MOTHER. "Oh, long ago, child!"
MIMI. "Then why don't they stuff him and put him in?"

the word, but failed to find it. He sent for the father, and asked him what the name meant.

"Aole ike au" ("I don't know").

"Well, where did you get the name?"

"From you."

"From me?"

"Yes; I named the boy after your wife."

"Why, how is that? My wife's name is not Maikia."

"That is what you call her all the time."

A light dawned upon Mr. Coan's mind. He was in the habit of addressing his wife as "My dear," and the natives supposed that was her name, and spelled it as it sounded to them. Putting K in place of D, and leaving off the final R, and using the German vowels, "Maikia" naturally resulted.

When Bishop Willis, of the English Church, came here to take charge of the diocese of Honolulu, he was unlearned in the Hawaiian language. Shortly after his arrival he was called upon to baptize a native child. In reply to the request, "Name this child," he was shocked to receive the reply, "Sam Weller."

"Impossible!" exclaimed his lordship. "Please repeat the name."

"Sam Weller," insisted the father.

"But," expostulated the bishop, "you do not want your child named after a comic character in one of Dickens's novels? I feel it my duty to—"

Here a deacon interposed, and explained that the man wanted the child baptized Samuel, and that "Kamuela" was the nearest that a Hawaiian usually came to it, although this man succeeded in pronouncing the sibilant, and made it "Samuela." The baptism was proceeded with, and the child was named after the Hebrew prophet.

AND now comes a preacher who gives us some specimens of recent eloquence. The readers of the Drawer will remember that the late Bishop Gilbert Haven was reported as saying, when dying of weariness, that he "expected to rest in heaven for a thousand years with his head lying in the lap of his dear wife Mary." This poetic fancy made its impression on the mind of a worthy minister who had recently married a second wife. Being called to preach a funeral sermon, his new but second wife being present, he gave his ideas of the rest and bliss of heaven, and warming up with his theme, he exclaimed, "I expect, in the language of the lamented Bishop Haven, to spend my first thousand years in heaven with my head on the lap of *my first wife*." What occurred when the funeral was over and the parsonage doors closed has not been revealed.

"ALIVE TO HER PRIVILEGES."

A COUNTRY gentleman, while on a visit to New York for the first time, in writing to his wife, remarked "that amongst the many privileges of city life nothing he appreciated more than being able, if so inclined, to attend a lecture every night." She replied to that particular clause in his letter thus: "My dear husband, in regard to what you say about lectures, I should say that when you are at home I am even better off than you appear to be in that respect, as I not only am able to hear one every night, but often am treated to a couple before breakfast, without the exertion of stirring from my chair to attend them."

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THE TIGER HUNT.—WALTERS COLLECTION.

Modelled in wax by A. L. Barye for the Duke of Orleans, and cast *à cire perdue*.—(See engraving of the other side on page 591.)—Engraved by Frank French.

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HARPER'S
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LABRADOR.

First Paper.

THE shadow of death seemed to stretch before me for a thousand miles as I headed my canoe for Labrador. And this impression was justified by the nature of the region and its history. Jacques Cartier, in 1534, stigmatized it as "the land given to Cain." It is a treeless waste of rock so sterile that even the most desirable places have barely soil enough to cover the dead. Life, power, wealth, here are all in the sea, and after drawing men to seek its treasures, it swallows them without remorse. Thus, with its treacherous currents, reefs, fogs, icebergs, and tempests, the sea here is a fitting companion of such a shore. The history of the coast records the most appalling disasters, the extremes of human suffering, the brawls of outlaws and pirates. I could not know in advance the attractive features of the region, the purity of an untarnishable world made of rock, sea, and air, the grandeur and simplicity of its pictures, the overpowering solitude of its arctic desert, and more than all else the human tenderness and heroism here and there contrasting so forcibly with the relentless character of the region. The perils of a canoe cruise on such waters were manifest, and this doubtless helped to give an uncertain hue to the prospect. I was to float alone along that shore whence so many have never returned, and where their course is afterward judged only by dead-reckoning. The sympathy of my friends wishing me good-speed from the beach could not have met a more yearning mood; the warmth of their hands still seemed to linger in mine as I paddled out from Tadousac into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Back of me the lofty rock heads of the Saguenay stood on their eternal watch, and before me they led off to Labrador in a long line of storm-breasting giants. I could not help wishing for their strength and firmness, as I seemed to be venturing into a vast, dim cavern of the unknown, walled with beetling mountains, flooded with a heaving sea, and arched with a sky of leaden gloom. I crept along the foot of the headland as if clinging to the last mute friend; but the swells broke on the rocks, and drove me out on the uncaring sea. So I accepted Solitude at once as my comrade; she had often met me in throngs of men, but here she took me by the hand to lead me away to her own shadowy and unknown abode.

My route is along that part of Labrador bordering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between the Saguenay and Belle Isle. From the Saguenay to Mingan, about 300 miles, the coast is entirely exposed to the seas of the Gulf, and the walls of rock and sandy beaches very rarely give place to sheltering bays. The Laurentide Mountains keep on diminishing in height as you go eastward from the Saguenay, the forests become more and more stunted and scarce, and the settlements soon abandon all signs of agricultural life for the odors and poverty of fishing stations. From Mingan to Blanc Sablon, about 300 miles, the shore is protected by a more or less continuous line of islands, excepting at some exposed capes and beaches, and the wilderness of treeless rock begins near Mingan, and extends, with hardly an interruption, eastward through the Strait of Belle Isle, and then northward to the arctic regions. Here you follow the borders of two deserts, the sea and the rocks, in which the solitude is rendered only the more impressive by the rare appearance of a few fishermen. This general view of the coast is somewhat discouraging as regards natural attractions, but a nearer view reveals many unique aspects both of nature and of man.

Soon after leaving Tadousac I found the

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shore less imposing with abrupt mountains, and more attractive with little coves between clean sea-washed points of rock, and now and then a larger bay sheltering a saw-mill or some houses and fields. Thus it was consoling to still get glimpses of human life as I peeped through the shifting veil of mists into the pretty bay of Mille Vaches, with its farms scattered over fertile terraces sweeping around it, and rising at the back to a rugged cliff, like the ruins of a colossal fortress, just then illumined by strong sunlight. It was pleasant to hear the loud reports of planks falling on a barge's deck up a bay, or the voices of sailors loading a ship hidden by the fog. I came upon other wayfarers now and then in picking my route among the bowlders at half tide; they were seals calling to one another over the water. When I happened to draw near to one, under cover of the mist, it would raise its head and shoulders above the rocks, as a hoary giant might get up on his elbow, and then, after gazing a moment, it would plunge into the sea. And when I pitched my tent on Jeremy Islands, a still more social companion came to my camp fire and bade me welcome to the coast.

"Ye know the Astor House, sir?" said this old man, my visitor, as he lit his pipe. "Well, sir, I was porter in that same house, more 'an fifty year gone. That's the place for quarters! I made a good bit, so I did, and then I went to see me auld mother, in Canada, in 1833—in Papineau's time that was. An' they says to me, there's goin' to be a revelation, and ye'd better stop a bit. So I stopped, and divil a ha'p'orth did I get by all me fightin', only to escape hangin' down here. Are there any 'busses in Broadway now?" It was a pleasure to tell the old man about the wonderful growth of New York since his departure from it. The account seemed to him like a dream, which he prolonged late into the night. And when he finally paddled away into the darkness, a certain social warmth still lingered about my tent, and faint echoes of life in Broadway seemed to mingle with the roar of the surf.

Notre Dame de Betshiamits, the chief mission of the Montagnais Indians, gives you the last glimpse of purely terrestrial industry, a saw-mill; all work beyond this is connected with the sea. Four ships rode at anchor off the mouth of the river, beyond the breakers on the bars. The village is an irregular line of houses and



MAP OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COAST.

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HAYING ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

wigwams along the top of the sand bank. The lack of roads and the strange experiences of even cattle on the coast were illustrated here in the unloading of some cows from a schooner; they were hoisted out of the hold by the head and lowered over the side into the bay. I had my last taste of civilization at the parsonage of the hospitable missionary, Father Arnaud. After the fatigues of a cruise, and in the anticipation of still farther experiences of the rough sea, it was delightful to enjoy the comforts of domestic life. But I especially relished the peculiar Labrador atmosphere of this home, a foretaste of the wilderness. I was often awakened in the early morning by the mystic chants of the Indians at mass in the chapel. Soon afterward Margaret, the squaw servant, invited us to the table by giving the breakfast bell one single shake, typical of the Indian's habit of brevity. It was strange to stroll about a garden in such a country, and to find in it a peacock spreading his plumes and priding himself, perhaps, on being the most venturesome arctic explorer of his feather, and to see the royal fleur-de-lis blooming at the foot of a great black cross. "You see," said Father Arnaud, "I am a monarchist, and the royal flower recalls my king and my country; and the peacock screaming and the pigeons flying about give some life to the place." He sometimes told us of his long journeys among the northern tribes, while one of his guests, the only Indian priest in the world, I believe, moralized on the fortuitous incidents, and I noted them down. At

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sunset I used to wander along the broad beach, and looking eastward, imagine myself further away in the desert of sea and rock, and then return to enjoy a peep into

different from France! Here, if you are thirsty, drink water. Bah! Now that's not a very encouraging drink, is it? Here I get five dollars per month, and have to



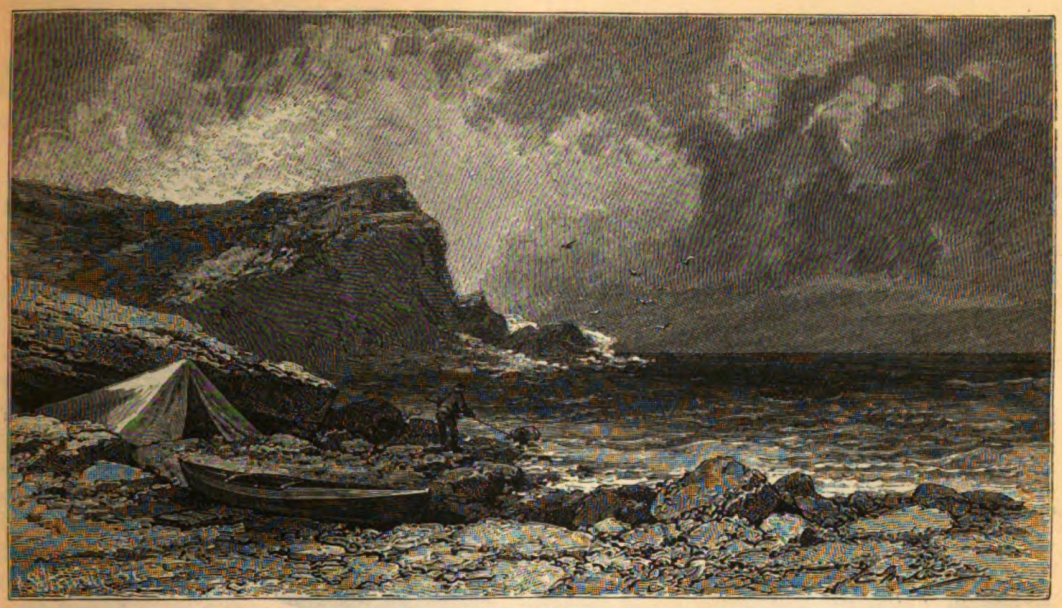
UNLOADING CATTLE.

the populous wigwams; or I sat with the missionary among his tribe, when at twilight that dusky race—now at the twilight of its life—gathered on the bank, and we watched the breakers about the river's mouth gleam under a warm eastern sky.

The gardener was a quaint little Breton, very short and positive. "How do I like this country?" he exclaimed. "Why, it's no country at all. Just look at that sand!" and he kept on with his thorough and industrious spading of a turnip bed. "That's not soil. What kind of climate is it? No, sir; it's no climate neither. Nine months in a year I'm worse than a prisoner at forced labor—can't go out to the barn even without freezing my nose—and I can't speak ten words of Indian. The beef is all cod-fish, and if you get short of provisions before navigation opens, why, keep short, or else die, that's all. It's so

spend it for warm clothes. No, no; I'm going back to France, where we don't have to wear any socks." One day we were visited by an Italian jeweller, a striking contrast to this growling but sensible little man. With an elegant person and a graceful carriage, how like a vision he seemed among the waddling savages! He went about the place mending clocks, and every time he appeared we were struck by the dramatic loneliness of his expression and the dignity of his mien. This kept me from prying into the causes of his exile to this arctic region. In the evening the sounds of a flute drew me to the kitchen. The room was almost dark, but the warm, rich light of a ruddy twilight fell on a group of mute and wondering Indians in the doorway, and on the little Breton swinging his legs from a chair and keeping step, doubtless, to his

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A SOLITARY CAMP.

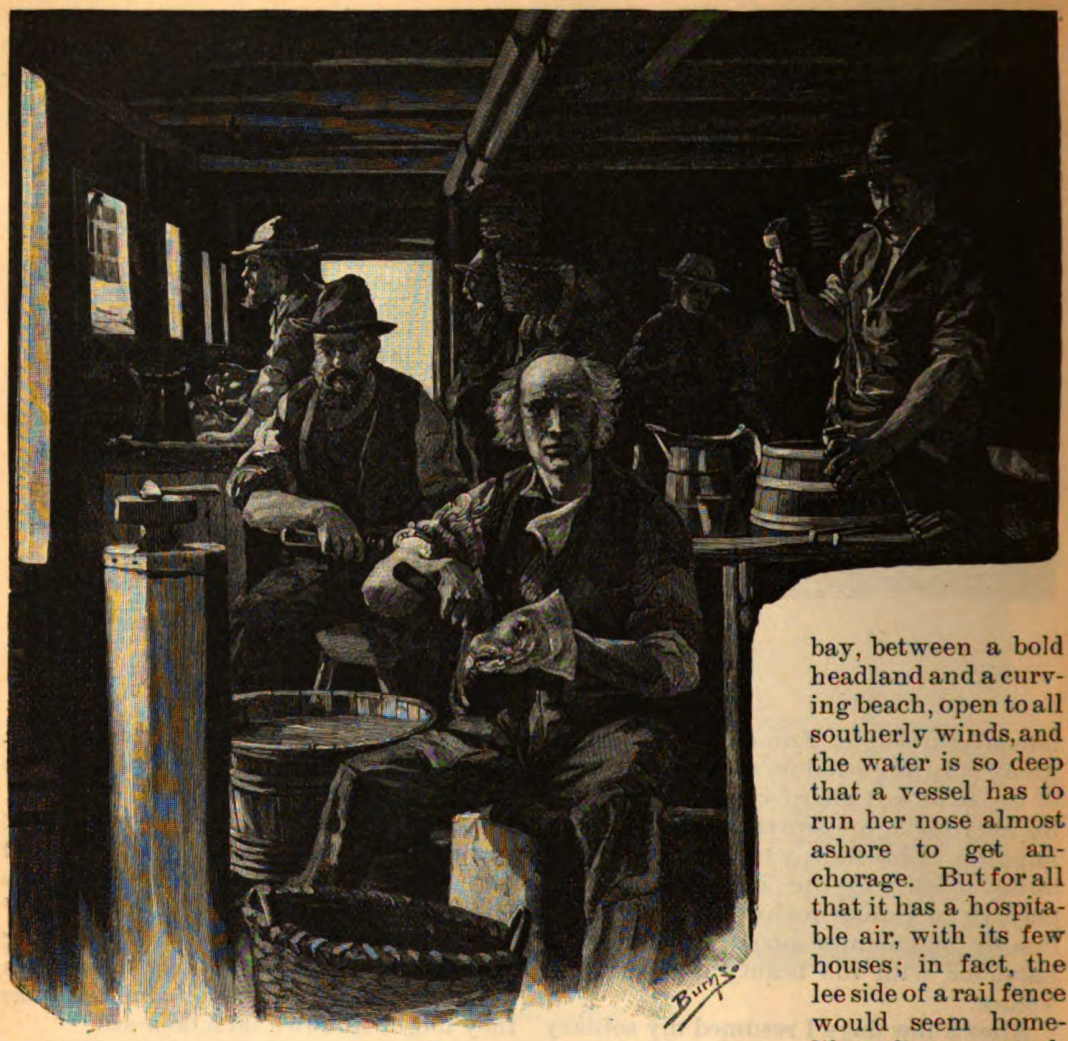
fancy returning to France. We all were silent. In the window the classic profile of the exile cut sharply against the sky, his nervous figure swayed with the eager impulses of his flute, which he rarely permitted to leave his lips; and his passionate playing of Italian melodies seemed to illumine that sombre nook on the coast of Labrador with the beauty and glory of Venice.

After a few days I resumed my solitary journey. The shores continued to present a succession of sandy bluffs and beaches, rocky hills and walls, here and there a little bay, and a forest stretching from the top of the bluffs back to the mountains inland, following the coast-line. Now and then I met a couple of silent Indians in a canoe paddling about after seal; the sound of a shot occasionally broke on the ear; but the days generally passed in absolute isolation. As I approached Manikuagon Point, opposite the red light-ship, warning vessels off that dangerous shoal, I saw a very small boat standing in from the open sea, so far off that it seemed as if it must have come up out of the sea, and did not appreciate the dangers about it. As we both approached the beach I saw that it contained a man and two children—a bright-eyed boy about eight years old and a girl about ten. The man jumped from the bow into the surf, and pushed the boat off, while directing the little boy at the stern in a gruff, sea-worn voice: "Heave away, lad; get your oar over to starboard, or she'll swing around. Now, Mary, shove her head over—hurry up! don't you see that heavy swell? Hold hard! Now get her head about, quick as you can. That's it. Haul in your sheet." And at last those little mites were standing out to sea again, and settling themselves down in the stern-sheets as composedly as they might sit down on a door-sill.

"Where on earth, sir, are your children going, alone, and on this stormy coast? Will you ever see them again."

"Oh yes, sir," he replied, smiling; "they are used to a boat; they are taking some seals I have just brought in from the nets down to the next bay; it's only a few miles. We don't think much about such dangers; but we are perhaps a little too venturesome sometimes. One of my friends on Anticosti sent his two boys to take the boat across the mouth of their bay for a load of hay. A squall came up so heavy that the boat could not beat into shelter, and they were carried out to sea. Nothing was ever seen of them afterward." Here he scanned the horizon, and looked after his own boat with a thoughtful expression. "But with this fair wind the children will soon reach home. We have another danger besides the weather: sharks are dangerous here; they sometimes follow a boat for hours, and now

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KIPPERING SALMON.

and then they capsize her and take a man down. At least we suppose it must be done by the sharks. Last year, right out there, an Indian was after a seal; pretty soon we saw him stand up and fight something in the water with his paddle. In a minute his canoe capsized and he went under. When we got there all we found was his canoe stove in amidships."

"But that seems more like the action of the devil-fish."

"Well, yes, but we have never seen any devil-fish here, and there are plenty of sharks."

Fortunately a calm morning gave me a safe passage along the next fifteen miles of coast, where bold rocky shores refuse even a niche for shelter until you reach the Godbout River. Here is a shallow bay, between a bold headland and a curving beach, open to all southerly winds, and the water is so deep that a vessel has to run her nose almost ashore to get anchorage. But for all that it has a hospitable air, with its few houses; in fact, the lee side of a rail fence would seem homelike after so much isolation.

Here ended the first part of my cruise; for I embarked on the steamer *Otter*, to omit canoeing along the uninteresting exposed beaches and rocks extending from Pointe de Monts to Mingan. While thus loafing along the coast, and calling at various ports, I had time to note something of the historic associations of the coast.

The coast here, viewed from the Gulf, seems to be a line of mountains covered with forest, excepting here and there where a headland raises bald cliffs out of the sea or the sandy beaches. The coast turns more to the northward at Pointe de Mons, and the Gulf widens suddenly as you run on toward Seven Islands. Egg Island, about twenty miles north of Pointe de Monts, is a place of historic interest, as the locality where an English expedition against the French, under the command

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of Sir Hovenden Walker, came to a disastrous end in 1711. Eight large transports were wrecked on this island that terrible night, and 884 corpses strewed the coves of the island and of the coast of Labrador.

It is impossible to give the exact loss by this disaster, but it is supposed to have been not less than 1100 men. As for Admiral Walker, he paid dearly for his misfortunes and mismanagement: ignominy and disgrace drove him from England to a plantation in South Carolina; even there popular feeling was so strong that he fled to the Antilles until he could return under the shade of oblivion and indifference to end his days on his plantation. The sea still preserves some mementos of this wreck at English Point, where guns, bayonets, and other metal pieces are now and then hauled up.

Before leaving this part of the coast I must let Mr. Faucher tell of two incidents characteristic of its life and of the experiences of its light-house keepers. The keeper of the light at Pointe de Monts relates: "Just imagine that toward the close of the fall, at the first snow, my family was attacked by typhoid fever. The first stroke of the disease was to put seven of us in bed, and very soon all the others followed. I was the only one able to work. My nearest neighbor (at Egg Island) was twenty miles off, and as bad news travels without much wind, this light-house was avoided even by Indians as an infested place. One man, however, was touched by my misfortunes, and volunteered to help me. Things went better then for a while; but as we were then at the last days of navigation, fogs and snow combined against me, and obliged us to fire the cannon every half-hour, or even every quarter-hour. The vibration was terrible in the tower, seventy-five feet high, and our patients could not endure it. It was necessary to go up the five stories of the tower, transformed into an infirmary [hospital], before every shot, to notify the poor fellows, and stuff cotton into the ears of the most nervous. Days and nights thus passed, without bringing anything else than pain, anxiety, and sleeplessness. Laurent and I were ready to lose our senses, doing the service of the light and the hospital like machines, when the Lord took pity on us, and in His mercy sent us some rest and joy in a general convalescence." The light at Egg Island shows a revolving white light, visible fifteen miles, and giving a flash every minute and a half. "All sailors know how important it is that a flash light should revolve with mathematical accuracy; otherwise one light might be taken for another, and a wreck might be the fatal consequence of such an error. One night, toward the close of the autumn of 1872, a pivot broke in the clock-work regulating these revolutions. The season was too far advanced to get help from the Ministry of Marine at Quebec; the only thing to be done was to replace the machine by human energy, and the keeper and his family devoted themselves to the task. During five weeks of that autumn and five other weeks of the next spring, man, wife, girls, and boys turned the machine by hand. Cold and fatigue stiffened the hands, sleep weighed on their eyelids, but nevertheless they must turn, turn, without haste and without rest, all through those long watches, in which the order was to become an automaton and keep turning the machine. Not one, from the child to the master, either complained or shirked his duty, and the light at Egg Island continued each minute and a half to flash its protecting light over the tempestuous Gulf."

The Bay of Seven Islands is the finest harbor on this part of the coast; the bay, about six miles in diameter, is sheltered by five islands, high masses of rock rising boldly out of the sea, and inland by mountains about 1500 feet high, covered with stunted forests of spruce. The beach was dotted with wigwams of Montagnais Indians, the Hudson Bay Company's post, a chapel, and some fishermen's houses, flakes, and fishing-boats. At Moisie, a little village of thirty or forty cabins at the mouth of the river, we saw the taking and packing of salmon by the Messrs. Fraser, of Quebec. The fish are taken in nets set near the mouth of the river, and some distance up it; they are packed in snow, in boxes—four to ten in a box, according to their size—and then laid away in ice-houses to await weekly shipments to Quebec and other markets. While the subject is in hand I may add that fresh salmon are taken from Labrador to Paris every year by a steamer that comes for the purpose to Château Bay, Strait of Belle Isle. The fish are collected from the fishermen along the coast by two steam-launches, and brought to the steamer, where they are frozen by cold air blast,

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SPREADING COD-FISH ON THE ROCKS, MAGPIE BAY.

and then packed in chill rooms in the hold. Besides this industry, another company is kippering salmon at the same port—putting them up in vinegar and spices in kegs. And, lastly, a limited quantity of salmon is taken in various streams every year by anglers. These wealthy gentlemen bring almost the only luxuries known in this wild region, and their camps are often the scene of much merriment. Moisie was a busy place some years ago, judging by the remains of the iron furnaces now deserted. The ore is magnetic sand, found in a layer about two or three inches deep on the beach; the mining operations consisted of simply cleaning away a superincumbent layer of white sand, and then shovelling up the ore into bags.

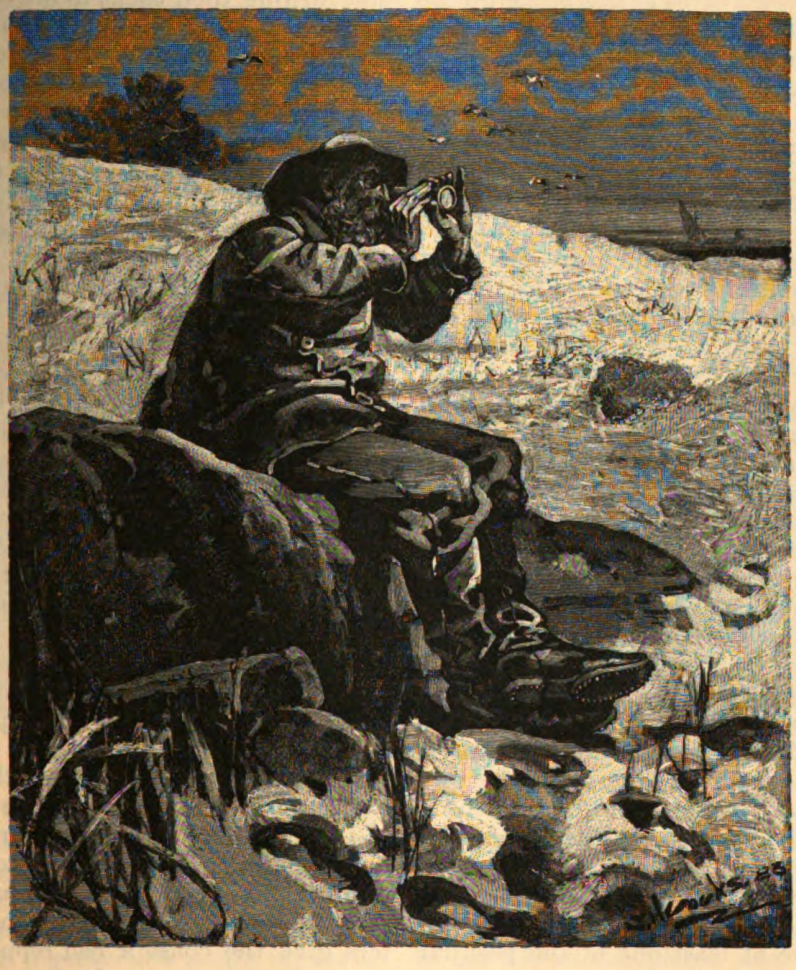
From this point we took the steamer *Otter*. From her deck I saw a woman leading a bull over the sandy dunes and along the beach, now and then stopping to pick up stray pieces of wood or toss some dead fish into the cart. With scanty robes, the crown of a broken straw hat above her wind-flung locks, and a dark face with sharp features, she seemed an evil spirit condemned to the companionship of the beast and the dead fishes. "What an extraordinary creature!" I said to a fisherman of the place.

"You may well say that," he replied. "She is seventy-five years old; but she will light her pipe and mow as good a swath of beach-grass as any man, and swear better than any of us. She deserted her family on the south shore when a young woman, and came over here headed up in a barrel and fed by her lover through the bung-hole. She is the head man of this settlement in winter, by her vile tongue and her strength of will. She always has a steer or a bull on hand to break in, but she hates cows. Her last husband died here some years ago; when he was to be laid out, she insisted that a young man of the place should shave him. In the operation he cut the skin a trifle, and the next spring she sued the fellow for four dollars damages for having cut the chin of her defunct husband. Now and then you come across such queer people down here; for the coast was the refuge of a good many outlaws and scamps, years ago, who lived on wrecks. I could talk all day, and not finish the yarns of this kind."

As we steamed out of the river and turned eastward, I had a glimpse of Boule Bay, which I had occasion to remember. On a previous cruise in this region, while White and I were paddling from Seven Islands

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to Moisie one foggy day, I found myself too ill to proceed, and we camped on the beach. A high fever soon declared itself, an eruption came out, and altogether I was, on the second day, in a pitiable condition. on the Labrador coast. As the surf broke, I thought how like a wreck cast up is a sick man lying on the sand. I spent much of my time inventing patent medicines that excelled every compound known to man;



WATCHING FOR FISH.

We discussed whether I had scarlet fever or the small-pox. Whatever it was, it had to be fought without remedies or advice, on a barren beach, where the only sounds were the derisive laughter of loons and the monotonous beating of the surf. I kept dreaming of a shady village street that leads out to orchards and hay fields; of a doctor's office so comfortable and comforting, and a drug-store hard by, with its lights flashing across the faces of charitable women as they pass on the walk. But in fact all I could see on opening my eyes was the impenetrable gloom of night and flying-machines swooped through my brain till I felt dizzy skimming over this stormy Gulf. But the most practical device of all came to me when the fever seemed to have reached an alarming height. I bethought me of the Indian's cure—a steam bath. And forthwith we moved into a very small hut near by, built of wrecks. That evening the hut offered a singular tableau; a helpless man sat upon a three-legged stool before the fire, while his feet rested on a mackerel keg, and a blanket covered his nakedness; an anxious man waited upon the helpless one, now ad-

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justing the blankets, then getting a red-hot stone from the fire into the frying-pan and dropping it into the keg under the blanket, where water made a cloud of steam. The former seldom spoke, for lack of breath; and the latter, I remember well, never lost his patience or failed in attention. Repeated baths at last broke up the fever, but it left me in such a condition that this cruise had to be given up until the next year.

Meanwhile the *Otter* is steaming on down the coast of dark, rocky shores, alternating with beaches of sand, hills covered with stunted forest, and back of these a mountain range, generally low, but here and there lifting a peak from one thousand to seventeen hundred feet high. At a little cove or the mouth of a river we passed now and then a fishing settlement, such as Sheldrake and Thunder River. The Gulf has widened to about sixty miles, and now presents to the southward the boundless horizon of the sea; and the ill-famed island of Anticosti in the midst of the Gulf comes into view.

At Magpie Bay I left the steamer, launched the *Allegro* once more, and returned to my primitive mode of travel. As I paddled toward the beach the little cove was very animated, with a large fleet of fishing barges coming in to the two wharves, and with groups of men at work on the docks and about the flakes and buildings scattered along the terraced hills. And the cordial hospitality of the agents of the fishing firms added still more to the impression that one was in civilization. I shall describe elsewhere a typical fishing village of the Gulf, and its industries, but it is well to give here at least one of the peculiar scenes connected with this part of the coast. The county judge, Mr. O'Brien, was holding court in a building on the hill, to administer justice then for the entire year. The county court-house is a small yacht, the *Ruby*, then riding at anchor within the bar; she moves up and down the coast during the summer, and anchors at any place where her presence may be required. The judge seems well fitted for the post, being a dignified and portly man of an easy-going nature, who can wait any length of time for a fair wind, while his twinkling eye seeks more for fun than for the sternness of justice. As he was the only officer, the court was organized by his sitting down behind a deal table, and telling the people that they must be silent excepting when called on to plead their causes or give evidence. One case was nominally the trial of a man for stealing an auger; but as the Norman blood of the defendant and plaintiff warmed to their national recreation of disputing, they became tremulous with excitement, and turning their backs to the court, passed a half-hour in mutual recrimination, in the course of which was revealed the real point at issue—a fight that had occurred in the past winter. Here their wives came in and added the chorus of their shrill testimony; and, taken altogether, the uproar was at last too much for even the placid judge; he turned them all out, and court adjourned for a cigar and a rest. Once outside, the litigants had the affair all over again in their own way. And finally the case could not be decided until the auger could be produced. Another case was a charge of assault and battery with knives, which the rougher characters of the coast use too frequently instead of their fists. A suit brought for libel was announced by the husband of the plaintiff as a case of "inflamation de caractère." And so the proceedings of this unique court continued their revelation of some of the manners and traits of the people.

Lawlessness is naturally quite prevalent in this wild region, especially in winter, when famine often prompts acts of desperation. Some fishermen often play rather serious tricks on one another—stealing, cutting adrift tackle, injuring boats, and even doing outrageous crimes; and hunters prowling along the coast sometimes commit depredations. But notwithstanding the fact that many such characters give the coast a bad reputation, the region has also many honest and hospitable residents.

The delight of dancing on the waves is so keen after a tedious delay! The *Allegro* bounded with joy that afternoon as a fresh westerly breeze swept us away from Magpie, and as my spirits kept pace with her, there was not a merrier couple on the sun-lit sea. Whose blood does not thrill as he stands for a moment poised on an avalanche of water, and then feels himself swept down into the valley surrounded by tumultuous crests of foam? But notwithstanding this keen delight of the sailor, when I thought of the gales I had seen on these rocky, unapproachable shores, the winning smiles of the sea seemed to hide a grin of hypocrisy. And the coquetry

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A "COUNTY COURT-HOUSE."

of the canoe with wind and wave in such a region had an anxious interest for me, although I felt that the flirtation of these three graces was full of sprightliness. As they ran on together she would turn with many a coy protest, or even loiter an instant in a hollow; but she only went more wildly afterward in her wavering moods. When we were alone and quiet, she seemed entirely my own, so sensible and comforting; but when these rivals brushed her sides, I felt that she only tolerated me, and it often brought my heart into my mouth to see how she yielded to the pressure of the wind, and even returned it, or lay at full length quivering on the bosom of a heaving swell. Sometimes I thought she would be the death of me; but I did my best to keep on the right side of her.

The shore seemed quite populous, with a hamlet of fishermen every few leagues, as at St. John, Long Point, and Mingan. Mingan, a collection of the Hudson Bay Company's stores and Indian wigwams on a beach of sand, is one of the oldest and most important posts on the coast; fishing schooners in the good harbor add to the life of the place; and the islands and trees near by, and the mountains inland, all streaked with strata of various rocks, red, white, purple, give the scene a certain amount of interest.

Here begins a feature of the coast that is important to the canoeist—a fringe of islands that protects the shore more or less for about three hundred miles. It was a great relief to see some barrier between me and the great Gulf, to feel that I was not quite on the brink of the sea and of eternity. A channel a league wide now seemed like a brook in a door-yard.

I enjoyed wandering about Esquimaux Point. This village of 1000 Acadian fishermen is the chief settlement of the coast. The houses are scattered along the sandy shore, and the fleet of sealing and fishing

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schooners find shelter inside the islands near by. The hull of a schooner building on the shore, the furnaces for trying out seal oil, the timorous gardens of fishy sand, the coming and going of boats loaded with coarse salt hay, the children, the domestic scenes about the open doors, were all agreeable sights. But a long distance still stretched before me, and I soon skimmed away again over the water, bound for the Ste. Geneviève Islands. There I bade good-by to the last forest met on the coast, and I hope it was not sentimental to regret parting with these unobtrusive, serviceable, and beautiful companions met at many a camp.

At Betchewun I came to a group of extremely shy and untutored folk. I needed a loaf of bread; but I dreaded the inevitable delay that these poor people, hungry for news, always forced me to make, to answer questions on private matters. As I paddled through the fleet of fishing barges at anchor and came to the beach, the women peered timidly out of the windows of the cabins, while the men collected in a silent group on the bank. Not one ventured to approach me; but I soon marched up to them, and broke the ice with a masterly stroke of diplomacy. I knew from frequent experiences that their chief passion was curiosity, and that sooner or later I should have to gratify it. "Good-morning, gentlemen; don't be afraid — that's the first thing—and I'll tell you all about it. I was born in Dutchess County, State of New York. My honorable and intelligent parents had three children besides me, one daughter and two sons. I am now the only survivor of my family; I am not married; and my profession is that of a man of letters." Here some of them conferred in low tones. "I travel on this coast to study its scenery, manners and customs, and industries; and I swear to you that I am not a robber, nor an explorer seeking mines." They still looked very suspiciously at me. "I assure you on my sacred word of honor that I am not a magician, and that I will not force you to dig for me in hunting lost treasures." At this two of them came forward and began a closer examination, and some casual remarks soon encouraged the rest to approach. In a few minutes they all gathered about, the children came, then the women with babes, and at last I was the target of all eyes, and, as I felt, the centre of a perfect whirlpool of curiosity; so I continued: "The name of my native village is Washington Hollow; I am going eastward as far as Belle Isle, if I live; my sister's name was Mary, and my brothers were called Charles and Edward; my father was not a fisherman, but a lawyer; my canoe was built in Williamsburg, New York, by Everson; she cost a hundred dollars; and I have a few cousins." Here I paused for a moment, when two of the men began to show unmistakable symptoms of acute interrogation. "Yes," I resumed, "I'm as rich as any of you; I have travelled a good deal; we have bays and tides in the United States, and missionaries; I live in Fifty-seventh Street, and I don't know Jean Savard. Now if you will sell me a loaf of bread, I'll be much obliged." Two lads ran off at once to a house and returned with a loaf each. I tried to get afloat at once, but I was detained half an hour to answer questions about my personal history and business. I then gave up entirely the feeling of hurry, which often possessed me on this cruise, and enjoyed the companionship of these simple people while I might, for the desert was just ahead of me; and the interview soon afterward acquired a powerful interest in my memory, because it came so near being the last human touch I should feel on earth.

After passing Ste. Geneviève Island the coast for some miles is without much shelter; but as the wind was fair and light, and the long rolling swells were quite smooth, I fully expected to pass this exposed reach in safety. I pushed open the apron of the canoe, and lay down in the hold to enjoy a change of position. The gulls wheeled overhead, strongly marked against the serene blue sky; the air was balmy, coming from the homeward direction of southwest. But all at once my thoughts were recalled from distant visions by the breaking of a sea just astern, and before I could get up in my proper place and close the apron, a second sea broke just at her waist, poured into the cockpit, and lifted her on its crest till she seemed ready to be pitched end over end. I thought that the paddle must surely snap in keeping her from broaching to, and when she plunged her head down, down, into the trough of the sea, I thought we had laid our course for the next world. A third sea half filled the canoe. She now rolled about slowly and heavily, like a log; the squall seemed bent

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on running her under. The halyards had fouled, so that I could not lower the sail. It was impossible to bail out, both because I could not leave the cockpit open to more in a distant part of the Gulf had overtaken me, as it happened, on a reef where the shallowness of the water made them suddenly break. The first thing to be done



ALMOST SWAMPED.

seas, and because one hand was required in steering with the paddle, and the other in holding the sheet. Moreover, I had to give the most careful and constant attention to keeping her from rolling over. I realized now that I was in a water-logged canoe three miles from land. I had been surprised by conditions not uncommon on these waters: heavy seas made by a blow was to get off that shoal, and the second was to stand in for the shore. As she handled so very slowly now, I risked jibing at once rather than delaying to bring her head up to the wind to wear away on the port tack. The boom never swung over a craft in a more critical condition; but by watching her sharply, letting the boom swing free, and leaning well over,

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I managed to check her heavy roll, and soon got her headed for the shore. Then began the keenest contest that I remember. She rolled in such an ungovernable way, with the water in her hold, that it was impossible to keep much wind in the sail, and I had to depend chiefly on paddling, even with the hinderance of the sheet and sail now and then swinging inboard. The course was in the trough of the seas, and it often seemed impossible to bring her head up in time to meet the seas that broke. The water in which I sat was so cold as to soon make me shake, and convince me that if she capsized, the struggle would be short to swim or even to hold on to the canoe. I knew, moreover, that sharks were numerous off this part of the coast, and so dangerous that the Indians always avoid deep water and follow the shore. By great good fortune I was opposite a bay instead of a precipitous wall of granite. But the heavy seas whitening the water ahead made it seem at times quite useless to struggle any longer to reach the harbor. I still kept on, however, often in a mood of cool curiosity to see how long such circumstances could be overcome, and each success made the problem more interesting.

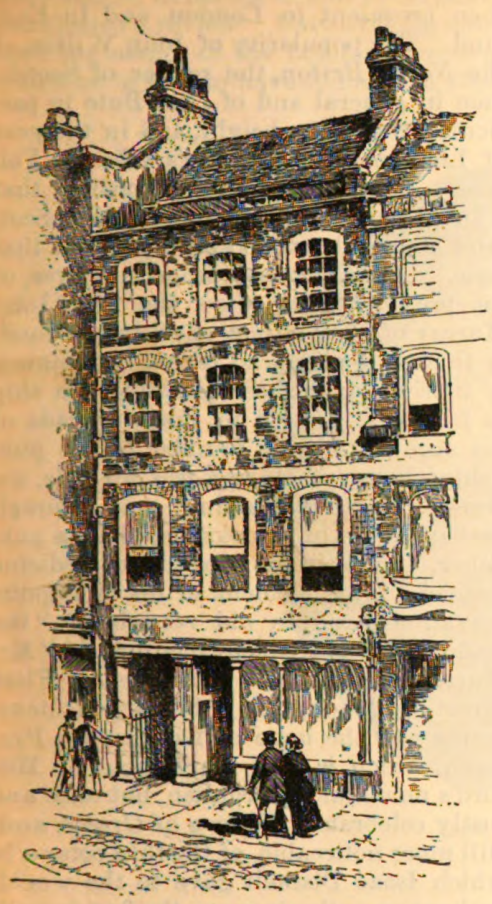
I suppose I may have passed two hours in this hand-to-hand contest, requiring the utmost tension of every faculty. Those towering seas seemed to leap at me with savage eagerness, and the yawning hollows opening to swallow me seemed to lead down to fathomless gloom. Gradually, however, I entered quieter water, where it was possible to relax my nervous grip of the paddle and the sheet; and when at last I entered a cove just within the eastern point of the bay, I knew what it is to be profoundly thankful. It was surprising to see how cautiously I stepped about on the safe sand beach, as if the general dangers of the coast still threatened me; and my devotion to the fire, to the drying clothes, and to the duties of camp was as persistent as if I needed to withdraw my thoughts from some terrible tragedy. Even after the fire had warmed again the blood in my veins I still felt so shaky that I felt an inclination to shoot a raven croaking at me persistently.

As the day closed, the whole scene had a strange tone; the seas flashed with a purple and metallic lustre under some crimson clouds; the island of Anticosti lay out pale and cold along the horizon, and the beach wore a ghastly green hue. When the night came, the beating of my own pulse was the only sign of life in that world of gloom. I was glad to close my eyes and hope for a brighter day.



DRYING NETS.

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THE OLD HOUSE IN FLEET STREET.

IF the interior of an English publisher's home were as easily accessible as the chief show places of British authorship —Abbotsford and Newstead and Shakespeare's house at Stratford—there is a drawing-room at the West End of London which would be eagerly visited and explored by multitudes of literary pilgrims, European and American. It is that of Mr. John Murray, the eminent publisher of Albemarle Street, which was for years the daily resort and meeting-place of many of the most illustrious authors of the century. Here Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, here Southey and Crabbe, first shook hands, and its fireplace is that in which Byron's memoirs were committed to the flames. Here, in the June of 1815, just after the arrival of the news of the battle of Waterloo, George Ticknor, as he has recorded in his journal, heard the great victory discussed in the presence of Byron, who, both as an ardent sympathizer with Napoleon and as an anti-ministerialist, "received the satirical congratulations of his ministerial friends." "Here," a more distinguished American visitor than Ticknor, Washington Irving, some "sixty years since," proudly informed his friends at home, "I frequently meet such personages as Gifford, Campbell, Foscolo, Hallam, Southey, Milman, Scott, Belzoni." How many shelves of Hansard would not be gladly sacrificed to procure a single volume of reports of the brilliant or interesting talk which went on for generations in that upper chamber of No. 50 Albemarle Street, from Byron's days to Darwin's, from Gifford's to Gladstone's? The present occupant of the house, the third John of the publishing dynasty of Murray, has much to tell of the celebrities who have assembled there, and many of whose portraits, painted expressly for his father and himself, adorn its walls.

The first John Murray, the grandfather of the present occupant of No. 50 Albemarle Street, a Scotchman, well born, and, like Sir Walter Scott, the son of an Edinburgh writer to the signet, was a lieutenant in the marines, when, at the age of twenty-three, he threw up his commission, and, apparently without any previous training or experience to fit him for the change, became a bookseller, and founded what is now and has long been one of the most famous and fruitful of English publishing houses. Not only so, he narrowly missed having as his partner at starting in his new enterprise another young Scotchman, at this time in the naval service of his country, who is doubly remembered as the author of almost our solitary nautical epic, and by the melancholy circumstance of his death. Yes, there has been long in print the letter in which Lieutenant McMurray, of the Royal Marines, invited his friend William Falconer, author of "The Shipwreck," and at that time a purser in the navy, to join him in purchasing and working a bookselling and publishing business in London, for the acquisition of which he himself was then negotiating. The letter, dated 16th October, 1768, from Brompton, in Kent, which is a continuation of Cheatham, still a chief station of the Royal Marines, is addressed to Falconer, at Dover. It gives, lucidly and tersely, particulars of a contemplated

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purchase, and describes the character and the promise of the business of William Sandby, of Fleet Street, "opposite St. Dunstan's Church," and close to Falcon Court (so called from the sign of the Falcon, which had been that of the venerable old printer Wynkyn de Worde, the successor of the still more venerable William Caxton). The sum required for the purchase, "bound stock" included, "would not probably be more than £400." And Lieutenant McMurray added, alluringly, "The shop has been long established in the trade, it retains a good many old customers, and I am to be ushered immediately into public notice by the sale of a new edition of Lord Lyttelton's *Dialogues*, and afterward by a like edition of his history. These works I shall sell by commission, upon a certain profit, without risque; and Mr. Sandby has promised to me always his good offices and recommendation." The young lieutenant of marines had confidence in himself, and seems to have known something of the new arena which he was about to enter, since he proceeds to say: "Many blockheads in the trade are making fortunes, and did we not succeed as well as they, I think it must be imputed only to ourselves." Unfortunately for himself, Falconer did not accept his friend's offer, which was one of partnership on equal terms. In the following year, just after the appearance of a third edition of "The Shipwreck," which was to have contained some verses to McMurray, he sailed for the East Indies from Gravesend as purser of a government vessel, the *Aurora*. He hoped, on arriving, to be appointed secretary to the three commissioners who were on board with him, and who were dispatched by the home government to report on the military situation in India, where Hyder Ali and the Nizam were pressing the English hard. The *Aurora* never reached its destination. After leaving the Cape, it was seen and heard of no more. Ship, crew, officers, and passengers, poet and commissioners, all were lost. At least this particular doom, one strangely accordant with the theme of the poem by which chiefly he is remembered, the author of "The Shipwreck" would have escaped had he accepted the offer of his friend, the young lieutenant of marines.

On starting as a bookseller and publisher in Fleet Street, ex-Lieutenant McMurray dropped the "Mc," and called himself simply "Murray." This was a curtailment of surname significant of and due to the keenly anti-Scottish feeling then prevalent in London and in England. The popularity of John Wilkes, of the *North Briton*, the reviler of Scotchmen in general and of Lord Bute in particular, was at its height, and in the year of Lieutenant McMurray's offer to Falconer, Boswell is found recording that "Dr. Johnson's prejudice against Scotland appeared remarkably strong at that time." One old association, however, of his pre-bibliopolic days the new John Murray of Fleet Street cherished so fondly that as a memorial of his lieutenancy of marines and of service afloat "a ship in full sail" figured in the bill-heads of his accounts. This founder of the publishing house of Murray was an able, energetic, and enterprising man, though perhaps more of a bookseller than a publisher. Traffic in the literature of medicine formed a large element in his bibliopolic operations, and in old records of "the trade" there is frequent mention of "Mr. Murray, the medical bookseller of Fleet Street." Among his publishing achievements was the issue of Langhorne's Plutarch, which is still marketable, of Mitford's now almost forgotten, but once and justly celebrated, *History of Greece*, and, still more noticeable, of the thin octavo in which Isaac Disraeli gave to the world, without an author's name, the first installment of the *Curiosities of Literature*. Isaac Disraeli was then a shy, studious young man, and so little did he foresee the success of his anonymous venture that he made over to the first John Murray the copyright of his volume as an inducement to risk its publication. He repurchased the copyright, as his still more famous son, who died Lord Beaconsfield, has recorded, at a public sale some years subsequently, probably after the death of the publisher. The thin octavo was the prolific parent of a series of *Curiosities of Literature*, which created a new school of literary and other anecdote at a time when everything of the kind was so dull or so worthless that Samuel Rogers pronounced the world to be "far gone in its anecdotage." The publication, in 1791, of the first installment of the *Curiosities of Literature* led to an intimacy between the Murray and Disraeli families, of which more will be heard hereafter.

The first John Murray was not only an energetic seller and in his way an enter-

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prising publisher of books. He seems to have started newspapers, and he certainly established a review. But anything more than the names of the *London Mercury*, which he is said to have founded in 1780, and of the *Political Herald*, of literary labor on which he is also said to have been an employer, has eluded my searches among the newspaper files of the last two decades of the eighteenth century. The *English Review*, however, of which the first number appeared on the 1st of January, 1783, with its imprint of "John Murray, 32 Fleet Street," occupies, in rarely disturbed repose, several shelves of the library of the British Museum. It was intended to compete with the monthly and critical reviews, and so comparatively inconsiderable was then the literary productiveness of the English-speaking races that it promised to "give some account of *every* book and pamphlet issued in Great Britain and Ireland and in America, with notices of the chief publications of the Continent."

After selling and publishing books in Fleet Street for a quarter of a century, the first John Murray died (November, 1793), leaving a son who was destined to become one of the foremost of British publishers, and to make the name of Murray known wherever English books found and find readers. At his father's death the second John Murray was a youth of fifteen, and during his minority the Fleet Street business was carried on, first by his mother, and then, after her second marriage, by a Mr. Highley, who had long been a trusted assistant of the father, and who on the withdrawal of Mrs. Murray was taken into partnership, the style of the new firm being "Murray and Highley." Young John Murray had received and profited by an excellent education at the then famous Gosport Academy of Dr. Burney, Fanny Burney's brother. He grew into a young man of decidedly superior intelligence, well-informed, bright, gentleman-like, active, enterprising, persevering—a combination rare among London publishers of that or of any time. Mr. Highley was staid, plodding, unspeculative, more disposed to develop the bookselling than the publishing department of the business, while young John's ambition lay in the opposite direction. One of Highley's first proceedings when he became managing partner was to dispose of the *English Review*. Accordingly, in 1803, three years after obtaining his majority, the second John Murray dissolved the partnership. Mr. Highley withdrew with the medical



JOHN MURRAY I.

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bookselling business to a neighboring shop, and young Mr. Murray remained at No. 32 Fleet Street, sole monarch of all he surveyed, the owner of some good copyrights, and of shares in several of the best works then current.

The British literary Renaissance of the nineteenth century was just beginning when the second John Murray started, single-handed, in his long career as a publisher. Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, patronized, especially the former two, by the Longmans, had seen themselves in print, though with scanty recognition from the reading public, but Byron was as yet a school-boy at Harrow. It was north of the Tweed, however, that a new activity of intellect and imagination was commanding general attention. The year before the second John Murray became sole occupant of his father's shop in Fleet Street, the first number of the *Edinburgh Review* had appeared, and with its rapid and increasing success rose the star of its keen-sighted publisher, Archibald Constable. While the *Edinburgh* reviewers were championing the New, Walter Scott was resuscitating the Old. Already the not undistinguished translator of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen* and editor of the *Border Minstrelsy* was composing the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the popularity of which (it was published at the opening of 1805) decided him to devote himself to literature. But it was a London house, the Longmans, which took the principal share in the issue of the new Scotch poem.

In the very year of his start Murray made a leap forward, thanks to his own vigilance and perspicacity. He threw out overtures to Constable for mutual co-operation, and the astute publisher of the *Edinburgh Review* saw the merits and promise of the young London candidate for his favor. A connection was established, which became closer with an increasing strain in the relations between Constable and his London associates, the Longmans, who were part proprietors of the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1805 Mr. John Murray, of No. 32 Fleet Street, found himself superseding the Longmans as London agent of Archibald Constable and Co., and when, by 1807, they had been bought out of the *Edinburgh* (in which they afterward resumed proprietary rights), his name figured on its title-page as that of its London publisher.

The business connections of Constable and Murray, one profitable to both of them, developed a personal intimacy between them. In the autumn of 1806 Murray was Constable's guest in Edinburgh, on the occasion of which visit to the northern capital he seems to have proposed to and been accepted by the lady who became his wife in the following year, Miss Elliott, daughter of one of the most respectable and prosperous of Edinburgh booksellers.

Married (and as there were "settlements," some money came to him with his wife); connected and personally acquainted with the greatest author of the day, of whose "Marmion" he was a part owner, and who had edited *Queen Hoo Hall* for him; London publisher of the triumphant *Edinburgh Review;* owner of a business that had been in the hands of his father and himself for some forty years; mixing in good literary society; in the prime of life (he was now thirty), and full of ambition and energy—the second John Murray was soon tempted to venture on a higher flight than any that he had hitherto essayed. A coolness with Constable, which became a rupture, gave a stimulus to his aspirations. As its London publisher, Murray knew well the great and increasing success of the *Edinburgh*, and that of each number between nine and ten thousand copies were sold, which for such a periodical would be reckoned, even in our own day, a very considerable sale. An English rival to it, he bethought him, would have a good chance of success; his father had established the *English Review*, and he himself a year or two before had been planning with the poet Campbell the establishment of a periodical of his own. And there were then special circumstances very favorable to the project. The literary ability displayed in the *Edinburgh Review* made it far the most prominent periodical of its time. But never were its politics less acceptable to those classes among which chiefly it circulated than when the project of starting a London rival to it was conceived and matured by John Murray. The year 1807 was that both of the issue of the Orders in Council, provoked by the Berlin decrees, and of the Peace and Treaty of Tilsit between the Emperors of the West and of the East, the first Napoleon and the Czar Alexander. The Continent lay at the feet of France, and the national independence as well as the commercial

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stability of England was endangered. Yet here in number after number was the most powerful of British periodicals preaching the necessity of suing to Napoleon for peace, and treating the threats of a French invasion of England, which made the blood of most Englishmen boil with defiance, as a reason why its government should endeavor to come to terms with its arrogant foe. Walter Scott, stoutest of Tories and most strenuous of anti-Gallicans, still contributed articles on literary and general topics to the *Edinburgh*, but in spite of his old friendship with Jeffrey he felt the ground hollow beneath him. Toward the close of 1807, Scott is found advising Southey to contribute to the *Edinburgh* as a means of increasing his income, and when Southey promptly replied that he could not write for a periodical of such politics, Scott rejoined that he perfectly understood the reasons for his brother poet's refusal, and himself heartily disliked what had become the politics of the *Edinburgh*. Only two months before this letter from Scott to Southey the young bookseller of Fleet Street had not merely projected a new review, but had communicated his project to the high political personage most likely to encourage it, and best able to promote its success.

There was one member of the ministry and of the cabinet who was an author and a wit as well as a statesman, and who, moreover, had discovered during the brief career of the *Anti-Jacobin* what political influence could be exercised by a periodical of talent. That man was Canning, to whom, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, it was of special importance to have public opinion favorable to the external policy of the government. To him, on the 25th September, 1807, Murray wrote the letter which clearly proves the Fleet Street bookseller to have been the original and sole projector of the *Quarterly Review*, and which, long vaguely rumored of, was first published in the autobiography of Sir John Barrow, himself a copious contributor to the *Quarterly*.

Canning did not himself answer this both modest and manly letter. But he communicated to Murray, there is reason to believe, his approval of the scheme through a youthful cousin, who himself became in time a famous man, the "Great Elchi" of the Crimean war, and died a few years ago Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Mr. Stratford Canning, as he then was,



JOHN MURRAY II. AS A CHILD.

had some reason to speak of the Fleet Street bookseller favorably to his kinsman the Foreign Secretary, and to do him, if might be, a good turn, since John Murray had behaved kindly in the matter of a little periodical called *The Miniature*, started by some young Etonians, one of whom was this very Mr. Stratford Canning. But no immediate action was taken, and perhaps for the reason, among others, that it was thought difficult to find suitable contributors. The *Edinburgh Review* had been started by able young writers, by Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Brougham, and it was easy to find a publisher for it. For the projected rival to it a publisher offered himself, but where in the rank and file of the literary world could men fit to cope with these be found? Scott, with his name, literary position, and connections, might have mustered a competent staff for the new venture, and it is extremely likely both that he was then sounded on the subject, and, from a remark which he dropped some time afterward, that he was offered the post of editor. Not only, however, was Scott very busy, but he had so little made up his mind to break with Jeffrey and Jeffrey's *Review* that after Murray's letter to Canning, as has been seen, he advised his Tory friend Robert Southey to form a connection with the *Edinburgh*.

Within a short time incidents personal,

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literary, commercial, and national occurred which made such a breach between Walter Scott on the one side, and Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Edinburgh Review's* publishers on the other, as to render John Murray more and more confident that at last his project of a new periodical would be heartily favored and encouraged by the poet of "Marmion." "Marmion" was published in the middle of February, 1808, and in the April number of the *Edinburgh* appeared a review of it, on the whole carping and rasping, from the pen of its editor, the arch-critic Jeffrey himself. As it happened, Jeffrey was engaged to dine with Scott on the very day of the appearance of his irritating and depreciating article, and in the morning he wrote to his Amphitryon a little note forwarding the number of the *Edinburgh*, and hoping that there was no offense. Scott was too much of a gentleman and of a man of the world to show outwardly and at his own table what he felt inwardly, and the dinner party went off as usual, although the plain-spoken lady of the house was not only rather cold in her manner to the offending critic, but when he took his departure, Mrs. Scott said to him, with the resentment of an injured wife and in her broken English, "Well, good-night, Mr. Jeffrey; dey tell me you have abused Scott in de *Review*, and I hope Constable has paid you very well for writing it." John Murray, though the owner of a fourth share of "Marmion" (the success of which was immediate), may have been rather pleased than otherwise with the offensive tone and tenor of Jeffrey's review of it, since he foresaw that it would have an effect upon Scott distinctly favorable to his own cherished project of starting a rival to the *Edinburgh*. Long afterward he told Lockhart that "when he read the article on 'Marmion' and another on 'General Politics' in the same number"—doubtless Brougham's denunciation of the Orders in Council—"he had said to himself, 'Walter Scott has feelings both as a gentleman and a Tory which these people must now have wounded; the alliance between him and the whole clique of the *Edinburgh Review* is shaken.'" And indeed Scott at once ceased to contribute to it.

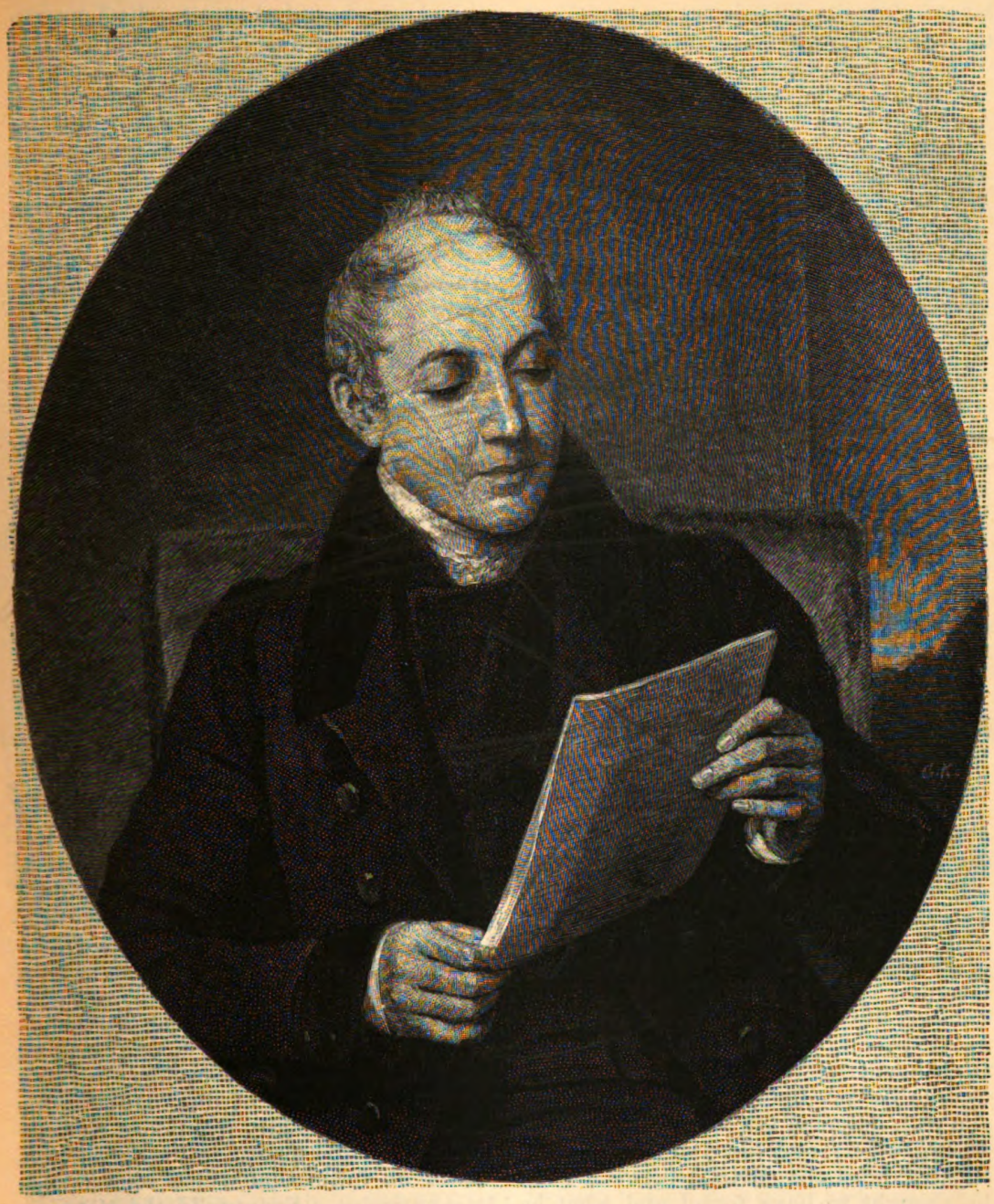
Things soon got so far in London with the project of a new review that Scott and Canning had been indirectly communicating through the Lord Advocate respecting it, that its establishment had been decided on, and that at Canning's instance, no doubt, the conduct of it had been offered to and accepted by William Gifford, his old literary coadjutor as editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*.

Full of hope and eagerness, Murray speeded on to visit Scott at Ashestiel, doubtless by invitation, direct or indirect. Scott entered keenly into Murray's project. And at Ashestiel, too, was Richard Heber, the bibliophile (brother of Reginald, afterward the good Bishop of Calcutta), who doubtless bestowed approval on the scheme. Murray could tell of Gifford's expected editorship, and soon there arrived a communication from the Lord Advocate confirming the news on the authority of Canning himself.

On the 25th of October, in consequence of this communication, Scott indited a very long and a very sensible letter to Gifford on the general plan and proper mode of conducting such a periodical as that about to be established. There is more than one commendatory mention in it of the projector of the new review. Delighted with the project, more than satisfied with its editor, highly pleased with its publisher, Scott went zealously to work to promote its success. For several months he was busily corresponding on behalf of the coming *Quarterly*—beating up for contributors far and near, trying to press into the service such men as Ellis, Rose, Southey, Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and his own brother Thomas, to whom the authorship of the "Waverley Novels" was at one time confidently ascribed. It may be noted that, in his letter to Gifford, Scott said: "The name to be assumed is of some consequence, though any one of little pretension may do. We might, for example, revive the *English Review*." Was this Scott's own suggestion, or had it been suggested to him by John Murray in pious memory of the periodical founded by his father, and which, when disposed of by Mr. Highley, was merged into the *Analytical*? There was some talk, too, of christening the new venture the *London Review*, antithetically to the *Edinburgh*. But periodicity, not country or place of publication, determined the title of the *Quarterly Review*.

The second John Murray must have been a busy man during these autumn and winter months of 1808–9. No. 1 of the *Quarterly* saw the light on the 1st of

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JOHN MURRAY II. AS A YOUNG MAN.

February, 1809. Scott came to London to be present at its birth, and the first number contained no fewer than three articles by him, one on the "Reliques of Burns," another on the "Chronicle of the Cid," and a third on Sir John Carr's "Tour through Scotland." John Hookham Frere, afterward of "Whistlecraft" celebrity, contributed an article, so did the accomplished Stewart Rose, while Southey discoursed on Baptist missions, and Dr. Thomas Young (whom the *Edinburgh* reviewers had perversely and too successfully reviled) on Laplace, and Isaac Disraeli, a noted man of forty and a stanch friend of his first publisher's son, wrote on Sir Philip Sydney. Last, not least, the opening article, by Scott's friend George Ellis, was a vigorous and able protest against the view taken in the *Edinburgh*

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of the policy and prospects of the Spanish movement against Napoleon.

No. 1 of the new review was soon sold off, and a second edition called for. Lionized in London during the early months of 1809, Scott had the satisfaction of knowing that the rival of the *Edinburgh* was completely successful, and frequent were his consultations about its future with Canning, Ellis, and John Wilson Croker, a new literary and political ally of John Murray. To No. 2 Canning undoubtedly contributed the important political article headed "Austrian State Papers." Austria had, to the joy of all anti-Gallicans, declared war against Napoleon—a suggestive theme for the Foreign Secretary of England—and Canning's spirited and interesting article contained some singularly accurate predictions respecting the future career of the French Emperor, especially one anticipating Napoleon's invasion of Russia, although he was then in close alliance with its Czar. In No. 3 there was an article on Miss Edgeworth's "Tales of Fashionable Life," by John Wilson Croker, who was to the end of his days a constant contributor to the *Quarterly*, and became and long remained its chief political inspirer.

Perfect harmony subsisted from first to last between editor and publisher. Gifford soon became, moreover, and while he lived remained, Murray's chief literary adviser and confidant, whom he consulted on every occasion. Nor was the ex-editor of the *Anti-Jacobin* and seemingly merciless satirist of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad* at all a narrow-minded or an ill-natured man. A few years after the establishment of the *Quarterly Review* George Ticknor (*ætat.* 23) arrived in London with letters of introduction to Gifford among others, and the young American thus recorded the contrast between what he thought to have found and what he did find the Aristarch of the *Quarterly Review*. "Instead," Ticknor writes, "of a tall, handsome man, as I had supposed him to be from his picture, a man of sour and bitter remarks, as I had good reason to believe him from his books, I found him a short, deformed, and ugly little man, with a large head sunk between his shoulders, and one of his eyes turned outward, but withal one of the best-natured, most open, and well-bred gentlemen I have met." Gifford was from a literary point of view the severest and strictest of editors, writing little or nothing himself, but stern and sometimes trying in his revision of his contributors' articles.

It was just six weeks after the publication of the first number of the *Quarterly* that Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" exploded like a bomb-shell among British literary critics. Scott was vilified in it as mercenary, "Apollo's venal son"; and there was even a hit at Murray and his Albemarle Street fellow-share-holder in "Marmion":

> "And think'st thou, Scott, by vain conceit perchance
> On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
> Though Murray with his Miller may combine
> To yield thy muse just half a crown per line?"

and so forth. Scott was rather angry with "the young whelp of a Lord Byron," as he called him, but otherwise the publisher of the newly born *Quarterly Review* doubtless enjoyed the satire lavished on the contributors to the periodical north of the Tweed which he was bent on rivalling or even eclipsing. Two years afterward "the young whelp of a Lord Byron" returned to England from the East with two very dissimilar poetical performances in his portmanteau. One was a satire, intended as a sequel to the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," an imitation, and rather a poor one, of Horace's Art of Poetry, but of it Byron was very proud. The other consisted of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," and of them he thought very little. On arriving in London, and with an eye to printing, Byron sent for Dallas, whose sister was married to his cousin, and who was a prolific novelist and miscellaneous writer, with a connection among authors and publishers. Byron was most anxious for the publication of the "Hints from Horace," but casually mentioned that he had also by him a poem in the Spenserian stanza, an intimation which roused Dallas's curiosity. Eventually the MS. was produced, and so slight was Byron's estimate of their value that he presented his cousin-in-law with the copyright of the opening cantos of "Childe Harold," leaving him to do what he liked with them. Dallas tried unsuccessfully at least one publisher, Miller of Albemarle Street. It was enough to make Miller decline the poem that the second canto contained some stanzas indignantly denouncing Lord Elgin, of the Marbles, for despoiling Athens of those treasures, and Miller was Lord Elgin's publisher. But Murray of Fleet

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Street, Dallas seems to have heard, had expressed a desire to publish a work of Lord Byron's, and from the publisher that was, to him that was to be, of Albemarle Street, Dallas repaired. Long afterward the second John Murray often spoke of the joy and pride with which he first held in his hands the MS. of those cantos of "Childe Harold." The £600 which he cheerfully paid for them went into the pocket of the lucky Dallas. Then and thus began the business connection which lasted until Byron's death, and the personal acquaintance which ripened into cordial friendship between the poet and the publisher. While "Childe Harold" was being printed, Lord Byron was a frequent visitor in Fleet Street. A muscular *un*Christian, fresh from Angelo's and Jackson's fencing and boxing schools, he would often enter No. 32, and, while he chatted with Murray, amuse himself by lunging at the books on the shelves, discomposing their spruce array, until the publisher of the *Quarterly* would (as he afterward laughingly confessed) have sometimes been glad to be rid of him.

"Childe Harold" was published in the spring of 1812, and Byron, known previously only as the author of the juvenile "Hours of Idleness," and for having run amuck at the most as well as at the least gifted of his contemporaries in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," was at once recognized as a poet of great original genius and of the highest promise. The same year witnessed the appearance of Scott's "Rokeby," the reception of which by the public made its author conscious that his popularity as a poet was on the wane, and that he must try something else than metrical fiction. Scott was not behindhand in recognizing the beauties as well as the defects of "Childe Harold," though he still resented a little Byron's gibes at him in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which, by-the-way, the young satirist was already ashamed of, and had withdrawn from circulation. Murray seems soon after the beginning of their connection to have won upon Byron, and it was doubtless at his suggestion that Murray was commissioned by him to write in the summer of 1812 to Scott, reporting a conversation between the Prince Regent and Byron at a ball, where the Prince had asked to be introduced to the poet, and said some flattering things of Scott, which Murray reproduced in his letter. The ice thus broken, all went well. Scott wrote direct to Byron a cordial letter, though he did not forget to exculpate himself in it from the charge brought against him in the satire. Byron responded amicably, admir-



SILVER URN PRESENTED TO JOHN MURRAY II. BY LORD BYRON.
Containing a vial filled with hemlock gathered under the walls of Athens.

ingly, and apologetically. The two had thenceforth none but the most friendly feelings toward each other, and communed kindly when they met a few years afterward in Albemarle Street, for to No. 50 there, which has ever since been the publishing head-quarters of the house, John Murray migrated in the year of the appearance of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" (1811), from east of Temple Bar to the West End and fashionable Mayfair. Murray had bought the business and taken the premises of the William Miller of Albemarle Street who had been a shareholder with him in "Marmion," and had declined the first cantos of

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"Childe Harold." The temporary reconciliation with Constable still subsisted, but was fast coming to an end, when in the October of 1812 Murray thus wrote to him respecting the migration to Albemarle Street: "The great connection which I have for the last two years been making here in Fleet Street I am now only going to bring into action, and it is not with any view to or with any reliance on what Miller has done, but upon what I know I can do in such a situation, that I had long made up my mind to move. It is no sudden thing, but one long matured." For the publisher of the great Tory review and of the successful "Childe Harold" the Fleet Street shop was no longer suitable, and Albemarle Street he could hope to convert into a centre round which what was most cultivated in London would gather. Byron was among the first to welcome Murray to his new quarters, and soon No. 50 Albemarle Street became a chief daily resort of the principal *littérateurs* and literary amateurs of London. In one of his letters Washington Irving says: "Murray's drawing-room is a great resort of first-rate literary characters; whenever I have a leisure hour I go there, and seldom fail to meet with some interesting personages. The hours of access are from two to five. It is understood to be a matter of privilege, and that you must have a general invitation." To the varied celebrity of Murray's visitors, and to their desire that he should possess permanent memorials of them, testimony is still borne by the portraits now hanging in the Albemarle Street drawing-room, by such artists as Lawrence, Philips, Hoppner, Newton, Pickersgill, and Wilkie. Among the portraits there for which the originals sat to please John Murray are those of Byron, Moore, Campbell, Southey, Gifford, Hallam, Lockhart, Washington Irving, and Mrs. Somerville. No Tory exclusiveness is discernible in this list. Byron, Moore, and Campbell were Liberals; Hallam was a Whig of the Whigs; Washington Irving a Republican.

During the few years of his stay in England after Murray's migration westward, Byron was a constant frequenter of the afternoon gatherings in Albemarle Street, and he has left a slight and playful record of them in his imaginary "Epistle from Mr. Murray to Dr. Polidori," the poet's eccentric *protégé*, in which Murray is made to say:

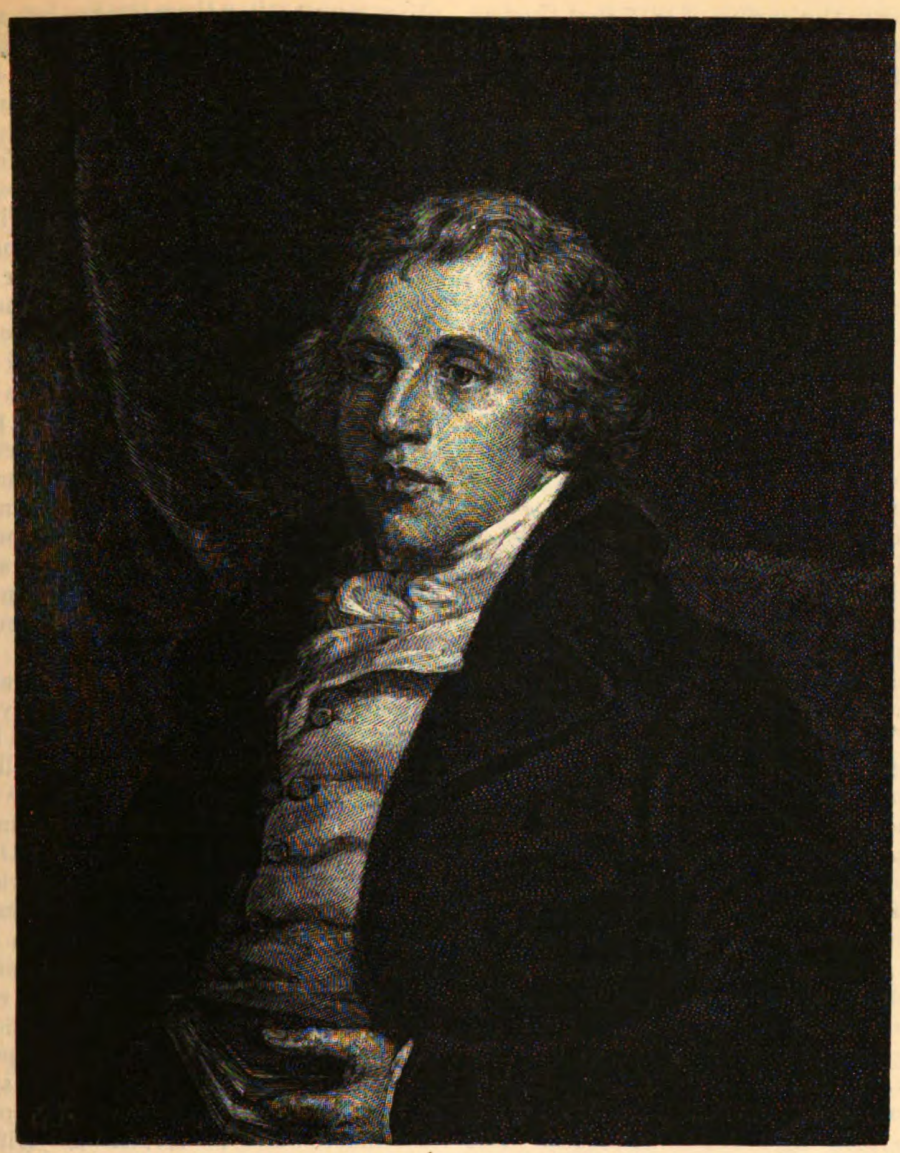
"I write in haste; excuse each blunder;
The coaches through the streets so thunder!
My room's so full—we've Gifford here
Reading MS. with Hookham Frere,
Pronouncing on the nouns and particles
Of some of our forth-coming articles.

The *Quarterly*—ah, sir, if you
Had but the genius to review!
A smart critique upon St. Helena,
Or if you only would but tell in a
Short compass what— But to resume:
As I was saying, sir, the room—
The room's so full of wits and bards,
Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and Wards;
And others, neither bards nor wits,
My humble tenement admits. . . .

A party dined with me to-day,
All clever men who make their way:
Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chantrey
Are all partakers of my pantry.
They're at this moment in discussion
On poor De Staël's late dissolution," etc., etc.

"A party dined with me to-day." Murray, indeed, was famous for his dinner parties, at which, moreover, however distinguished the guests, the conversation of the host contributed not inconsiderably to the feast of reason and the flow of soul. After an afternoon inspection of "two or three lions of the *Quarterly Review* in Murray's den"—George Ticknor in rather commercial language generally spoke of the drawing-room in Albemarle Street as "Murray's literary exchange"—Washington Irving proceeds to give a report in his diary of "a very pleasant dinner at Murray's," when he had "a long *tête-à-tête* with old Disraeli," an unfailing guest of the son of his first publisher. "Murray, very merry and loquacious," showed Irving the MS. of the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," the arrival of which no doubt contributed to his elevation of spirits. "Dined with Murray," Ticknor records in his journal, "and had a genuine bookseller's dinner, such as Lintot used to give to Pope and Gay and Swift, Dilly to Johnson and Goldsmith." Gifford, Campbell, and the inevitable Isaac Disraeli were the other guests, and the conversation was so entertaining that the American visitor was full of regret when the stroke of midnight broke up the party, "in accordance with English habits." To the testimonies of these two American gentlemen may be added those of a country-woman and countryman of Murray's, both of them distinguished people. "No house in London," writes Mrs. Somerville, "was more hospitable and agreeable than that of the late John Murray in Albemarle Street," and *she* had seen what was best in the intel-

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WILLIAM GIFFORD, FIRST EDITOR OF THE LONDON "QUARTERLY."

lectual society of the London of her time. "His dinner parties were brilliant with all the poets and literary characters of the day, and Mr. Murray himself was gentleman-like, full of information, and kept up the conversation with spirit." Mrs. Somerville adds, respecting the great work which made her famous, "He generously published the *Mechanism of the Heavens* at his own risk, which, from its analytical character, could only be read by mathematicians." Then, again, the following still more striking verdict on the impression made by Murray's conversational powers is furnished by Lady Bell as that pronounced by her husband, Sir Charles, the distinguished surgeon, author of the Bridgewater Treatise on *The Hand*, "On Friday we dined at John Murray's, Albemarle Street. A large party was assembled there, among others Tom Moore. I felt as if I had been gazing all night at sky-rockets. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, Dr. and Mrs. Somerville, Sir Martin Shea, who led on Moore, Washington Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and ourselves. The talk was of wit, and Moore gave specimens. Charles thought that our host Murray said the best things that brilliant night."

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It was in the spring of 1815 that the two most renowned geniuses of the time—in everything but the possession of genius how dissimilar!—Scott and Byron, first met, and in John Murray's house in Albemarle Street. Scott found Byron "in the highest degree courteous and even kind." "We met," he adds, "for an hour or two almost daily in Murray's drawing-room, and found a great deal to say to each other." In the following year, separated from his wife and banned by London society, Byron quitted England, never to return to it alive. Thus Byron's personal connection with Murray and the Albemarle Street circle, which began in 1811, and in Fleet Street, lasted only for a few years. But from 1812 and the first cantos of "Childe Harold" onward to 1822 and the earlier cantos of "Don Juan," every printed line of Byron's was published by or for Murray. From the commencement of business relations between them to Byron's death, in 1824, their intercourse was, with a brief intermission in 1823, of the frankest and most cordial kind. Scarcely with Moore himself was Byron as a correspondent more familiar and confidential than with his publisher, and great indeed would have been the blank in Byron's epistolary self-revelations if his letters to Murray had been left out of Moore's life of him. The publisher often played to the poet the part of a Mentor, sometimes of a generous and helpful friend. Once Byron had a transient whim for purchasing back his copyrights and suppressing all that he had written, and his publisher had to treat him as a spoiled, wayward, and fractious child to be coaxed into better behavior. But when about, as he fancied, to abandon authorship, Byron did not intend to "cut" his publisher. "It will give me," he wrote at the same time to Murray, "great pleasure to preserve your acquaintance and to consider you my friend." In one of his freaks he insisted on making Murray a present of the "Siege of Corinth" and of "Parisina." It was not long before the publisher, declining so valuable a gift, sent the poet a draft for one thousand guineas, which was returned torn. Some men would have pocketed the affront, but John Murray insisted on paying the money, and at last with difficulty induced Byron to take it—a curious and in truth an unprecedented controversy between a poet and a publisher. Murray's conduct to Byron throughout was marked by extreme liberality, even when there is taken into account the considerable profit made by the publisher on works for which from first to last he paid nearly £20,000. Byron never asked for pecuniary aid from Murray, who once, however, could not forbear from offering it. Thus, when the poet, being in straits for money, thought of selling his books to raise some, the publisher, on hearing of his difficulties sent the peer forthwith £1500, with the assurance that another sum of the same amount would be ready for him in a few weeks, and that if this was not sufficient he would be happy to sell his copyright of Byron's poems, and place the proceeds at the poet's disposal. Byron declined to avail himself in any way of Murray's generous kindness, but in declining it he wrote to his publisher: "It sets my opinion of you, and indeed of human nature, in a different light from that in which I have been accustomed to consider it."

In literary and even in ethical and social matters Murray was the friendly counsellor of the poet, and should his letters to Byron ever see the light, they will show the two in a relation to each other which never probably existed before or since between a poet and his publisher. One little note from Murray to Byron, brief but significant in the blended frankness and deference of its tone, I lighted on lately imbedded in the correspondence of Mrs. Leigh ("Augusta"), Byron's sister, recently added to the manuscript collections of the British Museum. It is now printed for the first time. The "room" spoken of in it is, of course, the drawing-room in Albemarle Street; "Mr. G." is "Gifford," and "The Siege" must be "The Siege of Corinth," which fixes 1816 as the year in which the note was written, before Byron's final departure from England. It runs thus:

"My lord, I shall have the pleasure of attending to your desire. I sent the MS. the first thing this morning to Mr. G., and I rather anxiously await his opinion of it, for I am very sanguine, having been much interested. You are a strange man, and to have your own way no one can be more stoically determined. I will send the proofs of 'The Siege' to-morrow or next day, and go on. I write with the room full, and hope you will excuse my haste and impudence. J. M."

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With Byron's departure for the Continent, Murray's letters, of course, became more copious, and Byron relied on him for literary gossip. When they do not arrive, he is vexed, and reproaches his publisher with being possessed by the "demon of silence." To his criticisms on literary points the poet-peer always pays some attention, and to those of Gifford, communicated by Murray, deference wonderful in such a man.



THE NEW HOUSE, NO. 50 ALBEMARLE STREET.

Mr. Murray made, of course, misses as well as hits. But the misses were few and far between, and he had a happy knack of retrieving them. Washington Irving furnished him with one of his chief misses, which Murray, however, transformed into one of his chief hits. In 1815, Irving, a young man of twenty-two, embarked for what he fancied was to be a brief visit to Europe, but it was seventeen years before he saw the United States again. At home he was known through *Salmagundi* and *Knickerbocker*, but scarcely at all in the Old World, though by a happy chance a friend of his in England had sent, two years before, a copy of *Knickerbocker* to Walter Scott, who relished its humor exceedingly, and took note of its author's name as that of a man of mark and likelihood. Irving came partly to see Europe in that fateful year of Napoleon's escape from Elba, partly flushed with hopes of the success of the commercial house which his brother and he had established in Liverpool; least of all with an eye to authorship. The house in Liverpool failed; Irving and his brother were gazetted bankrupts, and he was thrown on the world and his own resources. In this emergency he formed a scheme for the re-issue in the United States of English books by arrangement with their London publishers, and with the chief of them, Murray and Longman among others, the project brought him into contact. Hence

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his first visits, already recorded, to Albemarle Street. But the project came otherwise to nothing, and Irving resumed his pen. The first numbers of the *Sketch-Book*, "by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.," were issued in the United States during the spring of 1819, without any previous attempt to procure a London publisher for them, Irving mistakenly thinking that any interest which they possessed was for American readers, and that they would not be relished by the English public. He was soon and agreeably undeceived. They were praised by and reprinted in a London literary journal, and a London bookseller thought of republishing them in a volume without the author's sanction. Irving now offered the work to Murray, who declined it, adding, however, "I will do all that I can to promote their circulation"—Irving had sent him the numbers already published—"and shall be most ready to attend to any future plan of yours." A minor London bookseller undertook what Murray had declined, but became a bankrupt while the book was at press.

Meanwhile Irving had sent the numbers of the *Sketch-Book* to Walter Scott, whom, in his Liverpool days, he visited at Abbotsford, meeting with a most cordial reception. Scott was, of course, delighted with *Rip Van Winkle* and the other contents of the early numbers. He offered to negotiate their publication by Constable, and proposed that Irving should become the editor, at £500 a year, of a weekly Anti-Jacobin journal to be started in Edinburgh—a proposal declined by Irving on the plea that he was no politician, and deficient in the habits of regular application indispensable in newspaper editing. Ultimately Scott wrote to Murray urging him—and successfully—to think better of it, and to publish the *Sketch-Book*, which proved such a success that the generous publisher spontaneously presented the author with £200 over and above the stipulated price. In a preface to the *Sketch-Book*, written long afterward, Irving told its history up to the date of its publication by Murray, "and from that hour," he added, "Murray became my publisher, conducting himself in all his dealings with that free, open, and liberal spirit which had obtained for him the well-merited appellation of the Prince of Publishers." Murray was not behindhand in recognizing by word as well as deed the mistake which he had made in declining the *Sketch-Book*. In one letter, after urging Irving to drop his pseudonym and give his name to the world, he writes, "I am convinced I did not half know you, and esteeming you as I did, certainly my esteem is doubled by my better knowledge of you." For *Bracebridge Hall*, without seeing it in MS., Murray signed a check for 1000 guineas, and with similar trustfulness gave 1500 guineas for the uninspected *Tales of a Traveller*. From first to last Irving was paid by the house of Murray for his prose something like ten thousand pounds. For the *Life of Columbus* he received £3150 from Murray, who was satisfied as a publisher with its sale, and as a lover of good literature with its contents, saying of it and its author, "It is beautiful, beautiful, the best thing he has ever written." The *Life of Columbus* appeared in 1828, and in the autumn of that year Murray was projecting, for at least the third time in his career, and always without practical result, the establishment of a monthly magazine, to be purely literary and scientific, and free from any party or political bias. It was not to an Englishman, but to the American Washington Irving, that Murray offered the editorship of the projected periodical, with a salary of £1000 a year (which would be a high one even in these days), besides payment for whatever he might contribute of his own to it. Irving declined the offer on the patriotic ground that to accept it would entail his permanent absence from the United States, which he did at last, after a long absence, revisit, a famous and a fêted man. From the same love of country he almost always refused Murray's frequent invitations to contribute to the *Quarterly Review*. The liberal offer of a hundred guineas an article could not overcome his repugnance to contribute to a periodical which had systematically ridiculed and reviled the United States and its citizens. Twice only during his long connection with the house of Murray did he contribute to the *Quarterly*. His first article, in 1830, written at Murray's special request, was illustrative and explanatory of a work of his own, *The Conquest of Granada* (composed while he was minister at Madrid, and not very successful, but he had received 2000 guineas for it), and cleared up some misconceptions respecting the Fray Antonio Agapida, an imaginary person, to whom, as in the case of Scott and

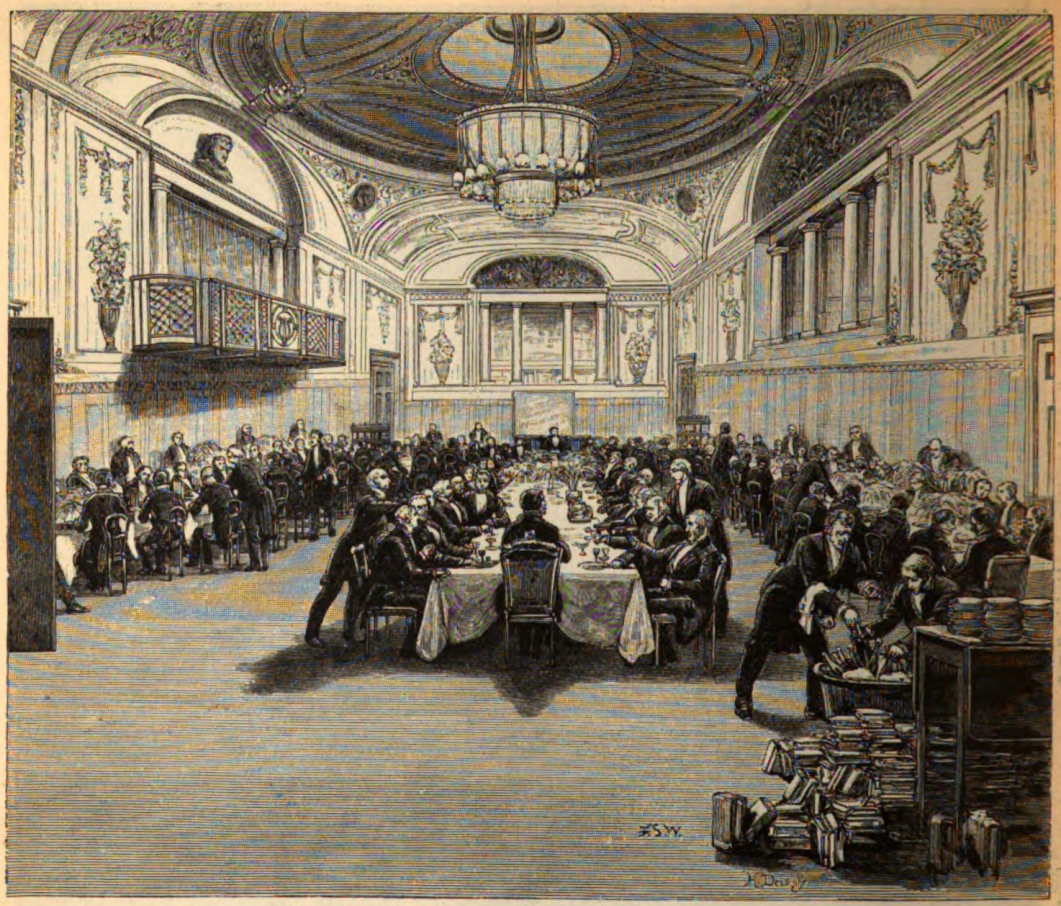
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Isaac Disraeli. John Murray. Sir John Barrow. Gifford. Canning. Croker. Scott. Byron.

DRAWING-ROOM, NO. 50 ALBEMARLE STREET.

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THE ANNUAL MURRAY TRADE DINNER.*

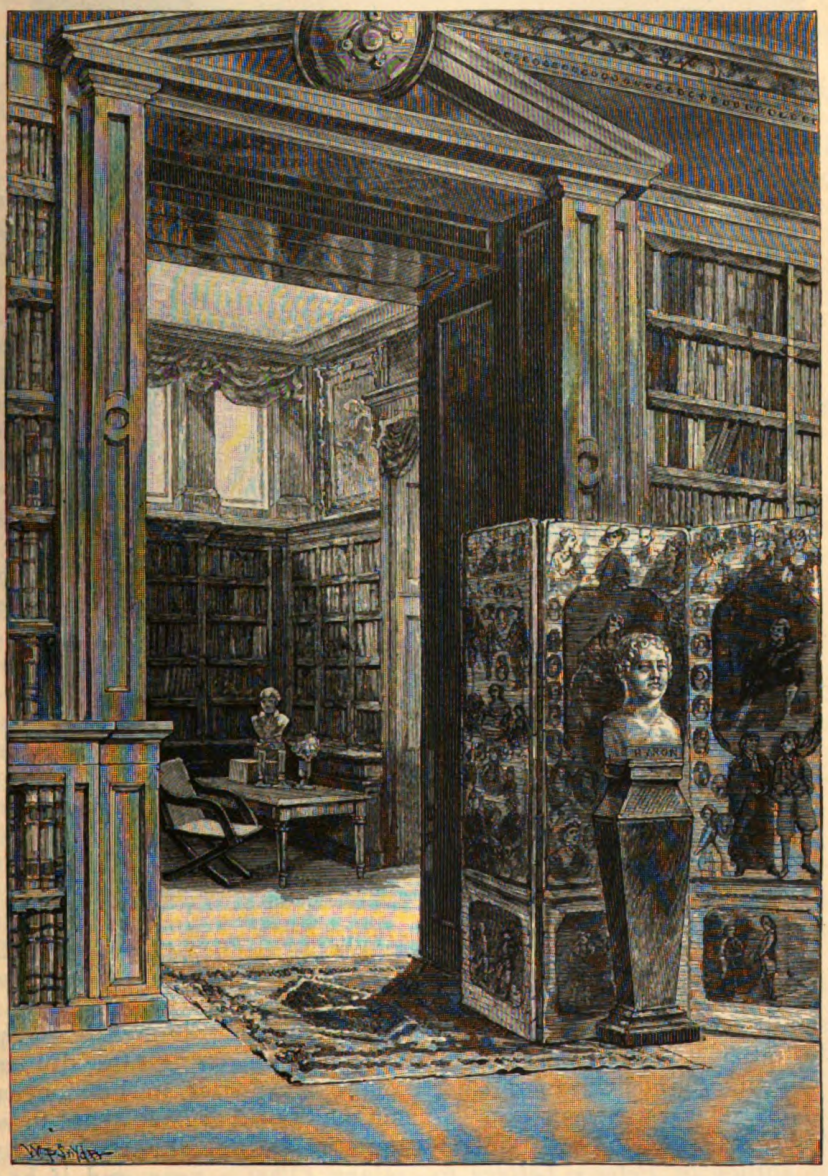
his Jedediah Cleishbotham, and so forth, he had ascribed the authorship of his book. Irving asked for no remuneration for the article, but accepted fifty guineas. It was gratuitously, however, that in the following year he contributed his second and last article to the *Quarterly*, one written to attract attention to a book by a friend and countryman, Slidell's *Year in Spain*. He recommended to Murray for publication in England Fenimore Cooper's *Spy*. Murray declined it, but became the English publisher of the *Pioneers*. On the ground that since Byron's death new poetry was in little demand, Murray also declined to publish an English edition of the poems of William Cullen Bryant, but Irving found a London publisher for them out of Albemarle Street. Colburn's purchase of the *Alhambra* for 2000 guineas was a rare break in the continuity of Irving's business connection with Albemarle Street. In 1835 he received from his old publisher £400 for the *Tour on the Prairies*, when he said he was "glad to be once more in dealings with Murray."

Washington Irving's connection with the house of Murray is an interesting episode in its history, the main thread of which must now be resumed. In 1824, the year of Byron's death, Gifford, with his increasing infirmities, ceased to be editor of the *Quarterly*. Long tormented by asthma, he resigned the editorship of the *Quarterly* with the same scrupulous conscientiousness which once made him,

* The "trade dinner" to which Mr. Murray annually invites "the booksellers of London and Westminster" is one of the most interesting episodes in the history of the house of Murray. For more than fifty years it has been held at "The Albion" tavern in Aldgate Street. After coffee is served, Mr. Murray yields his place at the head of the table to the auctioneer of the evening, who then receives bids for the number of books which each bookseller will take. The price is previously fixed, so that the chief advantage is a special discount and long time for payment offered to large purchasers at this sale, the amount of which usually exceeds £20,000.

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it has been said, actually offer to return a part of his salary because he fancied that he was not doing work enough for the money. Before Gifford's resignation, Southey, it seems, was offered the post, but he declined it, and, on his recommendation apparently, it was bestowed on Mr. and Sir John Coleridge, and father of the present Lord Chief Justice of England. Mr. Coleridge was amiable and accomplished, but not strong enough for the place. *Blackwood's Magazine*, as a monthly organ of Toryism, opened its batteries on the new management, and

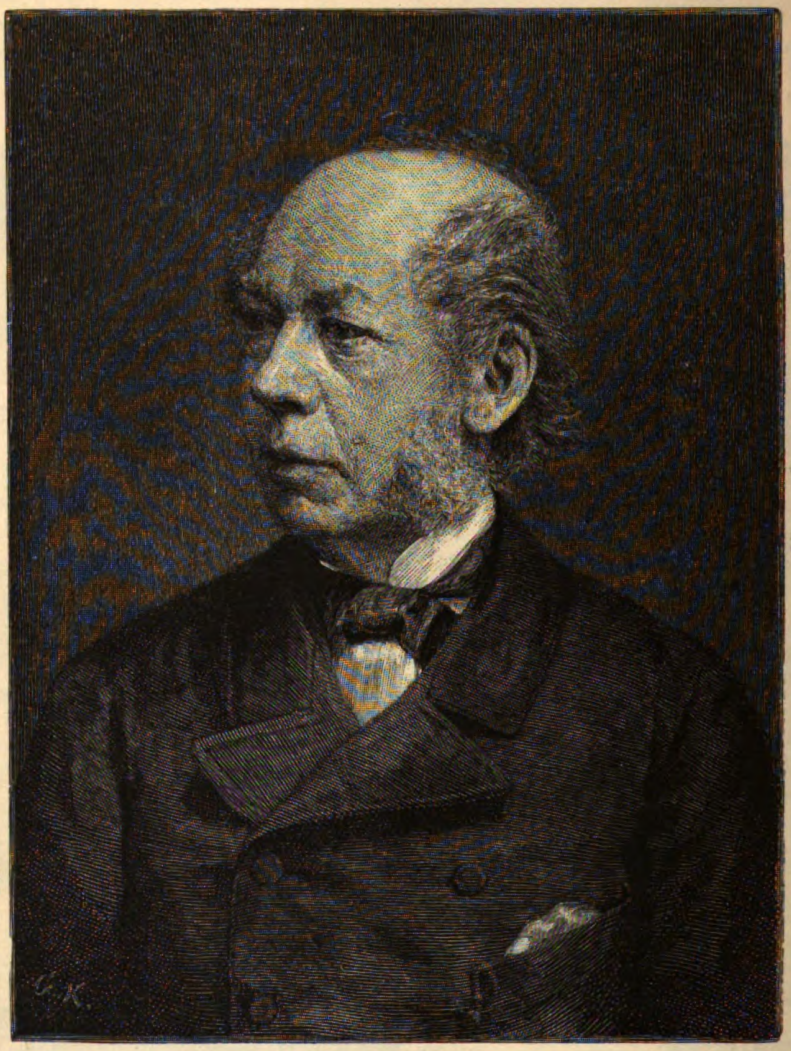


MR. MURRAY'S LIBRARY AT NEWSTEAD, WIMBLEDON
From a drawing by A. H. Hallam Murray.

Coleridge, then a young barrister, who was a nephew of the poet of the same name, afterward the friend and correspondent of Dr. Arnold, and who became Mr. Justice there were murmurs of dissatisfaction in the Albemarle Street circle. Murray saw his mistake, and remedied it in a way that delighted his old friend and promoter of

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the establishment of the *Quarterly*, Sir Walter Scott. When Gifford, who died three years or so after his resignation, was brief visit to Abbotsford, during the negotiations between Murray and Lockhart, received the first hint respecting the new



JOHN MURRAY III.

borne in the first days of 1827 to his last home in Westminster Abbey, in the mourning-coach with the founder and publisher of the *Quarterly Review* was its new editor, the clever, satirical, scholarly, and accomplished author of *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, of *Valerius*, of *Reginald Dalton*, the translator of Frederick Schlegel's *History of Literature* and of the *Ancient Spanish Ballads*, the noted contributor to *Blackwood*, the young and briefless Edinburgh advocate, John Gibson Lockhart, who had married Sir Walter Scott's favorite daughter. Moore, on a arrangement. Sir Walter grew confidential one evening after dinner, and, as Moore chronicles in his journal, "told me that Lockhart was about to undertake the *Quarterly*, had agreed for five years, salary £1200 a year, and if he writes a certain number of articles it will be £1500 a year to him," so that Scott's favorite daughter and her husband had a fair prospect before them in London, thanks to the success of the periodical which owed so much to himself. Neither Murray nor Lockhart had reason to regret the connection thus formed. Lockhart more

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than sustained the reputation which the *Quarterly* had won under Gifford, and remained its editor until his death—not for five years merely, but for upward of a quarter of a century.

To the year in which he lost his sound and shrewd adviser, William Gifford, belongs the second John Murray's one conspicuously disastrous speculation. This was the year in which Murray started a new daily London newspaper, the *Representative*, a costly and hazardous enterprise, since it was meant to rival the long-established and prosperous *Times*. The *Representative* lived only a few months, and might have been as little remembered now as the London *Mercury* or the *Political Herald*, of the first John Murray, but that its projector became one of the most famous men in England. Murray and Isaac Disraeli, it has been seen, were close friends, visitors at each other's houses, and their intimacy extended to their families; in fact, the two households were almost as one. In early youth Benjamin Disraeli was ambitious and aspiring. Murray naturally encouraged the clever young man, and of his earliest encouragement there survives a curious memorial, of which this is the first mention ever made in print. Before me lies, in its original gray pasteboard binding, a small octavo volume of some three hundred pages, and its title-page runs thus: "The Life of Paul Jones, from original documents in the possession of John Henry Sherburne, Esq., Register of the Navy of the United States. London; John Murray; Albemarle Street; 1825." The chief interest of the volume lies now in the undoubted fact that nearly sixty years ago it was seen through the press and furnished with a preface by no other a person than young Benjamin Disraeli, before he was twenty-one, and it is curious that probably the very first literary attempt of his should have been made in connection with the biography of a daring adventurer.

The young Disraeli, having got his hand in, and done something for John Murray, was soon flying at higher literary game than preface-writing and the revision of proof-sheets. To be the editor of a new London daily newspaper rivalling the *Times*, and perchance becoming the organ of the government, might give him the footing in high Tory circles which Barnes, as editor of the *Times*, had enjoyed among the Whig aristocracy. All the preliminary arrangements were made by Disraeli; but as the day approached for the appearance of No. 1, the young editor's unfitness for the post became so glaring that his engagement suddenly collapsed. In point of fact, Disraeli's connection with the *Representative* ceased at the moment of its existence. The aid of Lockhart seems to have been invoked and given, but the impression produced by an inspection of the file of the *Representative* is that it never was edited at all.

The *Representative*, consisting of two meagre leaves (and price sevenpence), began its disastrous career on the 25th of January, 1826, and died of inanition on the following 29th of July. In after-years, when sanguine projectors enlarged to John Murray on "the excellent opening for a new daily paper," he was wont to point with a rueful visage to a thin folio on his shelves, and reply, "Twenty thousand pounds are buried there."

The last number of the *Quarterly* which its founder, proprietor, and publisher lived to see was that for June, 1843. His latest successful publication was Lady Sales's *Journal in Afghanistan*, for which there was an immense demand. Seven days before his death the second John Murray made his will, a brief one, bequeathing everything to his wife, and he died, aged sixty-five, on the 27th of June, 1843, a few weeks after Robert Southey, who was some six years his junior. With the manners and education of a gentleman, sprightly, clever, genial, the friend as well as the publisher and employer of many of the first authors and most successful literary amateurs of his age, absolutely princely in his dealings, he was more than what Byron called him, "Strahan, Tonson, Lintot, of the times."

Born in 1808, and educated at the Charter-House and at Edinburgh University, the present Mr. Murray was early in life the confidant and business associate of his father, as whose destined heir and successor he became an important member of the literary and social circle of Albemarle Street. He had early in life the advantage of frequent foreign travel, and it was personal experience of the defects of then existing guide-books that led him to compose the first of those "Continental Handbooks," the manipulation of which denotes everywhere the presence of the travelling Briton.

The business which on his father's

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death the present Mr. Murray inherited was of the most solid and substantial as well as varied description. The variety as well as the solidity and substantial character of the works issued from Albemarle Street has been sustained, and while some departments of literature in which it was formerly productive have been abandoned, others have been opened up and substituted for them.

The present Mr. Murray was born a year before the *Quarterly Review*, and has inherited the liberality of his father. With him are associated his son, a fourth John, and his cousin, Mr. Robert Cooke (a great-grandson of the first John), two gentlemen eminent for ability and courtesy. Mr. Cooke's long and intimate connection of not much short of half a century with the house began in 1838, five years before the death of the late Mr. Murray. He has been a partner since 1850. Mr. John Murray, Jun., has recently joined the firm. The house of Murray, like its own great periodical, combines much that is venerable in age with much that is vigorous in youth.

NOTE.—In preparing this history of the publishing house of Murray the writer has made occasional use of papers on the same subject which he contributed to an English periodical, and much of the matter contained in which has been appropriated, without the slightest acknowledgment, by Mr. "Henry Curwen" in his *History of Booksellers.*

EAST ANGELS.

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE beautiful morning toward the last of November three skiffs were making their way up a tide-water creek which led into Patricio toward its southern end. The little boats were each propelled by one person, who stood erect facing the prow, and using, now on one side, now on the other, a single light paddle; the stream, though deep, was not wide enough to allow the use of two oars, and it wound and doubled so tortuously upon itself that the easiest way to guide it was to stand up and paddle in the Indian fashion. At the stern of each boat, seated on the bottom on cushions, leaning back in the shade of a white parasol, was a lady, Margaret Harold, Garda Thorne, Mrs. Lucian Spenser.

Mr. Moore was propelling the boat in which Mrs. Spenser was reclining; Lucian's skiff held Garda; De Torrez had the honor of piloting Mrs. Harold. Mr. Moore looked taller and narrower than ever, outlined against the sky and flat green; he had on his straw hat, and was using his oar with careful deliberation, not speaking often—only vaguely conscious, indeed, of what the others were saying behind him; for he was acting as guide, and felt his responsibilities deepen with the creek's every bend. The skiffs were advancing together, though in single file, and the other voyagers talked.

"How delightful it is that one never has to speak loud here!" said Margaret; "the air is so soft and still that the voice carries—all out-doors is like a room. I believe it's our high wide skies and the winds we have at the North, as much as the clatter of our towns and our own tremendous hurry, that make us all public speakers from our cradles."

"I don't agree with you; that is, I don't if you mean that you prefer the Southern articulation," said Mrs. Spenser.

"Yet I'm sure you prefer mine, Rosalie," said her husband, laughing.

"You're not a real Southerner, Lucian."

"Oh yes, I am. But even if I'm not, here's Miss Thorne; she certainly is."

"Miss Thorne is Spanish," answered Mrs. Spenser, briefly; "she doesn't come under the term Southerner, as I use it, at all. She is Spanish—though she speaks like a New-Englander." Then feeling, perhaps, that this statement had been rather dry, she turned her head and gave Garda a little bow and smile.

"You have described it exactly," said Garda, who was letting the tips of her fingers trail in the water over the skiff's low side. "Try this, Margaret; it makes you feel as if you were swimming."

"The Southern pronunciation," went on Mrs. Spenser, in a general way, "*I* do not admire." (She spoke as though combating somebody.) "And they have, too, such a curious habit—the women, I mean—of talking about their State. 'We Carolinians,' 'we Virginians,' they keep saying. And then, when they are excited, they will call themselves all sorts of names—'daughters of Georgia,' for instance. Imagine Northern women speaking of themselves seriously (and the Southern women

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are as serious as possible about it) as 'daughters of Connecticut,' 'daughters of Minnesota.' We care as little about the especial State we happen to live in as the county."

"The more's the pity, then," said Lucian. "That State feeling you criticise, Rosalie, is patriotism."

"Northern women are patriotic too," said Margaret. "But it's for the country as a whole, not for a State. And we're not incapable of fine language, Mrs. Spenser; haven't we been known to revert upon occasion to 'Columbia'? I myself, at a late period of my school-life, addressed her (in a composition) as 'our starry mother,' I think."

Margaret had made remarks of this sort a good many times since the arrival of Lucian and his wife, three weeks before; she compared them in her own mind to the cushions in bags of netting which sailors are accustomed to let down by ropes over a ship's side as she enters port, to prevent too close a grazing against other ships. Not that Lucian and his wife quarrelled. A quarrel requires two persons, and Lucian quarrelled with no one; he had possessed a charming disposition when he first visited Gracias; he possessed a charming disposition now. Nor did it appear that his wife thought otherwise, or that she wished to quarrel with him; on the contrary, any woman could have detected immediately that she adored him, that she had but the one desire, namely, to please him. Her very irritations—and they were many—came from the depth of this desire.

She was a tall woman, rather heavy in figure, though not ill made; she had a dark complexion, a good deal of color, thick low-growing dark hair, heavy eyebrows that almost met, very white teeth, and fairly good, though rather thick, features. With more animation and a happier expression—an occasional smile, for instance, which would have revealed the white teeth—she might have passed as handsome in a certain way. As it was, she was a woman who walked with an inelastic tread, her eyes had a watchful expression, her brow was often lowering; her rather long upper lip came down moodily, projecting slightly over the under one, which was not quite so full. She had stout white hands, with square fingers. Her large shoulders stooped forward a little. She was always too richly dressed.

When Rosalie Bogardus had insisted upon marrying Lucian Spenser the winter before, all her relatives had shaken their heads. They were shaking them still. The sign of negation had signified that, to their minds, Lucian was a fortune-hunter. Not that they had meant to insinuate that Miss Bogardus had not sufficient personal charm to attract for herself; on the contrary, they all thought Rosalie a "handsome woman." But the fact still remained that she had a good deal of money, while the young engineer had not one cent—a condition of things which they could have pardoned, perhaps, if he had shown any activity of mind in relation to plans for obtaining the lacking coin. But here was where Lucian, so active (unnecessarily) in many other matters, seemed to them singularly inert. The truth of the case was not what the relatives supposed: money had had nothing to do with this marriage, and love had had everything.

Rosalie had been a silent, rather dull-looking girl, with a brooding dark eye which had a spark slumbering at the back of it. She had a deep-seated pride which never found its outlet in speech, and she had led always a completely repressed life among her relatives, who were kind enough in their way, but who did not in the least understand her. She was without doubt difficult to understand. A mother might have divined her; but the girl had the misfortune to be an orphan. Her disposition was reserved, jealous in the extreme; but, as is often the case with reserved women, there was an ocean of pent-up tenderness surging below, which made her sombre and unhappy. For indiscriminate friendship she had no taste, while as to the more intimate ones, she had always found herself forced, sooner or later, to share them with some one else, and the pain her jealousies had given her upon these occasions had been so keen that she had learned to abstain from them entirely. It was easier to live quite alone. When, therefore, at last she believed that she was loved, loved for herself, these long-repressed feelings burst forth; like the released spirit of the magician's vial, they expanded and filled her life, they could never be put back in their prison again.

Five years before, Miss Bogardus had met Lucian Spenser at the White Mountains. For a number of weeks they had been thrown together almost daily in excursions and mountain walks, and the young engineer, with his easy, happy tem-

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per, his wit and his kindness, had seemed to her the most agreeable person she had ever met. There happened to be no one else there at the moment whom Lucian cared to talk to; still, it was really his good qualities rather than this mere accident of there being no one else that led him on. For he had divined the unhappiness under the pride. He could not resist the charity (as well as the small entertainment to himself, perhaps, in the absence of other diversions) of drawing a smile from that dark reserved face, a look of interest from those moody eyes; yes, and it even gave him pleasure to put some animation into that inert figure, so that the step grew almost light beside his. For Lucian had endless theories about the possible good points of many of the people he met, and all of the people he liked. He was constantly saying of plain women that if they would only be a little more this or a little less that, they would be positively handsome. And he fully believed in these possibilities. Perhaps that was one of the reasons why he was so agreeable. It is such a charming talent, the divining the best there is in everybody. At any rate, he was so genuinely kind-hearted, so proselytingly so, if the phrase may be used, that it gave him real pleasure to make people happy, even if it were only for the moment. Of possible reactions he never thought, because he never had reactions himself. If one thing had come to an end, was it not always easy to find another? Easy for him.

He cared nothing about Miss Bogardus's money, as in reality he cared nothing for Miss Bogardus herself. But when the weeks of their mountain life were over, Miss Bogardus found that she was caring for him, though (as he would have honestly and earnestly maintained if he had known it) he had never in the least tried to make her. He had only tried to make her happier. But with Rosalie Bogardus that was the same thing. She had passed, owing to him, the one interesting summer of her dull rich life. She did not know that she could be so light-hearted; she did not know that any one could be. She had had the vague idea that all persons must go more or less unsatisfied, and that this was the reason why so many women (if they had not children to bring up) took to good works and charitable societies, and so many men to horses and wine. Her life had been dull because the people she lived with and those she saw frequently (as has been said, she had never been a woman who made many acquaintances) were for the most part extremely dull. She had not had among them even the secondary importance which money often bestows, because they were all rich themselves. In addition, there were in the same circle younger cousins much handsomer than she had ever been. The summer she had first met Lucian she was twenty-seven years old. Her relatives had become accustomed to the unexciting round of her life—at home in the winter; at the mountains in the summer; a few concerts; some good works. They looked for nothing new from her; she was "only Rosalie" to them. She had every comfort, of course, every luxury. It never occurred to their minds that she might like also a taste of the leading *rôle* for a short time, of life at first hand. Families are very apt to make this mistake regarding the left-over sisters and daughters whom they shelter so carefully, perhaps, but also so dully, under their protecting wing.

That summer Lucian was twenty-three; but, tall, handsome, and in one way very mature, he had looked quite as old as he did now, five years later. He was always sunny, always amusing. He had not been in the least afraid of her, of her age, her moodiness, or her money, but had joked with her and complimented her with an ease which had at first disconcerted her almost painfully. He had noticed and criticised her reserve. He had discovered and praised her one little talent, a contralto voice of smallest possible compass, but some sweetness in a limited range of old English songs. He had teased her to make him a pocket pincushion; and then when her unaccustomed hands had painfully fashioned one (on her own behalf she never touched a needle), he had made all manner of sport of it and of her. He had helped her dry-shod over brooks (unexpectedly she had a pretty foot), standing ankle-deep in water himself; he had gone miles for some dark red roses, because one of them would "look so well" (as it did) in her hair. He had laughed at her books, and made her feel, though without the least approach to saying so, that she was ignorant; made her realize, simply through her own quickened sense of comparison, that she, Rosalie Bogardus, who belonged among the "best people," and

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who had enjoyed what is vaguely but opulently summed up as "every advantage," was yet an uncultivated and even a stupid sort of person, by the side of a certain young idler who had no background whatever (so her relatives would have said), no connections, no ambitions or industry of the tangible sort, and no money, no appreciable baggage, in short, with which to go through life, save a graceful little talent for painting in water-colors, and the most delightful disposition in the world. Her relatives would have added—an immense assurance. But Rosalie did not call it that. To her it seemed courage—courage indomitable, was the term in her mind.

She overestimated this trait in Lucian, as she did one or two other traits. He himself would never have dreamed of being so brave as she supposed him to be. He was brave enough; physically he had never known a fear; but that it was indomitable courage which made him smile so light-heartedly in the face of fortunes so modest—that it was a splendid defiance—this was where the slow, silent, passionate-hearted Rosalie was entirely mistaken. It was temperament more than anything else. But it was natural that she should fall into error, brought up as she had been among people who were immovably set in all their ideas, proud of their mediocrity (they called it conservatism), who had inherited their wealth through several generations, and who, while close and careful in all their ways, enemies to everything in the least like extravagance, were yet fully of the opinion that respectability as well as happiness depended upon an unassailable foundation of solid fixed income—having always lived in this atmosphere, and possessing small talent for remarking anything outside of her own narrow little world, it was impossible for Rosalie Bogardus to grasp at once a plan of life which differed so widely from the only one she knew. She could not conceive the idea at first of a person like Lucian living on with contented enjoyment, day after day, without any fortune, any hope of inheriting it, or any effort toward obtaining it. She knew people, of course, who had no fortunes; but if young, as he was, they were all engaged in either planning for them, waiting for them, or working for them, with more or less eagerness and energy. Lucian appeared to be neither waiting nor working; the only plan he had with regard to such matters was to go back to the office of the company that employed him (because he must) when his summer should be ended. So long as he was earning his mere living from year to year (not a difficult task, as he had no very extravagant tastes, and only himself to provide for), he seemed to think that he was doing sufficiently well as regarded material things—always to him subordinate: a state of mind which Rosalie's relatives, if they had known it, would have deemed either a negligence that was almost criminal, or downright idiocy, one or the other. Rosalie herself, not conceiving such an unambitious creed in a nature so rich, idealized what she did not understand. She dressed up this lack of energetic acquisitiveness, and made of it fortitude; in her long reveries she grew at last to think of it in unspoken words which, if written down, would have been almost poetry.

But though she thus idealized his bravery, she did not have to idealize his kindness; that had been real. He had not cared about her money; she had divined that; what he did had been done for herself alone. When, therefore, they met again, as they did in the winter, the acquaintance continued to grow because she fostered it; she had had time to think everything over, to realize what it would be to live without it, during the four months that had passed since they parted. Lucian, responsive and delightful as ever, and never so conceited (this is what he would himself have called it) as to bring that pretentious thing, a conscience, into such a simple matter as this, lent himself, as it were, to her liking for the time being, whenever he happened to see her. With him it was a temporary and even a local interest, and he supposed it to be the same on her side. When he thought of the part of the city in which she lived, he thought of her: "Second Avenue—oh yes; Miss Bogardus." But he did not think of it or of her for days together: he was a man who had a thousand interests, who roamed in many and widely differing fields. Meanwhile Miss Bogardus thought of him without ceasing. She lived upon his visits, going over in her own mind the last one, and all that he had said, or failed to say, upon that occasion, until he had come again. She dwelt upon every look and gesture, and made the woman's usual mistake of giving a significance to little acts

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and phrases which they were very far from having. (If men should really be actuated by the number and complex variety of motives which women are apt to see hidden under their most casual words and deeds, their lives would become so burdened, their suffering minds so charged, with the million cross-wires of purpose by the time they were twenty-five, that the most ancient mummy of the Nile would be fresh beside them. Fortunately their mental processes are not so tortuous. Their mental processes are much more simple and direct, more masterful and untroubled by details, than women believe, or perhaps wish to believe.) Lucian did not in the least realize that he was the subject of so much reverie. Nor did he in the least realize the absorbed, concentrated nature with which he had to do. His life moved on with its usual evenness; for three-quarters of the day he occupied himself in a third-story office; then he sallied forth to see what the remaining hours held for him in the way of entertainment. It is but just to say that generally they held an abundance. Other people liked him besides Rosalie Bogardus; he was a man who, from first to last, was dear to very many. About once in so often he went to see his friend of the summer. He no longer thought of her as a person who needed his help especially. But he knew that a visit pleased her, and, when other things were not overamusing, he would go for a while and give her that trifling pleasure. He never dreamed that it was a great one.

Long afterward the character of Lucian Spenser was summed up as follows by a man of his own age who had a taste for collecting and classifying characteristics; he even ventured to think such collections almost as interesting as old china. "He was the most delightful and lovable fellow I have ever known; and a great many persons thought so besides myself. But he never was hampered with, he never took, a grain of responsibility in his whole life. This not from selfishness, or any particular plan for evading it; he simply never thought about *that* at all."

This was true. Even in the case of so serious a thing as his marriage, the responsibility was all assumed by Rosalie.

How she came to have the idea that he loved her, she herself alone could have told. Probably she was deceived by his manner, which was often intangibly lover-like simply through the genius for kindness that possessed him; or by the tones which his voice fell into now and then when he was with any woman he liked even in a small degree. All this was general, for women in general. But poor concentrated Rosalie, who seldom saw him with other women, thought that it was for one. However her belief had been obtained, it was a sincere one. And she accounted for his silence by saying to herself that he would not speak on account of her fortune. Here again she completely misjudged him. Southerner as he was, Lucian's thoughts did not dwell upon money; Southerner as he was, too, twenty fortunes would not have kept him from the woman he loved. But, once convinced in her own heart, Rosalie no longer fought against her love for him. Why should she? It was the one bright spot of her life. It was possible, after all, then, for life to be happy!

She worshipped every glance of his eye, every word that he spoke; it was pathetic to see the adoration which that repressed nature was lavishing upon a nature so different from its own. But no one saw the adoration save Lucian; she concealed it from all the world besides. For a long time even he did not see it, he was so accustomed to being liked. When suddenly he did become aware of it (long after the evil was done), he left her and left New York. There had never been a word of explanation between them.

Rosalie did not yield; she knew her own heart; she knew that she loved him; she believed that he loved her. She trusted to time. And she kept up the acquaintance.

Here, again, Lucian's invincible habit of kindness kept him from telling her the truth. His invincible habit of not taking responsibility made him avoid the responsibility of telling her. He too trusted to time.

And there was time enough, certainly. That is, it would have been enough for any one but Rosalie Bogardus. Five years passed, five years of all the torture intermixed with delight which a woman who loves goes through. Now and then they met, and she always wrote to him. She tried to write lightly, as she knew he liked that; she anathematized herself for taking everything in such a ponderous way. She composed long letters about books, about Spanish and Italian, both of which she was studying, about music, and about pictures. She went to see every picture she could

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hear of, because he painted, not realizing, poor soul, that those who paint themselves, especially those who paint "a little," do not as a general rule care much for pictures, or at least care only for those of a few of their immediate contemporaries, that interest being principally curiosity. Who fill the great galleries of Europe day after day? Who are the people that go again and again? Almost without exception the people who do not paint; for the people who do, it is noticed that one or two visits amply suffice.

But nature will out—at least some natures will. At the end of these five years of a fictitious existence Rosalie Bogardus fell seriously ill. Her life was threatened. Then she wrote three trembling lines to Lucian, at Gracias-á-Dios. Her one wish now was to marry him, in order to be able to leave him her fortune. She did not allude to this, but she said that she was probably dying, and hoped to see him soon. Lucian, kind as always, hurried north to Washington, where she was staying with some friends—much more independent now, as regarded her relatives, than she had been before the growth of her love. He married her. It was as well that he had been perfectly sincere, when he did so, in not thinking about her money, because her money did not come to him; she did not die, but improved rapidly; in two months she was well.

Mrs. Lucian Spenser, as has been said, was not a quick or a clever woman. But she had the clairvoyance of love. A year had not passed since her marriage; but it does not take a year for a wife to discover that her husband is not, and never has been, in love with her, and this wife had no longer any illusions on that subject. Lucian's manner toward her was invariably gentle, his temper was always sweet; she could say to herself, miserably enough, but truthfully too, that he did not in the least dislike her. If she had known it, this was something, as things stood. But she did not know it. How should she, without a grain of experience, and with her passionate nature, comprehend and endure the necessity, as well as the great wisdom, of holding on simply to the fact that she was his wife, and that no one on earth could rout her from that position, and that in time his heart might come round to her? She did know, however, she had learned, that such love as their marriage was to have at present must be supplied principally by herself. And she had accustomed her mind to accept this idea; if she was ever discontented, she had only to recall the dreary void of her life before she knew him, and she was reconciled. But while she was still arranging her existence upon these foundations, a new element rose; her jealousy was excited, and it was the strongest passion she had. She discovered that Lucian was very apt to be more or less in love with every attractive woman, every lovely young girl, he happened to meet. True, it was only a temporary absorption. But it was real enough while it lasted. To this the jealous wife could not accustom herself. This she found herself unable to take "lightly." All the moodiness came back to her eyes; she grew suspicious and sharp. Such good looks as she had were obscured; in her unhappiness she seemed larger and more round-shouldered than ever.

She was too proud to appeal to her husband, to tell him that he was torturing her. So they lived on. He was wholly unconscious of the extent of her sufferings, though he knew that she had a jealous nature. He felt that he was a good husband; he had really married her more to please her than to please himself; she had not so much as one unkind word, one unkind look, with which to reproach him. He never neglected her; she could not say that he did. She did not say it; her only wish was that he would neglect some other persons. She preferred this condition of things, however, racked though she often was, to any open discussions between them, any explanations; her instinct warned her that explanations might be worse than the reality. A woman who loves is capable of any cowardice. Or is it—any courage?

Margaret's little conversational cushion had brought to Mrs. Spenser's mind the thought that she had perhaps been speaking rather acrimoniously. She did not mean to be acrimonious; but she was not a Southerner, as Lucian was, by birth at least, and he was making a great deal of this Southern origin of his whenever he was with Garda Thorne. He was with her every day. True, his wife was present, and other persons. And Garda herself was engaged to Mrs. Rutherford's nephew, Evert Winthrop, who had gone north for three weeks or so on business just before they came. But there might

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have been fifty wives and five hundred other persons present, poor Rosalie thought, Lucian would look at that beautiful girl and talk to that beautiful girl, engaged or not engaged, whenever he pleased. She accused him in her heart of not having told her that there was any such person in Gracias. But the truth was (and she knew it) that, as she had never been able to respond with sympathy to allusions on his part to such acquaintances, much less to any recitals concerning them, he had learned (as he had not a grain of malice) not to make them. As for Gracias, she herself had proposed their coming there. She had not cared to spend the winter in New York or Washington, and see her husband cajoled by society; she had never loved society, and now she hated it. Lucian's content was not in the least dependent upon it, fortunately. He had described this little Florida town to her with a good deal of amusing decoration; she had thought that she should like to see it for herself. In her painstaking, devoted way she had studied the sketches he had made while there until she was much better acquainted with them than he was himself. There had been no sketch of Garda Thorne, no sketch in words or water-colors. But perhaps if her jealousies had been less evident, there might have been. She knew that her jealousies were a weakness. That did not make them any the less hard to bear. It was, each separate time, as if Lucian and the person he was for the moment admiring were engaged in stabbing her to the heart. Only, in some miraculous way, she lived on.

On the present occasion she said no more about Southern patriotism, but gazed in silence at the near shores as the skiffs glided round the next bend. They were in a wide salt-marsh, a flat reedy sea. The horizon line, unbroken by so much as a bush, formed an even circle round them. It was high tide, the myriad little channels were full, the whole marsh was afloat. The breeze fanning their faces had a strong salty odor, the sedges along shore were stiff with brine. Tall herons waded about, or, poised on one leg among the reeds, gazed at them, as they passed, with high-shouldered indifference. Now and then a gray bird rose from the green as they approached, and with a whir of wings sped away before them, sounding his peculiar wild cry. But he did not fly up, this gray bird, he flew off horizontally. There did not, indeed, appear to be room for him to dart up, up, and become a mere mote in the blue; the idea remained to the people below in the boats that, if he should do so, he would infallibly strike his head. For the blue seemed to come down and rest on the edge of the marsh all round them, like the top of a tent. If the land was low, the sky matched it. It was like sailing through a picture of which they could always see (though they never reached it) the frame.

The stream they were following was not one of the marsh channels; it was a tide-water creek which penetrated several miles into Patricio, and after a while they came to the solid land.

"The odor of Florida—I perceive it," said Lucian; "the odor of a pitch-pine fire. And I don't know any odor I like better. People who have lived here any length of time must be deadly homesick for it when they go away; it certainly has the most cheering and inspiring influence in the world."

"I'm glad we're coming to some cheering and inspiring people," said Garda. "So different from ourselves!"

"They may not be inspired—they leave that to the fire. But they'll be cheering—you'll see; they'll be cheering just because so perfectly contented. We can't be far from the house now."

But it was some time before they reached it. The stream wound on, the banks grew higher. Palmettoes began to appear; they all leaned forward a little in the golden air; they formed the most graceful groups of curiosity. At length the skiffs turned the last bend, and the house came into sight. It was a ruined heap of stones.

But the fire was there, all the same; it had been made on the ground behind a small out-building which stood not far from the central ruin. This out-building had preserved three of its sides and the frame-work of its roof; the roof had been completed by a thatch of reeds; the vanished façade had been gayly replaced by a couple of red calico counterpanes suspended from the thatch. Here lived a family of "poor whites"—father, mother, and six children. Their drawing-room was the green space before the kitchen; their bedchambers were behind the calico façade; their kitchen was an iron pot, at this moment suspended over the fragrant fire.

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The father had just come home in his roughly made cart, drawn by the most wizened of ponies, with a bear which he had killed in the neighboring swamp; the elder boys were bringing up fish from their dug-out in the creek; the mother, her baby on her arm, lifted her bed-quilt wall to smile hospitably upon the visitors. They did not own the land, these people; they were not even tenants; they were squatters, and mere temporary squatters at that. They had nothing in the world beyond the few poor possessions their cart could hold. They were all round and well, and apparently perfectly happy.

"They look contented," said Margaret, as, after accepting the hospitalities of the place, which the family hastened to offer —the best in their power—a clean gourd with water from the mansion's old well, two oranges from the straggling remains of the grove, a look at the bear, the baby, and the pet alligator of tender years confined in a pen near by, they took their way along an old road leading down the island toward the south.

"They *are* contented," said Lucian. "For one thing, they are never cold. Poor people can stand a great deal when winter is taken out of their lives. Here, too, they can almost get their food for the asking—certainly for the hunting and fishing. Yes, yes: if I had to be very poor—if *we* had to be very poor, Rosalie—I should say, with all my heart, let it be in Florida!"

These sallies of Lucian's fancy were always rather hard for his wife. She admired them, of course—she admired everything Lucian said; but she could not see any reasonable connection between their life, under any emergencies that could come to them, and the life of people who lived behind a façade of counterpane, who caught bears, and ate them from an iron pot. However, there must be one, since Lucian saw it; she smiled assent, therefore, and did her best to answer warmly, "Oh *yes*, in Florida!"

"But I suppose they have very little chance to improve here, to rise," began Margaret.

"I don't want them to rise," said Lucian, in his light way; "too much 'rising,' in my opinion, is the bane of our American life. The ladder's free to all, or rather the elevator; we spend our lives, the whole American nation, in elevators."

Rosalie fully agreed with her husband here. This was a subject upon which she had definite opinions. She thought that every one should be as charitable as possible, and she herself lived up to this belief by giving away a generous sum in charity every year. Her ideas were liberal; she thought that the poor should have plenty of soup and blankets in the winter, as well as coals (somehow, in charity, it seemed more natural to say "coals"). There should be a Christmas tree for every Sunday-school, with a present for each child; she would have liked, had it been possible, to re-introduce Maypoles on May-day: May-day would come, at the North, as regarded temperature, about the middle of June. She had a dislike (though she did not express it) for the free-school system, and she had long ago determined that in the event of her ever buying a house in the country, there should be a little school "outside the gates" (they had gates now, with porters' lodges, at almost all the summer residences along the Hudson), which should be "free" enough, because she herself should pay all its expenses, but where the children should be at least "properly taught." What she meant by this phrase she could not perhaps have stated with much conciseness herself; but if everything else had been poured off, there would have been left in her mind a residuum of courtesies—courtesies which the little girls should be taught to make at the door when they came in or went out, and also at the road-side when a private carriage passed. They should be instructed in good manners. She looked at De Torrez, who was by her side, wondering if he would understand these ideas if she should explain them; she thought that perhaps he might. She was doing her best, as Lucian's wife—she had been doing it ever since she arrived in Gracias—to discover the "gold mine" which he saw in this young man. So far (as she had but little sense of humor) she had not succeeded. Once she asked Lucian what it was that he found so amusing in the Cuban.

"Oh, well, he has so many fixed ideas, you know," Lucian answered.

His wife said nothing. She too had fixed ideas. She could not see, though she tried to, humbly enough, how any one could help having them. De Torrez could now speak a little English; but as Rosalie could talk in Spanish in a slow, measured sort of way, their conversations,

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which were never lively, were carried on in the last-named language. It was generally understood in Gracias that they were "great friends."

De Torrez had been brought from his retirement by Lucian. Lucian, who told everybody that he delighted in him, had gone down to the Giron plantation to find him on the very day of his arrival in Gracias. De Torrez, yielding to his friend's entreaties, had consented to appear in society again.

In his own estimation, the Cuban had never swerved from his original posture, that dignified "posture of waiting." He had not believed his aunt's story of Garda's engagement; after an hour of fixed meditation in the garden he had thrown it aside as impossible. No doubt Mr. Winthrop felt a benignant interest in Garda; Dr. Kirby might have sanctioned to a certain degree the friendly feeling; from this simple fact the story had arisen. Mrs. Carew and the Moores were provincial people; it was not necessary to believe what they believed. His aunt and Madam Ruiz, it was true, were not provincial; his aunt and Madam Ruiz were Spanish. But they were also women, and therefore credulous where betrothals were concerned; women were congenitally weak in all such matters. Manuel—a masculine mind though unregulated—was still absent, engaged in seeing the world (at Cedar Keys); but he had been able to obtain a good deal of consolation from the society of Señor Ruiz, who had not credited the ridiculous tale any more than he himself had.

He had first heard of the señor's rich disbelief through Madam Giron. He immediately went over to Patricio to pay his respects to him. Since then he had paid his respects regularly on Wednesdays and Fridays, just before sundown. The two never alluded to the story when they were together; they would have considered it ill-bred to speak familiarly of such private matters. True, the Señor Ruiz, having been confined for a long time to his arm-chair, had grown a little lax in the strict practice of etiquette, and it may have been that he would have enjoyed just a trifle of conversation upon the rumor in question. But De Torrez was firm; De Torrez kept him up to the mark; the subject had never once been put into actual words, though the Señor Ruiz skirted all around it, talking now about Winthrop, now about East Angels, now about the detention of the Northern party all summer, owing to the long illness of Mrs. Rutherford, "that majestic and distinguished lady."

The Señor Ruiz had had time to skirt round every subject he knew, De Torrez having paid his biweekly respects regularly now for eight long months. De Torrez said that there was much "hidden congeniality" between them. On the Señor Ruiz's side the congeniality was extremely well hidden, so much so, indeed, that he had never been able to discover it himself. But on De Torrez's side it was more evident; he had found that he could think of Garda with especial comfort over there on quiet Patricio, in the presence of a masculine mind so much resembling his own. And think of her he did by the hour, answering with a bow and brief word or two now and then the long despairing monologues of the Señor Ruiz, who, impelled by his Spanish politeness to keep up the conversation, was driven into frenzy (concealed) by the length of time during which his visitor remained seated opposite to him, stiff as a wooden statue, and almost equally silent.

Because the poor señor could not move his legs very easily, De Torrez (on much the same principle which induces people to elevate their voices when speaking to a foreigner, as though he were deaf) always sat very near him, so that their knees were not more than two inches apart. This also enraged the Señor Ruiz, and on more than one occasion, when fingering the cane which always stood beside him, he had come near to bringing it down with an of course unintentional violence upon the offending joints. The unconscious Ernesto little knew how near he had come to an accidental but bone-breaking occurrence of that sort.

"Two years," De Torrez was in the habit of saying to himself during these Patricio meditations; "they were safe enough in putting off the verification of their impossible gossip until then." The matter now stood arranged in his mind as follows: Mr. Winthrop was an old man; he was older than they knew; he was probably forty. It was a pastime for him, at that dull age, to amuse himself for a while with the *rôle* of father. And he filled it well; De Torrez had no fault to find with him here. To the Cuban, Winthrop's manner could very easily take its place in the class "parental"; it was at

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once too familiar and too devoid of ardor to answer in the least to his idea of what the manner of "a suitor" would naturally be. The most rigid and distant respect, covering every word and look as the snow covers Vesuvius, but underneath, all the same, the gleam of the hidden fires below; that was his idea. Owing to the lack of discrimination often to be observed in Fate, Garda had had a Northern mother (a delightful woman in herself, of course), and on account of this accident she had been intrusted for a time to these strangers. But this would soon come to an end of itself; it was impossible that a Duero should be long contented in that atmosphere. These Northerners, at the end of their time (and pastime), would go away. They would return to their remote homes, and Gracias would know them no more. Garda would not consent to go with them; and it was but reasonable to suppose, therefore, that before their departure they would be pleased to see her make a fit Alliance—there was but one that could be called fit. It was not improbable, indeed, that the whole had been planned as a test of his own qualities; they wished to see whether he had equanimity, comprehension, endurance. One had to forgive them their ignorance—the doubting whether or not he possessed these qualities—as one had to forgive them many other things. They should see, at any rate, how triumphantly he would issue from their trial.

He now walked down the old road with his usual circumspect gait. He was with Lucian's wife, whom he always treated with the respect due to an estimable elderly lady.

Lucian was first with Garda; he had gathered for her some sprays of wild-orange blossoms, and these she was combining in various ways as she walked. She scarcely spoke. But her silence seemed only part of a supreme indolent content.

Mrs. Spenser was behind with De Torrez—close behind. Margaret, too, did not linger. Mr. Moore, who was with her, would have preferred, perhaps, a less direct advance; a few light expeditions into the neighboring thickets, for instance. He carried his butterfly pole, and looked about him scrutinizingly. They were going in search of an old tomb, which Lucian was to sketch. It was a mysterious old tomb; no one had any idea who lay there. The ruined mansion they had passed had its own little burial-ground, standing in a circle of trees like the one at East Angels. But this old tomb was alone in the woods, isolated and unaccounted for; there was no trace of a house or any former cultivation near. Its four stone sides were standing, but the top slab was gone, and from within — there was no mound—grew a cedar known to be so ancient that it threw back the lifetime of the person who lay beneath to unrecorded days. For he must have been placed at rest there before the old tree, as a baby sapling, had raised its miniature head above the ground.

They had advanced about a mile, when Mrs. Spenser stopped; she found herself unable to go further. She made her confession with curt speech and extreme reluctance. They all looked at her and saw her fatigue. That made her more curt still. But it could not be helped; she was flushed in an even dark red hue all over her face from the edge of her hair to her throat; she was breathing quickly; her hands shook. The heat had affected her. She was always affected by the heat, and it was a warm day. She had never been in the habit of walking far.

"You must not go another step, Rosalie," said Lucian, who had come back to her. "The others can go on, and I will wait here with you. When you are quite rested we will go slowly back to the shore; there will still be time, I presume, for me to get in my sketch."

But Rosalie never could bear to give her husband trouble. "I will wait here," she said, "but you need not. Please go with the others, as you first intended; you will find me here on your way back."

"I shall stay with you," repeated Lucian.

She looked so tired that they all busied themselves in preparing a seat for her; they made it of the light mantles which the ladies had been carrying over their arms, spreading them on the ground under a large tree where there was a circle of shade. Here she sat down, leaning against the tree's trunk. "If you don't go on with the others, Lucian, I shall be perfectly wretched," she said. "There's nothing in the world the matter with me; you have seen me in this way before, and you know it is nothing—I have only lost my breath."

"Yes, I know it's nothing," Lucian answered, kindly. "But I can not leave you here alone, Rosalie; don't ask it."

Mr. Moore, who had been standing with

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his hands patiently folded over his butterfly pole, now had an inspiration; it was that he himself should remain with "Cousin Rosalie." "I have no talent for sketching," he said, looking round upon them; "really none whatever, I assure you. Thus it will be no deprivation. And I *have* observed some interesting butterflies in this neighborhood, which I should like to obtain, if possible."

"Why shouldn't we all desert Mr. Spenser?" said Margaret. "I have no doubt his sketch will be quite as picturesque as the reality. It's very warm; I don't think any of us (those not inspired by artistic intentions) care to go further at present."

Mrs. Spenser watched her husband's face. She was afraid he would not be pleased. But under no circumstances was Lucian ever ill-natured. He now made all manner of sport of their laziness, singling out De Torrez especially as the target for his wit. De Torrez grinned—Lucian was the only person who could bring out that grin; then he repressed his unseemly mirth by passing his hand over his face, the thumb on one side, all the fingers on the other, and letting them move downward and come together at the chin, thus closing in the grin on the way. Restored to his usual demeanor, he bowed and was ready for whatever should be the ladies' pleasure. Their pleasure, after Lucian's departure, was simply to recline under the large tree. Mr. Moore had already begun his search in the neighboring thickets, and was winding in and out, now in sight, now gone again, with alert step and hopeful eye.

The three ladies sat idly perforating the ground with the tips of their closed parasols. "What are we going to do now to amuse ourselves?" said Garda.

"You think a good deal of your amusement, don't you, Miss Thorne?" said Rosalie. She spoke in rather an acid tone: Lucian, too, thought a good deal of his amusement.

But Garda never noticed Rosalie's intonations; acid or not, they never seemed to reach her. "Yes; I hate to be just dull, you know," she answered, frankly. "I'd much rather be asleep."

De Torrez was standing at the edge of their circle of shade in his usual taut attitude.

"Oh, Mr. De Torrez, do either sit down or lie down," urged Garda. "It tires me to look at you! If you won't do either, then go and lean against a tree."

De Torrez looked about him with serious eyes. There was a tree at a little distance which had no low branches; he went over and placed himself close to it, his back on a line with the trunk, but without touching it.

"You're not leaning," said Garda. "Lean back! Lean!"

Thus adjured, De Torrez stiffly put his head back far enough to graze the bark. But the rest of his person stood clear.

"Oh, how *funny* you always are!" said Garda, breaking into a peal of laughter.

De Torrez did not stir. He was very happy to furnish amusement, inscrutable as the nature of it might be (it never occurred to De Torrez that his attitudes were peculiar), for the señorita.

But Garda was now seized with another idea, which was that they should dine where they were, instead of at the shore. It was much prettier here, as the shore was sandy. The squatter's boys would be delighted to bring the baskets. De Torrez, no longer required to make a Daphne of himself, was detached from the bark and sent upon this errand. He was to convoy back baskets and boys. Obedient as ever, he departed. And then Garda relapsed into silence. After a while she put her head down on Margaret's lap, as if she were going to try the condition that was better than being "just dull, you know." It was true that they were a little dull. Mr. Moore had entirely disappeared; Rosalie was never very scintillant; Garda was apparently asleep; Margaret, whatever her gifts might have been, could not very well be brilliant all alone. After a while Garda suddenly opened her eyes, took up her hat, and rose.

"I think I will go down, after all, and join Mr. Spenser," she said. "I like to watch him sketch so much. I'll bring him back in an hour or so."

Rosalie's eyes flashed. But she controlled herself. "Aren't you afraid of the heat?" she said.

"Don't go, Garda," said Margaret. "It's very warm."

"You forget, you two, that I was born here, and like the heat," said Garda, looking for her gloves.

"Surely it can not be safe for you to go alone," pursued Rosalie. "We are very far from—from everything here."

"It's safe all about Gracias," answered

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Garda. "And we're not very far from Lucian at least. I shall find him at the end of the path; it goes only there."

It was a simple slip of the tongue. She had talked so constantly of him, and always as "Lucian," to Margaret and Winthrop the winter before, that it was natural for her to use the name. She would never have dreamed of using it merely to vex Mrs. Spenser. To begin with, she would not have taken the trouble for Mrs. Spenser; not even the trouble to vex her.

"I fear Lucian, as you call him, will hardly appreciate your kindness," responded Rosalie, stiffly. "He is fond of sketching by himself. And especially, when he has once begun, he can not bear to be interrupted."

"I shall not interrupt him," said Garda. "I hardly think he calls *me* an interruption."

She spoke carelessly. And her carelessness about it increased Mrs. Spenser's inward indignation.

"Do you sanction this wild-goose chase, Mrs. Harold?" she said, turning to Margaret.

"No, no; Garda is not really going, I think," Margaret answered.

"Yes, Margaret, this time I am," said Garda's undisturbed voice.

Mrs. Spenser waited a moment. Then she rose. "We will all go," she said, with a good deal of dignity. "I could not feel easy, and I don't think Mrs. Harold could, to have you go alone, Miss Thorne."

"I don't know what there is to be afraid of—unless you mean poor Lucian," said Garda, laughing a little.

Mrs. Spenser rested her hands upon her arms with a firm pressure, the right hand on the top of the left arm, the left hand under the right arm as a support. In this pose (which gave her a majestic appearance) she left the shade, and walked toward the path.

"I'm afraid you will suffer from the heat," said Garda, guilelessly. It really was guileless—a guileless indifference. But to a dark, easily flushed woman it sounded much like malice.

They had gone but a short distance when Garda's prophecy came true; the deep red hue re-appeared; it was even darker than before. Margaret was alarmed. "Do go back to the shade," she urged.

Mrs. Spenser, who had stopped for a moment, glanced at her strangely. "I am perfectly well," she answered, in a husky whisper.

Margaret looked at Garda, who was standing at a little distance, waiting. The girl, who was much amused by this scene, mutely laughed and shook her head; evidently she would not yield.

"I will go on with Garda," Margaret said; "but I do beg you not to attempt it, Mrs. Spenser."

"Oh, if *you* are going," murmured Rosalie, her eyes still shining strangely from her copper-colored face.

"Yes, I am going," answered Margaret, with decision.

Rosalie said something about its being "much better," as the road was "so lonely"; and then, turning, she made her way back to the tree.

"It's not like you, Garda, to be so willful," said Margaret, when she was out of hearing.

"Why, yes, it is. *Your* will is nice and beautiful, so I don't come into conflict with it; hers isn't, so I do. I don't weigh one hundred and seventy pounds, and I don't mind the heat. Why, then, should I sit under a tree forever because she has to?"

"I wish you would sit under it to oblige me."

"It isn't to oblige you; it's to oblige Mrs. Rosalie. I can't possibly take the trouble to oblige a Mrs. Rosalie. You don't really mind the sun any more than I do, you slim fair thing! it's all pretense. Let red people sit under trees; you and I will go on." She put her arm round Margaret and drew her forward. "Don't be vexed with me; you know I love you better than anything else on earth."

"Yet never wish to please me."

"Yes, I do. But I please you as I am. Is that impertinent?"

"Yes," said Margaret, gravely.

"It's your fault, then; you've spoiled me. When have you done one thing or said one thing through all this long summer which was not the sweetest kindness to me? Nobody in the world, Margaret, has ever dreamed of being as devoted to me as you have been. And if that's impertinent too—the saying so—I can't help it: it's true."

Margaret made no reply to this statement, which had been made without the least vanity; it had been made, indeed, with a detached impartiality which was

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remarkable, as though the girl had been speaking of some one else.

Rosalie watched their two figures go down the path out of sight. A few minutes later Mr. Moore made a brief appearance, flying with extended pole across the glade like a man possessed. But he had seen that she was alone, and he therefore returned, after he had not succeeded in catching his prey. He sat down beside her, and asked her if she had read the Westover Manuscript.

Margaret and Garda reached the path's end—it ended in a wood—and found Lucian sketching.

"Ah-h-h! curiosity!" he said, as they came up.

"Yes," answered Garda, seating herself on the ground beside him, and, as usual, taking off her hat; "I never was so curious in my life. Show me your sketch, please."

He held it toward her.

She looked at him as he bent from his camp-stool. She did not appear to be so curious as her previous statement had seemed to indicate. She smiled and fell into her old silence again as he returned to his work, that old silence of tranquil enjoyment, leaving Margaret to carry on the conversation, in case she should wish for conversation.

Apparently Margaret wished for it. She too was resting in the shade. She spoke of various things—of the large white bird they had seen sitting on its nest, which had been constructed across the whole top of a small tree, so that the white-bosomed mother sat enthroned amid the green; of the song of the mocking-bird, which had made a greater impression upon her than anything in Florida.

"Excuse my straying answers," said Lucian, after a while. "However, painting is not so bad as solitaire. Did you ever have the felicity of conversing with a friend (generally a lady) while a third person is engaged at the same table with that interesting game? Your lady listens to you with apparent attention, you are led on, perhaps, to talk your best, when suddenly, as you least expect it, her hand gives a swoop down on her friend's spread-out cards, she moves one of them quickly, with a 'There!' or else an inarticulate little murmur of triumph over his heedlessness, and then transfers her gaze back to you again, with an innocent candor which seems to say that it has never been abstracted. I don't know anything pleasanter than conversation under such circumstances."

Margaret laughed. "I'm afraid my remarks have been as astray as your answers," she said. "Come, Garda, let us go and have a nearer look." For Lucian had placed himself at some distance from the tomb; he was giving a view of it at the end of a forest vista.

But Garda did not care for a nearer look. She had seen the old tomb many times.

"Let us make a wreath for it, then, while Mr. Spenser is sketching. So that it can feel that for once—"

"It's too old to feel," said Garda.

Margaret, who had risen, went to look at the sketch over Lucian's shoulder. "Why not put Garda in?" she suggested. "She could be bending over as if looking for the name, 'Et in Arcadia,' you know."

"There isn't any name," said Garda, "and I don't want to be in."

Margaret gathered a quantity of a glossy-leaved vine which was growing over some bushes near. "I shall make a wreath, even if you don't," she said. And she sat down and began her task.

"I think this will do," said Lucian, after another ten minutes, surveying his work. "I can finish it up at home."

Margaret threw down her vines, and began to collect his scattered possessions.

"Don't go yet; it's so lovely here," said Garda. "Make a second sketch for me."

"I will copy you one from this," he answered.

"No. I want one made especially for me, even if it's only a beginning; and I want it made here."

"But we really ought to be going back, Garda," said Margaret.

"I *never* want to go back," Garda declared. She laughed as she said it. But she looked at Lucian with the same serene content in her eyes. It was very infectious; he sank down on his camp-stool, and began again.

Margaret stood a moment as if uncertain. Then she sat down beside Garda, and went on with her wreath.

"How perfectly still it is here!" said Lucian. "Florida's a very still land. There are no hot sounds any more than cold ones. What's your idea of the hottest sound you know, Mrs. Harold?"

Margaret considered. "The sound—coming in through your closed green

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blinds on a warm summer afternoon when you want to sleep—of a stone-mason chipping away on a large block of stone somewhere outside in the hot sun."

"Good! Do you know the peculiar odor made by summer rain on those same green blinds you speak of? Dusty ones?"

"They needn't be dusty. Yes, I know it well."

"I'm afraid you're an observer. I hope you don't turn the talent toward nature?"

"Why not?"

"Because people who observe nature don't observe their fellow-man; the more devoted you are to rocks and trees, and zoophytes and moths, the less you care for human beings; bless you! didn't you know that? You get to thinking of them in general, lumping them as 'humanity.' But you always think of the zoophytes in minutest particulars."

"I've changed my mind," said Garda. "Never mind sketching the tomb; sketch me."

Both Margaret and Lucian looked at her. She appeared to have heard nothing that they had been saying; she was sitting with her hands clasped round one knee, her head thrown back, her eyes downcast.

"Sketch you?" Lucian repeated.

"Yes," she answered, without looking up. "Please begin at once."

"In that attitude?"

"You may choose your attitude."

"Oh, if I may choose!" he said, springing up. He stood for a moment looking at her as she sat there. Unrepressed admiration of her beauty shone in his eyes. "There isn't one of them but would envy me!" he said, bringing one hand down upon the other. His action was unconscious; he was thinking of the great portrait painters of Paris, whose work he intensely admired.

"Never mind 'them.' It's you," said Garda.

"I didn't know you could paint portraits, Mr. Spenser," remarked Margaret.

"I can now; at least I shall try," he answered, with enthusiasm. "Will you give me all the sittings I want, Miss Thorne?"

"Yes. This is the first."

"To-morrow—" began Margaret.

"Do you want me to keep this position?" said Garda, looking up at Lucian.

"Yes — no. I think I'll take Mrs. Harold's idea; it shall be an American Poussin—'I too have been in' Florida! Come over to the tomb, please." In his eagerness he put out his hands, took hers, assisted her to rise, and they went toward the tomb. Here he placed her in two or three different positions; but was satisfied with none of them.

Margaret had made no further objections. She followed them slowly. Then her manner changed, and she gave her assistance and advice. "She should be carrying flowers, I think," she suggested.

"Yes; orange branches—I see them," said Lucian.

"But as for the attitude—perhaps we had better leave it to her. Suppose yourself, Garda, to be particularly happy—"

"I'm happy now," said the girl. She had seated herself on the old tomb's edge, and folded her hands.

"Well, more joyous, then."

"I'm joyous." And she continued to look at Lucian with the same tranquil gaze.

"I shall never finish my legend if you interrupt me so," said Margaret, putting her hand on Garda's shoulder. "Listen. You are on your way home from an Arcadian revel, with some shepherds who are playing on their pipes, when you come suddenly upon an old tomb in the forest. No one knows who lies there; you stop a moment to make out the inscription, which is barely legible, and it tells you, 'I too lived in—"

"Florida," said Lucian.

"I am to do that?" asked Garda, looking at him.

He nodded. She went back, took Margaret's nearly finished wreath and all the rest of the gathered vines, and returning to the tomb, one arm loaded with them, the long sprays falling over her dress, she laid her other hand on Lucian's shoulder, and drawing him near the old stones, clung to him a little as if half afraid, bending her head at the same time as though reading the inscription which was supposed to be written there. The attitude was extremely graceful, a half-shrinking, half-fascinated curiosity. "This it?" she asked.

"Not the least in the world! What has Mr. Spenser to do with it?" said Margaret.

"He's the Arcadian shepherds."

"Let me place you." And Margaret drew her away.

Garda yielded passively. Nothing could have been sweeter than the expression of her face when Margaret had at length sat-

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isfied herself as regarded position. The girl stood behind the tomb, which rose a little higher than her knees; she rested one hand on its gray edge, holding the wreath on her other arm, which was pressed against her breast.

"You ought to be looking down," said Margaret.

But Garda did not look down.

"She is supposed to have read the inscription, and to be musing over it," suggested Lucian.

He fell to work immediately.

"We have been here an hour and a half, and we promised to be back in an hour—remember that, Mr. Spenser," said Margaret, who had seated herself under a tree near him.

"The bare outlines," murmured Lucian.

He did not appear to wish to speak. As for Garda, she looked as though she should never speak again; she looked like a picture more than a real presence—a picture, but not of nineteenth-century painting. She did not stir. Her eyes were full of a wonderful light. After a while it seemed to oppress Margaret—this glowing vision beside the gray tomb in the still wood. She rose and went to Lucian, watching him work. She began to talk. "It's fortunate that you have already sketched the tomb," she said; "you can use that sketch for the details."

He did not reply. Garda's softly fixed eyes seemed to hold him bound.

Margaret looked at her watch. Then she went to Garda, took the wreath from her, and, putting her arm in hers, led her back toward the path. "I am obliged to use force," she said. "The sitting is declared over."

"Till the next, then," said Garda to Lucian.

As he began to pack up his sketching materials, Margaret went back and hung her wreath upon the old stones. "In some future world that shade will come and thank me," she said.

Then they left the wood, and started down the path on their way back to the shore.

They found Mrs. Spenser with both complexion and temper improved. Her greatest wish always was to hide her jealousies from Lucian, and this time she succeeded. Mr. Moore had made a fire at a distance, and boiled their coffee. He was now engaged in grilling their cold meat by spearing each slice with the freshly peeled end of one of the long stiff leaf-stalks of the saw-palmetto. These impromptu toasting-forks of his, four feet in height, he had stuck in the ground in an even circle all round the fire, their heads bending slightly toward the flame; when one side of their range of slices was browned, he deftly turned each slice with a fork, so as to give the other side its share.

De Torrez had made no attempts as regarded grilling and boiling; he and Rosalie had spent the time in conversation. Rosalie had, in fact, detained him, when, after bringing the boys and baskets safely to her glade, he had looked meditatively down the road which led to the old tomb. "What do you think of the Alhambra?" she asked, earnestly.

The Alhambra and the Inquisition were her two Spanish topics.

"I have not thought of it," De Torrez mildly replied.

"Well, the Inquisition, then; what do you think of the Inquisition? I am sure you must have studied the subject, and I wish you would give me your *real* opinion." (She was determined to keep him from following Garda.)

De Torrez reflected a moment. "It would take some time," he observed, with another glance down the road.

"The more the better," said Rosalie. This sounded effusive; and as she was so loyal to Lucian that everything she did was scrupulously conformed to that feeling, from the way she wore her bonnet to the colors she selected for her gloves, she added, immediately and rather coldly, "It is a subject in which I have been interested for *years*."

De Torrez looked at her with gloom. He wished that she had not been interested in it so long, or else that she could be interested longer, carrying it over into the future. The present he yearned for; he wanted to follow that road.

But Rosalie sat there inflexible as Fate, and he was chivalrous to all women, the old as well as the young. He noticed that she was very strongly buttoned into her dress. And then he gave her the opinion she asked for. He was still giving it when the sketching party returned.

Lucian was in gayest spirits. He seized the coffee-pot. "No one should be trusted to pour out coffee," he said, "but a genuine lover of the beverage, such as myself. See the people pour out who are not real coffee-drinkers themselves; they pour stingily,

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reluctantly; they give you cold coffee, or coffee half milk, or cups half full. They 'can not understand' how you can wish for more. Coffee doesn't agree with them very well; they find it, therefore, difficult to believe—in fact they never do believe—that it should really agree with you. It may have been all talked over in the family circle, and a fair generosity on the part of that non-loving pourer guaranteed; but I tell you that in spite of everything, guarantees or no guarantees, invariably she *will* scrimp."

Mr. Moore, a delicate pink flush on his cheeks, now came up with his grilled slices, which proved to be excellent.

"My cousin, you are a wonderful person," said Lucian.

Mr. Moore made a little disclaiming murmur in his throat; "Er-um, er-um," he said, waving his hand in a deprecatory way.

"But you ought to have been a Frenchman," pursued Lucian.

Mr. Moore opened his eyes.

"Because then your goodness would have been so resplendent, my cousin. As it is, it shines on an American background, and eight-tenths of native-born Americans are good men."

"Yes, we have, I think, a high standard of morality," said Mr. Moore, with approbation.

"And also a high standard of splendor," continued Lucian; "we are, I am sure, the most splendid nation in the world. Some years ago, my cousin, a clergyman at the West was addressing his congregation on a bright Sunday morning; he was in the habit of speaking without notes, and of preaching what are called practical sermons. Wishing to give an example of appropriate Christian simplicity, he began a sentence as follows: 'For instance, my friends, none of you would think of coming to the house of the Lord in'—here he saw a glitter from diamond ear-rings in several directions—'of coming to the house of the Lord, I say, in'—here he caught the gleam from a number of breastpins—'in'—here two or three hands, from which the gloves had been removed, stirring by chance, sent back to him rays from wrists as well as fingers—'in *tiaras* of diamonds, my friends,' he concluded at last, desperately. His congregation had on there, before his eyes, every other known arrangement of the stone."

Mr. Moore smiled slightly—just enough not to be disagreeable. Then he turned the conversation. Mr. Moore was strong at that; he thought it a great moral engine, and had often wondered (to Penelope) that it was not employed oftener. For instance, in difficult cases: if violent language were being used in one's presence—turn the conversation; in family quarrels and disagreements—the same; in political discussions of a heated nature, in company that had become too convivial—surely there could be no method so simple or so efficacious.

It proved efficacious now in the face of Lucian's frivolity. "Our next course" (this was the turning) "will consist of oysters," he remarked, with decision.

"Where are they?" demanded Lucian, hungrily.

"For the present concealed; I conjectured that the sight of two fires might prove oppressive. The arrangements, however, have been well made; they are in progress behind that far thicket, and the sons of the squatter are in charge."

The sons of the squatter being summoned by what Mr. Moore called "yodeling," a pastoral cry which he sounded forth unexpectedly and wildly between his two hands, brought the hot rocks to the company by the simple process of tumbling them into a piece of sackcloth and dragging them over the ground. They were really rocks, fragments broken off, studded with small oysters. Many parts of the lagoon were lined with these miniature peaks. Mr. Moore produced oyster-knives; and, with the best conscience in the world, they added another to the shell heaps of Florida for the labors of future antiquarians.

And then presently they embarked. The sun was sinking; they floated away from the squatter's camp, down the winding creek between the leaning palmettoes, across the salt-marsh, over which the crows were now flying in a long line, and out upon the sunset-tinted lagoon. The *Emperadora* was waiting for them. It was moonlight when they reached home.

CHAPTER XV.

THE next afternoon Margaret was strolling in the old garden of East Angels. The place now belonged to Evert Winthrop; but it had not pleased him to make many

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changes, and the garden remained almost as much of a blooming wilderness as before. When at home (and it was seldom that she was absent for any length of time, as she had been the previous day) Margaret was occupied at this hour; it was the hour when Mrs. Rutherford liked to have "some one" read to her. This "some one" was always her niece. But Aunt Katrina never allowed the fact to pass into the domain of fixed arrangements. She kindly accepted Margaret each afternoon as provisional reader for that day, and she always spoke as though there were four or five other persons most anxious to take her place. In reality she would not have listened three minutes to any one else.

Poor Aunt Katrina had been a close prisoner all summer; an affection of the spine had prostrated her so that she had not been able to leave East Angels, or her bed. Everything that care or money could do for her had been done, Winthrop having sent North for "fairly *ship-loads* of every known luxury," as Betty Carew declared, "so that it makes a *real* my ship comes from India, you know, loaded with everything under the sun, from brass beds down to verily *ice-cream!*" It was true that a schooner had brought ice. And many articles had been sent down from New York by sea. The interior of the old house now showed its three eras of occupation, as an old Roman tower shows its antique travertine at the base, its mediæval sides, and modern top. In the lower rooms and in all the corridors and halls there remained the original Spanish bareness, the cool open spaces empty of furniture. Then came the attempted prettinesses of Mrs. Thorne, chiefly manifested in toilet tables made out of wooden boxes, covered with blue paper-cambric, and ruffled and flounced in white muslin, in a large variety of table mats, in pincushions, in pasteboard brackets adorned with woollen embroidery, and in an infinite succession of tidies pinned to everything that could hold a pin. Last of all, incongruously placed here and there, came the modern furniture which had been ordered from the North by Winthrop when Dr. Kirby finally said that Mrs. Rutherford would not be able to leave East Angels for many a month to come.

The thick walls of the old house, the sea-breeze, the spaciousness of her shaded room, together with her own reduced condition, had prevented the invalid from feeling the heat. Margaret and Winthrop, who had not left her, had learned to lead the life which the residents led; they went out in the early morning, and again at night-fall, but through the sunny hours they kept within-doors; during the middle of the day no one stirred; even the negroes slept. Several of the rooms had been fitted up with broad square fans suspended in a swinging frame from the ceiling, and moved by means of a long cord, which was slowly pulled, when the fans were in motion, by a little negro boy attired in white linen, and squatted cross-legged on the floor—like a little East-Indian image, Margaret always thought. These small boys (two of them were Looth's) were in Telano's charge. He drilled them as though they had been a regiment. Already they were immovably serious when on duty, and rolled their eyes solemnly; they had manners much like his, and therefore (according to Celestine) like those of the Governor of Vermont.

The trouble with the spine had declared itself on the very day Winthrop had announced his engagement to the group of waiting friends at the lower door; the news, therefore, had not been repeated in the sick-room. Mrs. Rutherford did not know it even now. Her convalescence was but just beginning; throughout the summer, and more than ever at present, Dr. Kirby told them, the hope of permanent recovery for her lay in the degree of tranquillity, mental as well as physical, in which they should be able to maintain her, day by day. Winthrop and Margaret knew that tranquillity would be at an end if she should learn what had happened; they therefore took care that she should not learn. There was, indeed, no occasion for hurry; there was to be no talk of marriage until Garda should be at least eighteen. In the mean time Aunt Katrina lived, in one way, in the most complete luxury. She had now but little pain, and endless was the skill, endless the patience, with which the six people who were devoted to her—Margaret, Winthrop, Dr. Kirby, Betty Carew, Celestine, and Looth—labored to maintain her serenity unbroken, to increase and vary her few pleasures. Betty, it is true, had to stop outside the door each time she came, and press back almost literally, with her hand over her mouth, the danger of betraying

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the happiness of "dear Evert" and "darling Garda" through her own inadvertence. But her genuine affection for Katrina accomplished the miracle of making her for the time being almost advertent, though there was sure to a vast verbal expansion afterward, when she had left the room, which was not unlike the physical one that ensued when she released herself, after paying a visit or receiving company, from her own tightly fitting best gown.

In her lassitude, Aunt Katrina had gone back to some of the tastes of her youth; the romance which Margaret was now reading aloud to her was one to which she had been devoted when she was still Katrina Beekman; it bore the title *Santo Sebastiano*. To-day she had felt suddenly tired, and the reading had been postponed; Margaret had come out to the garden, hoping to hear the mocking-birds. She strolled down a path which had recently been re-opened to the garden's northern end. Here there was a high hedge, before which she paused for a moment to look at a sensitive-plant which was growing against the green. With a start, suddenly she became conscious that she heard the sound of low voices outside. Then followed a laugh which she was sure she knew well. She stepped across the boundary ditch, full of bloom, and looked through the foliage. Beyond was an old field; then another high hedge. Outside the second hedge began the barren. In the old field, a little to the right, there was a thicket, and here, protected by its crescent-shaped bend, which inclosed them both in its half-circle, were Garda and Lucian. Lucian was sketching his companion.

Only the sound of their voices reached Margaret, not their words. She looked at them for a moment. Then she stepped back over the ditch, passed through the garden, and returned to the house, where she seated herself on a stone bench which stood near the lower door. Here she waited half an hour. Then Garda appeared. She was alone.

Margaret rose, went to meet her, and putting her arm in hers, turned her toward the orange walk. "Come and stroll awhile," she said.

"You are tired, Margaret; I wish you didn't have so much care," said Garda, affectionately, as she looked at her. "Mrs. Rutherford isn't worse, I hope?"

"No; she is sleeping," Margaret answered. After a pause: "You heard from Evert this morning, I believe?"

"Yes; didn't I show you the letter? I meant to. I think it's in my pocket now," and searching, she produced a crumpled missive.

Margaret took it; mechanically her fingers smoothed out its creases, but she did not open it. "You have been out for a walk?" she said at last, with something of an effort.

But Garda did not notice the effort; she was enjoying her own life very fully that afternoon. "No," she answered. Then she laughed. "You could not possibly guess where I have been."

"I am afraid I couldn't make the effort to-day."

"And you shall not—I'll tell you; I've been in the green studio. Fortunately you haven't the least idea where that is."

"Have you taken to painting, then?"

"No; painting has taken to me. Lucian has been here."

"I didn't see him; when did he come?"

"About two hours ago, I should say. You didn't see him because he did not come to the house. I met him in—in the green studio, of course. I gave him another sitting."

"Then you expected him?" said Margaret, looking at her.

"Yes; we made the arrangement in the only instant you gave us yesterday—when you went to hang your wreath on that old tomb."

"Why was it necessary to be so secret about it? Am I such an ogre?"

"No; you're a fairy godmother. But you would have objected to it, and spoiled it all beforehand. You know you would," said Garda, with gay accusation.

Margaret's eyes were following the little inequalities of the ground before them as they advanced.

"Perhaps you could have brought me round," she answered. "At any rate, you must admit me to the next sitting."

"No; that I can not do, Margaret; so don't ask me. I love to be with you, and I love to be with Lucian. But I don't love to be with you two together—you watch him so."

"I—watch Mr. Spenser? Oh no!"

"Well, then—and it's the same thing—you watch me."

"Is that the word to use, Garda? You are under my charge—I have hoped that it was not disagreeable to you; I have tried—"

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Garda stopped and kissed her. "It isn't disagreeable; it's beautiful," she said, with impulsive warmth. "But there's no use in your trying to keep me from seeing Lucian," she added, as they walked on; "I can't imagine how you should even think of it, when you know so well how much I have always liked him. Oh, what a comfort it is just to *see* him here again!"

"You must remember that he has other things to think of now."

"Only his wife. He needn't take long to think of her."

"He took long enough to leave Gracias last winter and go north and marry her."

"Yes; and wasn't it good of him? I couldn't bear to have him go at the time. But I've forgotten all about that now that he's back again."

"But not alone this time."

"Lucian's always alone for me," responded Garda. "But why do you keep talking about Mrs. Rosalie, Margaret? Isn't it enough that we have to talk *to* her? She isn't an object of pity in the least; she's got everything she wants, and six times more than she deserves. I detest people who, when they're cross, are all upper lip."

A vision of Rosalie's face rose in Margaret's mind. But she did not at present discuss its outlines with Garda. She simply said: "I must come to the next sitting. And don't choose for it the exact hour when I'm reading to Aunt Katrina."

"I chose that hour on purpose, so that you shouldn't know."

"Yes, because you thought I should object. But if I don't object—"

"You do," said Garda, laughing; "you're only pretending you don't. Very well, then. Only—you mustn't keep stopping me."

"Stopping you? What do you mean?"

"Oh, stopping, stopping—I mean just that; there's no other word. I want to look at Lucian and talk to him exactly as I please."

"I'm not aware that I've blinded or gagged you," said Margaret, smiling.

"No, but you have a way of saying something that makes a change; you make him either get up or turn his head away, or else you stop what he's saying. You see, *he* follows your lead."

"Though you do not."

"He does it from politeness—politeness to you," Garda went on.

"Yes, he has very good manners," said Margaret, dryly.

"Haven't I good manners too?" demanded the girl, in a caressing tone, crossing her hands upon her friend's arm.

"Very bad ones sometimes. I have pardoned them so far; you have seemed to me a child; but don't you think now, Garda, don't you really think—"

"I never really think; I never even think without the really. People who think are always pale and tired. There was mamma; she was always thinking—dear little mamma! You think too, and sometimes you are so white that it quite frightens me."

"Never mind my whiteness; I never had any color," said Margaret, a nervous impatience showing itself suddenly in every syllable. Then she controlled herself. "Are you thinking of having another sitting to-morrow?"

"Perhaps; it isn't quite certain yet. I don't know whether you know that Lucian is trying to persuade Madam Giron to take him in for a while?"

"To take *him* in?"

"Them-m-m," said Garda, "since you insist upon it."

"I can't imagine Madam Giron consenting," said Margaret. She was much surprised by this intelligence.

"She wouldn't unless it were to please Ernesto—if he should urge her to do it. And I think he will urge her, because—because he and Mrs. Spenser are such 'great friends.'"

"They're nothing of the sort. You know as well as I do that she only talks to him because her husband likes him so much."

"Well, then, Ernesto will urge because I told him to."

"You told him?"

"Yes," said Garda, serenely; "I told him we could make so many more excursions if they were staying down here. And so we can, I hope—Lucian and I, at any rate. *We're* light on our feet."

"If Madam Giron should consent, when would the Spensers come down?" said Margaret, pursuing her investigations.

"To-morrow at ten," Garda answered, promptly.

"Mrs. Spenser knew nothing of it yesterday."

"Oh yes, she did; a little."

"She didn't speak of it."

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"She didn't speak of it because she's not pleased with the idea. At least not much."

"Then it's Mr. Spenser who is pleased?"

"Well, yes. Still, I am the most pleased of all. I suggested it to him; he would never have thought of it himself. You see, he was losing so much time in coming and going. If he were at Madam Giron's, too, I could hope to see him sometimes in the evening. For instance, to-morrow evening."

"Do you mean that he is coming to see us then?"

"He is coming to see me; that is, if they are down there. I shall not let him see any of the rest of you. It isn't a sitting, you know; we don't have sittings by moonlight. I shall send him word when and where to come. And then I shall slip out and find him."

Margaret stopped. "Garda," she said, in a changed tone, "you told me yesterday that I had been very kind to you—"

"So you have been."

"Then I hope you won't think me unkind—I hope you will yield to my judgment—when I tell you that you must not send any such message to Mr. Spenser."

"Didn't I tell you you would try to stop it?" said Garda, gleefully.

"Of course I shall try. And I think you will do as I wish." She spoke gently. But her eyes, meeting Garda's, were firm; her slender hands held Garda's hands closely.

Garda did not answer. She only looked at her friend with a vague little smile of amusement. She seemed not to be giving her full attention to what she was saying; and at the same moment, singularly enough, she seemed to be admiring her, taking that time for it—admiring the delicate moulding of her features, her oval cheeks, which had now a bright flush of color. The expression of her own face, meanwhile, remained as soft as ever; there was not a trace of either opposition or annoyance.

"Isn't there some one else, too, who would not like to have you do such—such childish things?" Margaret went on. "Shouldn't you think a little of Evert?"

"Evert's too far off to think of. He's a thousand miles away."

"What difference does that make?"

"You're right, it doesn't make any," said Garda. "I should do just the same, I presume, if he were here." She spoke in a matter-of-fact tone—the tone of a person who states something so evident that it requires no comment.

Margaret looked at her, and seemed hardly to know what to say next.

In the position in which they were standing, Garda was facing the entrance of the orange walk. Her eyes now began to gleam. "Isn't this funny?" she said. "Here he is himself!"

Margaret turned, expecting to see Lucian. But it was Evert Winthrop who was coming toward them.

"You didn't expect me?" he said as he took their hands, Garda's in his right hand, Margaret's in his left, and held them for a moment. "But I told you in the postscript of my last letter, Garda, that I might perhaps follow it immediately."

"I haven't had time to get to the postscript yet," Garda answered. "The letter only came this morning; and Margaret has it now."

"You know I haven't opened it, Garda," said Margaret, hastily returning it.

"No; but I meant you to," said the girl. Something in this little scene seemed to strike her as comical, for she covered her face with both hands and began to laugh. "What a bad account you will give of me!" she said.

"You will have to give it yourself," replied Margaret. "I must go; Aunt Katrina is probably asking for me."

"She is pale," said Winthrop, looking after her as she left them.

"She had color enough before you came," remarked Garda, smiling and laughing at the recollection he could not share. Then she grew serious. "She's the loveliest woman in the whole world. It's a perfect mystery to me your not appreciating her. Have you come back as blind as you went away?"

"How blind is that?"

"Blind to all my faults," she responded, swinging her hat by its ribbons.

"Don't spoil your hat. No, I'm not blind to them; but we're going to cure them, you know."

"I'm so glad!"

He had taken a case from his pocket, and was now opening it. It held a delicate gold bracelet, exquisitely fashioned, which he clasped round her arm.

"How pretty!" said Garda. Her pleasure was genuine; she turned her hand so that she could see the ornament in every position.

"You prefer diamonds, I know," said

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Winthrop. "But you're not old enough to wear diamonds yet."

She continued to look at her bracelet until she had satisfied herself fully. Then she let her hand drop. "Will you give me some beautiful diamonds later?" she asked, turning her eyes toward him.

"To be quite frank, I don't like them much."

"But if *I* like them?" She seemed to be curious as to what he would reply.

"You may not like them yourself then."

She regarded him a moment longer. Then her eyes left him; she looked off down the long walk. "I shall not change; no, not as you seem to think," she said, half to herself. When she turned toward him again there was a very different expression in her face. She took his arm, and as they walked back to the house talked her gayest nonsense. He listened indulgently.

"Why don't you ask me what I have been doing all these weeks while you have been away?" she said at last, suddenly.

"I suppose I know, don't I? You have written."

"You haven't the least idea. I have been *amused*—really amused all the time."

"Is that such a novelty? I've always thought you had a capital talent for amusing yourself."

"That's just what I mean; this time I've *been* amused, I didn't have to do it myself. Oh, promise me you won't stop anything now you've come. We've had some lovely excursions, and I want more."

"When did I ever stop an excursion in Florida?" said Winthrop.

"Yes, you've been very good, very good always," answered Garda, with conviction.

"Not good. Appreciative."

"Whatever you call it, it's very nice—that I know. Still, all the same, I wouldn't be you, I wouldn't be like you, for anything you could name."

She spoke heartily. But Winthrop only laughed. Nothing seemed harsh coming from those lips; with those eyes sharp meanings had no existence.

The next day Lucian and his wife came down to Madam Giron's old house on the lagoon.

Three nights afterward, Margaret, awake between midnight and one o'clock, thought she heard Garda's door open; then, light steps in the hall. She left her bed, and opening the door between their two rooms, went through into Garda's chamber. It was empty; the moonlight shone across the floor. She returned to her own room, hastily threw on a white dressing-gown, twisted up her long soft hair, and put on a pair of low shoes. Then she stole out quietly, went down the stone staircase and through the lower hall, and found, as she expected, the outer door unfastened. She opened it, closed it softly after her, and stood alone in the night. She had to make a choice, and she had only the faintest indication to guide her—a possible clew in a remembered conversation; she followed this clew and turned toward the live-oak avenue. Her step was hurried; she almost ran. As she drew the floating lace-trimmed robe more closely about her, the moonlight shone, beneath its upheld folds, on her little white feet. She had never before been out alone under the open sky at that hour; she glanced over her shoulder, and shivered slightly, though the night was as warm as July. Her own shadow was like a living thing. The moonlight on the ground was so white that by contrast all the trees looked black.

The live-oak avenue, when she entered it, seemed a shelter; at least it was a roof over her head, shutting out the wide sky. The moonlight only came at intervals through the thick foliage, making silver checker-work on the path; she did not feel so conspicuous and unwonted to everything as she felt in the radiant light outside, which had seemed in some way an atmosphere she did not know, like the beautiful but strange light of another world.

There were two or three bends. Then a long straight stretch. As she came into this straight stretch she saw at the far end, going toward the lagoon, a figure—Garda. Behind Garda, doubly grotesque at that hour and in that changing shade and light, stepped the crane.

Margaret's footfalls made no sound on the soft sand of the path; she hurried onward, and passing the crane, laid her hand on the girl's shoulder. "Garda," she said.

Garda stopped, surprised. But though surprised, she was not startled; she was as calm as though she had been found walking there at noonday. She was fully dressed, and carried a light shawl.

"Margaret, is it you? Oh, are you going to faint?" she added, hastily, putting her arm round her friend as if to keep her from falling.

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Margaret let her head rest for a moment on Garda's shoulder; her heart was beating with suffocating rapidity, but she was not going to faint, as the girl had feared. She recovered herself, stood erect, and looked at her companion. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"I am going to try and find Lucian; but it may be only trying. He was to start from the Giron landing at one, when the tide would serve, he said. But you heard him, so you know as much about it as I do."

"No. For I don't know what *you're* going to do."

"Why, I've told you; I'm going to try to go with him, if I can. I'm going down to stand out at the edge of the platform, and then when he comes perhaps he will see me—it's so light—and take me in. I want to sail through that thick soft fog he told us about (when it comes up later), with the moonlight making it all queer and white; and the scents from off the land; and the odd muffled sounds you hear; and the gulls fast asleep and floating—don't you remember?"

"Then he doesn't expect you?"

"Oh no," said Garda; "it's my own idea. I knew he would be alone, because Mrs. Rosalie can't go out in fogs; she's afraid of rheumatism."

"And you see nothing out of the way in all this?"

"No."

"—Stealing out secretly—"

"Only because you would have stopped it if you had known."

"—At night, and by yourself?"

"The night's as good as the day when there's moonlight like this. And I shall not be by myself; I shall be with Lucian. I'd rather be with him than anybody."

"And Evert?"

"Evert's very nice," said Garda, pityingly. "But he still talks to me as if I were a little girl."

"I have talked to you in that way too," said Margaret, after a moment's pause.

"I know you have," answered Garda, laughingly. "But I don't mind it in you, Margaret; it's lovely, like everything else about you. Evert's different, I think; he ought to see, he ought to know, that I'm not a child any more—if I ever was a child of the kind *he* means. Evert! I'm tired of Evert."

"You'd better tell him that," said Margaret, with a quick and curious change in her voice.

"I will, if you think best."

"No, don't tell him; you're not in earnest," said Margaret, calming herself.

"Yes, I am in earnest. But I shall miss Lucian if I stay here longer."

"Garda, give this up."

"I don't see how you happened to hear me come out," said the girl, laughing and vexed.

"Have you been out in this way before?"

"No; how could I? Lucian has only just come down here. I should a great deal rather tell you everything, Margaret, as fast as I think of it, and I would—only you would be sure to stop it."

"I want to stop this. Give it up—if you care at all for me; I make it a test."

"You know I care. If you put it on that ground, of course I shall have to give it up," said Garda, disconsolately.

"Come back to the house, then," said Margaret, taking her hand.

"No, I'm not going back; I'm going down to the landing," answered the girl. She appeared to think that she had earned some obstinacy by her larger concession.

"But you said you would give up—"

"If we keep back under the trees he can not see us. I mean what I say—he *shall* not see us. But I want to see him; I want to see him go by."

She drew Margaret onward. And presently they reached the shore. "There he comes!" she said—"I hear the oars." And she held tightly to Margaret's hand, as if to keep herself from running out to the platform's edge.

The broad lagoon, rippling in the moonlight, lay before them. The night was so still that they heard the dip of the oars long before they saw the boat itself. Patricio, opposite, looked like a country in a dream. The giant limbs of the live-oak under which they stood rose high in the air above them, and then drooped down again far forward, the dark shade beneath concealing them perfectly, in spite of Margaret's ivory-white robe. Now the boat shot into sight. Its sail was up, white as silver; but as there was no wind, Lucian was rowing. It was a small, light boat, almost too small for the great silver sail. But that was what Lucian liked. He kept on his course far out in the stream; he was bound for the mouth of the harbor.

Garda gave a long sigh. "I ought to be there!" she murmured. "Oh, I ought to be there!" Then she stood motionless

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watching the boat come nearer, pass, and disappear, when she turned and looked at Margaret in silence.

"We can go out to-morrow evening, if you like," said Margaret, ignoring the expression of her face.

"Yes, at eight o'clock, I suppose, with Evert! and Ernesto! and Mrs. Rosalie!" said Garda, coming back to reality and sarcasm.

"Would you prefer to go in the middle of the night?"

"Infinitely. And with Lucian alone."

"I should think that might be a little tiresome."

"Oh, come, don't pretend; you don't know how," said Garda, laughing, and kissing her. "At heart you're as serious as death about all this—you know you are. Tiresome? Just looking at him, to begin with—do you call that tiresome? And then the way he talks, the way he says things! *He* is never solemn. *He* never speaks for my good! Oh, Margaret, I give you my word I *adore* being amused as Lucian amuses me." She turned as she said this and met Margaret's eyes fixed upon her. "You can't understand it," she commented. "You can't understand that I should prefer Lucian to Evert."

Margaret turned from her. But the next instant she came back. "We could not talk at the house, we might disturb Aunt Katrina, and there are some things I must ask you, Garda."

"Yes; do stay here a little longer, it's so lovely; we'll sit down on the bench. But perhaps you'll be chilled—you're so lightly dressed. What have you on your feet? Oh, Margaret! only those thin shoes —no more than slippers?" She took her shawl, and kneeling down, wrapped it round Margaret's ankles. "What little feet you have!" she said, admiringly. "It reminds me of my wet shoes that night on the barren," she added, rising. And then, standing there with her hands clasped behind her, she appeared to be meditating. "Now that time I was in earnest too," she said, with a sort of wonder at herself.

"What do you mean?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, nothing of consequence." She took off the black lace scarf which she had been wearing mantilla fashion, over her head, and put it round Margaret's neck. "That's every single thing I have," she said, regretfully.

"I'm quite warm; it's like summer."

"Yes, it's warm," said Garda, sitting down beside her. "Oh, I wish I were in that boat!" And she put her head down on Margaret's shoulder.

After a moment Margaret began her interrogatory. "You consider yourself engaged to Evert, don't you?"

"Yes, just as a form. He doesn't care about it."

"Yes, he does. You don't comprehend him."

"Don't you think he ought to *make* me comprehend, then? It seems to me that that's his part. But no; the real trouble is that he doesn't in the least comprehend *me*. He has got some idea of his own about me; he has had it all this time. But I'm not like his idea at all. I wonder how long it will be before he will find that out?"

"Don't you care for him, Garda?"

"No, not any more. I did once; at least that night on the barren I thought I did. But if I did, I am sure I don't know what has become of the feeling. At any rate it has gone, gone entirely. I only care for Lucian now."

"And would you give up Evert, engaged to him as you are, with your own consent and the consent of all your friends, for a mere fancy like this?"

"Mere fancy? I shall begin to think, Margaret, that you don't know what 'mere fancies,' as you call them, are," said Garda, laughing.

"And what view do you take of the fact that Lucian is a married man?" Margaret went on, gravely.

"A horribly melancholy one, of course. Still, it's a great pleasure just to see him. I try to see him as often as I can."

"And you're willing to follow him about as you do—let him see how much you like him, when, in reality, he doesn't care in the least for you? If he had cared he would never have left you, as he did last winter, at a moment's notice and without a word."

"No; I know he doesn't care for me as I care for him," said Garda. "But perhaps he will care more in time. I have thought that perhaps he would care more when he found out how I felt toward him."

Margaret got up. She made a motion with her hands almost as if she were casting the girl off. "Garda," she said, "you frighten me. I have tried to speak with

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the greatest moderation, because I have not thought you realized at all what you were saying. But you are so calm, you speak in such a tone! I can not understand it!"

"Well, Margaret, I've never tried to understand it myself. Why, then, should you try?" said Garda, in her indolent way.

Then, as she looked at Margaret, she became conscious of the marked change in her face, and it seemed to startle her. She rose and came to her. "One thing I know," she said, "if you are vexed with me, so vexed that you will have nothing more to do with me, I don't know what will become of me—what I may not do. You are the only woman I care for, the only woman I admire as well as love. *Don't* throw me over, Margaret. There's one thing that may happen," she added, looking at her friend with luminous gaze, "I may stop caring for Lucian of my own accord before long. You know I stopped caring for Evert."

"Oh, Garda! Garda!" murmured Margaret, putting her hand over her eyes.

"You are shocked because I tell you the exact truth. I believe you would like it better if I should dress it up, and pretend to have all sorts of excellent reasons. But I never have reasons; I only know how I feel. And you can't make me believe, either, that it isn't better to be true about your feelings than to tell lies just to make people think well of you."

"Garda, promise me not to see Lucian in this way again; that is, not to plan to see him," said Margaret, with a kind of desperation in her tone.

"Why, how can you suppose I would ever promise that?" asked Garda, astonished.

"Very well. Then I shall speak to him myself." And as she stood there, her tall slender figure outlined in white, and her dark blue eyes, which had a flash in them, fixed on the girl, Margaret Harold looked almost menacing.

"No; I don't think you would do that," answered Garda; "because as he doesn't care for me, it would be like throwing me at his head to let him see how much I care for him. And that you wouldn't like to do, because you have such a pride about it—for Evert's sake, I mean. Why don't you tell Evert instead of Lucian? I've thought seriously of telling Evert myself. The idea of his needing to be told!"

"It's because he has such a perfect belief in you," began Margaret. "He would never dream that you could—" She stopped, her lips had begun to tremble a little.

But Garda's face was turned away. She was not paying heed to what Margaret was saying. "No, you mustn't tell Lucian," she went on. "You wouldn't tell him on your own account, and you mustn't tell him on mine. For I don't want him to begin to like me in *that* way. The feeling must grow up of itself."

"You are right. I couldn't tell him. And the reason would be because I should be ashamed—ashamed for you."

But Garda was not moved by this. "I don't see any reason why we should be ashamed of our real feelings," she said again, with a sort of sweet stolidity.

"We go through life, Garda, more than half of us—women, I mean—obliged always to conceal our real feelings."

"Then *that* I never will do," said Garda, warmly. "And you shall see whether I come out any the worse for it in the end."

"You intend to do what you please, no matter who suffers?"

"They needn't suffer. It's silly to suffer. They'd better go and do what *they* please."

"And you think that right? You see nothing wrong in it?"

"Oh, right, wrong—no two people agree as to what those words mean. I think it's right to be happy, as right as possibly can be, and wrong to be unhappy, as wrong as possibly can be. I think unhappy people do a great deal of harm in the world, besides being so very tiresome. I was a goose to be as unhappy as I was last winter. I might have known that I should either get over caring for him like that, or else that I should see him again. In this case both happened."

After this declaration of principles the girl walked down the slope and out to the edge of the little platform, where she stood in the moonlight looking northward up the lagoon.

"I can just make out his sail," she said, calling back to Margaret, excitedly, and evidently having entirely forgotten her reasoning mood (which was indeed a very unusual mood with her) of the moment before. "The fog is rising. Come and look."

But Margaret did not come. When the sail finally disappeared, Garda came back,

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bright and happy. Then, as she saw her friend's face, her own face changed to sudden sympathy.

"Margaret," she said, taking her hands, "I can not bear to see you so distressed."

"How can I help it?" murmured Margaret. She looked exhausted; her eyelashes drooped and rested on her cheeks.

"You wouldn't care about all this as you do—care so deeply, I mean—if it were not for Evert," Garda went on. "It's that that hurts you so. Don't care so much about Evert. Throw him over, as I have done."

"It's true that I care about Evert—about his happiness," answered Margaret, in the same lifeless tone. "I have missed happiness myself; I don't want him to miss it." Here she raised her eyes. She looked at Garda for a long moment in silence.

The girl smiled under this inspection. Then she leaned forward, and put her soft cheek against Margaret's, and her arm round Margaret's shoulders with a caressing touch.

A revulsion of feeling swept over the elder woman. She took the girl's face in both her hands, and looked at it.

"Promise me to say nothing to Evert —I mean about this renewal of fancy you have for Lucian," she said, quickly.

"You call it fancy—"

"Never mind what I call it. Promise."

"Why, that's as you choose. I left it to you," Garda answered.

"I choose, then, that you say nothing. You're not really in earnest; you don't know what you're talking about. It's a a girl's foolishness. You will come to your senses in time."

"Is that the way you arrange it? Any way you like. Perhaps you really do know more about me than I know about myself," said Garda, with a momentary curiosity as to her own characteristics.

"I must go back," said Margaret, her fatigue again showing in her voice.

Garda put her arm round her as a support, and, thus linked, they walked back through the long avenue, now in darkness, now over the silver lace-work cast by the moon upon the path. Carlos Mateo, who had been off on unknown excursions, joined them again, issuing in a ghostly manner from the Spanish-bayonet walk, and falling into his usual place, about three yards behind them. The two linked figures crossed the open space, which was again as white as snow, with black trees standing at the edges, and went softly in through the unfastened door.

"I'm going to get you a glass of wine," Garda whispered.

Margaret declined the wine. She went to her own room.

But, twenty minutes later, Garda stole in and leaned over her. "You're crying," she said; "I knew it. Oh, Margaret! Margaret! why do you suffer so? There's nothing worth it; there's nothing in the whole world, Margaret, worth so much pain." And, crying herself, she laid her head down on the pillow beside her friend, and took her cold hands in hers.

"Don't mind," said Margaret, controlling herself. "I have my own troubles, Garda, and must bear them as I can. Go back to your room."

But Garda would not go. As there was no place for her in Margaret's narrow white bed, she got a coverlet and pillows and lay down on a lounge that was near. Here, almost immediately, though she said she should not, she fell asleep. The elder woman did not sleep; she lay watching the moonlight steal over the girl, then fade away. Later came the pink flush of dawn. It touched the lounge; but Garda slept on; she slept like a little child. Her curling hair fell over her shoulders; her cheek was pillowed on her round arm.

"So much truthfulness—such absolute truthfulness!" the elder woman was thinking; "there must be good in it; there *must*."

To this thought she clung as though it had been an anchor.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTH.

IT is borne in upon me, as the Friends would say, that I ought to bear my testimony of certain impressions made by a recent visit to the Gulf States. In doing this I am aware that I shall be under the suspicion of having received kindness and hospitality, and of forming opinions upon a brief sojourn. Both these facts must be confessed, and allowed their due weight in discrediting what I have to say. A month of my short visit was given to New Orleans in the spring, during the Exposition,

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and these impressions are mainly of Louisiana.

The first general impression made was that the war is over in spirit as well as in deed. The thoughts of the people are not upon the war, not much upon the past at all, except as their losses remind them of it, but upon the future, upon business, a revival of trade, upon education, and adjustment to the new state of things. The thoughts are not much upon politics either, or upon offices; certainly they are not turned more in this direction than the thoughts of people at the North are. When we read a dispatch which declares that there is immense dissatisfaction throughout Arkansas because offices are not dealt out more liberally to it, we may know that the case is exactly what it is in, say, Wisconsin—that a few political managers are grumbling, and that the great body of the people are indifferent, perhaps too indifferent, to the distribution of offices.

Undoubtedly immense satisfaction was felt at the election of Mr. Cleveland, and elation of triumph in the belief that now the party which had been largely a non-participant in Federal affairs would have a large share and weight in the administration. With this went, however, a new feeling of responsibility, of a stake in the country, that manifested itself at once in attachment to the Union as the common possession of all sections. I feel sure that Louisiana, for instance, was never in its whole history, from the day of the Jefferson purchase, so consciously loyal to the United States as it is to-day. I have believed that for the past ten years there has been growing in this country a stronger feeling of nationality—a distinct American historic consciousness—and nowhere else has it developed so rapidly of late as at the South. I am convinced that this is a genuine development of attachment to the Union and of pride in the nation, and not in any respect a political movement for unworthy purposes. I am sorry that it is necessary, for the sake of any lingering prejudice at the North, to say this. But it is time that sober, thoughtful, patriotic people at the North should quit representing the desire for office at the South as a desire to get into the government saddle and ride again with a "rebel" impulse. It would be, indeed, a discouraging fact if any considerable portion of the South held aloof in sullenness from Federal affairs. Nor is it any just cause either of reproach or of uneasiness that men who were prominent in the war of the rebellion should be prominent now in official positions, for with a few exceptions the worth and weight of the South went into the war. It would be idle to discuss the question whether the masses of the South were not dragooned into the war by the politicians; it is sufficient to recognize the fact that it became practically, by one means or another, a unanimous revolt.

One of the strongest impressions made upon a Northerner who visits the extreme South now, having been familiar with it only by report, is the extent to which it suffered in the war. Of course there was extravagance and there were impending bankruptcies before the war, debt, and methods of business inherently vicious, and no doubt the war is charged with many losses which would have come without it, just as in every crisis half the failures wrongfully accuse the crisis. Yet, with all allowance for these things, the fact remains that the war practically wiped out personal property and the means of livelihood. The completeness of this loss and disaster never came home to me before. In some cases the picture of the *ante bellum* civilization is more roseate in the minds of those who lost everything than cool observation of it would justify. But conceding this, the actual disaster needs no embellishment of the imagination. It seems to me, in the reverse, that the Southern people do not appreciate the sacrifices the North made for the Union. They do not, I think, realize the fact that the North put into the war its best blood, that every battle brought mourning into our households, and filled our churches day by day and year by year with the black garments of bereavement; nor did they ever understand the tearful enthusiasm for the Union and the flag, and the unselfish devotion that underlay all the self-sacrifice. Some time the Southern people will know that it was love for the Union, and not hatred of the South, that made heroes of the men and angels of renunciation of the women.

Yes, say our Southern friends, we can believe that you lost dear ones and were in mourning; but, after all, the North was prosperous; you grew rich; and when the war ended, life went on in the fullness of material prosperity. We lost not only our friends and relatives, fathers, sons, brothers, till there was scarcely a household

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that was not broken up, we lost not only the cause on which we had set our hearts, and for which we had suffered privation and hardship, were fugitives and wanderers, and endured the bitterness of defeat at the end, but our property was gone, we were stripped, with scarcely a home, and the whole of life had to be begun over again, under all the disadvantage of a sudden social revolution.

It is not necessary to dwell upon this or to heighten it, but it must be borne in mind when we observe the temper of the South, and especially when we are looking for remaining bitterness, and the wonder to me is that after so short a space of time there is remaining so little of resentment or of bitter feeling over loss and discomfiture. I believe there is not in history any parallel to it. Every American must take pride in the fact that Americans have so risen superior to circumstances, and come out of trials that thoroughly threshed and winnowed soul and body in a temper so gentle and a spirit so noble. It is good stuff that can endure a test of this kind.

A lady, whose family sustained all the losses that were possible in the war, said to me—and she said only what several others said in substance: "We are going to get more out of this war than you at the North, because we suffered more. We were drawn out of ourselves in sacrifices, and were drawn together in a tenderer feeling of humanity; I do believe we were chastened into a higher and purer spirit."

Let me not be misunderstood. The people who thus recognize the moral training of adversity and its effects upon character, and who are glad that slavery is gone, and believe that a new and better era for the South is at hand, would not for a moment put themselves in an attitude of apology for the part they took in the war, nor confess that they were wrong, nor join in any denunciation of the leaders they followed to their sorrow. They simply put the past behind them, so far as the conduct of the present life is concerned. They do not propose to stamp upon memories that are tender and sacred, and they cherish certain sentiments which are to them loyalty to their past and to the great passionate experiences of their lives. When a woman, who enlisted by the consent of Jeff Davis, whose name appeared for four years upon the rolls, and who endured all the perils and hardships of the conflict as a field nurse, speaks of "President" Davis, what does it mean? It is only a sentiment. This heroine of the war on the wrong side had in the Exposition a tent, where the veterans of the Confederacy recorded their names. On one side, at the back of the tent, was a table piled with touching relics of the war, and above it a portrait of Robert E. Lee, wreathed in immortelles. It was surely a harmless shrine. On the other side was also a table, piled with fruit and cereals—not relics, but signs of prosperity and peace—and above it a portrait of Ulysses S. Grant. Here was the sentiment, cherished with an aching heart maybe, and here was the fact of the Union and the future.

Another strong impression made upon the visitor is, as I said, that the South has entirely put the past behind it, and is devoting itself to the work of rebuilding on new foundations. There is no reluctance to talk about the war, or to discuss its conduct and what might have been. But all this is historic. It engenders no heat. The mind of the South to-day is on the development of its resources, upon the rehabilitation of its affairs. I think it is rather more concerned about national prosperity than it is about the great problem of the negro—but I will refer to this further on. There goes with this interest in material development the same interest in the general prosperity of the country that exists at the North—the anxiety that the country should prosper, acquit itself well, and stand well with the other nations. There is, of course, a sectional feeling—as to tariff, as to internal improvements—but I do not think the Southern States are any more anxious to get things for themselves out of the Federal government than the Northern States are. That the most extreme of Southern politicians have any sinister purpose (any more than any of the Northern "rings" on either side have) in wanting to "rule" the country, is, in my humble opinion, only a chimera evoked to make political capital.

Illustrations in point as to the absolute subsidence of hostile intention (this phrase I know will sound queer in the South), and the laying aside of bitterness for the past, are not necessary in the presence of a strong general impression, but they might be given in great number. I note one that was significant from its origin, re-

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membering, what is well known, that women and clergymen are always the last to experience subsidence of hostile feeling after a civil war. On the Confederate Decoration Day in New Orleans I was standing near the Confederate monument in one of the cemeteries when the veterans marched in to decorate it. First came the veterans of the Army of Virginia, last those of the Army of Tennessee, and between them the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, Union soldiers now living in Louisiana. I stood beside a lady whose name, if I mentioned it, would be recognized as representative of a family which was as conspicuous, and did as much and lost as much, as any other in the war—a family that would be popularly supposed to cherish unrelenting feelings. As the veterans, some of them on crutches, many of them with empty sleeves, grouped themselves about the monument, we remarked upon the sight as a touching one, and I said, "I see you have no address on Decoration Day; at the North we still keep up the custom." "No," she replied; "we have given it up. So many imprudent things were said that we thought best to discontinue the address." And then, after a pause, she added, thoughtfully, "Each side did the best it could; it is all over and done with, and let's have an end of it." In the mouth of the lady who uttered it, the remark was very significant, but it expresses, I am firmly convinced, the feeling of the South.

Of course the South will build monuments to its heroes, and weep over their graves, and live upon the memory of their devotion and genius. In Heaven's name, why shouldn't it? Is human nature itself to be changed in twenty years?

A long chapter might be written upon the dis-likeness of North and South, the difference in education, in training, in mental inheritances, the misapprehensions, radical and very singular to us, of the civilization of the North. We must recognize certain historic facts, not only the effect of the institution of slavery, but other facts in Southern development. Suppose we say that an unreasonable prejudice exists, or did exist, about the people of the North. That prejudice is a historic fact, of which the statesman must take account. It enters into the question of the time needed to effect the revolution now in progress. There are prejudices in the North about the South as well. We admit their existence. But what impresses me is the rapidity with which they are disappearing in the South. Knowing what human nature is, it seems incredible that they could have subsided so rapidly. Enough remain for national variety, and enough will remain for purposes of social badinage, but common interests in the country and in making money are melting them away very fast. So far as loyalty to the government is concerned, I am not authorized to say that it is as deeply rooted in the South as in the North, but it is expressed as vividly, and felt with a good deal of fresh enthusiasm. The "American" sentiment, pride in this as the most glorious of all lands, is genuine, and amounts to enthusiasm with many who would in an argument glory in their rebellion. "We had more loyalty to our States than you had," said one lady, "and we have transferred it to the whole country."

But the negro? Granting that the South is loyal enough, wishes never another rebellion, and is satisfied to be rid of slavery, do not the people intend to keep the negroes practically a servile class, slaves in all but the name, and to defeat by chicanery or by force the legitimate results of the war and of enfranchisement? This is a very large question, and can not be discussed in my limits. If I were to say what my impression is, it would be about this: the South is quite as much perplexed by the negro problem as the North is, and is very much disposed to await developments, and to let time solve it. One thing, however, must be admitted in all this discussion. The Southerners will not permit such Legislatures as those assembled once in Louisiana and South Carolina to rule them again. "Will you disfranchise the blacks by management or by force?" "Well, what would you do in Ohio or in Connecticut? Would you be ruled by a lot of ignorant field hands allied with a gang of plunderers?"

In looking at this question from a Northern point of view we have to keep in mind two things: first, the Federal government imposed colored suffrage without any educational qualification—a hazardous experiment; in the second place, it has handed over the control of the colored people in each State to the State, under the Constitution, as completely in Louisiana as in New York. The responsibility is on Louisiana. The North can not relieve her

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of it, and it can not interfere, except by ways provided in the Constitution. In the South, where fear of a legislative domination has gone, the feeling between the two races is that of amity and mutual help. This is, I think, especially true in Louisiana. The Southerners never have forgotten the loyalty of the slaves during the war, the security with which the white families dwelt in the midst of a black population while all the white men were absent in the field; they often refer to this. It touches with tenderness the new relation of the races. I think there is generally in the South a feeling of good-will toward the negroes, a desire that they should develop into true manhood and womanhood. Undeniably there is indifference and neglect and some remaining suspicion about the schools that Northern charity has organized for the negroes. As to this neglect of the negro, two things are to be said: the whole subject of education (as we have understood it in the North) is comparatively new in the South; and the necessity of earning a living since the war has distracted attention from it. But the general development of education is quite as advanced as could be expected. The thoughtful and the leaders of opinion are fully awake to the fact that the mass of the people must be educated, and that the only settlement of the negro problem is in the education of the negro, intellectually and morally. They go further than this. They say that for the South to hold its own—since the negro is there and will stay there, and is the majority of the laboring class—it is necessary that the great agricultural mass of unskilled labor should be transformed, to a great extent, into a class of skilled labor, skilled on the farm, in shops, in factories, and that the South must have a highly diversified industry. To this end they want industrial as well as ordinary schools for the colored people.

It is believed that, with this education and with diversified industry, the social question will settle itself, as it does the world over. Society can not be made or unmade by legislation. In New Orleans the street cars are free to all colors; at the Exposition white and colored people mingled freely, talking and looking at what was of common interest.

We who live in States where hotel-keepers exclude Hebrews can not say much about the exclusion of negroes from Southern hotels. There are prejudices remaining. There are cases of hardship on the railways, where for the same charge perfectly respectable and nearly white women are shut out of cars while there is no discrimination against dirty and disagreeable white people. In time all this will doubtless rest upon the basis it rests on at the North, and social life will take care of itself. It is my impression that the negroes are no more desirous to mingle socially with the whites than the whites are with the negroes. Among the negroes there are social grades as distinctly marked as in white society. What will be the final outcome of the juxtaposition nobody can tell; meantime it must be recorded that good-will exists between the races.

I had one day at the Exposition an interesting talk with the colored woman in charge of the Alabama section of the exhibit of the colored people. This exhibit, made by States, was suggested and promoted by Major Burke in order to show the whites what the colored people could do, and as a stimulus to the latter. There was not much time—only two or three months—in which to prepare the exhibit, and it was hardly a fair showing of the capacity of the colored people. The work was mainly women's work—embroidery, sewing, household stuffs, with a little of the handiwork of artisans, and an exhibit of the progress in education; but small as it was, it was wonderful as the result of only a few years of freedom. The Alabama exhibit was largely from Mobile, and was due to the energy, executive ability, and taste of the commissioner in charge. She was a quadroon, a widow, a woman of character and uncommon mental and moral quality. She talked exceedingly well, and with a practical good sense which would be notable in anybody. In the course of our conversation the whole social and political question was gone over. Herself a person of light color, and with a confirmed social prejudice against black people, she thoroughly identified herself with the colored race, and it was evident that her sympathies were with them. She confirmed what I had heard of the social grades among colored people, but her whole soul was in the elevation of her race as a race, inclining always to their side, but with no trace of hostility to the whites. Many of her best friends were whites, and perhaps the most valuable part of her education was acquired in families of

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social distinction. "I can illustrate," she said, "the state of feeling between the two races in Mobile by an incident last summer. There was an election coming off in the city government, and I knew that the reformers wanted and needed the colored vote. I went, therefore, to some of the chief men, who knew me and had confidence in me, for I had had business relations with many of them [she had kept a fashionable boarding-house], and told them that I wanted the Opera-house for the colored people to give an entertainment and exhibition in. The request was extraordinary. Nobody but white people had ever been admitted to the Opera-house. But, after some hesitation and consultation, the request was granted. We gave the exhibition, and the white people all attended. It was really a beautiful affair, lovely tableaux, with gorgeous dresses, recitations, etc., and everybody was astonished that the colored people had so much taste and talent, and had got on so far in education. They said they were delighted and surprised, and they liked it so well that they wanted the entertainment repeated—it was given for one of our charities—but I was too wise for that. I didn't want to run the chance of destroying the impression by repeating, and I said we would wait awhile, and then show them something better. Well, the election came off in August, and everything went all right, and now the colored people in Mobile can have anything they want. There is the best feeling between the races. I tell you we should get on beautifully if the politicians would let us alone. It is politics that has made all the trouble in Alabama and in Mobile." And I learned that in Mobile, as in many other places, the negroes were put in minor official positions, the duties of which they were capable of discharging, and had places in the police.

On "Louisiana Day" in the Exposition the colored citizens took their full share of the parade and the honors. Their societies marched with the others, and the races mingled on the grounds in unconscious equality of privileges. Speeches were made, glorifying the State and its history, by able speakers, the Governor among them, but it was the testimony of Democrats of undoubted Southern orthodoxy that the honors of the day were carried off by a colored clergyman, an educated man, who united eloquence with excellent good sense, and who spoke as a citizen of Louisiana, proud of his native State, dwelling with richness of allusion upon its history. It was a perfectly manly speech in the assertion of the rights and the position of his race, and it breathed throughout the same spirit of good-will and amity in a common hope of progress that characterized the talk of the colored woman commissioner of Mobile. It was warmly applauded, and accepted, so far as I heard, as a matter of course.

No one, however, can see the mass of colored people in the cities and on the plantations, the ignorant mass, slowly coming to moral consciousness, without a recognition of the magnitude of the negro problem. I am glad that my State has not the practical settlement of it, and I can not do less than express profound sympathy with the people who have. They inherit the most difficult task now anywhere visible in human progress. They will make mistakes, and they will do injustice now and then; but one feels like turning away from these, and thanking God for what they do well.

There are many encouraging things in the condition of the negro. Good-will, generally, among the people where he lives is one thing; their tolerance of his weaknesses and failings is another. He is himself, here and there, making heroic sacrifices to obtain an education. There are negro mothers earning money at the wash-tub to keep their boys at school and in college. In the Southwest there is such a call for colored teachers that the Straight University in New Orleans, which has about five hundred pupils, can not begin to supply the demand, although the teachers, male and female, are paid from thirty-five to fifty dollars a month. A colored graduate of this school a year ago is now superintendent of the colored schools in Memphis, at a salary of $1200 a year.

Are these exceptional cases? Well, I suppose it is also exceptional to see a colored clergyman in his surplice seated in the chancel of the most important white Episcopal church in New Orleans, assisting in the service; but it is significant. There are many good auguries to be drawn from the improved condition of the negroes on the plantations, the more rational and less emotional character of their religious services, and the hold of the temperance movement on all classes in the country places.

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THE EARLIEST SETTLEMENT IN OHIO.

IN the whole West there is no other colony in which original and distinguishing characteristics are so distinctly preserved as in Marietta, Ohio, one of the fairest of the many towns which beautify the shores of *la belle rivière*. The Western Reserve, as a whole, is essentially a reproduction of Connecticut—a copy in which the colors of the prototype appear at once faded and freshened; but Marietta is a brilliant, faithfully exact miniature of New England—a picture in which not only the outward form of resemblance, but the very spirit of likeness, is presented. Possibly the peculiarly Eastern or New England aspect of the town is heightened by contrast with its near neighbors upon the Virginia side of the river, and with the composite population of southeastern Ohio surrounding it. At any rate, the traveller from Massachusetts or Connecticut, who feels a most uncomfortable stranger within the gates of almost any other town along the Ohio, finds himself at home in Marietta. If he sojourns there a few days, he discovers that the names of the people whom he meets are familiar ones in his native State. It requires no stretch of imagination to detect resemblances to New England facial types, to New England manners, and to New England speech. The substantial dwellings have a comfortable, thrifty appearance, a homely dignity of expression which recalls those of the older Eastern States; the stately elms which shade the streets and spacious door-yards offer a pleasant suggestion of the New England village; the surrounding landscape seems but to sustain the illusion; and even the little steamboats upon the Muskingum are like those which ply upon the Connecticut River, far up in Massachusetts. The visitor is surprised at nothing which meets his eye—except the whole. How came it here, this typical New England village, set in its amphitheatre of wooded hills upon the banks of the Ohio? As the earliest settlement in Ohio—in fact, the first organized permanent English settlement in the old Northwest Territory, from which were carved the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin—Marietta possesses a peculiar historic interest.

The spirit of emigration was very naturally developed in the young, strong, expansive nation, born amid the throes of the Revolution, and yet the first movement westward was as much the result of a pressing necessity as of the growth of independence and enterprise among the people. During the closing years of the war the subject of Western colonization was strongly agitated among the officers of the colonial army. In 1776 the Congress of the confederation had taken steps toward making an appropriation of lands for these officers, and passed laws prescribing the number of acres each one, according to his rank, should receive. In 1783, seeing that the final reduction of the army must soon take place, the officers, to the number of two hundred and eighty-eight, anxious for definite action, petitioned Congress to locate the lands they were entitled to somewhere in the region now known as eastern Ohio, but even the great influence of Washington was not sufficient to bring about the object sought, and no legislation affecting the interests of the petitioners was enacted. Congress had not yet a perfect title to the territory northwest of the Ohio. It must be remembered that the officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary army did not receive money for their priceless services, but almost valueless certificates. In 1784 they were worth only about 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* to the pound, face value, and as late as 1788 they brought not more than 5*s.* or 6*s.*

Such was the situation when a new scheme, and one which finally proved effective—that of buying outright what the nation refused to bestow—began to form itself in the minds of a few earnest thinkers in Massachusetts.

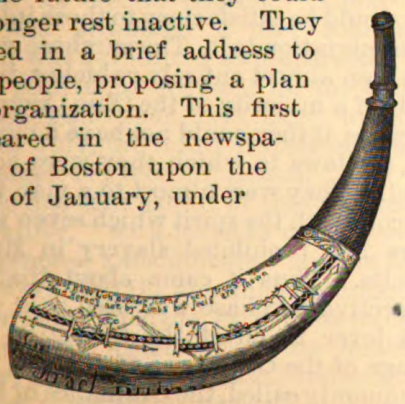
Early in January, 1786, a conversation occurred between General Rufus Putnam and General Benjamin Tupper, which led to the organization of the New England Ohio Company, and the founding of Marietta. This conference took place at Putnam's home, in Rutland, Worcester County, Massachusetts. At the close of the war General Putnam retired to his farm and followed agriculture and surveying. He was not contented, however, with a quiet life; his energy sought grander channels of action. He was foremost among the men who sought by argument and appeal to induce Congress to grant the petition of the officers for the bestowal of their bounty lands. He carried on a long correspondence with

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Washington upon the subject, in the course of which he proposed the admirable system of township division which was ultimately adopted in the West, and which was the natural precursor of the planting of the township organization called by Tocqueville the "miniature republic." General Putnam was not an educated man, but he possessed strong native ability, keen judgment, steadfastness of purpose, and an almost superhuman energy. Like most of his fellow-officers, he was in reduced circumstances.

To this man came General Benjamin Tupper, just returned from the West, whither he had gone in 1785 as one of a company of surveyors, appointed by Congress to lay out in ranges and townships the lands now comprised in southeastern Ohio. Like Putnam, Tupper was a native of Massachusetts, and he had fought bravely in two wars, his gallant services in the Revolution resulting in his being made a brigadier.

These men, formerly comrades in arms, seated before the great fire-place in Putnam's farm-house, upon a winter evening, conversed earnestly and long—so long that the massive logs before them burned to crumbling embers, and the gray light of dawn came to mingle with the fire-glow while they were still engaged. Their eventful past, their campaigns and victories, their troubled present, their poverty and disappointments, their hopeful future, their anticipation of adventure in a remote wilderness, which General Tupper probably painted in roseate hues, were probably all touched upon. Doubtless the conversation was desultory, but it bore definite results. The old soldiers so strengthened each other's faith in the future that they could no longer rest inactive. They joined in a brief address to the people, proposing a plan of organization. This first appeared in the newspapers of Boston upon the 25th of January, under



POWDER-HORN OF ISRAEL PUTNAM.



RUFUS PUTNAM.

the caption of "Information," signed by Rufus Putnam and Benjamin Tupper, and dated Rutland, January 10, 1786. The subscribers stated that they took "this method to inform all officers and soldiers who have served in the late war, and who are by a late ordinance of the honorable Congress to receive certain tracts of land in the Ohio country, and also all other good citizens who wish to become adventurers in that delightful region, that from personal inspection, together with other incontestable evidences, they are fully satisfied that the lands in that quarter are of a much better quality than any other known to the New England people; that the climate, seasons, products, etc., are, in fact, equal to the most flattering accounts that have ever been published of them; that being determined to become purchasers, and to prosecute a settlement in that country, and desirous of forming a general association with those who entertain the same ideas, they beg leave to propose the following plan, viz.: That an association by the name of the Ohio Company be formed of all such as wish to become purchasers, etc., in that country, who reside in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts only, or to extend to the inhabitants of other States, as shall be agreed on."

It was further proposed that in order to bring such a company into existence all persons who wished to promote the

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scheme should meet in their respective counties, at places designated, on the 15th of February following, and choose delegates, who should assemble at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, in Boston, on Wednesday, the 1st of March, 1786, and there determine upon a plan of association.

The plan proposed was duly executed, the delegates meeting at the time appointed, and three days later adopting articles of agreement, and electing officers. The delegates at this historic meeting, which, small as it was, may, from the nature of its object, have attracted some attention in colonial Boston, consisting of less than twenty thousand inhabitants, were Manasseh Cutler, of Essex County; Winthrop Sargent and John Mills, of Suffolk; John Brooks and Thomas Cushing, of Middlesex; Benjamin Tupper, of Hampshire; Crocker Sampson, of Plymouth; Rufus Putnam, of Worcester; Jelaliel Woodbridge and John Patterson, of Berkshire; and Abraham Williams, of Barnstable. It was decided to raise a fund of not less than one million dollars, in shares of one thousand dollars each. After the lapse of a little more than a year, upon March 8, 1787, the second meeting of the Ohio Company was held at Brackett's Tavern, Boston, and it was reported that although only two hundred and fifty shares had been subscribed for, there were many in Massachusetts, also in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire, who were inclined to become adventurers, and who were only restrained by the uncertainty of obtaining a sufficient tract of country, collectively, for a good settlement.

It was now decided to make direct and immediate application for the purchase of lands in the territory northwest of the Ohio River, and as an agent to negotiate with Congress the associates chose one of their own number, the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, pastor of a little Congregational church in the hamlet of Ipswich (now Hamilton), Massachusetts.

The company could have employed no better man than Dr. Cutler. In the prime of life, forty-five years of age, he was, perhaps, second in general genius and culture to no living American, except Franklin, and his name possessed a prestige in the literary and scientific circles of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Since his graduation from Yale, twenty-two years before, he had studied and taken degrees in the three learned professions, divinity, law, and medicine. His education was one of unusual solidity, and the versatility of his genius was attested by the fact that in addition to his clerical duties he had written upon meteorology, astronomy, and botany. His strength was rendered readily effective by the possession of a keen insight into human nature and of a courtly grace of conversation. He was further qualified for the duty he was to undertake by his deep sympathy with the Revolutionary soldiers. He had been among them as chaplain through two campaigns.

Had Dr. Cutler gone forth as the ambassador of a powerful nation, his mission could not have been more vastly important than it was in his capacity as agent for this feeble, struggling colonization society, nor could it have demanded more consummate tact. He journeyed in humble style in his one-horse shay or gig, and there was nothing in the appearance of the quiet, comfortable, dignified New England parson, leisurely jogging along the country roads of Massachusetts and Connecticut, suggestive of the mighty influence he was to exert in moulding the future of the West and of the nation. He left his home in the latter part of June, preached in two towns (Lynn, Massachusetts, and Middletown, Connecticut), where he tarried for Sunday rest, and arrived in New York, where the Continental Congress was then in session, on July 5, "by the road," he chronicles, "that enters the Bowery." He put up his horse "at the sign of the 'Plow and the Harrow' in the Bowery barns."

The work which this man was to perform in Congress was twofold. He sought to purchase a large tract of public land at the most advantageous terms possible, and to procure such legislation for the territory as would be satisfactory to those intending immigration to it. The purchase would have been almost entirely valueless, in the minds of a majority of the Ohio Company associates, if they could not have it clothed with the laws to which they were accustomed. They were almost to a man fully in accord with the spirit which seven years before had prohibited slavery in Massachusetts. Thus it came about that the prospective purchase was used as a powerful lever to effect the formation and passage of the Ordinance of 1787, or, as it is commonly called, the Ordinance of Freedom. The details of the plan by which

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Dr. Cutler accomplished his dual object would fill a volume. In brief, he used every argument, every element of personal persuasion, every art of diplomacy, which could have an effect in his favor. He pictured the needs of the brave men who sought to make the purchase and the debt of gratitude which the nation owed them. He urged as an important consideration the revenue which would accrue to the government from the sale, and from others which would probably quickly follow. There was at this time a strong feeling of disaffection in Kentucky, and imminent danger that that Territory would embrace the first opportunity to join her fortunes with Spain. The planting beyond the Ohio of a strong colony of men whose patriotism was unquestioned, Dr. Cutler argued, would be a measure well calculated to bind the West to the East and promote union. Virginia and the South generally were intensely patriotic, and it is probable that this consideration was of great importance in the opinion of their delegates in Congress, and led them not only to favor comparatively easy terms of sale to the Ohio Company, but to permit the enactment of such an ordinance as that body of men desired. Up to this time every ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory containing an antislavery clause had been voted down, and even the inoperative ordinance of 1784, of which Thomas Jefferson was the author, had before its passage been shorn of its article prohibiting slavery after the year 1800. The ordinance before Congress when Dr. Cutler arrived in New York contained no restriction of slavery whatever. Still, it had come down to the 9th of July, and passed its second reading. Upon that day was appointed a new committee, which was authorized to prepare and submit a plan of government for the Federal territory, and four days later, upon the 13th of July, the result of their labors, the Ordinance of Freedom, passed. The committee had sent a draft of the ordinance to Dr. Cutler, "with leave to make remarks and propose amendments," and he found afterward that the amendments suggested by him were all made, except one (relating to taxation), which was better qualified. There is evidence extant, indisputable, that the measures introduced by his agency, and the passage of which was secured through his sagacity, were those forever proscribing slavery and encouraging religion, morality, and education. A concession made to the South, which doubtless had some weight in influencing the vote



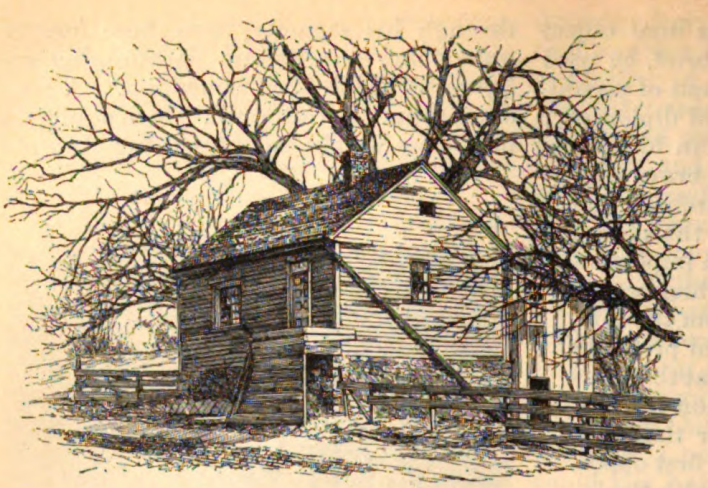
MANASSEH CUTLER.

approving the ordinance, was the insertion of a clause allowing owners to reclaim runaway slaves who escaped into the territory.

Dr. Cutler labored most zealously with the Southern members of Congress, and it was by their votes the law was passed. His jovial conversation and genial, hearty manner evidently won their friendship, as his culture commanded their admiration. In the divine, the bookworm, the scientist, they doubtless failed to see the skillful diplomatist with a shrewd knowledge of men—the pioneer and the prince of lobbyists. Dr. Cutler in his journal mentions one of them, who, he says, "calls me a frank, open, honest New England man, which he considers as an uncommon animal."

At the time the ordinance was passed, Dr. Cutler was in Philadelphia visiting Benjamin Franklin, but he returned to New York upon the 17th of July. Upon the 27th of that month Congress passed an act authorizing a sale of lands to the

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GENERAL RUFUS PUTNAM'S LAND-OFFICE.

Ohio Company upon the precise terms offered by Dr. Cutler and his associate, Winthrop Sargent. The contract, far exceeding any ever before made in the United States, was closed in New York on the 27th of October following, being signed by Samuel Osgood and Arthur Lee of the Board of Treasury, and Cutler and Sargent for the Ohio Company. It covered 1,500,000 acres of land upon the Ohio, about the mouth of the Muskingum, for which the price to be paid was one dollar an acre, with an allowance for bad land not to exceed one-third of a dollar per acre. Dr. Cutler secured the grant of two townships of land for the support of a university, and incorporated in the contract clauses setting apart one mile square in each township for the maintenance of schools, and the same amount for religious institutions. Thus it came about that the declaration of the ordinance, "schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged," did not stand upon the statute-books as an empty flourish of words.

Prior to the time the ordinance was passed and contract secured, Generals Putnam and Tupper, Dr. Cutler, General Samuel H. Parsons, Winthrop Sargent, and other prominent men were actively engaged in advancing the interests of the Ohio Company, and they now redoubled their efforts, and sought everywhere for responsible people who would become subscribers to their fund, and for men who were willing to go to the West as pioneers. The work of arousing a spirit of emigration among the masses was attended with many difficulties. The public prints were used to disseminate knowledge concerning the Ohio country and the scheme for its settlement. Dr. Cutler published anonymously at Salem, Massachusetts, a small pamphlet, in which was presented the fullest information attainable in regard to the region beyond the Ohio, and especially that part about the Muskingum. It contained also some prophecies which were undoubtedly regarded as the wildest of improbabilities or impossibilities, born in the brain of a sanguine visionary. Among other things, the pamphlet set forth what was probably the first suggestion ever made in print of the mighty commerce that the future would witness upon the Western rivers, and of the employment of steam in its service. The author said that the "current down the Ohio and Mississippi" would be "more loaded than any streams on earth," and "in all probability steamboats will be found to do infinite service in all our river navigation." This was published just twenty years before Fulton's successful application of steam to navigation; but it is worthy of note that Miller in Scotland had that very year demonstrated the practicability of propelling boats by this power, and Dr. Cutler being a scientist, fully abreast with the times, and in communication with certain *savants* and scientific societies of Europe, in all probability had had early knowledge of the fact.

It was natural that a publication containing the predictions that many people then living would see the Western rivers navigated by steamboats, and that in fifty years the Northwest Territory would contain more people than all New England, should be very generally ridiculed, for the masses then more universally than now were wont to receive new ideas with skepticism and scoffing. The idea of Western emigration and its enthusiastic advocates were alike the subjects of wide-spread scorn and derision. The accounts of the Western country circulated by the leading men of the Ohio Company were very generally received with incredulity, and commented

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upon with sarcasm. The Ohio Valley was derisively dubbed "Putnam's Paradise" and "Cutler's Indian Heaven," and the wags of the day exercised their wit in the invention of extravagant and burlesqued recitals of the charms of the region to Ohio"—the Marietta which was to be—laid out on paper.

On the 1st of December, 1787, the advance detachment of the company's first band of pioneers departed for the West from Danvers, Massachusetts, under the

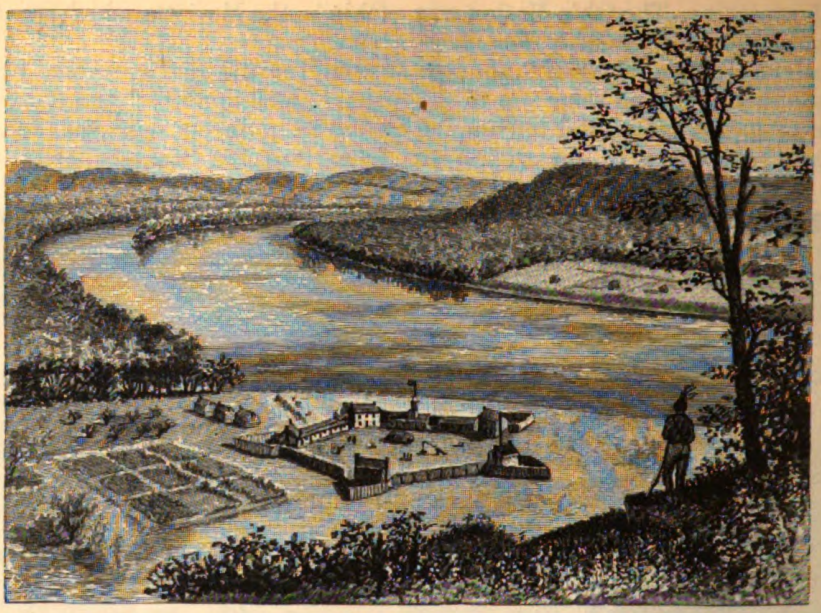


SITE OF MARIETTA IN 1788.

which a few of their fellow-citizens were endeavoring to turn the serious attention of the people. There was opposition, too, of a more dignified and possibly more dangerous order. There was really much to be feared from the hostility of the Indians, and many influential men in Massachusetts from various motives were seeking to direct the tide of emigration toward Maine. Nevertheless, the Ohio Company associates were enabled to carry out their long-cherished plans. In spite of all obstacles, they seem never to have wavered in their faith of ultimate success. At meetings of the directors held at intervals in Boston taverns (the Bunch of Grapes, Brackett's, and Cromwell's Head) the financial affairs of the organization had been arranged, multitudinous details decided upon, a plan for surveying the lands of the purchase formulated, and "a city at the confluence of the Muskingum and

command of Major Haffield White, being sent ahead to build boats upon the Youghiogheny, a small affluent of the Monongahela, in western Pennsylvania. Another party, including the surveyors and a number of the Ohio Company proprietors, under Colonel Ebenezer Sproat, left Hartford, Connecticut, January 1, 1788. General Putnam, who was to have commanded the march, was detained by business in New York, and overtook the company in eastern Pennsylvania on the 24th of the month. Their progress from this time was slow and tedious, owing to the severity of the weather and a heavy fall of snow. When they arrived at the Alleghanies the situation was such as might have appalled men less brave and less inured to hardship. General Putnam in his journal says they "found nothing had crossed the mountains since the great snow, and in the old snow, twelve inches

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FORT HARMAR, BUILT IN 1785.

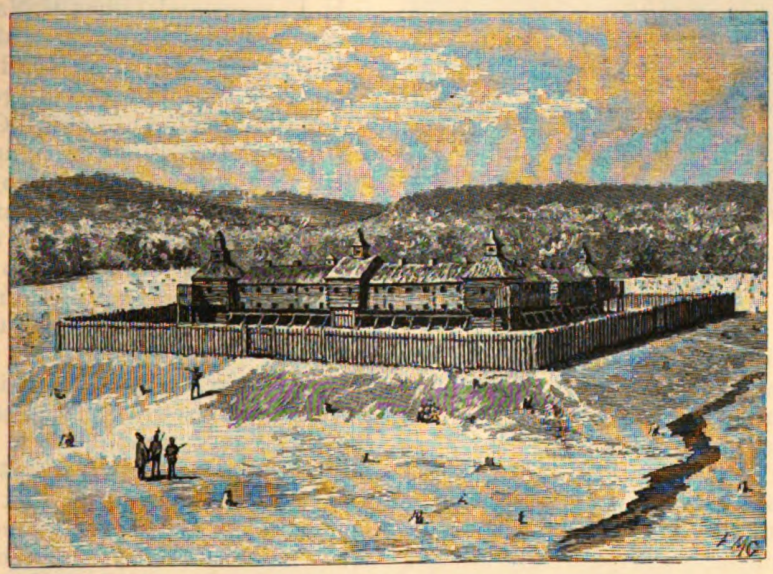
deep, nothing but pack-horses." The trail, difficult of travel at any time, was now almost impassable. But the march of these hardy, resolute men toward their destination was not to be stayed by storm or danger. "Our only resource," continues the leader of the expedition in his simple narrative, "was to build sleds and harness our horses to them tandem, and in this way, with four sleds, and men marching in front, we set forward." Winding slowly and with infinite toil through the mountain passes, the men breaking a way in the trackless, drifted snow along which their jaded horses could more easily draw the cumbrous, heavily laden sledges, the little company, consisting of less than a score of souls, journeyed on. At night they slept around huge blazing fires, which, however, they often had difficulty in kindling. They were two weeks in the mountains, and suffered much from excessive cold and the arduousness of their labors. General Putnam, writing to Dr. Cutler, says, "It would give you pain, and me no pleasure, to detail our march over the mountains, or our delays afterward on account of bad weather and other misfortunes." On the 14th of February, a month and a half after leaving Hartford, they arrived at Sumrill's Ferry, on the Youghiogheny (in pioneer parlance the "Yoh"), where they met the men who had preceded them. The remainder of February and the whole of March was consumed in the building of boats, and on the 1st of April the united company, embarking upon a little flotilla consisting of three log canoes, a flat-boat, and a galley of fifty tons burden, called originally the *Adventure Galley*, but afterward the *Mayflower*, left Sumrill's Ferry, on the Youghiogheny, and floating down that stream to the Monongahela, was borne onward to the Ohio. Peacefully and uneventfully the great river swept them southward, the weather becoming daily more balmy and vegetation farther advanced as they proceeded. They arrived and disembarked at the site of Marietta upon April 7, 1788, and thus by forty-eight men was begun the settlement of the State of Ohio and of the Northwest Territory.

Tradition has it that the first two men who sprang ashore from the *Mayflower* began a good-natured but zealous rivalry to see who should chop down the first tree, one of them selecting a buckeye, and the other, in his undue haste, some species of hard timber, and it has been asserted that, from the very natural circumstance of the former being the first brought to the ground originated the application of the name to the people and the State which afterward came into existence. It seems more probable, however, that the *sobriquet* had its origin in another way.

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The attention of the Delaware Indians who greeted the pioneers was quickly attracted by the tall, erect, soldierly figure of Colonel Ebenezer Sproat, whom they designated as Hetuck, or the big Buckeye—an appellation which might easily have grown into use as a generic one for the pioneers, as the majority of them possessed figures which would suggest to the Indians, always poetical and descriptive in their nomenclature, a comparison with the stately, symmetrical tree which grows by the Western water-courses.

sides measured one hundred and eighty feet, surrounded by a line of heavy palisades. It contained seventy-two rooms, each one eighteen feet square or more, and it was estimated that in case of necessity nearly nine hundred people could live within its walls. Tastefully as well as strongly constructed, Campus Martius doubtless merited the words of one of the pioneers who, in writing to relatives in Massachusetts, said, "It is the handsomest pile of buildings this side of the Alleghany Mountains."

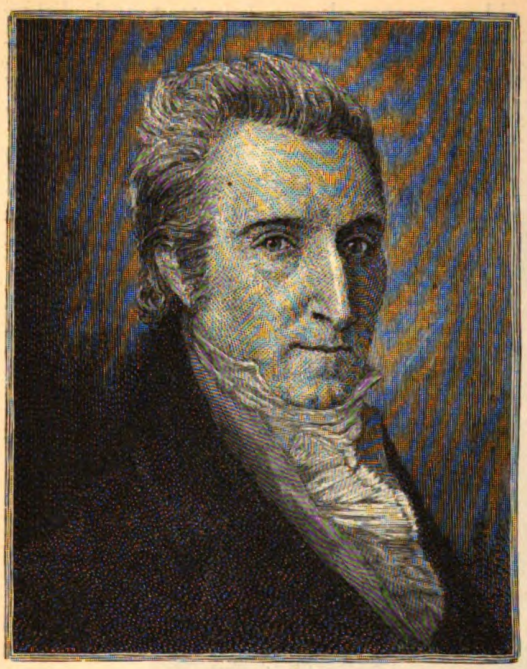


CAMPUS MARTIUS, THE FIRST HOME OF THE PIONEERS.

Fort Harmar, the second fort erected by the English west of the Ohio, and at the time the colonists arrived the only one in existence, had been built in 1785 at the mouth of the Muskingum, opposite the site of Marietta. Very likely the Ohio Company, in selecting the locality for their city, had been influenced in some measure by the idea of securing its protection. General Putnam, however, with the prudence and good judgment which ever characterized him, took immediate measures for the building of another defense, exclusively for the people of the colony. This was Campus Martius, the first home of the pioneers, and destined to be for five long years the military camp which its name implied. It was a substantial structure of timber, a parallelogram or hollow square, of which the

The same somewhat pedantic predilection for classical nomenclature which led to the naming of Campus Martius accounts for the terms applied to portions of the extensive and wonderful system of ancient works which the colonists found covering the ground on which they proposed to build their city, as *Quadranaon*, *Capitolium*, and *Cecelia* (elevated squares of earth apparently constructed as the foundations of temples), and *Sacra Via* (a great graded way, leading from the walls of the Mound-builders' fortification down to the Muskingum). For the town such names were proposed as Castrapolis, Protepolis, Urania, Tempé, Adelphia, Genesis, and the like. The name adopted—Mariétta—was taken from that of the then Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, and its bestowal was a graceful tribute from

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RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS, JUN.

the Revolutionary soldiers to the sovereign of a people who had aided them, and whom they gratefully remembered.

The initial movement from New England to the West was watched with great interest by some of the leading characters of the country. While the first little company of pioneers were painfully making their way through Pennsylvania, George Washington, writing to Lafayette, said: "A spirit of emigration to the western country is very predominant. Congress have sold in the year past a pretty large quantity of lands on the Ohio for public securities, and thereby diminished the public debt considerably. Many of your military acquaintances, such as Generals Parsons, Varnum, and Putnam, Colonels Tupper, Sproat, and Sherman, with many more, propose settling there. From such beginnings much may be expected." Later in the same year, in a communication to an inquirer concerning Western lands, he wrote: "No colony in America was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which has just commenced at the Muskingum. Information, property, strength, will be its characteristics. I know many of the settlers personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community. If I was a young man just preparing to begin the world, or if in advanced years and had a family to make a provision for, I know of no country where I should rather fix my habitation than in some part of the region for which the writer of the queries seems to have a predilection."

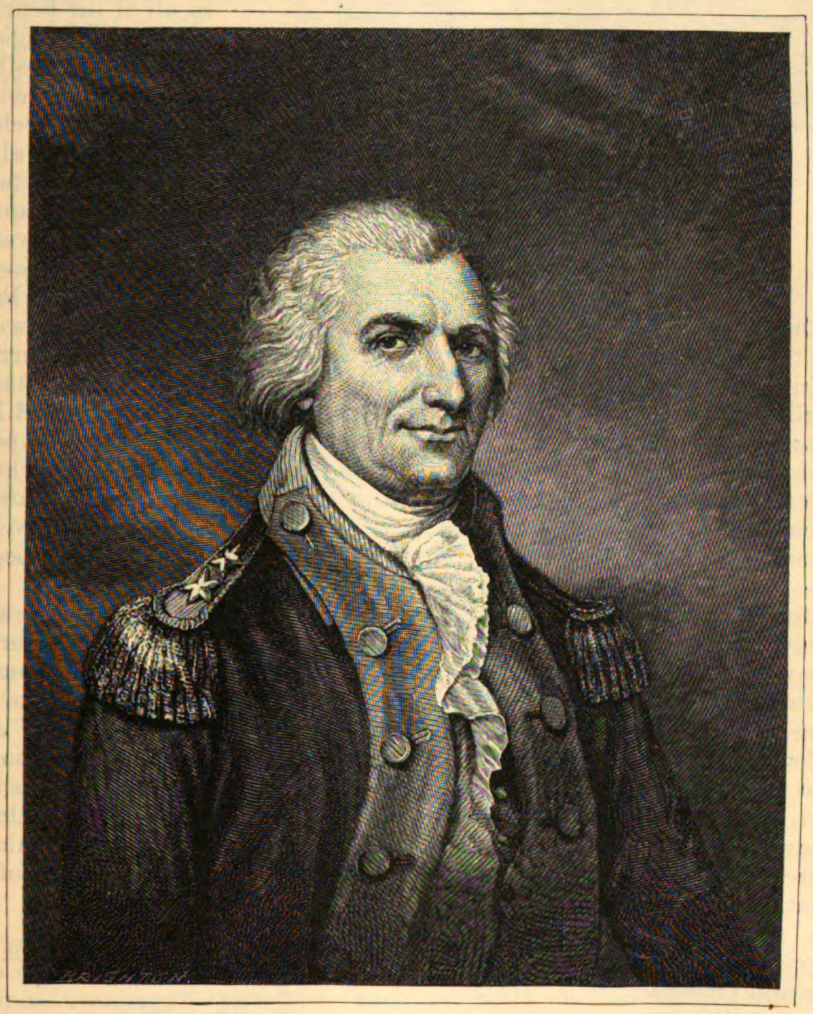
Among the pioneers who arrived at Marietta during the first year were many able, well-educated men, and some who were distinguished. The Territorial Governor, Arthur St. Clair, who had been President of Congress when he received his appointment, and Generals Samuel H. Parsons and James M. Varnum, Territorial Judges, became residents of the settlement, and so also did the Secretary, Major Winthrop Sargent, Return Jonathan Meigs, afterward Governor of Ohio, and Postmaster-General of the United States, General Benjamin Tupper, and Commodore Abraham Whipple, of Rhode Island, who was the reputed leader of the company who burned the schooner *Gaspé* in Narragansett Bay in 1772, and had the honor later of firing the first gun at the British on the sea.

Governor St. Clair formally inaugurated government in the Northwest Territory with simple ceremonies but profoundly impressive effect, upon the 15th of July, and the first court in all that region was opened upon the 2d of September following. Dr. Manasseh Cutler, who had come out on a visit to the colony, riding a large portion of the way in his sulky, had the honor of opening with prayer the exercises upon the latter occasion, and perhaps that privilege was regarded by him as a sufficient recompense for all his labors on behalf of the pioneers and those who were to come after them. The good doctor also preached in Campus Martius the second sermon ever delivered in Ohio to other than an Indian congregation.

The prosperous condition of which it was hoped the success and happiness of the first year were the harbinger, and of which the superior character of the colonists was almost an earnest, was not to be speedily or easily attained; the sanguine predictions of Washington and others having the interests of the pioneers at heart, not to be immediately or fully realized. A combination of disastrous circumstances, which would have completely overwhelmed a less vigorous outpost

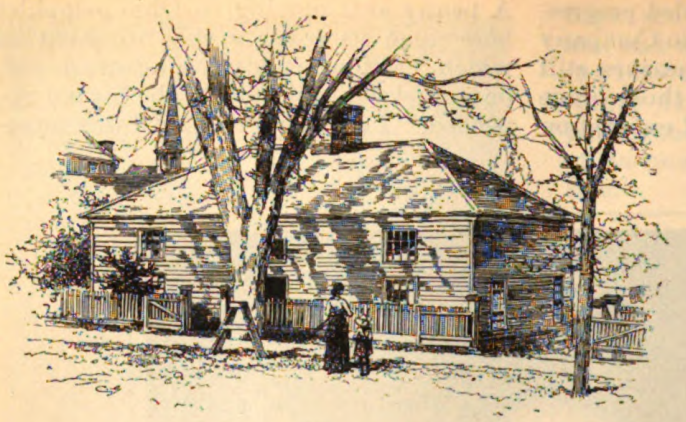
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of civilization, seriously retarded progression in the affairs of the Ohio Company pioneers, and defeating in a measure, still longer deferred the hopes of those brave men. In the East the idea of emigration was still obstinately opposed by many influential men, and derided by newspapers and pamphleteers. Dr. Cutler's departure upon his journey to the settlement had been made the subject of doggerel verses in the public prints of Salem, and caricatured and exaggerated stories were widely circulated, relating the reputed wonders of the West. There were springs which flowed brandy, and there was flax that bore little pieces of cloth instead of leaves. The country was said to be fairly fertile, but to possess a very unwholesome climate. A penny anti-moving-to-Ohio pamphlet bore upon its cover a rude wood-cut in which "a stout, ruddy, well-dressed man on a sleek fat horse," with the legend appended, "I am going to Ohio," was represented as meeting a pale and ghastly, skeleton-like figure, clad in tatters, astride an almost inanimate animal, underneath which was the label, "I've been to Ohio." Horrible stories of Indian massacres were told, and for these, unhappily, there was some foundation of truth, though slight compared with the superstructure of fiction which was built upon it. The five years of Indian war, but for the firmness of General Putnam and his sagacious management, would have resulted either in the withdrawal or annihilation of the colony.



ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

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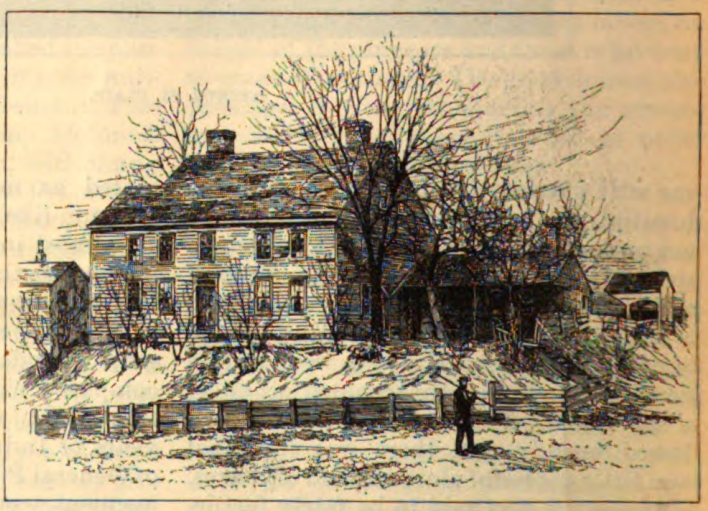


THE MUSKINGUM ACADEMY.

As it was, the pioneers were confined much of the time to their garrisons. Thirty persons were killed within a radius of twenty or thirty miles of Marietta, and more than once the inmates of Campus Martius, and of the block-houses at Belpre and Waterford, which settlements had been established as offshoots of Marietta, were threatened with the horrors of starvation. Added to these evils—the practical existence of a state of siege, enforced idleness, and the cessation of immigration—the financial affairs of the company became involved through the failure of its treasurer in the East. Many of the shareholders who had subscribed to the fund for purely speculative purposes, gaining no immediate benefit from their investment, desired to withdraw, and it thus became, through the operation of many causes, imperatively necessary for the association to seek a release from their original contract. Here Dr. Cutler and General Putnam became the saving, as they had been largely the creating, geniuses of the company and its settlement. The amount of lands which the Ohio Company finally received was less than two-thirds of that for which they originally contracted. The patents, bearing date of March 3, 1792, and signed by George Washington, President, and Thomas Jefferson, Secretary, were, with the exception of one to the State of Pennsylvania, the first issued by the United States.

When peace came, in 1795, it was too late for the Marietta region to rejoice in all of the benefits which at an earlier date would have been possible. The Miami settlements, which eventually developed Cincinnati, were already assuming importance, and thousands of pioneers passed down the river to them. A little later the Connecticut Western Reserve, in northeastern Ohio, was thrown open to settlers, and drew a strong current of immigration from the very fountain-head to which the Ohio Company had looked for its chief re-enforcement of population. Many, however, from Massachusetts and the other New England States became residents of the Muskingum country, and an era of fair prosperity was begun.

It was natural that in a New England colony, and the first planted under a law of which one of the provisions declared that "schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged," an institution of learning should be brought quickly into existence. As early as the spring of 1797 a subscription list, headed by General Rufus Putnam, was circulated, and a fund raised for the building of a school-



GENERAL RUFUS PUTNAM'S HOUSE.

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house. Primary schools had been held in Campus Martius, but in the house now provided there was opened, in the year 1800, the Muskingum Academy, the first advanced school in the State of Ohio, presided over by David Putnam, the grandson of General Israel Putnam, and a graduate of Yale College. In the same year Marietta delegates in the Territorial Legislature procured the passage of a law authorizing the leasing of the school lands and lands set apart for religious purposes in the Ohio Company's purchase, and creating a corporate body whose duty it should be to carry out that important and beneficent measure. This corporation impressed upon its indentures a seal bearing as its device an altar, and the legend "Support Religion and Learning." Then the spirit of the Ordinance of 1787 was a living influence in the land, and thus New England's favorite institutions were literally made to grow upon the soil of the West.

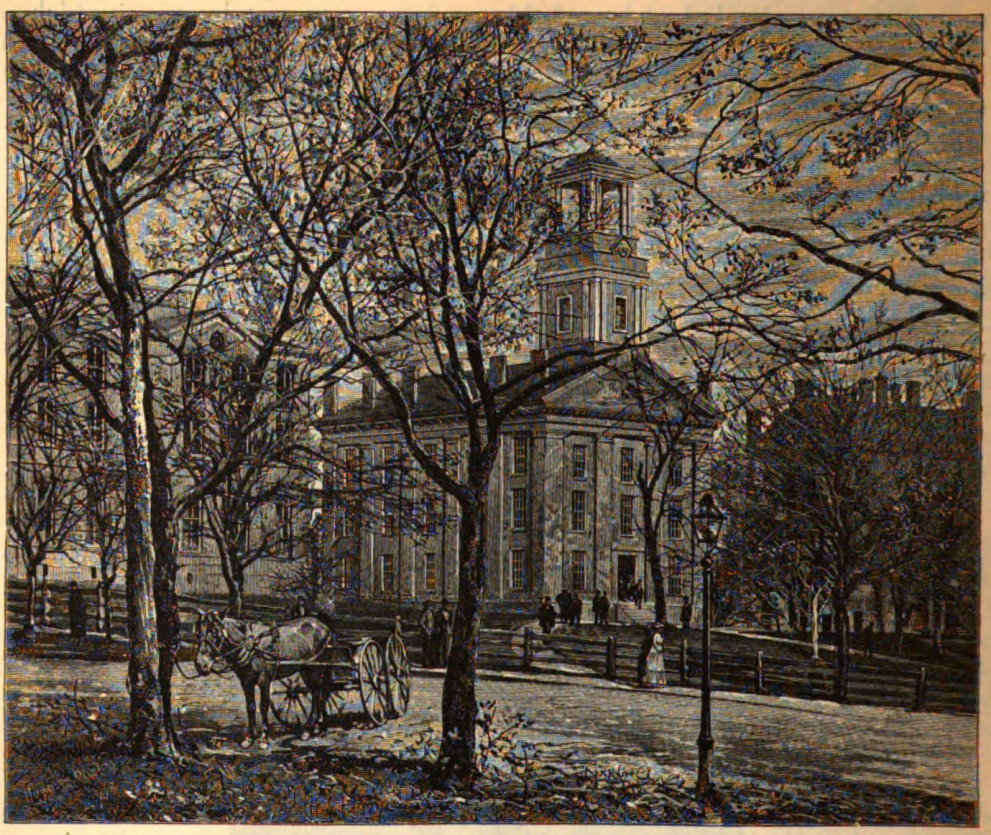


ABRAHAM WHIPPLE.

One of the curious industries in which the energy of Marietta pioneers found exercise was the building and sailing of ocean ships. Many of them had come from the sea-coast, and some of them had been familiar with the ways of men "who go down to the sea in ships," which may account for their making Marietta, nearly two thousand miles from the ocean by a water route, a port of clearance whence full-rigged barks and brigs laden with the produce of the country sailed for foreign ports. Down the devious channel of the Ohio and the Mississippi more than a score of ships made their way to the Gulf of Mexico between the years 1800 and 1808, when the embargo act first put a stop to this commerce. The first full-rigged vessel built at Marietta, the *St. Clair*, commanded by Commodore Whipple, who was no stranger to the sea, left the Muskingum in May, 1800, went to Havana, and thence to Philadelphia. One of the Marietta sea-captains greatly astonished a Liverpool official when, after vainly endeavoring to make him understand what port he hailed from, he took a map, and sweeping his hand across the broad Atlantic and around Florida, he traced the Mississippi to the Ohio, and the latter stream to the Muskingum.

But it was not in material prosperity that Marietta was to attain its highest success or fulfill its highest destiny. Its first citizens came to Ohio, whether consciously or not, as the guardians of an

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MARIETTA COLLEGE.

idea which was to be the most valuable heritage of the whole State and of the nation. Had slavery gained a foot-hold north of the Ohio River, it is probable that it would have gained such strength as to have resisted overthrow in the United States. Although Dr. Manasseh Cutler never became a resident of Marietta, his son Ephraim immigrated at an early day to the settlement, and was one of its most eminent citizens. It was his privilege to perpetuate in Ohio the work his father had begun in New England and in the Congress of the confederation. Few people of this day know how narrowly the State of Ohio escaped being made slave territory in the year 1802. When the Constitutional Convention was in session in Chillicothe, the committee appointed to draft a bill of rights, notwithstanding the terms of the Ordinance of 1787, sought to introduce a clause allowing limited slavery. It was believed by many that the exclusion of slavery would operate against immigration to Ohio from the Slave States, and that the insertion of a clause allowing modified slavery would encourage such immigration. This consideration led a number of delegates, whose districts depended principally upon the South for population, to labor for the pro-slavery clause with great pertinacity. The influence of Jefferson was doubtless exerted to advance the cause. In the committee of the whole it was found that there was a majority of one in favor of the introduction of slavery. The defeat of the measure and the vindication of the Ordinance of Freedom in the formation of the first State government under its provisions rested upon and was accomplished chiefly through Judge Ephraim Cutler. Among his colleagues in the Convention from Marietta, or Washington County, were General Rufus Putnam and Benjamin Ives Gilman. They came to him in his room, to which he had been confined by sickness, and urged that he should immediately exert his influence against the obnoxious clause.

"We must prevent this," said Gilman. "I can not, will not, live in a community

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where such injustice is sanctioned by law."

"Cutler, get up, get well; be in your place to-morrow," exclaimed Putnam.

He did get well, or at least forced himself into a condition in which he could make a speech, and that speech brought over the one vote necessary to defeat the slavery clause.

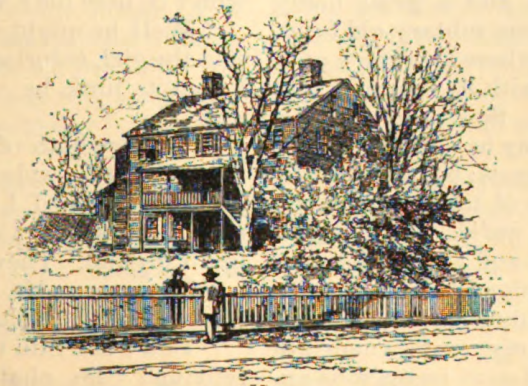
Judge Cutler was also the author of those sections of the Constitution which related to education and religion. In 1819, in the Ohio Legislature, he began the agitation which resulted in giving to the State an excellent public-school system and a just plan of taxation.



EPHRAIM CUTLER.

The quality which Marietta possessed in 1802, and which, as exemplified in one of its citizens, served the State so well at its founding, has never ceased to be a characteristic of the community. It has produced more than its full quota of men willing and able to defend the principles which prevailed among the people who planted the colony. Socially and intellectually it is the peer of any of the smaller towns of the West. Prominent in its population, after the lapse of almost a century, are the Putnams and Cutlers and a score more of the families who were in the van-guard of the army of civilization which has occupied the West. As these old families are represented in the community, so are the old New England ideas which were dominant when the Ohio Company was formed. Particularly is this noticeable in the staid religious status and advanced condition of education and culture which are characteristics of the town. In Marietta College, which has already filled a half-century of usefulness, and been "justly regarded as the child of the pioneers," the seed of education planted and nurtured by the founders of the colony has flourished to a fruition grander than they could possibly have foreseen.

NOTE.—The celebration of the centennial of the settlement of Marietta and of Ohio, upon April 7, 1888, for which judicious preparations are already making, will be an occasion interesting not only to the people of Ohio and its sister States of the old Northwest Territory, but to many in New England whose ancestors and kindred laid the corner-stone of civilization in the West. The year 1888 will close the first century of Western development and round the most wonderful chapter in the history of the continent, and it is proposed to make the 7th of April anniversary at Marietta not merely a pleasant holiday, but a memorial observance worthy in dignity and meaning of the event which it will commemorate, and which led to the vast accomplishment that a hundred years have witnessed.



THE OLD ICHABOD FRYE HOUSE.

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"WHEN HALF-GODS GO, THE GODS ARRIVE."

"WHAT a beautiful girl!" said Mr. Ambrose Drayton to himself; "and how much she looks like—" He cut the comparison short, and turned his eyes seaward, pulling at his mustache meditatively the while.

"This American atmosphere, fresh and pure as it is in the nostrils, is heavy-laden with reminiscences," his thoughts ran on. "Reminiscences, but always with differences, the chief difference being, no doubt, in myself. And no wonder. Nineteen years; yes, it's positively nineteen years since I stood here and gazed out through yonder gap between the headlands. Nineteen years of foreign lands, foreign men and manners, the courts, the camps, the schools; adventure, business, and pleasure—if I may lightly use so mysterious a word. Nineteen and twenty are thirty-nine; in my case say sixty at least. Why, a girl like that lovely young thing walking away there with her light step and her innocent heart would take me to be sixty to a dead certainty. A rather well preserved man of sixty—that's how she'd describe me to the young fellow she's given her heart to. Well, sixty or forty, what difference? When a man has passed the age at which he falls in love, he is the peer of Methuselah from that time forth. But what a fiery season that of love is while it lasts! Ay, and it burns something out of the soul that never grows again. And well that it should do so: a susceptible heart is a troublesome burden to lug round the world. Curious that I should be even thinking of such things: association, I suppose. Here it was that we met, and here we parted. But what a different place it was then! A lovely cape, half bleak moorland and half shaggy wood, a few rocky headlands and a great many coots and gulls, and one solitary old farmhouse standing just where that spick-and-span summer hotel, with its balconies and cupolas, stands now. So it was nineteen years ago, and so it may be again, perhaps, nine hundred years hence; but meanwhile, what a pretty array of modern æsthetic cottages, and plank walks, and bridges, and bathing-houses, and pleasure-boats! And what an admirable concourse of well-dressed and pleasurably inclined men and women! After all, my countrymen are the finest-looking and most prosperous-appearing people on the globe. They have travelled a little faster than I have, and on a somewhat different track; but I would rather be among them than anywhere else. Yes, I won't go back to London, nor yet to Paris, or Calcutta, or Cairo. I'll buy a cottage here at Squittig Point, and live and die here and in New York. I wonder whether Mary is alive and mother of a dozen children, or—not!"

"Auntie," said Miss Leithe to her relative, as they regained the veranda of their cottage after their morning stroll on the beach, "who was that gentleman who looked at us?"

"Hey?—who?" inquired the widow of the late Mr. Corwin, absently.

"The one in the thin gray suit and Panama hat: you must have seen him. A very distinguished-looking man, and yet very simple and pleasant; like some of those nice middle-aged men that you see in *Punch*, slenderly built, with handsome chin and eyes, and thick mustache and whiskers. Oh, auntie, why do you never notice things? I think a man between forty and fifty is ever so much nicer than when they're younger. They know how to be courteous, and they're not afraid of being natural. I mean this one looks as if he would. But he must be somebody remarkable in some way—don't you think so? There's something about him—something graceful and gentle and refined and manly—that makes most other men seem common beside him. Who do you suppose he can be?"

"Who?—what have you been saying, my dear?" inquired Aunt Corwin, rousing herself from the perusal of a letter. "Here's Sarah writes that Frank Redmond was to sail from Havre the 20th; so he won't be here for a week or ten days yet."

"Well, he might not have come at all," said the girl, coloring slightly. "I'm sure I didn't think he would, when he went away."

"You are both of you a year older and wiser," said the widow, meditatively; "and you have learned, I hope, not to irritate a man needlessly. I never irritated Corwin in all my life. They don't understand it."

"Here comes Mr. Haymaker," observed Miss Leithe. "I shall ask him."

"Don't ask him in," said Mrs. Corwin, retiring; "he chatters like an organ-grinder."

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"Oh, good-morning, Miss Mary!" exclaimed Mr. Haymaker, as he mounted the steps of the veranda, with his hands extended and his customary effusion. "How charmingly you are looking, after your bath and your walk and all! Did you ever see such a charming morning? I never was at a place I liked so much as Squittig Point; the new Newport, I call it —eh? the new Newport. So fashionable already, and only been going, as one might say, three or four years! Such charming people here! Oh, by-the-way, whom do you think I ran across just now? You wouldn't know him, though—been abroad since before you were born, I should think. Most charming man I ever met, and awfully wealthy. Ran across him in Europe—Paris, I think it was—stop! or was it Vienna? Well, never mind. Drayton, that's his name; ever hear of him? Ambrose Drayton. Made a great fortune in the tea trade; or was it in the mines? I've forgotten. Well, no matter. Great traveller, too—Africa and the Corea, and all that sort of thing; and fought under Garibaldi, they say; and he had the charge of some diplomatic affair at Pekin once. The quietest, most gentlemanly fellow you ever saw. Oh, you must meet him. He's come back to stay, and will probably spend the summer here. I'll get him and introduce him. Oh, he'll be charmed—we all shall."

"What sort of a looking person is he?" Miss Leithe inquired.

"Oh, charming—just right! Trifle above medium height; rather lighter weight than I am, but graceful; grayish hair, heavy mustache, blue eyes; style of a retired English colonel, rather. You know what I mean—trifle reticent, but charming manners. Stop! there he goes now—see him? Just stopping to light a cigar—in a line with the light-house. Now he's thrown away the match, and walking on again. That's Ambrose Drayton. Introduce him on the sands this afternoon. How is your good aunt to-day? So sorry not to have seen her! Well, I must be off; awfully busy to-day. Good-by, my dear Miss Mary; see you this afternoon. Good-by. Oh, make my compliments to your good aunt, won't you? Thanks. So charmed! *Au revoir.*"

"Has that fool gone?" demanded a voice from within.

"Yes, auntie," the young lady answered.

"Then come in to your dinner," the voice rejoined, accompanied by the sound of a chair being drawn up to a table and sat down upon. Mary Leithe, after casting a glance after the retreating figure of Mr. Haymaker and another toward the light-house, passed slowly through the wire-net doors and disappeared.

Mr. Drayton had perforce engaged his accommodations at the hotel, all the cottages being either private property or rented, and was likewise constrained, therefore, to eat his dinner in public. But Mr. Drayton was not a hater of his species, nor a fearer of it; and though he had not acquired precisely our American habits and customs, he was disposed to be as little strange to them as possible. Accordingly, when the gong sounded, he entered the large dining-room with great intrepidity. The arrangement of tables was not continuous, but multifarious small tables, capable of accommodating from two to six, were dotted about everywhere. Mr. Drayton established himself at the smallest of them, situated in a part of the room whence he had a view not only of the room itself, but of the blue sea and yellow rocks on the other side. This preliminary feat of generalship accomplished, he took a folded dollar bill from his pocket and silently held it up in the air, the result being the speedy capture of a waiter and the introduction of dinner.

But at this juncture Mr. Haymaker came pitching into the room, as his nature was, and pinned himself to a stand-still, as it were, with his eyeglass, in the central aisle of tables. Drayton at once gave himself up for lost, and therefore received Mr. Haymaker with kindness and serenity when, a minute or two later, he came plunging up, in his usual ecstasy of sputtering amiability, and seated himself in the chair at the other side of the table with an air as if everything were charming in the most charming of all possible worlds, and he himself the most charming person in it.

"My dear Drayton, though," exclaimed Mr. Haymaker, in the interval between the soup and the blue-fish, "there is some one here you must know—most charming girl you ever knew in your life, and has set her heart on knowing you. We were talking about you this morning—Miss Mary Leithe. Lovely name too; pity ever to change it—he! he! he! Why,

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"DRAYTON ROSE TO HIS FEET, EXCLAIMING, 'FRANK REDMOND!'"—[SEE PAGE 574.]

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you must have seen her about here; has an old aunt, widow of Jim Corwin, who's dead and gone these five years. You recognize her, of course?"

"Not as you describe her," said Mr. Drayton, helping his friend to fish.

"Oh, the handsomest girl about here; tallish, wavy brown hair, soft brown eyes, the loveliest-shaped eyes in the world, my dear fellow; complexion like a Titian, figure slender yet, but promising. A way of giving you her hand that makes you wish she would take your heart," pursued Mr. Haymaker, impetuously filling his mouth with blue-fish, during the disposal of which he lost the thread of his harangue. Drayton, however, seemed disposed to recover it for him.

"Is this young lady from New England?" he inquired.

"New-Yorker by birth," responded the ever-vivacious Haymaker; "father a Southern man; mother a Bostonian. Father died eight or nine years after marriage; mother survived him six years; girl left in care of old Mrs. Corwin—good old creature, but vague—very vague. Don't fancy the marriage was a very fortunate one; a little friction, more or less. Leithe was rather a wild, unreliable sort of man; Mrs. Leithe a woman not easily influenced—immensely charming, though, and all that, but a trifle narrow and set. Well, you know, it was this way: Leithe was an immensely wealthy man when she married him; lost his money, struggled along, good deal of friction; Mrs. Leithe probably felt she had made a mistake, and that sort of thing. But Miss Mary here, very different style, looks like her mother, but softer, more in her, too. Very little money, poor girl, but charming. Oh! you must know her."

"What did you say her mother's maiden name was?"

"Maiden name? Let me see. Why—oh no—oh yes—Cleveland, Mary Cleveland."

"Mary Cleveland, of Boston; married Hamilton Leithe, about nineteen years ago. I used to know the lady. And this is her daughter! And Mary Cleveland is dead!—Help yourself, Haymaker. I never take more than one course at this hour of the day."

"But you must let me introduce you, you know," mumbled Haymaker, through his succotash.

"I hardly know," said Drayton, rubbing his mustache. "Pardon me if I leave you," he added, looking at his watch. "It is later than I thought."

Nothing more was seen of Drayton for the rest of that day. But the next morning, as Mary Leithe sat on the Bowlder Rock, with a book on her lap, and her eyes on the bathers, and her thoughts elsewhere, she heard a light, leisurely tread behind her, and a gentlemanly, effective figure made its appearance, carrying a malacca walking-stick, and a small telescope in a leather case slung over the shoulder.

"Good-morning, Miss Leithe," said this personage, in a quiet and pleasant voice. "I knew your mother before you were born, and I can not feel like a stranger toward her daughter. My name is Ambrose Drayton. You look something like your mother, I think."

"I think I remember mamma's having spoken of you," said Mary Leithe, looking up a little shyly, but with a smile that was the most winning of her many winning manifestations. Her upper lip, short, but somewhat fuller than the lower one, was always alive with delicate movements; the corners of her mouth were blunt, the teeth small; and the smile was such as Psyche's might have been when Cupid waked her with a kiss.

"It was here I first met your mother," continued Drayton, taking his place beside her. "We often sat together on this very rock. I was a young fellow then, scarcely older than you, and very full of romance and enthusiasm. Your mother—" He paused a moment, looking at his companion with a grave smile in his eye. "If I had been as dear to her as she was to me," he went on, "you would have been our daughter."

Mary looked out upon the bathers, and upon the azure bay, and into her own virgin heart. "Are you married too?" she asked at length.

"I was cut out for an old bachelor, and I have been true to my destiny," was his reply. "Besides, I've lived abroad till a month or two ago, and good Americans don't marry foreign wives."

"I should like to go abroad," said Mary Leithe.

"It is the privilege of Americans," said Drayton. "Other people are born abroad, and never know the delight of real travel. But, after all, America is best. The life of the world culminates here. We are the

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prow of the vessel; there may be more comfort amidships, but we are the first to touch the unknown seas. And the foremost men of all nations are foremost only in so far as they are at heart American; that is to say, America is, at present, even more an idea and a principle than it is a country. The nation has perhaps not yet risen to the height of its opportunities. So you have never crossed the Atlantic?"

"No; my father never wanted to go; and after he died, mamma could not."

"Well, our American Emerson says, you know, that, as the good of travel respects only the mind, we need not depend for it on railways and steamboats."

"It seems to me, if we never moved ourselves, our minds would never really move either."

"Where would you most care to go?"

"To Rome, and Jerusalem, and Egypt, and London."

"Why?"

"They seem like parts of my mind that I shall never know unless I visit them."

"Is there no part of the world that answers to your heart?"

"Oh, the beautiful parts everywhere, I suppose."

"I can well believe it," said Drayton, but with so much simplicity and straightforwardness that Mary Leithe's cheeks scarcely changed color. "And there is beauty enough here," he added, after a pause.

"Yes; I have always liked this place," said she, "though the cottages seem a pity."

"You knew the old farm-house, then?"

"Oh yes; I used to play in the farmyard when I was a little girl. After my father died, mamma used to come here every year. And my aunt has a cottage here now. You haven't met my aunt, Mr. Drayton?"

"I wished to know you first. But now I want to know her, and to become one of the family. There is no one left, I find, who belongs to me. What would you think of me for a bachelor uncle?"

"I would like it very much," said Mary, with a smile.

"Then let us begin," returned Drayton.

Several days passed away very pleasantly. Never was there a bachelor uncle so charming, as Haymaker would have said, as Drayton. The kind of life in the midst of which he found himself was altogether novel and delightful to him. In some aspects it was like enjoying for the first time a part of his existence which he should have enjoyed in youth, but had missed; and in many ways he doubtless enjoyed it more now than he would have done then, for he brought to it a maturity of experience which had taught him the inestimable value of simple things; a quiet nobility of character and clearness of knowledge that enabled him to perceive and follow the right course in small things as in great; a serene yet cordial temperament that rendered him the cheerfulest and most trustworthy of companions; a generous and masculine disposition, as able to direct as to comply; and years which could sympathize impartially with youth and age, and supply something which each lacked. He, meanwhile, sometimes seemed to himself to be walking in a dream. The region in which he was living changed, yet so familiar, the thought of being once more, after so many years of homeless wandering, in his own land and among his own countrymen, and the companionship of Mary Leithe, like, yet so unlike, the Mary Cleveland he had known and loved, possessing in reality all the tenderness and lovely virginal sweetness that he had imagined in the other, with a warmth of heart that rejuvenated his own, and a depth and freshness of mind answering to the wisdom that he had drawn from experience, and rendering her, though in her different and feminine sphere, his equal—all these things made Drayton feel as if he would either awake and find them the phantasmagoria of a beautiful dream, or as if the past twenty were the dream, and this the reality. Certainly in this ardent, penetrating light of the present, the past looked vaporous and dim, like a range of mountains scaled long ago and vanishing on the horizon.

And was this all? Doubtless it was, at first. It was natural that Drayton should regard with peculiar tenderness the daughter of the woman he had loved. She was an orphan, and poor; he was alone in the world, with no one dependent upon him, and with wealth which could find no better use than to afford this girl the opportunities and the enjoyments which she else must lack. His anticipations in returning to America had been somewhat cold and vague. It was his native land; but abstract patriotism is, after all, rather chilly diet for a human being to feed his

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heart upon. The unexpected apparition of Mary Leithe had provided just that vividness and particularity that were wanting. Insensibly Drayton bestowed upon her all the essence of the love of country which he had cherished untainted throughout his long exile. It was so much easier and simpler a thing to know and appreciate her than to do as much for the United States and their fifty million inhabitants, national, political, and social, that it is no wonder if Drayton, as a modest and sane gentleman, preferred to make the former the symbol of the latter—of all, at least, that was good and lovable therein. At the same time, so clear-headed a man could scarcely have failed to be aware that his affection for Mary Leithe was not actually dependent upon the fact of her being an emblem. Upon what, then, was it dependent? Upon her being the daughter of Mary Cleveland? It was true that he had loved Mary Cleveland; but she had deliberately jilted him to marry a wealthier man, and was therefore connected with and responsible for the most painful as well as the most pleasurable episode of his early life. Mary Leithe bore some personal resemblance to her mother; but had she been as like her in character and disposition as she was in figure and feature, would Drayton, knowing what he knew, have felt drawn toward her? A man does not remain for twenty years under the influence of an unreasonable and mistaken passion. Drayton certainly had not, although his disappointment had kept him a bachelor all his life, and altered the whole course of his existence. But when we have once embarked upon a certain career, we continue in it long after the motive which started us has been forgotten. No: Drayton's regard for Mary Leithe must stand on its own basis, independent of all other considerations.

What, in the next place, was the nature of this regard? Was it merely avuncular, or something different? Drayton assured himself that it was the former. He was a man of the world, and had done with passions. The idea of his falling in love made him smile in a deprecatory manner. That the object of such love should be a girl eighteen years his junior rendered the suggestion yet more irrational. She was lustrous with lovable qualities, which he genially recognized and appreciated; nay, he might love her, but the love would be a quasi-paternal one, not the love that demands absolute possession and brooks no rivalry. His attitude was contemplative and beneficent, not selfish and exclusive. His greatest pleasure would be to see her married to some one worthy of her. Meantime he might devote himself to her freely and without fear.

And yet, once again, was he not the dupe of himself and of a convention? Was his the mood in which an uncle studies his niece, or even a father his daughter? How often during the day was she absent from his thoughts, or from his dreams at night? What else gave him so much happiness as to please her, and what would he not do to give her pleasure? Why was he dissatisfied and aimless when not in her presence? why so full-orbed and complete when she was near? He was eighteen years the elder, but there was in her a fullness of nature, a balanced development, which went far toward annulling the discrepancy. Moreover, though she was young, he was not old, and surely he had the knowledge, the resources, and the will to make her life happy. There would be, he fancied, a certain poetical justice in such an issue. It would illustrate the slow, seemingly severe, but really tender wisdom of Providence. Out of the very ashes of his dead hopes would arise this gracious flower of promise. She would afford him scope for the employment of all those riches, moral and material, which life had brought him; she would be his reward for having lived honorably and purely for purity's and honor's sake. But why multiply reasons? There was justification enough; and true love knows nothing of justification.

He loved her, then; and now, did she love him? This was the real problem—the mystery of a maiden's heart, which all Solomon's wisdom and Bacon's logic fail to elucidate. Drayton did what he could. Once he came to her with the news that he must be absent from an excursion which they had planned, and he saw genuine disappointment darken her sweet face, and her slender figure seem to droop. This was well as far as it went, but beyond that it proved nothing. Another time he gave her a curious little shell which he had picked up while they were rambling together along the beach, and some time afterward he accidently noticed that she was wearing it by a rib-

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bon round her neck. This seemed better. Again, on a night when there was a social gathering at the hotel, he entered the room and sat apart at one of the windows, and as long as he remained there he felt that her gaze was upon him, and twice or thrice when he raised his eyes they were met by hers, and she smiled; and afterward, when he was speaking near her, he noticed that she disregarded what her companion of the moment was saying to her, and listened only to him. Was not all this encouragement? Nevertheless, whenever, presuming upon this, he hazarded less ambiguous demonstrations, she seemed to shrink back and appear strange and troubled. This behavior perplexed him; he doubted the evidence that had given him hope, feared that he was a fool, that she divined his love, and pitied him, and would have him, if at all, only out of pity. Thereupon he took himself sternly to task, and resolved to give her up.

It was a transparent July afternoon, with white and gray clouds drifting across a clear blue sky, and a southwesterly breeze roughening the dark waves and showing their white shoulders. Mary Leithe and Drayton came slowly along the rocks, he assisting her to climb or descend the more rugged places, and occasionally pausing with her to watch the white canvas of a yacht shiver in the breeze as she went about, or to question whether yonder flash amidst the waves, where the gulls were hovering and dipping, were a blue-fish breaking water. At length they reached a little nook in the seaward face, which, by often resorting to it, they had in a manner made their own. It was a small shelf in the rock, spacious enough for two to sit in at ease, with a back to lean against, and at one side a bit of level ledge which served as a stand or table. Before them was the sea, which, at high-water mark, rose to within three yards of their feet; while from the shoreward side they were concealed by the ascending wall of sandstone. Drayton had brought a cushion with him, which he arranged in Mary's seat; and when they had established themselves, he took a volume of Emerson's poems from his pocket and laid it on the rock beside him.

"Are you comfortable?" he asked.

"Yes; I wish it would be always like this—the weather, and the sun, and the time—so that we might stay here forever."

"Forever is the least useful word in human language," observed Drayton. "In the perspective of time, a few hours, or days, or years, seem alike inconsiderable."

"But it is not the same to our hearts, which live forever," she returned.

"The life of the heart is love," said Drayton.

"And that lasts forever," said Mary Leithe.

"True love lasts, but the object changes," was his reply.

"It seems to change sometimes," said she. "But I think it is only our perception that is misled. We think we have found what we love; but afterward, perhaps, we find it was not in the person we supposed, but in some other. Then we love it in him; not because our heart has changed, but just because it has not."

"Has that been your experience?" Drayton asked, with a smile.

"Oh, I was speaking generally," she said, looking down.

"It may be the truth; but if so, it is a perilous thing to be loved."

"Perilous?"

"Why, yes. How can the lover be sure that he really is what his mistress takes him for? After all, a man has and is nothing in himself. His life, his love, his goodness, such as they are, flow into him from his Creator, in such measure as he is capable or desirous of receiving them. And he may receive more at one time than at another. How shall he know when he may lose the talismanic virtue that won her love—even supposing he ever possessed it?"

"I don't know how to argue," said Mary Leithe; "I can only feel when a thing is true or not—or when I think it is—and say what I feel."

"Well, I am wise enough to trust the truth of your feeling before any argument."

This assertion somewhat disconcerted Mary Leithe, who never liked to be confronted with her own shadow, so to speak. However, she seemed resolved on this occasion to give fuller utterance than usual to what was in her mind; so, after a pause, she continued, "It is not only how much we are capable of receiving from God, but the peculiar way in which each one of us shows what is in him, that makes the difference in people. It is not the talisman so much as the manner of using it that wins a girl's love. And she may think one

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manner good, until she comes to know that another is better."

"And, later, that another is better still?"

"You trust my feeling less than you thought, you see," said Mary, blushing, and with a tremor of her lips.

"Perhaps I am afraid of trusting it too much," Drayton replied, fixing his eyes upon her. Then he went on, with a changed tone and manner: "This metaphysical discussion of ours reminds me of one of Emerson's poems, whose book, by-the-bye, I brought with me. Have you ever read them?"

"Very few of them," said Mary; "I don't seem to belong to them."

"Not many people can eat them raw, I imagine," rejoined Drayton, laughing. "They must be masticated by the mind before they can nourish the heart, and some of them— However, the one I am thinking of is very beautiful, take it how you will. It is called, 'Give All to Love.' Do you know it?"

Mary shook her head.

"Then listen to it," said Drayton, and he read the poem to her. "What do you think of it?" he asked when he had ended.

"It is very short," said Mary, "and it is certainly beautiful; but I don't understand some parts of it, and I don't think I like some other parts."

"It is a true poem," returned Drayton; "it has a body and a soul; the body is beautiful, but the soul is more beautiful still; and where the body seems incomplete, the soul is most nearly perfect. Be loyal, it says, to the highest good you know; follow it through all difficulties and dangers; make it the core of your heart and the life of your soul; and yet, be free of it! For the hour may always be at hand when that good that you have lived for and lived in must be given up. And then—what says the poet?

> "'Though thou loved her as thyself,
> As a self of purer clay,
> Though her parting dims the day,
> Stealing grace from all alive,
> Heartily know,
> When half-gods go,
> The gods arrive.'"

There was something ominous in Drayton's tone, quiet and pleasant though it sounded to the ear, and Mary could not speak; she knew that he would speak again, and that his words would bring the issue finally before her.

He shut the book and put it in his pocket. For some time he remained silent, gazing eastward across the waves, which came from afar to break against the rock at their feet. A small white pyramidal object stood up against the horizon verge, and upon this Drayton's attention appeared to be concentrated.

"If you should ever decide to come," he said at length, "and want the services of a courier who knows the ground well, I shall be at your disposal."

"Come where?" she said, falteringly.

"Eastward. To Europe."

"You will go with me?"

"Hardly that. But I shall be there to receive you."

"You are going back?"

"In a month, or thereabouts."

"Oh, Mr. Drayton! Why?"

"Well, for several reasons. My coming here was an experiment. It might have succeeded, but it was made too late. I am too old for this young country. I love it, but I can be of no service to it. On the contrary, so far as I was anything, I should be in the way. It does not need me, and I have been an exile so long as to have lost my right to inflict myself upon it. Yet I am glad to have been here; the little time that I have been here has recompensed me for all the sorrows of my life, and I shall never forget an hour of it as long as I live."

"Are you quite sure that your country does not want you—need you?"

"I should not like my assurance to be made more sure."

"How can you know? Who has told you? Whom have you asked?"

"There are some questions which it is not wise to put; questions whose answers may seem ungracious to give, and are sad to hear."

"But the answer might not seem so. And how can it be given until you ask it?"

Drayton turned and looked at her. His face was losing its resolute composure, and there was a glow in his eyes and in his cheeks that called up an answering warmth in her own.

"Do you know where my country is?" he demanded, almost sternly.

"It is where you are loved and wanted most, is it not?" she said, breathlessly.

"Do not deceive yourself—nor me!" exclaimed Drayton, putting out his hand toward her, and half rising from the rock. "There is only one thing more to say."

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A sea-gull flew close by them, and swept on, and in a moment was far away, and lost to sight. So in our lives does happiness come so near us as almost to brush our cheeks with its wings, and then pass on, and become as unattainable as the stars. As Mary Leithe was about to speak, a shadow cast from above fell across her face and figure. She seemed to feel a sort of chill from it, warm though the day was; and without moving her eyes from Drayton's face to see whence the shadow came, her expression underwent a subtle and sudden change, losing the fervor of a moment before, and becoming relaxed and dismayed. But after a moment Drayton looked up, and immediately rose to his feet, exclaiming, "Frank Redmond!"

On the rock just above them stood a young man, dark of complexion, with eager eyes, and a figure athletic and strong. As Drayton spoke his name, his countenance assumed an expression half-way between pleased surprise and jealous suspicion. Meanwhile Mary Leithe had covered her face with her hands.

"I'm sure I'd no idea you were here, Mr. Drayton," said the young man. "I was looking for Mary Leithe. Is that she?"

Mary uncovered her face, and rose to her feet languidly. She did not as yet look toward Redmond, but she said in a low voice, "How do you do, Frank? You —came so suddenly!"

"I didn't stop to think—that I might interrupt you," said he, drawing back a little and lifting his head.

Drayton had been observing the two intently, breathing constrainedly the while, and grasping a jutting point of rock with his hand as he stood. He now said, in a genial and matter-of-fact voice, "Well, Master Frank, I shall have an account to settle with you when you and my niece have got through your first greetings."

"Mary your niece!" cried Redmond, bewildered.

"My niece by courtesy; her mother was a dear friend of mine before Mary was born. And now it appears that she is the young lady, the dearest and loveliest ever heard of, about whom you used to rhapsodize to me in Dresden! Why didn't you tell me her name? By Jove, you young rogue, I've a good mind to refuse my consent to the match! What if I had married her off to some other young fellow, and you been left in the lurch! However, luckily for you, I haven't been able thus far to find any one who in my opinion would suit her better. Come down here and shake hands, Frank, and then I'll leave you to make your excuses to Miss Leithe. And the next time you come back to her after a year's absence, don't frighten her heart into her mouth by springing out on her like a jack-in-the-box. Send a bunch of flowers or a signet-ring to tell her you are coming, or you may get a cooler reception than you'd like!"

"Ah! Ambrose Drayton," he sighed to himself as he clambered down the rocks alone, and sauntered along the shore, "there is no fool like an old fool. Where were your eyes that you couldn't have seen what was the matter? Her heart was fighting against itself all the time, poor child! And you, selfish brute, bringing to bear on her all your antiquated charms and fascinations—Heaven save the mark! —and bullying her into the belief that you could make her happy! Thank God, Ambrose Drayton, that your awakening did not come too late. A minute more would have made her and you miserable for life—and Redmond too, confound him! And yet they might have told me; one of them might have told me, surely. Even at my age it is hard to remember one's own insignificance. And I did love her. God knows how I loved her! I hope he loves her as much; but how can he help it! And she—she won't remember long! An old fellow who made believe he was her uncle, and made rather a fool of himself; went back to Europe, and never been heard of since. Ah, me!"

"Where did you get acquainted with Mr. Drayton, Frank?"

"At Dresden. It was during the vacation at Freiberg last winter, and I had come over to Dresden to have a good time. We staid at the same hotel. We played a game of billiards together, and he chatted with me about America, and asked me about my mining studies at Freiberg; and I thought him about the best fellow I'd ever met. But I didn't know then—I hadn't any conception what a splendid fellow he really was. If ever I hear anybody talking of their ideal of a gentleman, I shall ask them if they ever met Ambrose Drayton."

"What did he do?"

"Well, the story isn't much to my cred-

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it; if it hadn't been for him, you might never have heard of me again; and it will serve me right to confess the whole thing to you. It's about a—woman."

"What sort of a woman?"

"She called herself a countess; but there's no telling what she really was. I only know she got me into a fearful scrape, and if it hadn't been for Mr. Drayton—"

"Did you do anything wrong, Frank?"

"No: upon my honor as a gentleman! If I had, Mary, I wouldn't be here now."

Mary looked at him with a sad face. "Of course I believe you, Frank," she said. "But I think I would rather not hear any more about it."

"Well, I'll only tell you what Mr. Drayton did. I told him all about it—how it began, and how it went on, and all; and how I was engaged to a girl in America—I didn't tell him your name; and I wasn't sure, then, whether you'd ever marry me, after all; because, you know, you had been awfully angry with me before I went away, because I wanted to study in Europe instead of staying at home. But, you see, I've got my diploma, and that 'll give me a better start than I ever should have had if I'd only studied here. However—what was I saying? Oh! so he said he would find out about the countess, and talk to her himself. And how he managed I don't know; and he gave me a tremendous hauling over the coals for having been such an idiot; but it seems that instead of being a poor injured, deceived creature, with a broken heart, and all that sort of thing, she was a regular adventuress—an old hand at it, and had got lots of money out of other fellows for fear she would make a row. But Mr. Drayton had an interview with her. I was there, and I never shall forget it if I live to a hundred. You never saw anybody so quiet, so courteous, so resolute, and so immitigably stern as he was. And yet he seemed to be stern only against the wrong she was trying to do, and to be feeling kindness and compassion for her all the time. She tried everything she knew, but it wasn't a bit of use, and at last she broke down and cried, and carried on like a child. Then Mr. Drayton took her out of the room, and I don't know what happened, but I've always suspected that he sent her off with money enough in her pocket to become an honest woman with if she chose to; but he never would admit it to me. He came back to me after a while and told me to have nothing more to do with any woman, good or bad, except the woman I meant to marry, and I promised him I wouldn't, and I kept my promise. But we have him to thank for our happiness, Mary."

Tears came silently into Mary's eyes; she said nothing, but sat with her hands clasped around one knee, gazing seaward.

"You don't seem very happy, though," pursued Redmond, after a pause; "and you acted so oddly when I first found you and Mr. Drayton together — I almost thought — well, I didn't know what to think. You do love me, don't you?"

For a few moments Mary Leithe sat quite motionless, save for a slight tremor of the nerves that pervaded her whole body; and then, all at once, she melted into sobs. Redmond could not imagine what was the matter with her; but he put his arms round her, and after a little hesitation or resistance, the girl hid her face upon his shoulder, and wept for the secret that she would never tell.

But Mary Leithe's nature was not a stubborn one, and easily adapted itself to the influences with which she was most closely in contact. When she and Redmond presented themselves at Aunt Corwin's cottage that evening her tears were dried, and only a tender dimness of the eyes and a droop of her sweet mouth betrayed that she had shed any.

"Mr. Drayton wanted to be remembered to you, Mary," observed Aunt Corwin, shortly before going to bed. She had been floating colored sea-weeds on paper all the time since supper, and had scarcely spoken a dozen words.

"Has he gone?" Mary asked.

"Who? Oh yes; he had a telegram, I believe. His trunks were to follow him. He said he would write. I liked that man. He was not like Mr. Haymaker; he was a gentleman. He took an interest in my collections, and gave me several nice specimens. Your mother was a fool not to have married him. I wish you could have married him yourself. But it was not to be expected that he would care for a child like you, even if your head were not turned by that Frank Redmond. How soon shall you let him marry you?"

"Whenever he likes," answered Mary Leithe, turning away.

As a matter of fact they were married the following winter. A week before the ceremony a letter arrived for Mary from

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New York, addressed in a legal hand. It contained an intimation that in accordance with the instructions of their client, Mr. Ambrose Drayton, the undersigned had placed to her account the sum of fifty thousand dollars as a preliminary bequest, it being the intention of Mr. Drayton to make her his heir. There was an inclosure from Drayton himself, which Mary, after a moment's hesitation, placed in her lover's hand, and bade him break the seal.

It contained only a few lines, wishing happiness to the bride and bridegroom, and hoping they all might meet in Europe, should the wedding trip extend so far. "And as for you, my dear niece," continued the writer, "whenever you think of me remember that little poem of Emerson's that we read on the rocks the last time I saw you. The longer I live the more of truth do I find in it, especially in the last verse:

"'Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive!'"

"What does that mean?" demanded Redmond, looking up from the letter.

"We can not know except by experience," answered Mary Leithe.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

MY thoughts go home to that old brown house,
With its low roof sloping down to the east,
And its garden fragrant with roses and thyme,
That blossom no longer, except in rhyme,
Where the honey-bees used to feast.

Afar in the west the great hills rose,
Silent and steadfast and gloomy and gray:
I thought they were giants, and doomed to keep
Their watch, while the world should wake or sleep,
Till the trumpet should sound on the judgment day.

I used to wonder of what they dreamed
As they brooded there in their silent might,
While March winds smote them, or June rains fell,
Or the snows of winter their ghostly spell
Wrought in the long and lonesome night.

They remembered a younger world than ours,
Before the trees on their top were born,
When the old brown house was itself a tree,
And waste were the fields where now you see
The winds astir in the tasselled corn.

And I was as young as the hills were old,
And the world was warm with the breath of spring,
And the roses red and the lilies white
Budded and bloomed for my heart's delight,
And the birds in my heart began to sing.

But calm in the distance the great hills rose,
Deaf unto raptures and dumb unto pain,
Since they knew that Joy is the mother of Grief,
And remembered a butterfly's life is brief,
And the sun sets only to rise again.

They will brood, and dream, and be silent, as now,
When the youngest children alive to-day
Have grown to be women and men, grown old,
And gone from the world like a tale that is told,
And even whose echo forgets to stay.

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SEWAGE DISPOSAL IN CITIES.

INTO every city there must be constantly brought water, food, fuel, and other matters sufficient in quantity for the needs of the people and animals in it. In the use of these things not a grain of the matter of which they are composed is destroyed, but much of it undergoes a great change in form and in properties. The warning cry of a common game among children that "what goes up must come down" may be changed in such case to "what goes in must come out." A large part of the used material is disposed of by the atmosphere, into which it passes in the form of gases of various kinds, the products of combustion, respiration, fermentation, etc., but there is still left a very large amount of liquid and solid refuse which is not only useless within the city, and in the way, but is, or is liable to become, offensive and dangerous.

The question as to the best means of disposing of this refuse matter, including ashes, garbage, street sweepings, excreta, and water befouled by domestic or factory uses, is one of the most important problems with which a municipality has to deal.

The ancient, uncivilized way of answering the question is to leave it to each individual householder to get rid of his waste products as best he can.

In the cities of mediæval times these were usually deposited in the streets, the excreta being collected during the day in jars which were emptied at night.

The nuisances and pestilences which resulted from this method of sewage disposal gradually led to the adoption of other methods giving less offense to the senses, and chief among these was the formation of pits or special receptacles in the ground for the storage of filth, or what is known as the privy or cess-pool system.

The term cess- or sess-pool, known also as "sos-," or "sus-pool," signifies literally a "soak-pool," and this is a good characterization of the majority of them. For a time this method gets rid of visible nuisances, and seems to produce good results, but sooner or later it gives rise to the gravest danger to health, and to serious loss to the city which persists in it. In order to understand how and why it does this we must know something of the composition of that form of refuse known as sewage.

Sewage, in the sense in which the word is used in this paper, includes not only excreta, but all water rendered impure by domestic use or by waste products. It consists therefore of water holding in suspension and in solution very diverse substances, but its most important peculiarities depend upon the fact that it contains a large amount of organic matter, part of which is alive in the form of myriads of extremely minute organisms, and a part of which is dead and in process of decomposition into simpler combinations of the carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen, sulphur, and phosphorus of which its molecules have been built up.

This decomposition is for the most part effected by micro-organisms, and if these are killed, as may be done by heat or by certain chemicals, decomposition ceases.

Each tiny microbe consumes in its growth and multiplication a minute portion of dead matter, and excretes as products certain substances which, while injurious or poisonous to itself, may be the food necessary for another species.

The changes thus produced are known as fermentation, nitrification, putrefaction, etc., the latter term being applied when offensive gases are produced. The chief function of dead organic matter is as a store of force in the shape of food for living beings, of which, until quite recently, little has been known, and the importance of which in the economy of nature we are only just beginning to discover.

Life in this world is, as it were, a balancing or seesaw between different organisms, in which each helps the rest—a cycle of actions which are to a certain extent dependent on each other.

The molecules of the grain of wheat in part help to construct the muscle cells in a man's arm, and in part furnish fuel or motive power to these cells, while the excreted products of these cells in the form of carbonic acid, urea, etc., and finally the products of the decomposition of these cells, may go to construct a new grain of wheat.

But to enable the vegetable to make use of the animal cell as food, the latter must be split up into simpler combinations, and this is effected by micro-organisms of various kinds. The great majority of these minute beings are harmless to man so long as they are confined to his skin and alimentary canal; in fact, every one carries millions of them on and within himself,

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and it is doubtful whether he could properly digest his food without their help. There are, however, some forms of these little granules and rods, or micrococci and bacteria, which are not so innocent and harmless, but which, on the contrary, produce disease and death in many of those to whose systems they gain admittance.

Some of these disease germs multiply only within the bodies of living animals, as, for instance, those which give rise to small-pox and scarlet fever; they retain their vitality for a time when thrown off in excretions; but they do not increase in number until they gain access to living tissues, and hence the diseases which they cause are propagated by contagion only. Other disease germs multiply, so far as we know, almost exclusively outside the living body, and produce their effects on man not by growing within him, but by poisoning him with their products, as common yeast may be said to be the cause of delirium tremens through the agency of the alcohol which it produces. Malaria is a type of this class.

A third kind multiply both within and without the living body, and some of these appear to especially multiply and flourish in human excreta. As yet we know very little of the life history of these disease germs, or as to how they produce their effects; we are not even certain as to whether they are distinct separate species or whether they may not be some of the common micro-organisms which by over-feeding or otherwise have become abnormal, microscopic monsters as it were, producing evil instead of good.

What we do know is that a very minute quantity of excreta from a case of cholera or of typhoid fever may, when introduced into the alimentary canal of a healthy person, produce in that person a disease similar to the one from which the germ originally came; and we also have good reason to believe that if a few such germs fall into a mass of excreta, as in a cess-pool, they may under certain conditions multiply very rapidly and render the whole mass of filth infectious, so that any portion of it will be capable of conveying the disease.

Their action is closely analogous to that of yeast, and the diseases which are supposed to be due to such action are known as the zymotic or ferment diseases.

Hence comes one great danger of retaining or storing in the vicinity of human habitations quantities of organic matter suitable for the nourishment of such organisms, for the channels through which such collections may become dangerously inoculated are so numerous and, in the present state of our knowledge, so impossible to guard against, that casks of powder or cases of dynamite would be really safer neighbors.

Sewage is not only a source of danger in this way, but also through the products of its decomposition. The most important of these in this connection are the gases and effluvia evolved in putrefaction, such as hydrogen sulphide, ammonium sulphide, carbon dioxide, and certain organic vapors of very complex constitution, chiefly characterized by unpleasant odors.

When concentrated, as in old cess-pools or vaults, these may produce suffocation and almost immediate death, or great prostration, violent vomiting and purging, convulsions, and death in from one to two days.

The circumstances are rare which produce such effects as these; usually the gases are greatly diluted before being breathed, and the effects are less marked.

Constant exposure to such air impairs health gradually, but distinctly, especially in infants and children, the symptoms produced being loss of appetite, languor, slight headache, etc.

It may be said that the gases from decomposing sewage can not be very injurious or their effects would be observed among scavengers, workers in sewers, and plumbers, all of whom are specially exposed to these exhalations.

The fact is that a certain number of those employed in these occupations become sick soon after they engage in them, a few are forced to take to some other trade, a few die, and the survivors of this process of natural selection are those best able to resist the deleterious influences to which they are subjected, their power of resistance to which is strengthened by habit. Such men can breathe without apparent ill effect the air from a foul choked sewer, a few whiffs of which will sicken the unaccustomed by-standers, when the drain is opened.

Unpleasant sights and smells are not necessarily injurious to health, although they may turn the scale in the case of a feeble invalid just hesitating between life and death, but they are to be avoided and averted as far as possible for the sake of

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public comfort. One may become so accustomed to them as hardly to perceive their presence, but that is no reason why those not so wonted should be compelled to suffer from them.

The gaseous and other products of decomposition of sewage vary greatly according to the amount of free oxygen present, for upon this depends largely the character of the micro-organisms which are at work. Some of these can only exist in the presence of free oxygen, others only in its absence, and thus two very different kinds may be at work in the same cess-pool, the oxygen lovers at the top and the oxygen haters in the depths.

What may be termed the normal and beneficient processes of decomposition go on most rapidly and efficiently where there is a free and constant supply of oxygen, and methods of sewage disposal which provide for this supply are, other things being equal, the best. It is for this reason that a porous soil, alternately moistened with sewage and then dried, so that each particle of the soil becomes covered with a thin layer of organic matter, thus exposing an enormous area to the air when this again finds its way into the interstices of the soil, and so giving the aerobic organisms the most favorable conditions for their development, produces such excellent results; and in like manner the agitation of sewage with large quantities of water, or the forcing of air through it, so as to allow access of the dissolved oxygen to every particle, results in rapid decomposition and the ultimate purification of the mass, while at the same time the products are compounds of nitrogen which are very valuable in many ways.

On the other hand, a soil constantly saturated with sewage, as in the vicinity of a leaky cess-pool, can not thus purify itself, and the decomposition which goes on under such circumstances gives rise to products which are specially offensive and dangerous, contaminating the ground water, and through this the wells and springs in the vicinity, and contaminating also the ground air, which in cold weather is drawn into all houses which have not air-tight cellar floors and walls.

But, it may be asked, if the dangers and discomforts which arise from the storage of filth in or near human habitations are so great, why is it that in so many cities the people appear to prefer to make use of cess-pools even after sewers have been constructed, that wells containing polluted water continue in use, and that proposals to do away with these evils meet with stubborn opposition, and sometimes give rise to bitter hostility against the proposers of such improvements? The answer to this is that the danger is in most cases not apparent to the great majority of people, and that sights and odors which to those unaccustomed to them are extremely offensive may be unnoticed or tolerated with complacency by those who are constantly in their presence.

Cleanliness is a relative term; the ideas of a Polish Jew of the lower classes, of a New England housewife, and of a chemist are very different with regard to this subject, and a glass which all these considered clean would be at once rejected as impure by the experimenter who wishes to know whether the fluid which he places in it is free from living germs.

Moreover, cleanliness is not to be secured without some cost and labor, and sanitary improvements almost always involve some immediate inconveniences which to the ignorant majority seem of much more importance than the possible future benefits to be derived from them.

In attempting to teach the people that it is true economy to furnish this cost and labor we must recognize the fact that in many cases privy vaults and cess-pools cause no immediate and self-evident injury to the health of those living in the midst of, or over, them; that water contaminated with the products of decomposing sewage is drunk with apparent impunity by many persons; and that prior to the outbreak of an epidemic it is often difficult, if not impossible, to prove that the sickness and death rate of a community are increased by the presence of filth, especially if this filth is not apparent on the surface of the streets and yards, but is concealed in the soil beneath.

No one whose attention has not been specially directed to the subject, and who has had no practical experience in sanitary investigations, has any adequate idea of the many ways in which air, water, and food are rendered impure and unfit for use by sewage and its products.

The soil of one of the largest cities in this country is honeycombed by over 70,000 vaults and cess-pools, and the general saturation of the soil with filth is such that no wells in the place are fit for use.

Other large cities have sewers badly

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planned and worse constructed, leaky, clogged, so nearly level in some places as to be little more than long cess-pools, with outlets so placed as to silt up docks and befoul the sides of piers and shipping, or so that at times their contents mingle with the water supply—buried monuments of the ignorance of the men who planned them, of the rascality of those who constructed them, and of the blind folly of those who are responsible for their continuance. Yet those who urge improvement in these things are met by the objection that the death rate is only two or three per thousand in excess of what it ought to be, and that it is unwise to create alarm, because it will injure the commerce of the place.

Physicians and sanitarians have concluded that stored filth, and air or water contaminated by sewage or its products, are dangerous, from observations of the course of certain epidemic diseases, and from comparisons of the death rates of different localities, or of the same locality at different times, where different methods of sewage disposal and water supply have been made use of. The teachings of epidemic cholera and typhoid are sometimes terribly plain, so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein, but, unfortunately, they are soon forgotten.

The memory of the Plymouth outbreak is still fresh in the minds of the newspaper-reading public, but how many now remember the lessons of the North Boston, the Guildford, the Over Darwen, or the Caterham outbreaks, all of which were due to the same cause?

In like manner the literature of cholera contains abundant evidence as to the influence of polluted soil and water on the spread of this disease, but the details of this evidence are almost totally unknown to the public.

Great as is the influence of sewage pollution in the presence of the specific germs of cholera or typhoid, the sum of the injury to health and loss of life produced by noteworthy epidemics of these diseases is really insignificant as compared with the results of continued slow poisoning produced upon communities by the organisms and products of filth.

To fully appreciate the loss of health and wealth which occurs in this way we must study the vital statistics of different localities for long periods, and we shall then find that in all towns in which a proper system of sewerage has been introduced the death rate has been reduced, and especially that typhoid fever has been greatly diminished.

For example, in Munich, from 1854 to 1859, when leaky cess-pools were in use, the mortality from fever was 24.2; from 1860 to 1865, when the cess-pools were cemented and made water-tight, it was 16.8; from 1866 to 1873, when there was partial sewerage, it was 13.3, and from 1876 to 1883, when sewerage was complete, it was 8.7.

In Hamburg, from 1838 to 1844, when there was no sewerage, 48.5 out of every 1000 deaths were due to typhoid; from 1871 to 1880, after the sewerage was completed, the proportion of deaths from typhoid fell to 13.3.

It must be borne in mind that the improvement to health from a system of sewerage does not follow immediately; it requires a year or two for the filth-sodden soil to be relieved of its burden by nature's little scavengers, but the result is none the less certain.

The ideal system of disposal of the sewage of a city is one which removes it promptly and completely beyond the city limits, which makes full use of its fertilizing powers, which neither causes danger to health nor gives offense to the senses of sight or smell either within or without the city, which is to the least possible extent dependent upon the care and skill of the ordinary municipal laborer, and which does not involve too great cost either in its construction or its management.

This ideal is by no means an impossible one, but it is so for many cities. The majority must make the best compromise they can, and must do this while hampered with unfavorable conditions of soil, of badly planned and constructed works, and of debt, the heritage from ignorant, careless, or corrupt governing bodies.

No two cities present the same conditions. Each requires special study and treatment.

The first question to be decided in each case is, What shall be the ultimate disposal of the sewage? As stated above, it is desirable, if possible, to make use of its fertilizing powers.

Among the most important sources of stored force in the world which are available for the use of man are the compounds of nitrogen. They are essential to the growth and development of animals and plants, are limited in quantity,

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and at present it is uncertain whether there are any processes in either the organic or the inorganic world by which, when wholly decomposed, they are renewed to any material extent, by which the free gaseous nitrogen of the atmosphere enters into such combinations as are necessary for the higher forms of life. Yet we are constantly wasting and throwing away these compounds, burning them in explosives, sending them to the rivers and the sea in the form of sewage, or allowing them to decompose in such a way as to derive no benefit from the force thus produced.

We borrow and do not repay; our soil grows poorer, and the demand for fertilizers increases; from large areas of this country the most valuable constituents of the land have been, and are still being, extracted and sent to Europe to be ultimately run into the sea through the sewers of her great cities.

It is true that what is lost in this way to one locality is in many cases gained by another: the sewage which goes into the rivers and the sea contributes directly or indirectly to the support of life of fish, etc., which are of use to man; but the loss to a given state is none the less grievous, and none the less to be avoided, if possible, because a distant land at some future time may derive some benefit from it.

The advocates of the various storage systems of disposal of excreta, including the dry-earth system, the Chinese and pail systems, and the privy odorless excavating system, urge this as an argument against the system of water carriage, saying that we should not send to distant islands for fertilizers and at the same time waste the same materials at home. The reply to this is that the conversion of sewage into a fertilizer is not profitable in this country at the present time, and it involves more or less of the evils of storage.

The comment of the *Sanitary Engineer* upon the statement that Boston has just paid four or five million dollars for a tube through which to throw eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of fertilizing matters into the sea yearly is as follows:

"Admitting the supposed value of the sewage—in the same sense that the value of some mines is estimated, viz., by multiplying the cubic contents of a vein so many feet thick by the value of one cubic foot obtained by an assay yielding so many ounces of gold to the ton—admitting that the $800,000 may all be there, the practical question before the Bostonians is, What will it cost to get that value out of the sewage? We believe that it would cost from one and a half to two million dollars annually in interest and current expenditure to accomplish this result."

At present it is cheaper and easier to go West and get a new farm than it is to restore an exhausted one, and fertilizers can be made from other materials much cheaper than from sewage. This state of things will not continue indefinitely, and sewage will become more valuable; but until the time comes when it pays to collect it, it will be disposed of in the easiest and cheapest way which will prevent nuisance and danger to health.

Where land suitable for sewage farming is available, it should be used for the purpose, if it does not materially increase the cost; and even if it does increase the cost, if the alternative is the discharge of the sewage into fresh-water, unless the stream is very large.

This system of sewage irrigation has now been fairly tested at a number of places, and where the circumstances are favorable it gives very satisfactory results.

The less dilute the sewage, and the less its dilution varies, the greater its value, and hence those systems of sewerage which separate the sewage from the rainfall and soil water will hereafter have the advantage, and hence, other things being equal, it is desirable that the system of sewers of a city should be such that in the future the sewage can be utilized.

For sewage farming, properly so called, a large amount of land is necessary, for if the fertilizing material be supplied in excess of the needs of the growing crops, this excess is not stored up so as to increase the richness of the soil, but is dissolved out and passes off with the effluent water. It is most profitable when applied to green crops, and it is probable that the method of what is called ensilage, or storage of green crops so as to allow only a limited and special form of fermentation to occur in the mass, will be specially important in this connection. To dispose of the sewage of a city by water carriage, a general and sufficient supply of water is necessary, and conversely, when a town has obtained a general system of water supply a system of sewers should be provided for the removal of the water after it has been made

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foul by use. In the Liernur system the least possible quantity of water is admitted to the pipes designed to convey excreta, and a general water supply is not necessary; but this point is of no practical importance to us, since all our cities have such a water supply.

In a city which has a general water supply, but no sewers, the greater part of the water fouled by household use, or by waste products from manufactories, is allowed to run off over the surface in gutters until it reaches a natural water-course. No more water is allowed to pass into the cess-pools than is necessary to work the water-closets, in order to diminish the frequency with which the pits must be emptied, and for the same reason those forms of closets are preferred which use the least water, which forms are, as a rule, the least desirable. The results are very unsatisfactory, and especially so in the lower portions of the town, and it may be laid down as a rule that, in a city which has a general water supply, a system of sewers should be provided for the removal of the fouled water whether the excreta be removed in this way or not.

But the addition of the excreta, with a sufficient amount of water to insure its carriage, does not require any material increase in the capacity or cost of the sewers, nor does it materially add to the offensiveness of their contents, and hence, both for economical and for sanitary reasons, it is now generally admitted that all fouled water shall be removed by the sewers.

In the preparation of plans for a system of sewerage for a city the following points must be considered, viz., the ultimate disposition of the sewage, position of the outlet, area to be sewered, proportion of rainfall to be admitted to the sewers, nature and amount of water supply, population to be provided for, topography of the place, drainage, whether there is a necessity for pumping-works, means of flushing and cleansing the sewers, and provisions for their ventilation.

The methods of disposal to be considered may be: first, the discharge of the sewage directly into a stream, lake, harbor, or sea; second, to treat the sewage by some process designed to remove the greater part of the organic matter, allowing only a comparatively pure effluent to pass into the stream; third, to compel the sewage to flow over or through land prepared for the purpose, and thus to purify it.

The first system is the one usually adopted for the sake of cheapness, but the results are often very unsatisfactory.

If the sewage be discharged into a running stream, there is the risk of pollution of the water supply of the city itself, or of that of its neighbors lower down the stream, and of injury to the fish.

It might be thought that at least the point from which the water supply of the city is taken would be located so far up the stream from the point or points at which sewage is discharged that there would be no risk of the contamination of the former by the latter, but this is not always the case, and engineers know that, owing to the extension of a city above the point of in-take of its water supply, or to reflux currents at certain times, due to tides, or winds, or high water, there are several cities in this country which occasionally supply their inhabitants with water contaminated with their own sewage, while those whose water supply is more or less polluted by the sewage of other localities are so numerous as to form the rule rather than the exception.

As regards the destruction of fish by sewage, this is mainly due to chemical wastes rather than to excreta. Fresh excreta, not in a state of putrefaction, may be discharged into a stream in comparatively large quantity without injury to its inhabitants; on the contrary, such excreta furnish food to myriads of organisms which in their turn become food for fish.

Putrefying sewage is injurious to fish, as it is to all the higher forms of animal life.

The effect of the discharge of sewage into water which is turbid from minute particles of clay is to form a precipitate with these particles, and thus to clarify the water.

Sooner or later many of our cities will be compelled by their neighbors to provide some means of purification of their sewage before allowing it to flow into streams. Such purification is best effected by applying the sewage to land either by ordinary irrigation or by intermittent downward filtration. Where land is not available for this purpose, purification may be effected by chemicals of various kinds, among the most important of which are lime, alumina, iron, etc. All of these processes involve the production of large amounts of precipitated matter or sludge, which must be dried and disposed of, and all of

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them which are really efficacious in giving an effluent which may be discharged into a stream without danger are expensive.

One of the most important questions to be settled in connection with sewerage plans for a given locality is the method of disposal of storm water and of ground water which is to be adopted.

One of the first urgent needs as a city grows is for channels to convey away the rain-fall in order to prevent the flooding of streets, cellars, etc. The open ditches or small natural water-courses at first used for this purpose are in the way of traffic, and are liable to become offensive, and the next step is to construct under-ground channels for the removal of the surface water and of soil drainage.

These are not intended to convey sewage, and in most cities, until within the last forty years, it was forbidden by law to discharge sewage into them.

In St. Louis it was not permissible to drain a privy into a sewer prior to 1842; in London not until 1844, in Baltimore and in the greater part of Paris it is forbidden to this day.

The prohibition was a wise one, for the older drain sewers are as a rule entirely unfit for conveying the waste of houses fitted up with the modern conveniences, and it is to attempts to use such channels for this purpose that many of the complaints made against sewers are due.

In the older, closely built, and almost completely paved portions of a city, unless an unusually perfect system of street cleaning is carried out, the first washings of a street by a storm, after a dry season, or after the melting of the layers of snow and filth which accumulate in the winter, are practically sewage, and will pollute a water-course or harbor quite as effectually as the discharge from a sewer, but for a very short time only.

The improvement in health which the construction of sewers has been found to produce in cities has been in many cases, no doubt, due quite as much to the drainage and removal of ground water thus produced as to the removal of filth, but it is in most cases not desirable to use sewers as drains, though all sewers, however impervious, produce some effect in this way, and would do so were they solid instead of hollow, since the ground water will find an easier route along their external surface than through the undisturbed and solid earth. The objection to the use of sewers as subsoil drains is that if water can pass from without inward through their joints, sewage may in a dry season pass out and pollute the soil, leaving solid matters stranded within to obstruct the pipe. This objection may be to a certain extent, and under some circumstances entirely, overcome by making the invert or lower part of the sewer water-tight, and leaving the upper part, or arch, pervious, so as to drain the surrounding soil, but this should only be done if the sewage is to be neither utilized nor pumped, since under either of these conditions it should be diluted as little as possible. As a rule it is better to keep the drainage channels entirely separate from those intended for conveying sewage, although they should often follow the same lines, and even, for the sake of economy, be laid in the same trenches.

The importance, from a sanitary point of view, of thorough and deep drainage in cities is by no means sufficiently appreciated. In speaking of the ultimate disposal of sewage, attention has been called to the fact that a porous soil, by virtue of the oxygen which it contains, and the micro-organisms which develop in its interstices, has great power to decompose organic matter, and to starve out disease germs; and this power is as important for the soil beneath a city as it is for that of a sewage farm.

It is not within the scope of this article to consider the relative merits of this or that particular system of sewerage, or to discuss details of construction. It is easy to see that what may be desirable in old and closely built streets, with high buildings lining either side, and subject to heavy traffic, may be neither desirable nor possible, on account of expense, in a town where the houses are scattered, having large yards, and where the traffic on the streets is light.

In the first case it may be the truest economy to construct a subway sufficiently capacious to contain not only the channels for sewage and for street wash, but all the water, gas, and steam pipes which form such a labyrinth in such localities, in order to prevent the expense and delay which excavation in such a street for extension or repairs always causes; while, in the second case, a comparatively simple and cheap system of earthen pipes for the conveyance of sewage only, combined with another still cheaper system for subsoil

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drainage, may be the only thing which the value of the adjacent property will justify.

No one system is best for all places.

Although sewers are intended to carry foul water, they can, and should, be so constructed and connected as not to be offensive, and a very important means of securing this is to have the house drainage so arranged that all foul water shall be at once delivered to the sewer. Fresh sewage is not specially offensive or dangerous, but it is not possible to keep any system of sewers free from bad odors if putrefying sewage is turned into them.

The worst of all arrangements is that by which cess-pools are preserved and the overflow allowed to drain into the sewers; and where this is done the sewers will always be offensive.

Sewers cost money, but there is no better investment for property owners. The cost of a system of sewers for a city varies from five to fifteen dollars per head of population, and the increase in value in real estate which they serve varies from ten to twenty-five per cent.

It seems to be a common idea that any one who can run levels and plot contour lines can plan a system of sewerage, that the average contractor can be trusted to carry out the plans properly, and that when the work is completed anybody is fit to take care of it. All this is a great mistake. Properly constructed sewers are among the most permanent works of the engineer; they should last for hundreds of years, and be planned for the future as well as the present, and the employment of the best experts obtainable, both for the preparation of the plans and the careful superintendence of the construction, is the only true economy.

The supervision of the sewers after they are constructed should be also given to a skilled engineer, and it should include all house connections. In a system of sewers thus planned, constructed, and managed there will be no collection of dangerous and offensive gases, and no risk of the causation and spread of disease through their agency. The greatest difficulty in the way of obtaining such a system in most of our large cities is the fact that they already have a number of underground channels, forming a dilapidated patchwork, which they are pleased to call a system of sewers, and which they are unwilling to abandon.

The wisest course in such a case is often to begin entirely anew and carry out a proper plan. As such a plan is for the benefit of future generations, no less, and even more, than for the present one, it is eminently proper that a large part of the burden of the cost of its construction should be borne by the future population, and there are no objects of municipal expenditure for which it is more proper to defray the cost by borrowing money than for a pure water supply and for sewerage.

As regards water supply this is now generally admitted; but the public does not yet understand that sewers are equally important, that, in fact, the one necessitates the other; and the sooner this lesson is learned and acted upon, the better it will be for all concerned, but especially for four classes, viz., owners of city real estate, merchants, the industrious poor, and young children.

SUMMER COMPANIONS.

'MID the flowers and the brakes,
In the sun, in the shower,
One with insect and bird,
Children born for an hour;
They pitched their white tent
On my wild blooming sward,
Contented with summer
And nature unbarred.

One morning when storm-wind
Swept over the land,
And the fog-bell was tolling
Blind ships from the strand,
I sought my green pasture
And sail-sheltered birds;
There was silence for laughter,
And sadness for words.

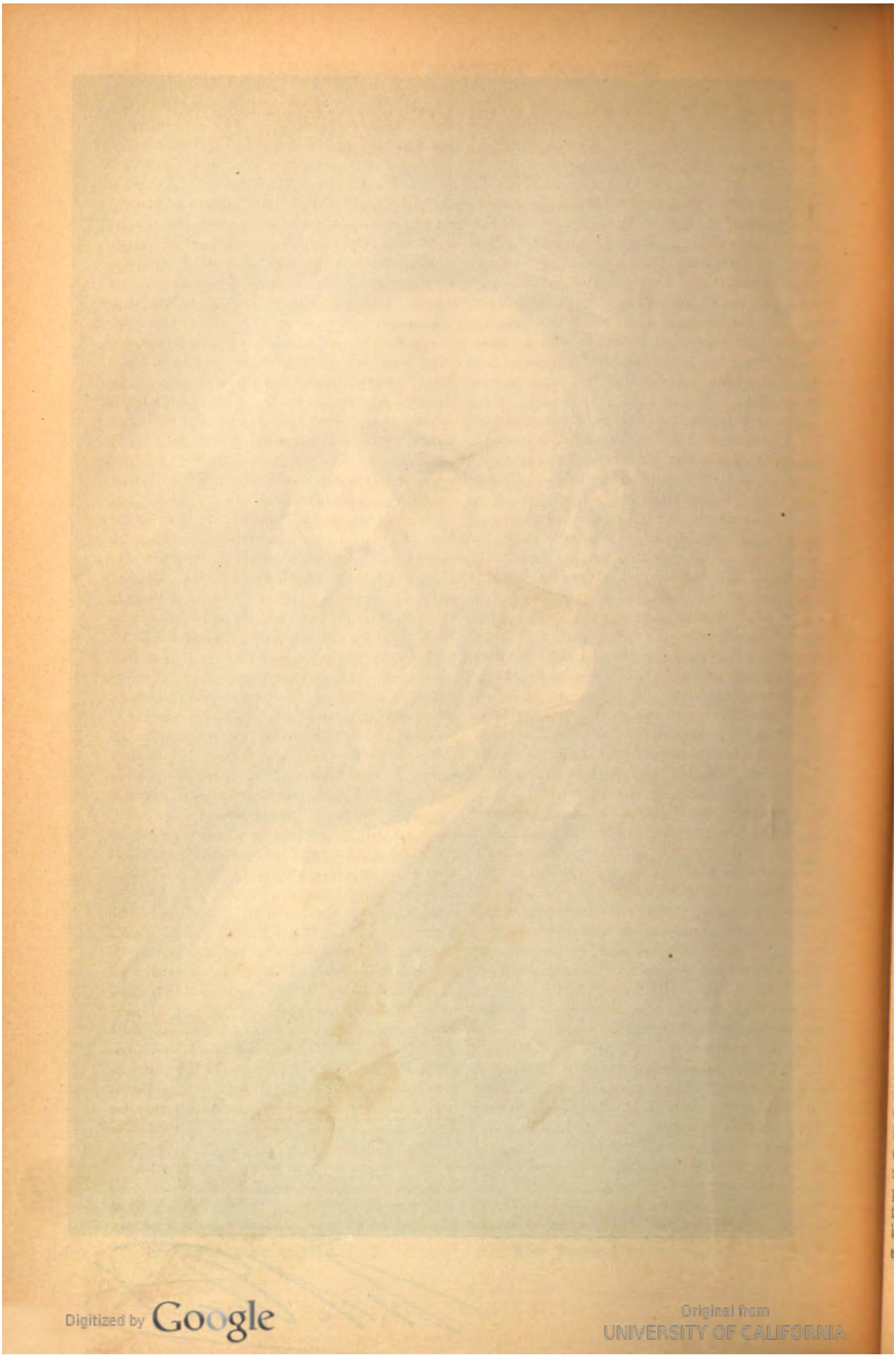
Nor again with the season
When soft waves return,
God's sweetness of sunshine,
And lilies that burn,
Do they pitch on my green-sward
Their white-winged tent,
Nor dance in cool sunshine
When clover is bent.

Then come, mighty storm-wind,
Companion thou me,
For in dark and in tempest
My spirit is free!
The summer may go,
And the flowers they may die.
On thy wing to my dearest
Ever nearer I fly.

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REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GRANT.

BY AN OFFICER OF HIS STAFF.

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THE story of General Grant's life savors more of romance than reality; it is more like a fable of ancient days than the history of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. As light and shade produce the most attractive effects in a picture, so the contrasts in the career of the lamented General, the strange vicissitudes of his eventful life, surround him with an interest which attaches to few characters in history.

His rise from the obscure lieutenant to the commander of the veteran armies of the great republic, his transition from a frontier post of the untrodden West to the Executive Mansion of the nation; his sitting at one time in a little store in Galena, not even known to the Congressman from his district; at another time striding through the palaces of the Old World with the descendants of a line of kings rising and standing uncovered in his presence; his humble birth in an Ohio town scarcely known to the geographer; his distressing illness and courageous death in the bosom of the nation he had saved—these are the features of his marvellous career which appeal to the imagination, excite men's wonder, and fascinate the minds of all who make a study of his life.

Many of the motives which actuated him and the real sources of strength employed in the putting forth of his singular powers will never be fully understood, for added to a habit of communing much with himself was a modesty which always seemed to make him shrink from speaking of a matter so personal to him as an analysis of his own mental powers, and those who knew him best sometimes understood him the least. His most intimate associates often had to judge the man by the results accomplished, without comprehending the causes which produced them. Even to the writer of this article, after having served with the General for nine years continuously, both in the field and at the Presidential Mansion, he will in some respects always remain an enigma. His memoirs, written on his death-bed, to be published only after his decease, furnish the first instance of his consent to unbosom himself to the world. In his intercourse he did not study to be reticent about himself; he seemed rather to be unconscious of self. When visiting St. Louis with him while he was President, he made a characteristic remark showing how little his thoughts dwelt upon those events of his life which made such a deep impression upon others.

Upon his arrival a horse and buggy were ordered, and a drive taken to his farm, about eight miles distant. He stopped on the high ground overlooking the city, and stood for a time by the side of the little log house which he had built partly with his own hands in the days of his poverty and early struggles. Upon being asked whether the events of the past fifteen years of his life did not seem to him like a tale of the *Arabian Nights*, especially in coming from the White House to visit the little farm-house of early days, he simply replied, "Well, I never thought about it in that light."

He was never a secretive man until the positions of responsibility in which he was placed compelled him to be chary of giving expression to his opinions. He then learned the force of the philosopher's maxim that the unspoken word is a sword in the scabbard, while the spoken word is a sword in the hands of one's enemy.

In the field there were constant visitors in camp ready to circulate any intimations of the commander's movements, at the risk of having such valuable information reach the enemy; in the White House, every encouraging expression to an applicant for favors was apt to be tortured into a promise, and the President naturally became guarded in his intercourse with general visitors. When questioned beyond the bounds of propriety, his lips closed like a vise, and the obtruding party was left to supply all the subsequent conversation. These circumstances proclaimed him a man who studied to be uncommunicative, and gave him a reputation for reserve which could not fairly be attributed to him. He was called the "American Sphynx" and "Ulysses the Silent," and he was popularly supposed to move about with sealed lips.

When accompanying him through New England the summer after the close of the war, it was soon seen that the stories of

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his reticence had preceded him. The trip was the first of those grand ovations with which he was always greeted by the people through whose communities he travelled. The train stopped for a few minutes at a small town in Maine, and the people, as usual, took the opportunity of extending a greeting and delivering their words of welcome. As the General stood in the doorway of the rear car, a tall, gaunt-looking woman elbowed her way through the crowd till she got near the platform. Here she stopped, and put on a pair of spectacles with glasses in them that looked about as big as the lenses in large telescopes, and taking a good look at the General, said, gasping for breath as she spoke, "Well, I've come down hyere a-runnin' right on the clean jump, nigh on to tew mile, just to git a look at the man that lets the women do all the talkin'."

It is true he had no "small-talk," introduced merely for the sake of talking, and many a one will recollect the embarrassment of a first encounter with him, resulting from this fact. But while, like Shakespeare's soldier, he "never wore his dagger in his mouth," yet in talking to a small circle of friends upon general subjects he was always a charming conversationalist; and when he spoke of matters to which he had given special consideration, his conversation was so thoughtful, philosophical, and original that he fascinated all who heard him. Public speaking always had a terror for him, even in later years when he spoke so well. These speeches were impromptu, for the best of reasons—the fact that he could never memorize a sentence that had been written out for the purpose. From his early school-days he never possessed the faculty of learning a speech by heart, and the forcible words he spoke on public occasions were due entirely to his natural faculty of clear expression. He wrote very much as he talked, but more readily and directly. While he sometimes halted in speech or hesitated for a word, he wrote swiftly and uninterruptedly. His thoughts flowed as freely as the ink from his pen; he was never at a loss for an expression, and seldom interlined a word or made a material correction.

His style was clear and terse, with little of ornament. He used Anglo-Saxon words much more frequently than those derived from the Greek or Latin. He seldom indulged in metaphor, but when he did employ a figure of speech it was original and graphic, as when he spoke of the commander at Bermuda Hundred being "in a bottle strongly corked," or alluded to our armies at one time moving "like horses in a balky team, no two ever pulling together." His style inclined to the epigrammatic without his being conscious of it. There is scarcely a document written by him from which brief sentences could not be selected fit to be set in mottoes or placed upon transparencies. As examples may be mentioned: "I propose to move immediately upon your works;" "I shall take no backward step;" the famous "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer;" "Let us have peace;" "The best means of securing the repeal of an obnoxious law is its vigorous enforcement."

About half past eight o'clock on the morning of the 11th of May, 1864, during a lull in the battle of Spottsylvania, General Grant was standing in front of his tent saying a few parting words to Hon. E. B. Washburne, M.C., who had accompanied head-quarters from the day operations began in the Wilderness, and was now about to return to Washington. There had been six days of hard fighting since the opening of the campaign, and Mr. Washburne asked General Grant to let him take with him some message of encouragement to the government at Washington. The General hesitated, and said while he was making satisfactory progress, he did not want to say much about the results at present for fear he might hold out false hopes to the people; but Mr. Washburne impressed upon him the extent of the anxiety that was felt, and the eagerness in Washington to have a message written by the General's own hand giving the actual situation.

The General was smoking at the time. Keeping the cigar in his mouth, he stepped into his tent, and while the escort was waiting wrote a dispatch very rapidly, containing about two hundred words, and addressed to General Halleck, chief of Staff at Washington. In about the middle of the note occurred the famous words, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

This communication was handed to Mr. Washburne, and he started at once with it for Washington. The staff officers read the retained copy, but it attracted no particular attention, and neither the General

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himself nor any one at head-quarters realized the force of the famous sentence until the New York papers reached camp a few days afterward with the words displayed in large head-lines.

His powers of concentration of thought were often shown by the circumstances under which he wrote. Nothing that was going on around him on the field or in his quarters could interrupt him. With a tent full of officers talking and laughing at the top of their voices he would turn to his field table and write the most important communications. There would then be an immediate "Hush" and "Excuse us" from the company, but he always insisted upon the conversation going on, and after a while his officers got to understand his desires in this respect, and to realize that nothing short of a general attack along the whole line could interrupt him or attract his attention from the subject on which his mind was concentrated.

General Grant has often been misunderstood and not unfrequently misrepresented in regard to his personal manners, the refinement of his tastes, and the degree of his mental acquirements. He has in some measure passed into history as a man whose chief characteristics were the bluntness of the soldier, the lack of personal accomplishments, and an indifference to the refinements which constitute the charm of cultivated minds. He has been looked upon in some quarters as a modern Othello, "rude in speech and little blessed with the set phrase of peace." Such an estimate of his character does injustice to him as well as to the nation which educated him and made him its representative in court as well as camp. The early impressions regarding him arose partly from the fact that the people first heard of him as coming out of a country store, then as striking sledge-hammer blows and conducting relentless pursuits of his foes through the swamps of the Southwest. He was pictured as "bearded like the pard," and striding about in the most approved swash-buckler style. The earliest pictures purporting to be photographs of him were circulated when he was at the distant front, never stopping long enough to be focussed. The practicers of that art which is the chief solace of the vain, nothing daunted, photographed a burly beef contractor at the rear, and spread the pictures broadcast as the determined but rather robust features of the coming hero. It was some time before the real photographs which followed were believed to be genuine.

When his great victories were heralded, his enemies tried to degrade him with the stigma of "butcher." Then came partisan attacks, inseparable from public life, and gross caricatures exhibiting him as slovenly in dress and stolid in feature. These for a time had their effect in giving many people a total misconception of the true personal character of the man. He was educated at an institution of learning which, whatever its faults, has never been charged with being lacking in its requirements as to scholarship. In general standing he was graduated about the middle of a class composed of many gifted minds. In the exact sciences he stood particularly well. In the year in which the principal mathematics were taught he was tenth in a class of fifty-two members. In landscape painting in water-colors, which occupied in his day a place in the West Point course, he stood above the middle of the class, and throughout his life he always exhibited a taste for paintings and other works of art.

He had no particular aptitude for languages. While in Mexico, during our war with that country, he acquired some knowledge of Spanish, and when a cadet he learned French, but never had an opportunity of continuing the study or practice of that language, and in later years had lost all familiarity with it.

When in Paris he was given a handsome entertainment by President McMahon. While walking on the boulevards by himself, a few days after, he met the President, who was also alone, and who joined the General in his walk. The General offered the President a cigar, and then began to chat with him in good old mother English. The President chimed in in French, and the conversation soon became quite animated. Crowds of promenaders stopped to gaze upon the two soldier Presidents, whose speech, no doubt, reminded them of voices from the Tower of Babel. But they were both men of common-sense, and evidently did not intend to let the mere matter of a difference in languages interfere with their notions of civility. Barring whatever there was of inconvenience arising from the fact that neither understood a word the other said, they seemed to enjoy their intercourse amazingly.

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The General was fond of the drama, and was a diligent reader of current literature. He derived great enjoyment from the society of cultivated men, but made no pretensions himself to any knowledge which he did not possess. He seemed to feel with Addison that "pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion—a form of knowledge without the power of it." His acquaintance with the classics was but slight, and was acquired from the limited knowledge he gained in the public schools before entering West Point. The appreciation of music was to him a lost sense; the musician's score was a sealed book. He used to say he knew only two tunes; one was "Yankee Doodle," and the other wasn't. In the days when he was received on all occasions to the music of brass bands he would say with mock pride that he really believed he had added a third tune to his *répertoire*—"Hail to the Chief!"

When the head-quarters were pitched at City Point, at the time the armies sat down in front of Richmond and Petersburg, a general officer who commanded the brigade stationed at that place wanted to do something that would afford the commanding General especial delight, so he sent the brigade band over to the head-quarters camp to play while the mess were dining. About the third evening the General remarked: "I've noticed that that band always begins its 'noise' just about the time I am sitting down to dinner and want to talk." A staff officer at once went to suppress it, and see whether it could be made to obey an order to "cease firing." The broad-belted band-master was puffing with all the vigor of a quack-medicine advertisement. His eyes were glued to his music, and it was not so easy a task to attract his attention. Like a sperm-whale, he had come up to blow, and was not going to be put down till he had finished; but finally he was made to understand that, like the hand-organ man, he was desired to move on. With a look of disinheritance on his countenance he marched off his band to its camp, feeling that Mozart and Beethoven had lived in vain.

In the company of ladies the General was studiously polite in manner, at times even courtly. When reclining upon a sofa to catch a little well-earned rest after the fatigues of the day, in the White House or in his own home, if a lady entered the room, even though she were an intimate friend or a near relative, he invariably arose and sat in a deferential attitude. This and other exhibitions of courtesy, which seemed in him instinctive, could not fail to be noticed in his own home as instances of those little acts of personal politeness which often have greater weight in stamping the true character of the gentleman than the more pretentious acts of civility displayed in public.

No one ever heard an irritable word or a disagreeable expression addressed to any member of his household, and a more affectionate family, from the oldest to the youngest, never dwelt under one roof.

General Grant was essentially a man of peace. No one rejoiced more when hostilities came to an end. A Quaker in Philadelphia once met Mr. Borie, afterward Secretary of the Navy, and said:

"Friend Adolph, I am going to vote for thy friend Ulysses Grant for President."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Mr. Borie; "but how happens it that a Quaker is going to vote for a soldier?"

"Oh," said the Quaker, "that is exactly why I vote for him. I believe war to be such a curse that no sensible man can witness its evils without becoming a confirmed man of peace, and I feel that Grant, with his experience, will never let us get into a war while he is President."

This reasoning was logical. General Grant persistently urged the ratification of the constitutional amendments and many other measures upon the ground that they would settle disturbing questions, and make peace more permanent between the two sections of the country.

When the *Virginius* affair came up, during his administration, there was every prospect of war with Spain, and only the practice of forbearance and a disposition to avoid a conflict succeeded in holding the country to a course which finally brought satisfactory explanation and full reparation. When many leading men were urging warlike measures against England for the part she had played during the rebellion, President Grant was the great advocate of pacific measures, and his efforts after a time led to the assembling of the Joint High Commission, and then to peaceable arbitration at Geneva. While travelling in Europe the General almost invariably declined invitations to attend reviews of troops, saying he had seen enough of military manœuvres, and enjoyed much more witnessing scenes of

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peace and evidences of a country's material prosperity. The closing line of his letter of acceptance when first nominated for the Presidency was not a phrase written at random, but an utterance of the true sentiment of his heart: "Let us have peace."

The statement that he was reckless of human life hurt his feelings more than any charge made against him, perhaps because it was the most unjust, and so at variance with his nature. His heart was intensely sensitive to every form of human suffering. This trait was often the subject of remark by those who were with him under the varied circumstances of his life, and it is a curious fact that his sensibilities in this respect never became blunted during all the memorable scenes of carnage through which he passed. At the outset of his career, in his earliest battles, he never failed to give minute instruction beforehand regarding the care of the wounded. At Shiloh, after the fatigues of the day, he sought shelter in a hut to catch a few hours of much-needed sleep. The surgeons had taken possession of the place, and soon began their horrid work of amputating the limbs of the wounded. The General found the sight so painful that he said it was "more unendurable than the fire of the enemy." He soon left this only place of shelter, preferring to brave the storm which was raging outside, and passed the rest of the night sitting under a tree with torrents of rain pouring down upon him.

But his sensitiveness never interfered with the stern duties of the soldier. He knew better than to attempt to hew rocks with a finely tempered razor, he realized that paper bullets were not to be fired in war, and he felt that more men died from disease in sickly camps than from shot and shell in battle. He knew that great sacrifices were demanded to conquer a lasting peace, and saw that hard blows would stop the war the soonest and save life in the end.

The General was always ready to rough it in the field like the commonest soldier in the ranks. He generally wore a light blue cavalry overcoat such as is issued to private soldiers. He would ride hard all day, and often lie down to sleep at night on the ground, in the most uncomfortable places, without any covering. In such cases some one would watch him till he got to sleep, and then spread a cloak or blanket over him.

The General ate less than any man in the army. Sometimes the amount of food taken did not seem enough to keep a bird alive. His mess, consisting of himself and staff, was frugal enough in its fare to suit the tastes of an anchorite. A bottle of wine was scarcely ever seen on the table, and cold water was the habitual beverage. He usually spent but a few minutes at meals, and often took little more than a cup of coffee, some hard bread, and a sliced cucumber, or a little fruit, when any could be found.

His smoking has become historical. This habit in the field has not been exaggerated. During the second day of the battle of the Wilderness he smoked twenty-four strong cigars. The number of cigars generally bore some relation to the magnitude of the occasion, and when his pockets were loaded up with an extra supply in starting out in the morning, it usually meant that the enemy was going to have as much work on hand that day as he could conveniently attend to.

The General was a natural bushwhacker, in the sense of having an intuitive knowledge of country. He was seldom known to make a mistake in taking a road, and when he did he had an aversion to turning back which amounted almost to a superstition. To reach the road he had missed he would undertake all sorts of cross-cuts, ford streams, and jump any number of fences, rather than retrace his steps to the fork at which he had made the wrong turn. If he had been in the place of the famous apprentice boy who wandered away from London, he never would have been thrice Lord Mayor of that city, for with him Bow-bells would have appealed to deaf ears when they chimed out, "Turn again, Whittington." The enemy when it encountered him never failed to feel the effect of this inborn prejudice against going back.

Being a capital rider, he sat his horse with such ease that he seemed to come into camp at night as fresh as when he started out in the morning. His health was nearly perfect, and his spirits were never depressed by bodily or mental fatigue. He could drop to sleep at will, and always tried to get eight hours' repose out of the twenty-four. Of course this was often made up of snatches of sleep of a few hours in length when in active service.

The night of the 6th of May, 1864, the second day of the Wilderness, was a crit-

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ical occasion. A desperate attack was made on the right, Seymour was captured, then Shaler, Sedgwick's corps was forced back, the right was partly turned, and a confusion arose which for a little time seemed destined to run into a panic. The General hurried re-enforcements to the point of danger, and made every disposition for the protection of the right. As soon as the attack had spent its fury he gave orders for the next day's movements, threw himself on his camp bed, and in two minutes fell into a sleep that was not broken till the firing began in the morning.

When on his death-bed, tortured by insomnia, he remarked to the writer, "Ah! I have now lost the power to sleep." Upon being reminded of the night in the Wilderness, he dwelt upon it for a time, and said, "It seems strange that I, who always slept so well on the field, should now pass whole nights without closing my eyes in the quiet of my own house."

Courage assumes so many forms, and varies so much under different circumstances, that one needs to particularize in referring to this quality in man. One person may be fearless on land and a coward on the water; the most intrepid sailor at sea may be afraid on shore to go upstairs alone in the dark. General Grant was possessed of a rare and conspicuous courage, which, seen under all circumstances, appeared never to vary. It was not a courage inspired by excitement; it was a steady and patient courage in all the scenes in which it was displayed. It might be better described as an unconsciousness of danger. He never seemed to be aware that there was danger to him or to any one about him. When his son Fred, then a mere youngster, visited the armies in front of Petersburg, while following along with the staff he several times got under a heavy fire. His father was the most affectionate of parents, and one whose grief would have known no bounds if anything had happened to his son, but the very consciousness of danger seemed wanting in him, and he did not once rebuke the boy, who had inherited the spirit of the father, for enjoying his first sniff of gunpowder. The General once spoke laughingly of the first time he got under fire, and insisted that his heart came up into his mouth; but it is evident that it did not stay there long. During one of the fights south of Petersburg, the telegraph line had been cut down, and the twisted wires were lying about in confusion upon the ground. At a critical part of the fight the General's horse got his foot through a loop of the wire, and in his efforts to free himself the coil became twisted still tighter. The enemy was delivering a heavy fire and advancing rapidly, and every body's face except the General's began to wear an anxious look. He sat coolly in his saddle giving directions to the orderly who had dismounted and was struggling nervously to uncoil the wire, and kept cautioning him in the most deliberate and unruffled manner not to hurt the horse's leg. In a few minutes the horse was released without injury, but none too quickly, as the enemy was soon after in possession of that part of the field.

One of the greatest disappointments ever experienced by General Grant in his military operations was the failure of the famous mine in front of Petersburg. The mine was not commenced by his orders. It was rather the voluntary work of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, composed of men from the mining districts of that State. The enemy's fortified line opposite was on a hill, and with a miner's instinct for burrowing into the earth, the men began running a gallery into the hill, in the belief that it could be made useful in blowing up the earthworks that confronted them. It had progressed for some time before it was reported to the General. He let the work continue, and finally decided to make its explosion the occasion for a movement to penetrate the enemy's lines at that point.

Then began a display of strategy for the purpose of decoying the enemy to the north side of the James River and weakening his line on the south, which in ingenuity and perfection of detail equals the devices that made the reputation of Hannibal. The General and staff moved from the head-quarters camp the evening before the attack, and bivouacked in rear of the troops who were to make the assault. The mine was to have been exploded just before the dawn on the 30th of July, 1864. At the appointed hour the General and his staff were up, and listening eagerly to catch the first sound of the explosion. The watched-for hour passed, daylight began to break, but no sound from the mine. The gray of the morning had disappeared, and the light of the sun was breaking upon the scene, when a message came that the fuse

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had failed, it was supposed from an imperfection in the connection at the point where it had been spliced. Every moment now became an hour of anxious suspense. Lieutenant Doughty and Sergeant Rees, of the miners' regiment, with a fearlessness which challenged the admiration of the whole command, entered the long gallery, reached the splice in the fuse, perfected the connection, and the fatal train now did its work. But over an hour had elapsed, and that was the hour which lay between success and failure. For an instant there was a low, rumbling noise, then a sudden flash, followed by a sound that shook the ground like an earthquake. Then the earth rose in the shape of an inverted cone, carrying up with it infantry and artillery, guns, carriages, and ammunition. Our troops were now pushed forward to pass through the breach that had been made in the works, but there had been a failure to obey the orders to clear away the abatis and other obstructions in our own front. The movement was slow and irregular, and the enemy lost no time in throwing up a second line of defense and rushing his troops back to the threatened position.

It was the old story. "Some one had blundered." The General rode forward to get a better view of the situation. He saw at a glance the mistakes that were being made, and determined to go to the front and give directions in person. Jumping from his horse and throwing the reins to an orderly, he motioned to the writer to accompany him, and with but a single officer started off on foot for the point of assault.

It was one of the hottest days of summer. As the General edged his way through the assaulting columns while they poured out of the rifle-pits and covered ways and crawled over the abatis, the heat was suffocating. He wore a single-breasted blue blouse with no conspicuous insignia of rank. For a time none of the men seemed to recognize him, and they were no respecters of persons as they crowded to the front. They little thought that the plainly dressed man who was elbowing his way past them so vigorously was the chief who had led them from the Wilderness to Petersburg.

Seeing that the crater left by the mine was becoming a slaughter pen, and that the lives of the troops must no longer be wasted in an attempt that would only prove fruitless in the end, his sole anxiety now was to communicate with the officers who were in immediate command of the movement, and direct them to withdraw their men. He saw the officers standing on the parapet of a field-work, about six or eight hundred yards to the left. To reach them by passing inside of our rifle-pits would be a slow process, as the place was crowded with troops; so he decided to keep in front of the line of earth-works and take the chances. The shots were flying thick and fast, and what with the fire of the enemy and the heat of a July sun, there was a warmth about the undertaking that ought to have satisfied the cravings of the most advanced cremationist. The very recollection of it, twenty years after, starts the perspiration. Scarcely a word was spoken in crossing this distance. Sometimes the gait was a fast walk, sometimes a dog-trot. The officers were not a little astonished to see the General-in-chief approaching on foot from this direction, and no time was now lost in sending orders for the withdrawal of the troops.

The General gave way to no outbursts of feeling and no useless expressions of regret, but those who were responsible for the failure were made to feel the full weight of his displeasure.

The day the outer line around Petersburg was carried and the troops were moving upon the inner line, the General took up his position near a house which stood on a knoll overlooking the field of operations. The spot was under fire, and as soon as the group of officers who composed the staff were seen, one of the enemy's batteries began paying its respects to the party in a manner which left no one under the apprehension that he was going to be slighted. The General had dismounted and seated himself at the foot of a tree, and was soon busied in reading dispatches brought to him, and writing orders to the officers conducting the advance.

The fire had become pretty hot, and several officers, apprehensive for his safety, suggested to him the propriety of moving to another position less conspicuous. He kept on writing, without the slightest interruption from the shots falling around him, and apparently not noticing what a target the place was becoming, or paying any heed to the suggestions offered. When he had finished the dispatches he got up, took a view of the situation, slow-

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ly mounted his horse, and, as he started toward another part of the field, said, with a quizzical look at the group around him, "Well, they do seem to have the range on us."

The unbounded generosity at all times displayed by General Grant toward friends and foes will be remembered as long as the world continues to honor manly qualities. His unselfishness in relation to his subordinates was one of the chief secrets of their attachment to him, and the immediate and unstinted praise he gave them for their work was one of the great incentives which aroused them to the efforts they put forth. After the successes in the West, in writing to Sherman he said: "What I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom above all others I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given to you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving you can not know as well as I. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction."

Sherman wrote a no less manly letter in reply. After insisting that General Grant assigned to his subordinates too large a share of merit, he went on to say; "I believe you to be as brave, patriotic, and just as the great prototype Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in the Saviour . . . . I knew wherever I was that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would help me out if alive."

After Sherman's successful march to the sea there was a rumor that Congress was to create a Lieutenant-Generalcy for him, and give him the same grade as that of Grant. By this he would have become eligible to the command of the army. He wrote at once to his commander saying he had no part in the movement, and should certainly decline such a commission if offered to him.

General Grant wrote him in reply: "No one would be more pleased at your advancement than I; and, if you should be placed in my position, and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have ever done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win."

When Joe Johnston's army surrendered to Sherman and was given terms which the government recalled, Stanton denounced Sherman's conduct unsparingly, and Grant was ordered by the President to go at once to Sherman's head-quarters and conduct further operations there in person.

The General-in-chief went to Raleigh, and remained there in the background instead of going out to the front, so as not to appear to share the credit of receiving Johnston's final surrender. He left that honor solely to Sherman, and stood manfully by him when his motives were questioned and his patriotism unjustly assailed.

General Grant never tired of extolling the virtues of Sheridan and other commanders who had shown great qualities in the field. He said Sheridan's courageous words and brilliant deeds encouraged his commanders as much as they inspired his subordinates. He often compared Sheridan's traits to similar ones in the character of Hannibal, of Frederick the Great, and of Napoleon himself. He was always taking up the cudgels in defense of his generals. He spoke one day with great warmth in reply to a person who alluded to Sheridan as merely a hard hitter in battle. He said: "While Sheridan has a magnetic influence possessed by few over men in an engagement, and is seen to best advantage in battle, he does as much beforehand to contribute to victory as any living commander. His plans are always well matured, and in every movement he strikes with a definite purpose in view. No man is better fitted to command all the armies in the field."

At Appomattox Grant treated Lee with every possible respect. His sword was not demanded, the firing of salutes and other demonstrations of rejoicing were suppressed, and the vanquished were paroled and allowed to take their horses with them to their homes. The conqueror never for a moment forgot that the conquered were his own countrymen.

Two months after the close of the war, when Lee applied by letter for the privileges extended to those included in the President's amnesty proclamation, General Grant put an indorsement on the communication, which began as follows:

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"Respectfully forwarded through the Secretary of War to the President, with the earnest recommendation that the application of General Robert E. Lee for amnesty and pardon may be granted him."

But instead of pardoning rebels, Andrew Johnson was engaged in his boasted work of "making treason odious," and he was determined to have Lee and others indicted and punished for the crime of high treason. General Lee appealed by letter to General Grant for protection, and he knew he would not appeal in vain. General Grant put a long and emphatic indorsement upon this letter of appeal, in which the following language occurs: "In my opinion the officers and men paroled at Appomattox Court-House and since, upon the same terms given to Lee, can not be tried for treason so long as they observe the terms of their parole.... The action of Judge Underwood in Norfolk has already had an injurious effect, and I would ask that he be ordered to quash all indictments found against paroled prisoners of war, and to desist from further prosecution of them."

The touching messages of sympathy which poured in from the people of the South in the closing hours of the General's life—messages which "made anguish smile and smoothed the bed of death"—testified how well the people of that section remembered the justice and generosity of the great heart whose throbbings were then so soon to cease.

General Grant had a keen sense of humor, which often cropped out from the most serious surroundings. His heart was not especially attuned to mirth; its chords were often set to strains of sadness; but there was not a really humorous or grotesque occurrence which failed to afford him amusement.

There was a grim joke in the dispatch he sent to the War Department after having failed in repeated efforts to have a general officer relieved from a separate command. It read, "I beg that you will relieve General ——, at least until all danger is over." During a campaign he would often refer to the period since the movement began as the time "since this army started out gunning."

The night of October 19, 1864, the staff were sitting in front of the General's tent at City Point, anxiously awaiting news from Cedar Creek, where a fight had been reported in progress. The telegraph operator came up hurriedly with a long dispatch from Sheridan. The General took it and read it over carefully. Every eye was fixed upon him to try and read something in his features, but as usual his calm and impassive face failed to give the slightest indication as to whether the news was good or bad. He soon turned back to the beginning of the dispatch and began to read it aloud. With a discouraging shake of the head, he went on reading how Wright had been attacked, eighteen guns had been lost, our troops had been thrown into confusion and driven back six miles. Here the General stopped, looked around at the dejected listeners, and said, solemnly, "That's pretty bad, isn't it?"

A melancholy chorus replied, "It's too bad—too bad."

"Now wait till I read you the rest of it," said the General, with a twinkle in his eye. Then he went on to read how Sheridan had ridden twenty miles at break-neck speed to reach the front, had recaptured the guns, snatched victory from defeat, and left the enemy a wreck.

The listeners had by this time rallied from their dejection, and were wild with delight. The General seemed to enjoy the bomb-shell he had thrown amongst the staff almost as much as the news of Sheridan's signal victory.

If there is one word which describes better than any other the predominating characteristic of General Grant's nature, that word is loyalty. He was loyal to whatever work or cause he was engaged in; loyal to his friends, loyal to his family, and loyal to his country.

This trait naturally produced a reciprocal effect in those who were brought into relations with him, and was one of the chief reasons why men became so loyally attached to him. Though its dominating power led him in some instances to stand heroically by friends who were unworthy of his friendship, and to continue to trust those who were betraying the faith he reposed in them, yet the strength which made him proof against the influence of unfounded aspersions of others and raised a barrier between worthy men and their detractors, stamped him as one who had the courage to be just, and who let generous sentiments have a voice in an age in which the heart plays so small a part in public life.

Many a public man has had troops of

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adherents who clung to him only for the patronage at his command, or has had admirers who followed him because they were dazzled by his power or had become blind partisans in a cause he represented. Perhaps no other man than Grant ever had so many personal friends who loved him for his own sake, whose affection only strengthened with time, and whose attachment never varied in its devotion, whether he was General or President or private citizen.

General Grant was created for great emergencies. It was the magnitude of the task that called forth the powers by which he mastered it. In ordinary matters he was an ordinary man; in momentous affairs he became a giant.

When performing the routine duties of a frontier camp there was no act to make him conspicuous above his fellow-officers, but when he wielded corps and armies the great qualities of the commander flashed forth, and his master-strokes of genius placed him at once in the front rank of the world's great captains.

When he hauled wood from his little farm and sold it in St. Louis, with all his industry he did not drive as advantageous bargains or make as good a living as most of the farmers about him; but when he came to cope with the trained diplomatists of Europe in conducting the intricate negotiations which resulted in forcing a satisfactory settlement of the *Alabama* claims, he put forth abilities which showed from the start that the matter was in the hands of a master. When conducting the business of his store in Galena his financiering was hardly equal to that of the average country merchant, but when a message was to be sent to Congress that would puncture the fallacies of the inflationists and throttle by a veto the attempts of unwise men to cripple the finances of the nation, a State paper was produced which commanded the admiration of every believer in a sound currency. He could collect for the nation fifteen millions from Great Britain; he could not protect his own personal savings from the miscreants who lately robbed him in New York.

His methods in warfare all bore the stamp of originality and ingenuity. His success depended upon his powers of invention rather than adaptation. The fact that he has been compared at times to nearly all the great commanders of history is the best proof that he was like none of them. He saw that the art of war as practiced in Europe, with its open country, macadamized highways, and densely populated states, would not answer for America, with its dense forests, impenetrable swamps, difficult rivers, mud roads, and sparse population. He found the necessity of devising an American system of warfare applicable to the conditions surrounding him, and while it had been part of his education to study the instructive lessons derived from the great European campaigns, yet he never wasted time in trying to fit a European square peg into an American round hole.

The importance of celerity in action was always uppermost in his mind. There was a spur in the heel of every order he sent. No one could "feed a fight" more rapidly, that is, rush fresh troops promptly to the spot where they were needed. Every point gained was tenaciously held, and the enemy never recaptured an important position which had once been wrested from him.

The combinations and movements of the several great armies of the Union during the last year of the war were on a scale never before or since attempted. Over half a million of men were in the field in commands separated by more than a thousand miles, and all moving under the guiding hand of their chief: Meade manœuvring around Petersburg, Ord hanging on to Richmond, Sheridan galloping through the Valley of Virginia, Sherman cutting the Confederacy in two, Canby seizing the strongholds on the Gulf, Thomas crushing Hood in Tennessee, armies defending the Mississippi and resisting raids in Missouri. When communication was open, daily reports came in to the chief, who sat in his little hut quietly smoking his cigar, studying the maps, and sending out instructions to all points of the compass. His self-reliance in the field was perhaps his most characteristic trait. He never convened formal councils of war, though he always consulted and advised with his officers, whose opinions never failed to have with him the weight to which they were entitled. He manifested no pride of opinion, but in a campaign he felt that the person who had to shoulder the responsibility ought to decide the movement. One of his objections to a council of war was that there would naturally be some officers who

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would oppose his plans, and in urging their objections and finding arguments with which to fortify the position they had taken, they would reach a frame of mind which, in case they were overruled, might make them lukewarm in executing the movement.

General Sherman once made a very fair criticism when he said, in his graphic way, and with his crisp style of expression: "Grant always seemed pretty certain to win when he went into a fight with anything like equal numbers. I believe one great reason why he was so much more successful than others was that while they were thinking so much about what the enemy was going to do, Grant was thinking all the time about what he was going to do himself."

It is not a little singular that the General's character should have borne so high a tone throughout his life, when it is remembered how he had to encounter the rough-and-tumble of frontier camps and pass through so many vicissitudes of life calculated to blunt the morals and weaken the finer sensibilities. In the sixty-three years of his career an oath never passed his lips, and an obscene word was never uttered by him. His nearest approach to an imprecation was a "Confound it!" Once when recalling this fact and remarking upon it to him, he said: "I never learned to swear. When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to arouse men's ire, and when people get into a passion, their adversaries who keep cool always get the better of them." His example in this respect was once quoted by a member of the Christian Commission to a teamster in the Army of the Potomac, in the hope of lessening the volume of oaths with which he was italicizing his language, and upon which he seemed to be placing his main reliance in moving his mule team out of a mud hole. His only reply was, "Then thar's one thing certain—the old man never druv mules."

The absolute truthfulness of his nature was manifested in the most unimportant as well as the most important statements. In relating even the most trivial incident, if he found he had made a mistake in a name or a place, he would go back and correct it with the utmost particularity, as if he had been testifying to it under oath. This habit was frequently commented upon by those about him, who were often amused by the painstaking manner in which he insisted upon stating little occurrences with all the accuracy of a translator of the new version of the Scriptures.

The General was brought up a Methodist, and was always a regular attendant at worship. He was a frequent visitor at church conferences, and had many warm personal friends amongst the bishops and clergy of that denomination, but was entirely non-sectarian in his feelings. He was imbued with a deep reverence for all subjects of a religious nature, and nothing was more offensive to him than attempts to make light of serious matters, or show a disrespect for sacred things. It was his custom to observe the Sabbath day upon all occasions, and he manifested his regard for it down to the last hours of his life. One Saturday night during the last stages of the fatal disease which sapped his life, one of the severe paroxysms of coughing came on accompanied by sensations of choking. He begged his eldest son to keep him awake, feeling that if he yielded to sleep he would die of suffocation. A game of cribbage was proposed. When about to begin to play he asked the time, and was told that it was five minutes past twelve. Pushing the cribbage-board aside, he said, "We must not play; it is now Sunday." With nothing to divert his mind, he dropped into a doze every few minutes; then started upright to gasp for breath and struggle with the distressing cough; and thus throughout that terrible night the painful struggle for life continued. Death had no more terrors for him on his bed of suffering than on the field of battle where he had so often faced it. In one of the last interviews the writer had with him he said: "It is not death I fear." And then setting his lips firmly in the old-time fashion, as when he gave orders in the field, he added: "I never feared that. I fear only the sufferings I may still have to go through. My only wish now is that the end may come quick."

A friend one day said to him, "General, there are many good friends who will be very sad to have you leave them."

He replied, "There are just as many waiting to meet me on the other side."

The effects of hard service had been telling upon him for some time. The serious responsibilities thrust upon him had continued through a greater number of years than had fallen to the lot of

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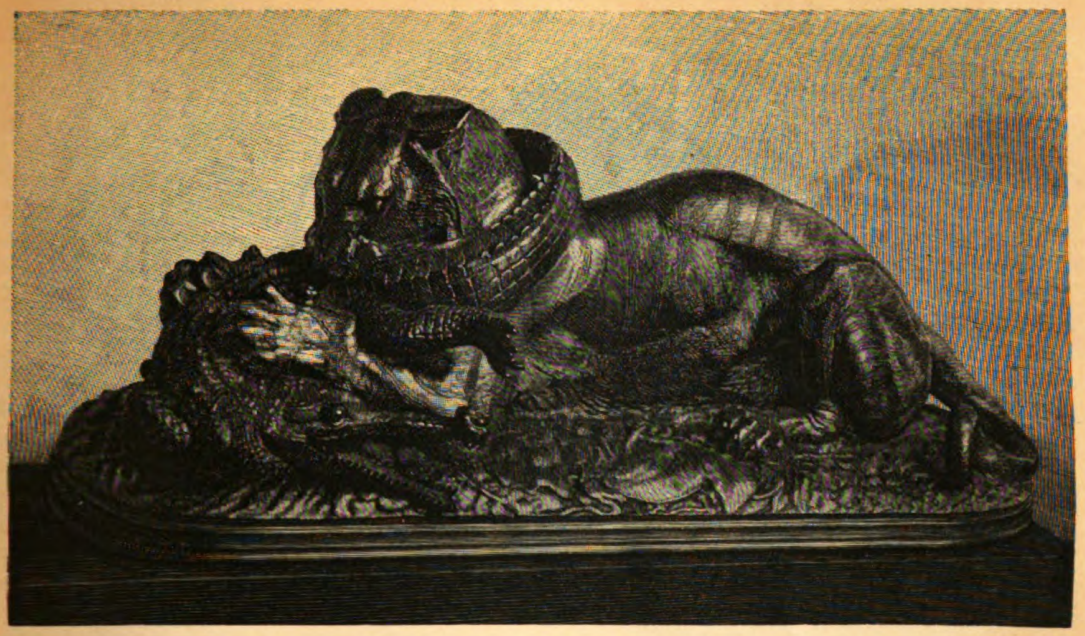
any of America's public men. At the very outset of the war he assumed important commands. His trials increased as the struggle advanced. When relieved from his cares in the field he found renewed anxiety in the fact that President Johnson was engaged in a bitter contest with Congress, the reconstruction of the States of the South was lagging, politicians were quarrelling, and the land seemed again on the borders of revolution. Then he was made a candidate for the Presidency, and served eight years as Chief Magistrate, at a time when the cares of the Executive office were peculiarly perplexing. He had spent many years of his life subjected to severe physical exposure in malarious sections of country, and the effect began to show itself as he advanced in years. In December, 1884, at the age of sixty-two, he slipped upon the ice and met with a severe fall, striking his hip upon his door-step. The injury proved to be of so severe a nature that he never recovered from the lameness it produced. This deprived him of the exercise from walking, of which he had always been fond, and his system soon began to break down. A few months later the financial bubble blown by Ward and Fish burst. It was a severe shock to an enfeebled constitution, and a crushing blow to the proud spirit of a man of honor. This was the canker which gnawed at the heart while the cancer was eating at the throat.

He had always looked upon the bright side of life. He was almost the only one who could say, as he had often said, in philosophizing upon the pains and pleasures of this world, that there was not a day of his life which he would not like to live over again. He might have said this even down to the beginning of his final sufferings had it not been for the conscienceless scoundrels who in the last year of his life robbed him and his children of their property, and labored to tarnish his fair name by trying to couple it with that of rascals; who devised schemes unsurpassed in the annals of knavery to lure him into correspondence which might be so tortured as to serve their unworthy purposes; who played upon the kindly sentiments of a man whose heart knew no guile, and overshadowed with grief the last year of a singularly happy life and a great historic career.

The American people, by their tribute of affection, furnished the only balm which could assuage his sufferings. Congress placed him on the retired list as a General, restoring to him the rank which he had vacated when called to a higher field of duty as President; legislatures passed resolutions of sympathy; crowned heads of other lands telegraphed kind inquiries; church organizations sent messages of condolence; civil societies, Grand Army posts, and veteran associations tendered words of friendship; and all over the land prayers were offered in public and private invoking God's blessing upon the illustrious sufferer. Processions of little Sunday-school children sang anthems as they filed past his door. Tributes of flowers poured in upon the household. Men who had voted for him and men who had voted against him, old soldiers who had served with him, and strangers who had never seen him, lined the sidewalk opposite his city house, and stood for hours gazing with moistened eyes upon the windows of the sick man's room.

It was these demonstrations of the people's affection more than the work of the physicians, great as was their devotion and their skill, that buoyed up his spirits, so often rallied his waning powers, triumphed for a time over the disease itself, and cheered the remnant of his days. But the seeds of the fatal malady had been sown, and Death stood ready to reap the harvest. Thousands of old soldiers with their old-time devotion would have stood between him and death as willingly as they once threw their bodies between him and the enemy's bullets, but their devotion availed nothing now. The hand which had seized the surrendered swords of countless thousands could scarcely return the pressure of a friendly grasp; the voice which had cheered on to triumphant victory the conquering legions of America's manhood could no longer call for the cooling draught that slaked the thirst of a fevered tongue. With his family gathered about him, with no fears to trouble him, with the blessings and prayers of the nation following him, at rest with God and at peace with his fellow-man, his spirit passed away. The flag which no enemy had ever been permitted to lower in his presence now dropped at half-mast as if it felt that his arms were no longer there to uphold it. At last he was permitted to enjoy what he had pleaded for in behalf of others, for the Lord had let him have peace.

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"TIGER DEVOURING A CROCODILE."
Engraved by John Tinkey.

ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

IN the exhibition of the Paris Salon of 1831, the public was charmed and fascinated by a half life-size group representing a "Tiger devouring a Crocodile." With ears laid back and eyes gleaming savagely, the tiger grasps the reptile with his cruel talons, and bites furiously into the scaly body, while the crocodile, winding its tail around the tiger's neck, doubles upon itself in fear and agony, writhing and struggling vainly to escape. Such realism in the sculpture of animals, such forcible and passionate rendering of life and movement, had never before been seen. Indeed, the tiger had not been considered worthy of the honors of sculpture, much less the crocodile, for academic zoology recognized only two animals, the lion and the horse, and both had degenerated into mere conventional forms, in the production of which the study or consultation of nature would have been misleading to the artist. This group had therefore all the attraction of novelty of subject, as well as of treatment, and the leading critics joined with the public in pronouncing it the strongest and most original work in the exhibition, and declaring its author, Antoine Louis Barye, to be the creator of a new art. In the same exhibition Barye had a statue of St. Sebastian, conceived in the academic spirit, but yet with great naturalness of posture and truthfulness in details. Whether it was for the tiger or for the saint—the latter hypothesis is the more probable—Barye received a second-class medal, which completed the public recognition of his talent. At the time of this brilliant *début* Barye was thirty-six years of age, and his apprenticeship of misery, disappointment, and patient labor had then lasted over a period of some twenty-two years.

Barye was born on September 24, 1795, at Paris, where his father, who came from Lyons, had married and established himself as a silversmith. Details about his boyhood are wanting. The family was, it appears, numerous, and not particularly prosperous, and so, after a very summary education, young Barye was apprenticed in 1809 to an engraver and die-sinker named Fourier, who manufactured stamps for clasps, buttons, and other military ornaments, and was considered very clever in making matrices of steel for goldsmiths' repoussé-work. Fourier also worked in the precious metals, and many beautiful gold snuff-boxes which were presented by Napoleon to various sovereigns were manufactured by him. Barye remained with Fourier until 1813, learning all the

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HEAD OF THE LION OF THE TUILERIES.—RIGHT SIDE.
Engraved by W. B. Closson, from a photograph of the bronze in Mount Vernon Place, Baltimore.

secrets of delicate chiselling and fine work in gold and silver. The conscription then took him, and he was drafted into a topographical engineers' brigade, and employed in making relief plans of towns and fortresses until the capitulation of Paris in 1814 liberated him from military service, and enabled him to resume his profession. But he was already tormented by the desire to become a sculptor, and devoted all the time he could spare to drawing and modelling. Finally, by dint of efforts and sacrifices, which Barye's reserve and modesty never allowed him to reveal, he succeeded at the end of 1816 in entering the studio of Bosio. But he seems soon to have become convinced that, apart from the mere material processes of the art, this master's example could only teach him what to avoid, namely conventionality, pomposity, and false grandeur; and so, in the spring of 1817, we find Barye studying painting in the studio of Gros. The painter of the "Battle of Aboukir" and of the "Plague of Jaffa" can not but have had a good influence over Barye. There is a spirit, a sentiment of life, a dramatic accent, in Gros's work, combined with a knowledge of masses, of harmony and of expression, which certainly made a profound impression upon his pupil, and served him afterward in his sculpture even better than in his painting.

Having determined to become an artist, Barye naturally thought of profiting by the advantages offered by the École des Beaux Arts and by the Prix de Rome, which enables its holder to pass five years at the expense of the state amidst the treasures of the Eternal City. He competed for the first time in 1819 in the section of engraving in medals and precious stones, and obtained only the third prize. The subject was "Milo of Crotona." Barye's medallion, of which a few rare proofs exist, reveals the qualities which afterward assured the popularity of his talent. The lion biting Milo's thigh is rendered with singular energy and verity of movement, and the head and attitude of the athlete express eloquently the struggle of courage against pain. In 1820, in the section of sculpture, Barye obtained only a second prize. In 1821, 1822, and 1823 he competed in the same section, but without obtaining even an "honorable mention," and the last year he was not accepted after the preliminary trial. This series of defeats obliged Barye not only to give up all ideas of going to Italy, but even to abandon, at least temporarily, his artistic studies, and so in 1823 he resumed his workman's tools, and entered the establishment of Fauconnier, a goldsmith then in great vogue, and enjoying court patronage. Fauconnier could teach Barye nothing, for his only quality was his ability to take advantage of the talent of others. Barye remained with him eight years, modelling all kinds of objects in gold and silver, and especially ornaments and animals, the credit of

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HEAD OF THE LION OF THE TUILERIES.—FRONT VIEW.
Engraved by W. B. Closson, from a photograph of the bronze in Mount Vernon Place, Baltimore.

which Fauconnier naturally claimed for himself.

However, after the first shock of disappointment, Barye married, settled in the Passage Sainte-Marie, where Fauconnier had his workshop, and, his home comfort being secured by a devoted wife, he resumed his ambitious projects and his art studies. The rare hours of leisure left by his work for the daily bread of himself and his family were zealously devoted to attending lectures at the Jardin des Plantes, to studying human and animal anatomy in the dissecting-rooms, to taking measurements of lengths and proportions, and to drawing from nature and after the masters in the Louvre. At the same time he carefully studied all the processes and details of casting in various metals, and thus acquired a mass of observations and documents, and a knowledge of all the branches of the sculptor's art, which enabled him finally to come forth with almost a masterpiece, and thereafter to continue his career without hesitation or uncertainty. But we must not imagine that Barye destined himself merely to the sculpture of animals, or even to sculpture alone. In the Salon of 1827, when his name appears in the catalogue for the first time, he was represented by some medallion portraits and busts which passed unnoticed. From a letter of Eugène Delacroix's, dated from Tours in 1828, we find that Barye called himself a "sculpteur paysagiste." In the Salon of 1831, besides the groups of "St. Sebastian" and of the "Tiger devouring a Crocodile," he exhibited a portrait of his two daughters, and some studies of animals in water-colors. In the Salon of 1833 he exhibited six water-colors, a frame of medallions, and eleven pieces of sculpture, including a bust of the Duke of Orleans, a fifteenth-century cavalier, the equestrian group of "Charles VI. in the Forest of Le Mans," and the famous "Lion and Serpent," now on the terrace of the Garden of the Tuileries. In the versatility of his talent and in the multitude of his studies Barye had something in common with those universal artists of the Renaissance who were at once architects, sculptors, painters, goldsmiths, alchemists, and engineers. Unfortunately, as we shall see, he was born in an age when his talents could with difficulty find the conditions necessary for their full development.

The purchase of the "Lion and Serpent" by the government and the decoration of its author with the cross of the Legion of Honor seemed to open up for Barye the road to success and glory. An order to execute a bass-relief for the Bastile Column revealed a perspective of official support without which the sculptor can not produce monumental works. The patronage of the Duke of Orleans and of his royal brothers was also of good omen to the artist. There was talk, too, of commissioning Barye to compose groups of animals for the decoration of the Pont de

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MOULLIN'S BUST OF BARYE.
Engraved by R. G. Tietze.

la Concorde, while Thiers requested him to make a project for adorning the summit of the Arc de Triomphe. In short, the future looked altogether bright.

Of Barye's personal appearance at this time we may form some idea from an excellent lithograph by Jean Gigoux, which represents him in the costume of 1835, dressed in a black coat with light sleeves, ample collar and sloping shoulders, a long waistcoat crossed by a modest double watch chain, a high linen collar with a black neckerchief wrapped round and round in voluminous folds. Barye was above medium stature, rather slender, and always scrupulously neat in his dress and person. Even in the hard times—real misery, I have been told—of the beginnings in the Passage Sainte-Marie his linen was always spotless and his hands and finger-nails scrupulously cared for. Barye never sacrificed to those eccentricities of unkempt hair and strange costume which were so much in fashion among the artistic revolutionaries of his epoch. His brown hair, slightly curling, was always carefully combed and parted on one side, and his pale face cleanly shaven with the exception of small, closely cut mustaches left just below the nostrils. The head was vigorously modelled, with strongly accentuated cheek-bones and a prominent chin, indicative of determination and firmness of character. His forehead was high, broad, and ample, the eyebrows straight and regular, and the light blue eyes, of full oval form, vigilant and calm, looked at you frankly, but without insolence or provocation. The nose, rather thick at the bridge and slightly retroussé, was modelled in solid facets; the nostrils, fairly open, indicated neither a sensual nor an ascetic temperament; the small mouth, with its thin, tightly-closed lips, seemed, as many of his friends have told me, "to have a padlock upon it," so hardly and so sparingly did words pass that severe barrier.

The ordinary impression conveyed by Barye's bearing and manner was that of a man cold, melancholy, and not easy to get on with. His look was hard and slightly disdainful, and his rare utterances were made in a dry and curt tone, each word issuing from his lips with clean and trenchant enunciation. When he smiled his lips parted just sufficiently to show two canine teeth, which gave him literally a mordant air, and the older he grew the more mordant and caustic he became, but only in the intimate society of tried friends, for in general company he remained invariably a silent listener. But Barye was by no means a recluse. On the contrary, after working all day, he liked to amuse himself in the evening and to associate with his fellows. His society was much sought after, and he was always surrounded by a select circle of friends and of connoisseurs, for whom he worked, and among whom were the Duke of Orleans and his brothers and the Duc de Luynes. Delacroix, the great romantic painter, was one of his earliest friends, and his frequent companion in study before the cages at the wild-beast shows in the Jardin des Plantes. Corot, Diaz, and Théodore Rousseau were also very intimate with Barye, and also the great J. F. Millet, whose neighbor at Barbizon he afterward became. Barye was an assiduous attendant at the joyous dinners of artists and literary men which used to take place around the rough tables of modest *cabarets* and wine-shops, for in those days artists were less slaves of

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BARYE AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-FIVE.

Engraved by G. Kruell, from a water-color portrait in the Walters Collection.

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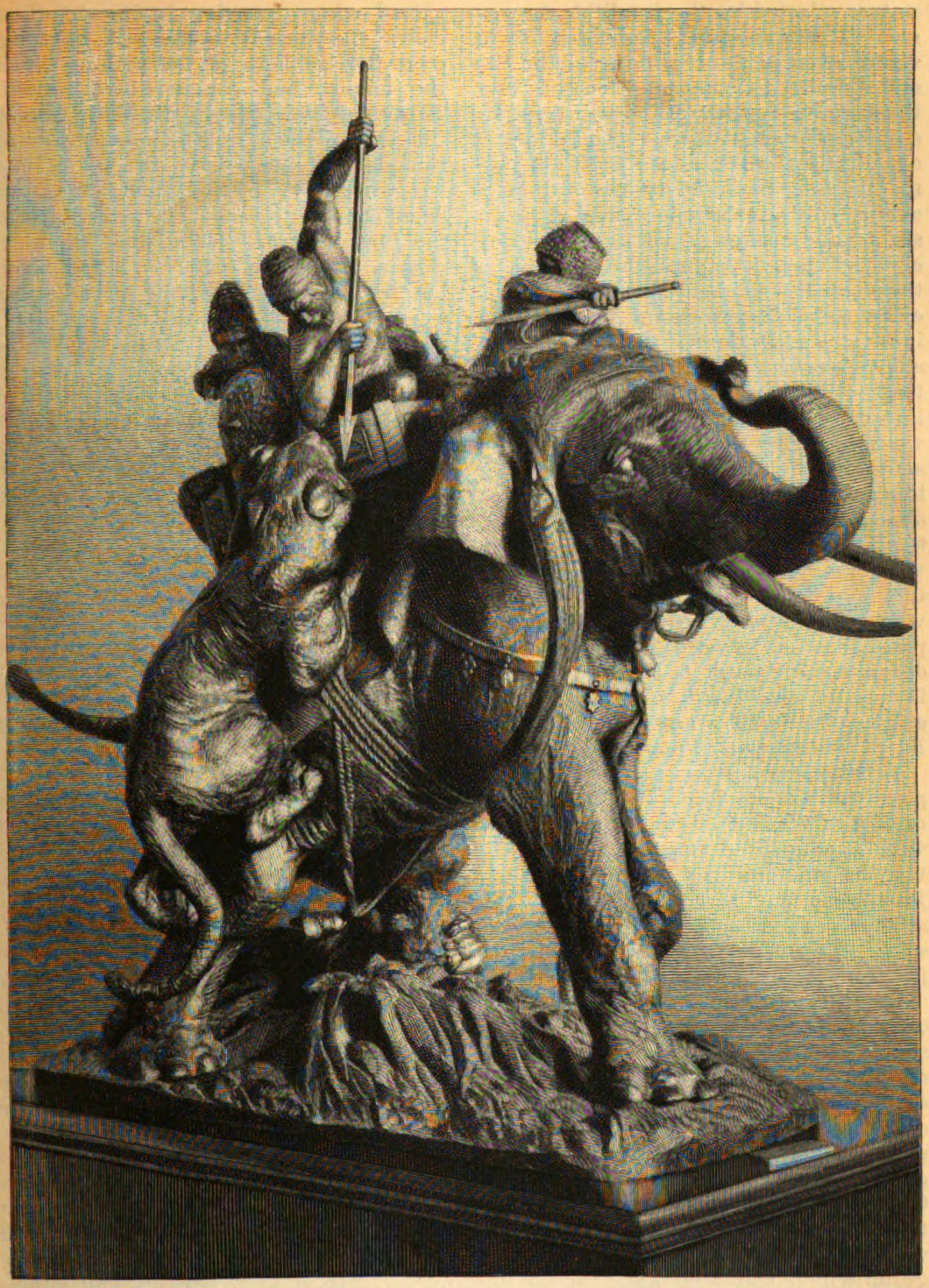
luxury than they now are, and their purses were rarely heavy with gold. Barye was fond of the theatre too, and his desire to study types of humanity led him into all kinds of queer places of popular amusement. On Saturdays he used regularly to visit the horse-market; on Sundays he would often go to study animal life at the dog-market, and he was even a frequent spectator of the ignoble dog-fights which were then to be seen in the outskirts of Paris. A rule and a sketch-book were his inseparable companions in these excursions, and he would frequently stop in the street to measure a horse or to note a movement. Like Delacroix, considering justly that the tiger is but a sublime development of the cat, he used to study the wild animal in its reduced domestic counterpart. When Barye had his studio in the Rue de Boulogne, about 1846, one of the apprentices had reared a very fine cat to live in the workshop with the chasers and mounters, and often of an afternoon Barye would come in, sit down on a stool, and entice the cat to his knees. "Tiens! v'là le patron qui va faire ses études!" one of the boys would say, and there the great artist would sometimes sit for an hour at a time, stroking the cat, tickling her feet, in order to make her push out her talons, pulling her legs, and feeling the play of the muscles and tendons as he induced her by caresses and playful ruses to take all kinds of positions and to execute the most diverse movements.

By some happy gift of independence Barye escaped that burden of precedent which rests so heavily on the young artist, and thanks to the accident of his love of animal life, he started without having his vision troubled or distorted by the accomplished fact of classical sculpture with its overwhelming authority on every point of the conduct of work. At a time when the abstract and arid school of David was in its worst and decadent stage, and when sculpture was at the lowest ebb to which the exclusive and unintelligent copying of Roman antiquity could reduce it, Barye boldly and simply took nature for his model and guide, and began in sculpture a reaction analogous to the reaction which Géricault began in painting by his natural and spontaneous sentiment of the picturesque and by his naïve study of reality. Barye introduced into sculpture an element which several generations of artists had forgotten, namely, the element of vivacity, of drama, of passion. His groups of animals are all admirable in pantomime. His "Lion and Serpent" is the last word of realistic imitation; in the play of physiognomy of the beast with his snarling mouth and uplifted paw there is a mingled expression of anger, disgust, and fear of the cold, scaly, mysterious reptile; it is the image of strength struggling against ruse. In his figure groups, as for instance in the "Charles VI. in the Forest of Le Mans," there is the same research of dramatic movement and expression. Nothing could be more unlike the conventional curly-pated lions which were then produced by orthodox artists under the belittling but well-dressed architectural term of "lions d'ornement," and nothing less like the cold, smooth, and insipid sculpture which was then accepted in high places, than these powerful and living works of Barye.

It is needless to retrace here the story of the great literary struggle between the Romanticists and the Classicists: it will suffice to remind the reader that the Institute, which then had full control over the Salon, was the stronghold of blind conservatism, and that the members of the Academy of Fine Arts had formed themselves into a holy league for the maintenance of sound doctrines and the monopoly of all public works. The laureates of the École de Rome held together, helped each other on, creating vast social and official ramifications and influences, and for years succeeded in making the Institute a close corporation, into which none could penetrate unless he had passed through the regular course of submis-

NOTE.—The "Tiger Hunt" is the most important in many respects of Barye's works, and it is the piece of chief interest in the collection of Mr. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore—a collection in all respects unique and interesting, and the most notable and complete that is anywhere to be found of the works of this great artist. Mr. Walters's acquaintance with Barye began nearly forty years ago in Paris, and the illustrations of this article have been prepared from objects contained in a gallery in his house, which has been set apart and dedicated to Barye and his works. A majority of the many notable examples that it contains are either the original models, or Barye's proofs finished in the metal by the master himself. Their rarity and value will be readily appreciated, particularly by the many amateurs who have of late years sought to possess themselves of fine examples. The "Tiger Hunt" was modelled as a commission from the Duke of Orleans, and is unique and uncopied, being a wonderfully fine example of the process *à cire perdue*, which Mr. Child explains in the course of his paper.—W. M. L.

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"THE TIGER HUNT."—RIGHT SIDE OF GROUP.—[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]
Engraved by F. H. Wellington.

sion, *camaraderie*, and intrigue. During the first half of this century the Institute tyrannized over French art, admitting no doctrines and no manifestations at variance with its own, and carrying its jealous care so far that the guardians of the Louvre Museum had orders to prevent students from drawing any but certain

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statues selected by the infallible Areopagus. It was absolutely forbidden, for instance, even in the beginning of the Second Empire, to copy an Etruscan vase, the members of the Institute being of opinion that such examples would tend to corrupt the taste of the student. The Romantic movement of 1830 was directed against this positive oppression of the Institute, and instances such as the one just cited will help to explain the virulence of the combat. As regards Barye, who was evidently as dangerous and pernicious an innovator as Delacroix, the Institute, unable to ignore him on account of the popularity of his works in the eyes of the public, and of the high esteem in which they were held by the independent critics, adopted at first the policy of depreciating him and treating him as a mere *animalier*, a modeller of animals, of beings belonging to a lower rank of creation! Now Barye was longing for a chance to model figures in monumental style, and when Thiers, who was one of his early admirers, proposed that he should be commissioned to decorate the Pont de la Concorde, the influence of the Institute suggested that groups of animals would be advisable, as Barye was only an *animalier*.

In 1835, when it was decided to complete the Arc de Triomphe, Thiers commissioned Rude to decorate the façades with four colossal trophies. Etex, who was then young and zealous, and had just come to Paris, hearing of this scheme, called upon the minister and said: "Monsieur Thiers, you must not put trophies on those vast spaces; groups, colossal groups, are the decoration required." "Tiens! c'est une idée! your suggestion is excellent!" replied Thiers, and Etex obtained an order for two groups as his reward. Rude was thus left with orders for two groups instead of four trophies; then shortly afterward another group was taken from him and given to Cortot, a member of the Institute. Rude, furious at this unceremonious treatment, wished to refuse the commission for one group which had been left him, but his friends dissuaded him, saying: "No; keep the order; you will make the best group of all." And so Rude set to work and composed the magnificent allegory of the "Departure of the Volunteers of 1792," or, as it is sometimes wrongly called, "La Marseillaise." This decoration was to be crowned by a colossal eagle with outspread wings, grasping in its victorious claws the thunder-bolts, and hovering over the emblems of the nations which the empire had conquered or abased. Barye was charged with the execution of this eagle, which was to have measured some seventy feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. With his usual conscientiousness the artist went to the Jardin des Plantes to study the muscles and postures of eagles, and then made his first sketch in wax, and after having satisfied himself as to the verity and exactitude of every detail, he invited Thiers to come to see it at the studio. Thiers came, and in his little squeaky and shrill voice complimented the sculptor: "C'est très bien, Monsieur Barye; your eagle is very fine; but allow me to make an observation. Your eagle has not got firmly hold of the thunder-bolts; his talons do not grip well."

"Pardon me, Monsieur Thiers, but I have studied that movement precisely from nature."

"No, no, Monsieur Barye; that does not matter. Your eagle, I tell you, does not grip the thunder-bolts...."

"Enfin, Monsieur Thiers," exclaimed Barye, somewhat impatiently, "you are not an eagle!"

Like the commission for decorating the Pont de la Concorde, this project also fell through. The composition of the colossal eagle trampling on the patriotic emblems of all the nations of Europe might, it was said, disturb the peace of the continent, and so no more was heard about it. Barye received, by way of consolation, an order for a colossal lion, and there was an end, for the time being at least, of all idea of exercising his talent on monumental public works. The Institute triumphed, and the audacious innovator was relegated to his rank of an *animalier*. Nay, more: in the midst of all these projects, and as it were at the very moment of his triumph, after his bronzes had won him the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and obtained for him orders from the government, commissions from high persons, and almost the much-desired opportunity of executing a monumental work, the Institute suddenly refused to admit his bronzes to the Salon. In 1837 the five groups representing scenes of lion, tiger, bear, bull, and elk hunting, ordered by the Duke of Orleans, were refused admission to the Salon, as not being sculpture, but goldsmith's work.

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"LION AND BOA-CONSTRICTOR."—WALTERS COLLECTION.
Engraved by W. B. Closson from a water-color drawing by Barye.

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"STANDING BEAR."
Engraved by Louis Faber.

From 1837 to 1847 there is a lacuna in Barye's life. Naturally offended by this last insult offered to his talent, he did not exhibit again at the Salon until after the revolution of 1848, when a freely elected jury had replaced the vexatious jurisdiction of the Academy. Meanwhile he by no means posed as a martyr, but seeing that there was no chance of producing monumental works, he pocketed his disappointment, and keeping all his feelings to himself, continued to live his life with that austere calm and reserve which had been as remarkable in Barye at the age of twenty-five as it was in Barye at the age of sixty. During these ten years he produced a quantity of small bronzes, mostly animals, which he himself made, published, and sold at his studio, without the intervention of any dealers or middle-men; he worked also for a few intelligent amateurs; but, above all, he worked for himself, striving ever after perfection in conception as well as in execution.

Barye's programme of work was free invention and slow execution; he conceived his idea boldly, and labored patiently in order to realize it in a pure form, and with that element of selectness, dignity, and distinction which is called style. He was constantly meditating. Often he would go and sit for an hour or two on a bench in the Jardin des Plantes, and while he seemed to be sleeping or idling, he was really reflecting over some difficulty of his art. Then suddenly he would rise to his feet, walk briskly toward the tiger or lion cages, or walk home to his studio to work. The modelling of his important groups occupied him for months and even years together. "Theseus and the Centaur," or, as it was at first called, the "Centaur and Lapitha," was begun in 1846, and remained in hand more than two years, the clay model standing carefully covered with damp rags in the workshop in the Rue de Boulogne. Some days Barye would come in and tell one of the apprentices to uncover the model. Then, holding his chin between his thumb and forefinger, he would stand and look at it, first from one point of view and then from another; sometimes he would break off a bit of clay and remodel some detail; other times he would not touch it, but telling the apprentice to cover it up again, he would return to his studio, and go on with some less noble work. But on this group, which is one of his masterpieces, and truly a work which will bear comparison with the best monuments of ancient art, Barye never toiled as at a task, but waited until the happy moment came—that moment of *bien-être* which to imaginative men is a moment of invention.

The details and processes of casting his works preoccupied Barye greatly, and as his business was not extensive enough to justify him in having a foundry attached to his studio, he was obliged to have recourse to professional founders, who have all retained a lively remembrance of his exacting criticism. Barye insisted upon having a particular alloy, which is still known in the Paris foundries as "bronze Barye," and is composed of virgin copper and pure tin. He wanted the untouched rough casting to be perfection. "Whenever a bad lot of castings came in from the foundry," said one of Barye's workmen to me, "it made him ill, and he would not be seen again in

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"LION AND SERPENT."
Engraved by W. R. Bodenstab.

the shop for a week." His great desire was always to get absolutely faithful reproductions of his models—reproductions which would not need the treacherous finishing touches of the chisel. Hence various essays of galvano-plastic processes, and above all, many trials of the difficult, hazardous, and costly process of *cire perdue*. To describe this process in detail would require many pages, for, simple as it may appear, casting *à cire perdue* is one of the most difficult feats of the founder's art. In principle the operation is threefold: the artist first makes his model in pure wax; over this model the mould is formed of a clay composition, and the wax model is melted out by heat; the liquid metal is then poured into the matrix thus formed, and when the whole mass is cold, the mould is broken off, and the model appears reproduced in bronze with the most minute fidelity, and furthermore with the additional quality of rarity, for a model reproduced *à cire perdue* is unique by the very fact that the model disappears in the making of the mould, and the mould disappears in the birth of the bronze.

Barye's thoughts, too, were concentrated rather on his art than on the making of his fortune. He neither sought orders nor did he take any particular pains to sell his bronzes for the very moderately remunerative prices which he asked. As we have seen, the influence of the Institute prevented him from participating in that official patronage which is even more necessary to the sculptor than to the painter; his modesty and reserve never allowed him to vaunt his own talents, much less to venture into those domains of intrigue and solicitation where self-assertion has generally more chances of success than simple genius or work. Add to this the fact of the great expense and restricted sale of the exquisite work which he produced with unsparing labor and by expensive processes, and we shall understand without difficulty that when in the troubled times of the revolution of 1848 he was called upon by a capitalist to reimburse certain funds which had been advanced, Barye found himself unable to pay, and was obliged to deposit his models as a guarantee. Barye retained to the end of his life a painful

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memory of his pecuniary embarrassment at this epoch, and his irritation was increased by the indelicate use which the capitalist in question made of his models while they were in his possession. Indeed, it was not until 1857 that Barye finally succeeded in clearing himself of this debt and recovering his property.

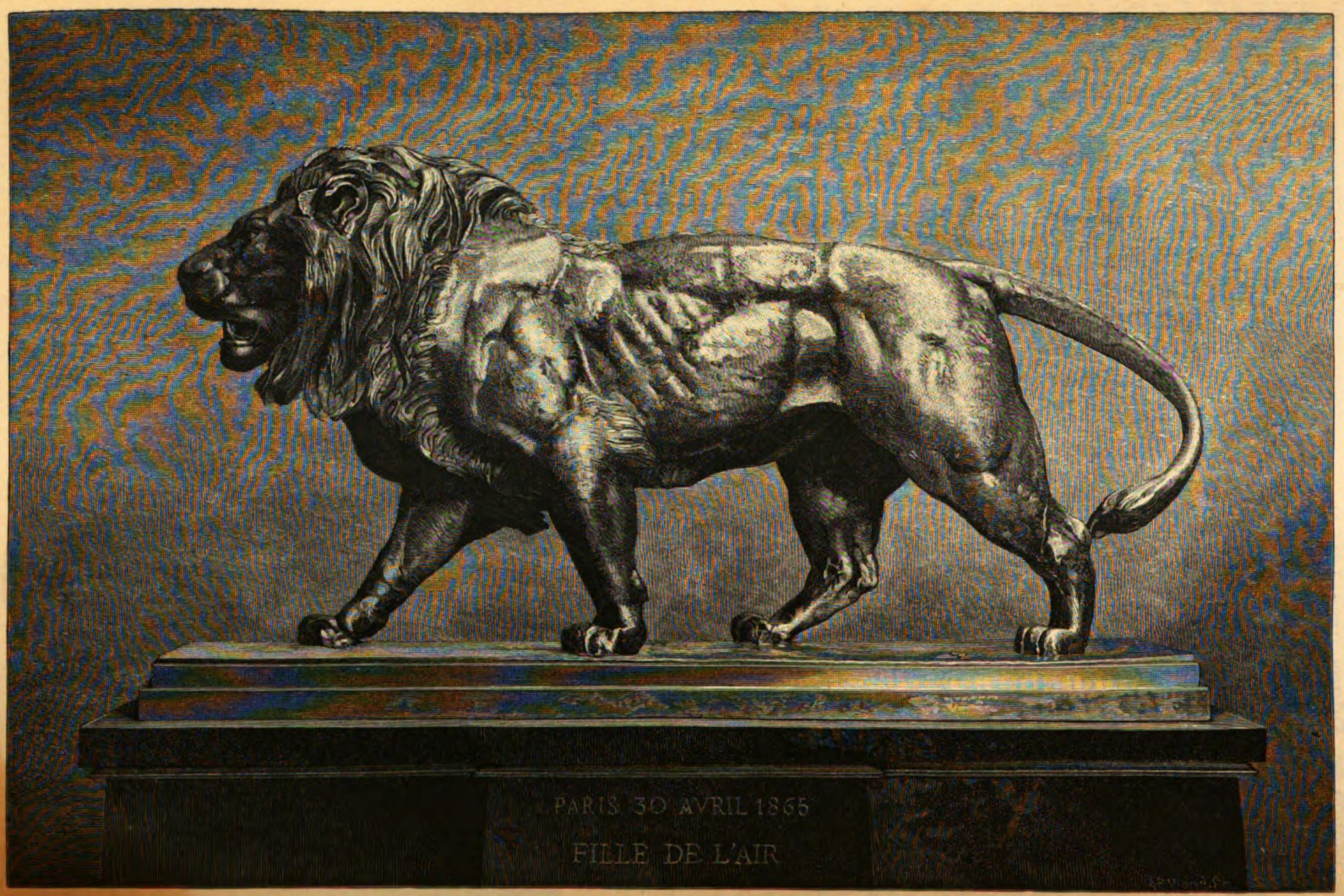
The revolution of 1848 brought, however, some consolation to Barye. The Salon having ceased to be under the control of the Institute, the artists at once testified their recognition of his talent by electing him a member of the jury in the section of sculpture, and the new administration of Fine Arts appointed him director of the "atelier des moulages" in the Louvre Museum, where he had his own private studio, and where he introduced many improvements in the reproduction of the antique statues and plaster casts. In 1854 another mark of recognition came in his nomination as Professor of Drawing at the Jardin des Plantes, and at the Universal Exhibition of 1855 he received the grand medal of honor in the section of artistic bronzes, and was promoted to the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honor. This time success seemed sure, but how late it came! Barye was sixty years of age; he was already "le père Barye," and when finally orders came for grand public works, he complained sadly that the customers were coming just at the moment when he was thinking of "putting up the shutters." But even now the orders did not come quite spontaneously, and if it had not been for the initiative of enthusiastic friends, Barye might have remained neglected until the end of his life.

Barye was a regular guest at a dinner of artists founded in 1849 by Corot, Paul Chenavard, Troyon, and Français, and afterward joined by Jean Gigoux, Aimé Millet, Leroy the engraver, Hanoteau, Matout, Ch. Busson, Cabanel, Viollet-le-Duc, Paul de Musset, Gustave Planche the art critic, Jules Sandeau the novelist, Dubouis, Asselineau, and Henri Dumesnil, who, being a man of means and leisure, as well as an enthusiastic lover of the arts, acted as secretary and treasurer of the company. The "Amis du Vendredi," as they called themselves, numbered in all some five-and-twenty, and their weekly meetings always saw twelve or fifteen of them gathered round the table of some hospitable and modest wine-shop. At first the Friday friends used to meet at a wine-shop in the Rue du Chantre, an old street which disappeared when modern improvements began to beautify the Place du Carrousel. "We were not all rich enough in those days to dine at restaurants," said the painter Français, as he related to me the history of this famous dining club. "The guardians of the Louvre Museum used to tell us where there was good wine to be had. Now it was so and so, Rue de Rivoli; then it would be another, Place du Louvre; and then so and so, who had opened a new wine-shop at the Barrière de l'Étoile. Dumesnil used to go beforehand, order a leg of mutton, some cheese, some wine, and a little cognac, and there was our dinner. Afterward we went to the Café Fleurus, opposite the Garden of the Luxembourg, but the cost of our dinner was not greatly augmented. Those who were in funds, or who had sold a picture, or had some particular stroke of luck, paid for extra wine for the company; this one sent in a pâté de Pilhiviers; that one some other delicacy. Barye was a regular attendant, and though never speaking to the company at large, he talked abundantly to his immediate neighbor. He was particular about his food; he had an excellent stomach, drank his coffee and his cognac, and was not worried with nervousness. I remember well we used often to say to him, 'Well, Barye, what shall we have by way of an extra next week?' And Barye would reply with the sincerity and unction of a fine gourmet: 'Je connais un certain pâté de maquereau de Calais....'"

When, after the death of Visconti, Hector Lefuel was charged with the completion of the Palais du Louvre, which was the great architectural event of the

NOTE.—The Grand Prix of 1865, which fell to the Count de la Grange's "Fille de l'Air," was a commission that Barye greatly enjoyed. In motive it is almost identical with his "Lion qui Marche," but in execution it is larger in style and more majestic in effect. Barye promised the committee when the design was ordered that it should be of a certain weight of silver, but when he weighed it on the day of its completion he found that the chasing and various tooling had made it lighter. He accordingly made a lot of little silver bars, and screwed them to the walls of the cavity beneath the design until it attained the desired weight. Madame Barye, hearing that it had come into Mr. Walters's possession, wrote to him and told him the above particulars, stating that she had not seen the piece in twenty years, and expressing the hope that the silver bars would still be found in their places. They were there, but their presence would have been inexplicable without Madame Barye's letter.—W. M. L.

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THE GRAND PRIZE OF 1865.—EXECUTED IN SILVER BY BARYE, AND NOW IN THE WALTERS COLLECTION.

Engraved by A. E. Wood.

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"THE SEINE."—PART OF ALLEGORICAL GROUP EXECUTED FOR THE QUAI DU LOUVRE.
Engraved by R. A. Muller.

reign of Napoleon III., Français and Matout being very intimate with him, pleaded for their friend, and intimated that he now had an excellent opportunity of rehabilitating Barye. They talked so well and so earnestly that Lefuel was converted, and promised that he would give Barye some lions to execute for the interior courts. "What are you thinking about?" exclaimed Français and Matout. "Barye is not a mere *animalier;* you must give him some figures." Having thus talked over Lefuel, Matout told Barye at their next dinner that the architect of the Louvre was disposed to give him an order; but Barye, remembering his past experience of official commissions, received the news with a lively expression of irritation and impatience. At the next dinner Matout and Français returned to the subject, but Barye received them more angrily than ever: "I pray you never speak to me of the subject again; it is impossible." The next morning, however, Barye received the official paper ordering a figure group representing "War," and he at once went to work and modelled his sketch, and as soon as it was ready Lefuel went to see it at the studio, accompanied by Français and Matout, for the architect's great esteem of Barye's talent was mingled with a certain fear of his humor.

No sooner had Lefuel seen the group than he exclaimed, enthusiastically: "I congratulate you heartily, Monsieur Barye; the composition is admirable—admirable. But you have placed me in a very embarrassing position."

"How so?" said Barye, springing forward with an expression of mingled fear and irritation.

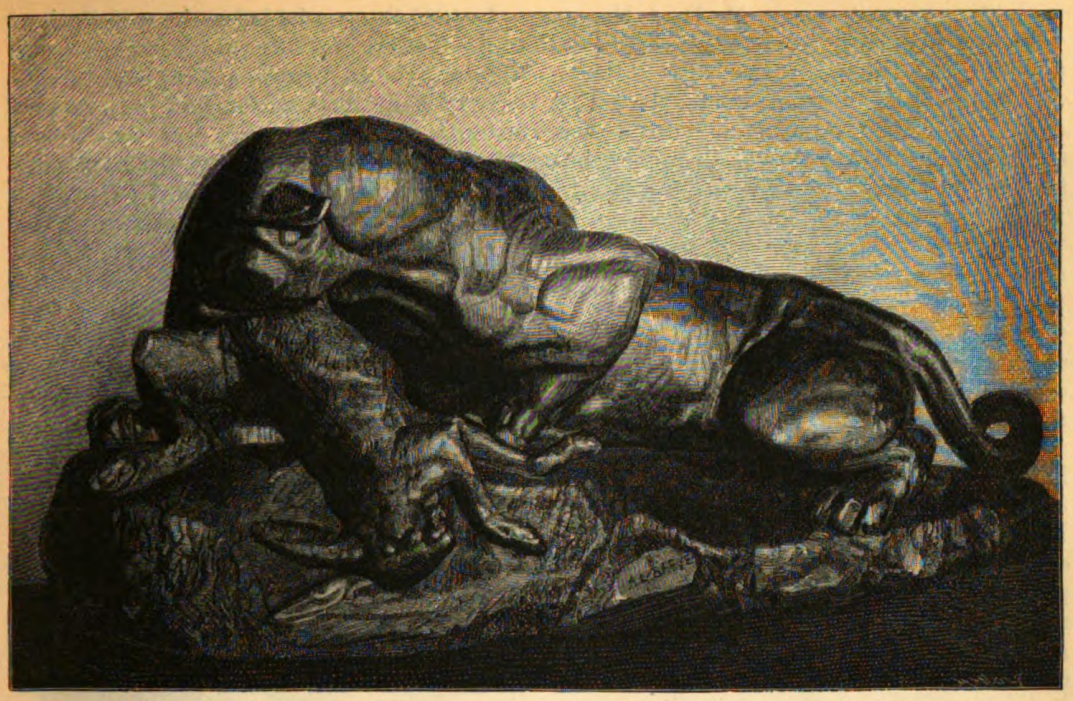
"Mon Dieu, Monsieur Barye, your group could not be finer; it is so admirable that really I am very much embarrassed."

"Monsieur, I beg you be good enough to explain yourself," said Barye, more and more impatiently, and fearing some catastrophe.

"Why, I shall simply be obliged to commission you to execute the three other groups."

It was thus that Barye obtained the

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"TIGER AND HARE."
Engraved by Henry Wolf.

order for those four groups of "War," "Peace," "Order," and "Strength," which were executed in stone, and now adorn the pavilions Richelieu and Denon in the palace of the Louvre. The original models of these groups, reproduced in bronze, form part of the admirable Barye monument recently presented to the town of Baltimore by a great admirer of the sculptor's genius, Mr. W. T. Walters. The architect of the Louvre did not limit his patronage of Barye to these four groups. One of the pediments of the Louvre, representing "Napoleon dominating History and the Arts," was executed in stone from Barye's design, and over the triple archway of the Quai du Louvre he designed two recumbent figures of youths representing rivers, which served as supporters for the slab in which was inserted his bronze bass-relief equestrian portrait of Napoleon III. in the costume of a Roman emperor, his brow circled with a laurel crown. This bass-relief was modelled by Barye in the manner of the monuments of the Parthenon, and, as I have been told by those who saw it, the model was a fine work, but the reproduction in galvanoplasty by Christophle was a failure. The bronze came out full of holes, which were filled up with lead and wax, and the whole surface had a botched and soapy appearance. After the revolution of the 4th of September, 1870, this bass-relief was hidden beneath a layer of plaster as an emblem of a hated and fallen dynasty. Now it has gone to join the statues of Napoleon I., Charles X., and Louis Philippe in that strange museum of forgotten greatness the Garde-Meuble of the Quai d'Orsay, and between Barye's two recumbent figures is at present placed Antonin Mercié's group of "Le Génie des Arts." Meanwhile Barye's "Seated Lion" found a glorious pedestal at one of the doors of the palace on the Quai du Louvre, and orders came from the provinces too for groups to adorn public monuments; for instance, an equestrian statue of Napoleon for the town of Ajaccio, and four groups for the cascade of the Palais des Arts de Longchamps at Marseilles. These latter groups, representing a tiger attacking a stag, a lion attacking a boar, a lion and an antelope, and a panther and roebuck, were modelled two-thirds life-size by Barye, but he did not even superintend the reproduction in stone, and only went to Marseilles simply to be present at the ceremony of the inauguration of the palace.

The statue of Napoleon made for the town of Ajaccio was executed by Barye

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with the greatest care. M. Paul Mantz, who saw the work in 1864, before its departure for Corsica, says that "Barye never modelled a finer horse than this one." Another equestrian statue was ordered for the town of Grenoble, but the project fell through in a manner which is very characteristic of Barye. In this statue the Emperor was to be represented in modern costume, and Barye, with his usual conscientiousness, hired a costume, for which he paid five francs a day during a whole year that he worked on his sketch. Furthermore, by some means he had succeeded in getting the measurements of Napoleon's body, and he tried model after model until finally he discovered a cuirassier whose height, length, breadth, and thickness corresponded precisely with the dimensions of Napoleon. Then he went to work and made his clay sketch, and when it was finished the Mayor of Grenoble came to see it, inasmuch as the statue was destined for that city, and as the municipality was to pay half the cost. Unfortunately this mayor had seen the entry of Napoleon into Grenoble when he was a boy, and, proud of his memory, he ventured to suggest to Barye a change in the attitude of an arm. "It was thus that I saw the Emperor." And Barye replied with perfect politeness that the change would be easy to make, but, irritated by the interference of the worthy mayor, he never touched his model again. Some time afterward his friend the sculptor Geoffroy Dechaume, happening to have business at the Ministry of the Interior, was told that a sum of 10,000 francs had been waiting there for Barye for several months On his way home Dechaume called at Barye's studio and told him that there was money waiting for him at the ministry.

"Yes, I know," replied Barye; "it is for the Napoleon. I shall not take it."

"Why not?" asked Geoffroy Dechaume.

"The order is not regular."

"But the fact of the order having been given to pay you the money?"

"No matter," replied Barye, impatiently. "I shall not touch the money. Besides, I have had enough of making statues of Napoleon. I shall not execute the order." And so he voluntarily abandoned his labor and outlay of time and money, and finally the equestrian statue of Napoleon for the town of Grenoble was made by another.

In 1866 Barye yielded to the solicitations of his friends and offered himself as a candidate at the Institute—at that hated Academy of Fine Arts which had been so persistently hostile to him, but which had finally to accept Delacroix under penalty of losing all public esteem, and was by this time gradually becoming a little more liberal. He obtained nine votes, and vowed never to make the experiment a second time. Thanks, however, to a friendly subterfuge, he was induced to become a candidate again in 1868, and this time he was elected, and so, thanks to the efforts of Lefuel, the Institute was saved from the shame of not having counted Barye amongst its members. The story, as it was related to me by M. Henri Dumesnil, is this: Lefuel, after having talked several times to Barye about again becoming a candidate, invited him to breakfast one morning. After the coffee Lefuel pretended that he had a number of visits to make, and insisted that Barye should come with him in his carriage. "We can continue our chat *en route*," said the architect, as he put Barye in his coupé, and gave the coachman the address of a member of the Institute. When the carriage stopped at the door, Lefuel said to Barye, "I am just going up to see so-and-so; you know him; come up with me; he will be delighted to see you." And Barye went up with Lefuel, and as they were coming down-stairs, when the visit was over, he said to the sculptor: "There! you have made your first visit. Now go and make the others, ce n'est pas plus difficile que ça." And at last, after the renewed assurances on the part of Lefuel that his election was this time certain, Barye made the visits which the etiquette of the Institute demands from all candidates, and so he was finally elected.

After 1848 Barye had lived successively at Rue St. Anastase in the Marais quarter, Rue des Fossés St. Victor, and Rue Montaigne Sainte-Geneviève, and finally he had settled on the Quai des Célestins, where he continued up to the end of his life to publish and sell his own bronzes. Having lost his first wife and the children he had of her, he had remarried, and a new family had grown up around him; but for reasons which we need not seek, Barye never invited friends to his house, and very few ever entered even his private studio. He generally received visitors in the show-room, where his bronzes were arranged, and where Madame Barye presided

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"TIGER ROLLING ON ITS BACK."

Engraved by Juengling from a water-color drawing by Barye in the Walters Collection.

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"TWO YOUNG BEARS FIGHTING."
Engraved by J. Tinkey.

over the sales. Barye himself took but little interest in business matters; he rarely wrote a letter in his life, and if it had not been for the care and attention of his wife, it is hard to say into what state his affairs might have fallen. Whenever, for instance, a bronze happened to be a very fine proof, and chiselled and mounted in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, Barye would caress it, examine it with loving eye, and recommend his wife to put it aside, or at any rate not to sell it except "to a real amateur." Naturally the good lady piously disregarded these injunctions on more than one occasion. But Barye was so devoted to his art, so scrupulous and so severe a critic of himself, that when an order came for a new proof of one of his works he would often revise and improve the model in this or that detail, so that in many cases the proofs made under his direction and sold directly by him are from a certain point of view unique. This fact, together with the excellent quality of the bronze, and the beauty of the *patine*, which Barye obtained by the most subtle manipulations when he had sufficient time allowed him, explains the high prices now paid by amateurs for old proofs of his works, whereas modern proofs may be bought at an ordinary figure.

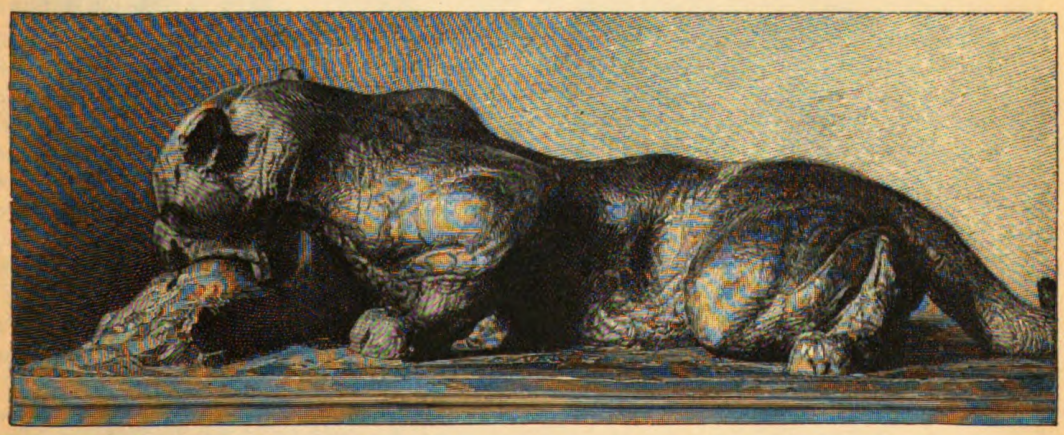
With the exception of summer visits to his cottage at Barbizon, where he amused himself with making studies of the Fontainebleau rocks and trees in oil and water-colors, Barye passed his whole life in Paris. His health remained excellent until toward the last five years of his life, when he suffered from gout and swollen legs. During this time he spent most of his days painting in water-colors in his cabinet on the Quai des Célestins, and more rarely handling the modelling tools. In the beginning of 1875 gout became complicated with dropsy; he was tapped two or three times, and lingered on for several months, an unruly patient, and having no faith in doctors. On June 25, 1875, he died, at the age of seventy-nine, full of years, and full of hardly and late conquered honors, which were enumerated as follows on the funeral card: "Antoine Louis Barye, Statuary, Officer of the Legion of Honor, Member of the Institute, Member of the Superior Council of Education, Member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, Professor of Drawing at the Jardin des Plantes."

At the exhibition of Barye's work at the École des Beaux Arts, a few months after his death, everybody was struck by the immensity and variety of his genius. The show was imposing by its quantity as well as by its quality, for it comprised no less than 350 bronzes and plaster models, 100 oil-paintings, 70 water-colors, and upward of 100 drawings and sketches. These works represented the contents of Barye's studio

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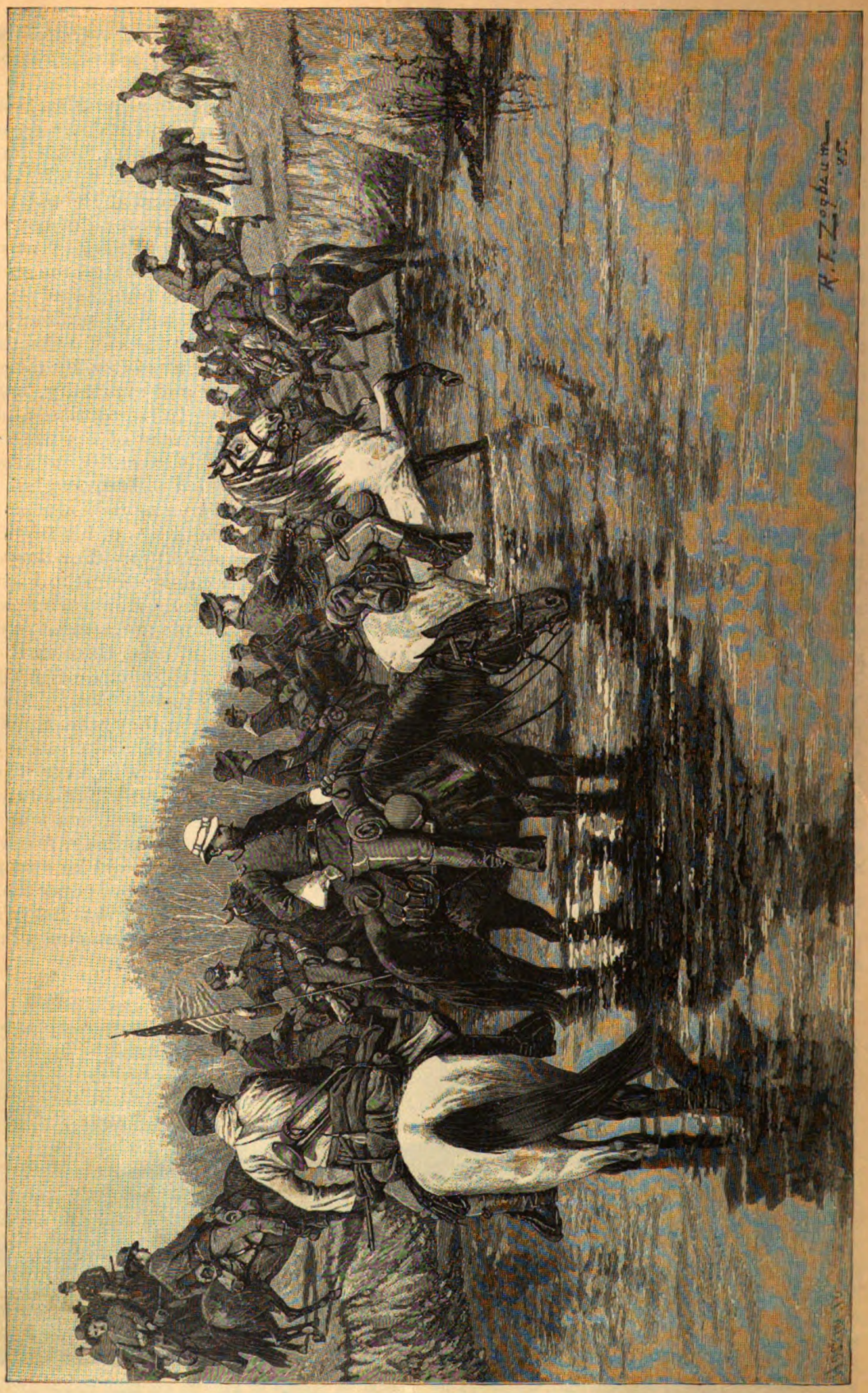
at the time of his death. To it, in order to form an idea of his life-work, we should have to add many unique pieces dispersed here and there in private collections or in public galleries. But, as it was, what an impression of mighty creative genius, what a sensation of sublime beauty, and what a thrill and glow of life was conveyed by the sight of all those men, heroes, and monsters, surrounded by all the animals of the field and of the desert and forest, howling, roaring, snarling, fighting, panting, and devouring each other in virtue of their mysterious internecine destiny! Theseus was seen on the point of plunging his poniard into the stupid brow of the Minotaur; in another group Theseus, his knees firmly grasping the flanks of the centaur Bienor, is dealing a death-blow upon the human head of the strange antique monster; here is the hippogriff, half bird, half horse, straining forward over the waves in mid-air, and bearing on his back the romantic hero of Ariosto's story, who holds in his stalwart arms the graceful form of Angelica; here are equestrian statues that remind you of the precious bronzes of the Renaissance—Gaston de Foix, Charles VII., Tartar and Arab cavaliers, and the great Cæsar of our century, General Bonaparte; here are the goddesses of Olympus, Venus, Juno, and Minerva, seated beneath a triple-faced chimæra from which spring the twelve floriated branches of a candelabrum, around a crowning group composed of the three Graces; here are the plaster models of the groups of "War," "Peace," "Order," and "Strength," and the "Lion of the Bastile Column," that splendid bass-relief in which Barye has solved the great problem of reconciling the ideal with the real, and achieving sublimity without abandoning truth.

We can not conclude our consideration of Barye the sculptor without devoting a few words to Barye the painter. The pupil of Gros, all sculptor that he was, loved color as well as form, and delighted to study, against some background of bowlders and trees, the tones of a tiger's tawny coat, the spots of a leopard, or the blue and yellow markings of some knotted serpentine monster. How sincere, profound, and varied are these studies of animals which the stay-at-home painter, by mere force of imagination and sympathy, has succeeded in depicting in appropriate and suggestive scenery! Some of his water-colors are magnificently executed, and of a splendor of color which perhaps explains why Delacroix used to profess a warmer admiration for the paintings of his friend Barye than for his sculpture. For Barye himself these water-colors, even the least successful of which bear the stamp of a master's hand, were a simple amusement and distraction; he worked upon them in the intervals of his other labors, or during his summer rambles at Fontainebleau. But even during his lifetime they were much sought for by his admirers, and now they are most highly prized wherever the name of Barye is known. Nothing could be more characteristic of the great sculptor's temperament than their sincerity, frankness, and vigor. So rudely did he sweep the surface of the coarse-grained paper that Théophile Gautier used to say that Barye's brush was made with the mustaches of a Numidian lion.



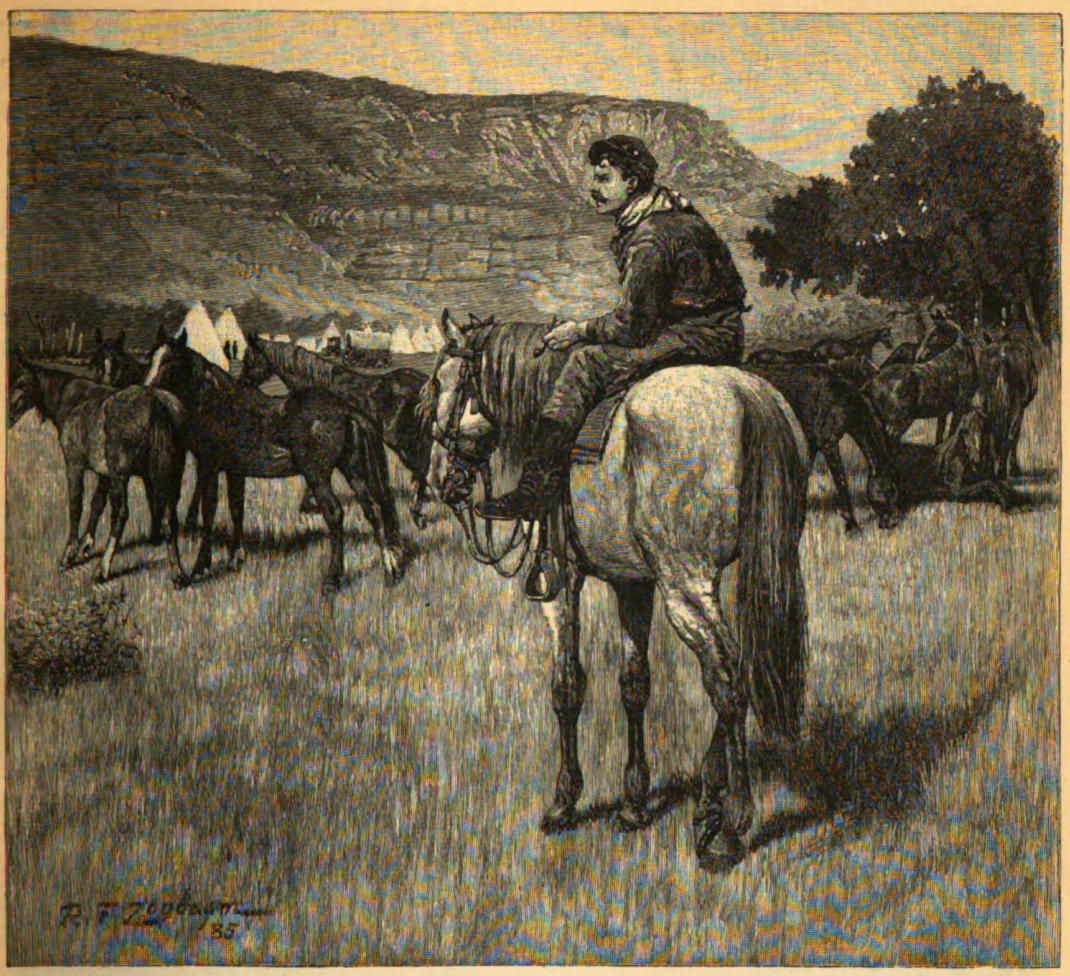
"PANTHER DEVOURING A GAZELLE."
Engraved by F. A. Pettit.

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THE FORD.—[SEE PAGE 610.]

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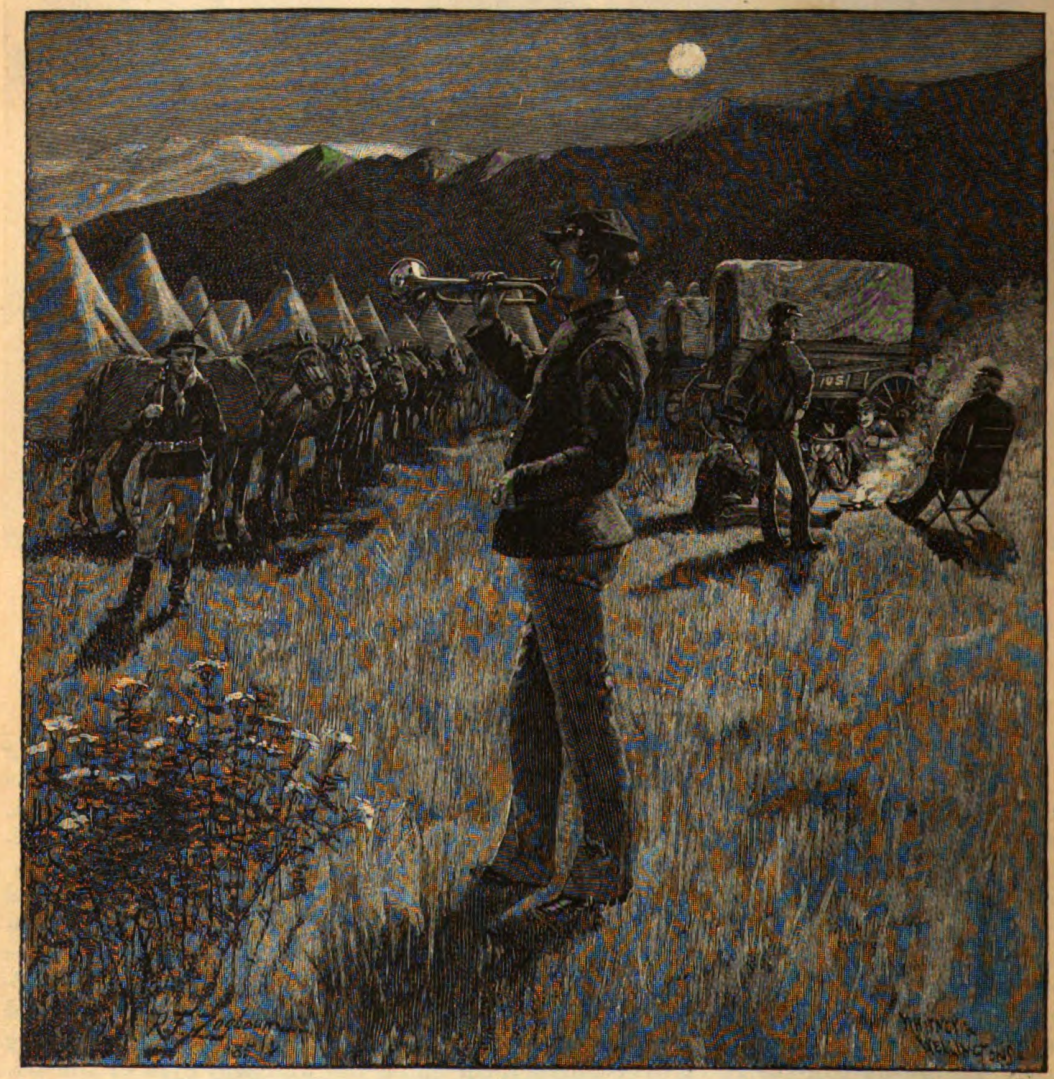
THE HERD.

ACROSS COUNTRY WITH A CAVALRY COLUMN.

THE day's march has been just long enough to make one comfortably tired, and the bountiful dinner which the "Emperor"—the skillful soldier cook to the head-quarters mess—had set before us an hour ago having been duly discussed, we feel a quiet satisfaction with everything and everybody as we lie stretched on the soft grass or lounge in camp-stools before our tents, lazily puffing at our cigars and pipes, and enjoying the calm of the evening. Before us run the rows of roomy Sibley tents of the different troops of cavalry that compose our command, relieved against the bushes of wild roses and willows lining the banks of the dancing, singing, merry little stream by which the camp is pitched, while, rolling in soft undulations on all sides the prairie stretches far away to the distant foot-hills, rising in gently rounded forms to the snow-capped mountains that bound the horizon. The horses, munching their evening allowance of grain, stand in long lines tethered to ropes stretched along and pinned at intervals to the ground by huge iron pegs, or run from wagon to wagon, as the fancy or habit of the company commander directs, while the soldiers are busied with curry-comb and brush grooming them under the watchful eyes of the sergeants. Huge mess chests, bags of grain, cooking utensils black with the smoke of many a fire, lie about, and some of the men are engaged in arranging the saddles and equipments. Through the open flaps of one of the tents the bedding of the soldiers can be seen spread in a circle on the

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ground, the gray blankets neatly folded, while around the pole in the centre hang carbines and cartridge-filled prairie belts, surmounted by a lantern swinging by a cord, and as yet unlighted. Back of the tents huge fires are crackling and blazing merrily, the smoke from them rising straight upward in the still air, the company cooks busied about them, clearing away after the evening meal, or relishing some tidbit reserved from the general fare for their own private benefit, as, being long rays of the setting sun, the wagon mules are being driven in from pasture, and their discordant braying and the shouts of the teamsters mingle harshly with the clanging notes of the trumpets, which now begin to sound the "assembly." We watch the companies "fall in" in front of their respective quarters, and the details for the new guard assemble, for, being in the field and on the march, and an early start being the order of the day, the guard is mounted in the evening



TAPS.

cooks, they no doubt feel to be one of the privileges of their position. Coming toward the camp, and moving in a cloud of dust, yellow as the purest gold in the last instead of in the morning, as is the custom in garrison. Guard-mounting does not take long in this case, although it is thorough enough in all its detail under

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BREAKING CAMP.

the vigilance of the experienced and soldierly adjutant, and when the last notes of "retreat" die away the various officers come forward from their places in front of their commands, and, hands raised to hat in salute, give the short official report of, "such and such company present and accounted for." Turning to the commanding officer, who with the rest of us has been enjoying his cigar in front of his quarters, the old and new officers of the day make their reports and receive their instructions, the guard is marched off, the adjutant unbuckles his heavy sabre, and, lighting his pipe, joins our little group, and the camp settles down to the quiet repose so well earned by the day's work.

Gradually our party around the fire is increased by the arrival of other officers from their quarters down the line, until a large and merry circle surrounds the cheerful blaze. The conversation becomes general, and the great flames, lighting up the animated countenances of the speakers, and reflected a hundred times in the bright buttons of their uniforms, cast great shadows back from the dark figures up to the walls of the tents in our rear, that are glowing in the warm light, the more intensely so from the blackness of the gloom behind them. And strong and manly faces they are that gleam in the fire-light, from our chief, seated in his camp-chair, wrapped in his cape, and the snows of forty years of active service in field and garrison crowning his head, from the merry-hearted junior major, with his twinkling eyes and laughter-provoking jokes and yarns, the stalwart adjutant, stretching his great frame on the grass, puffing at his cigar and chuckling at the sallies of his senior, down to the young subaltern fresh from the discipline of West Point, and on his first service in the field. The good-humored, weather-beaten face of the trusty scout and guide beams out from under the great flapping brim of his felt hat as he tells with modest and homely eloquence of many a brave deed and stirring adventure in the Virginia mountains and on the Western frontier under his gallant leader Sheridan; and the grim, quiet humor of the senior major, our second in command—a brave and unassuming soldier, whose bloody encounters with

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A HALT.

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the savage foe of the pioneer form part of the history of the great Northwest, calls forth an occasional hearty laugh from the circle about the fire. He will be long and kindly remembered by his comrades. He has made his report to the Great Captain since then, and has joined the grand army of the dead. *Requiescat in pace!*

With the sad sweet strains of "taps" rising in the night air, our party begins to disperse. The lights in the men's tents go out, the hum of their voices ceases. One or two of us still linger a moment by the glowing embers, loath to leave, and taking the last puffs at our cigars; but soon we too seek the shelter of our canvas houses, and quiet reigns in the little command.

"Trata, tarata! I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the mo-or-ning!" The trumpets are ringing out in a lively manner, "tata-taraing" and clamoring away fit to wake the seven sleepers, and we spring up, broad awake at once.

How brightly the sun is shining as we unloosen the cords that hold the flaps of our tent together, and step out in front! Whew! but it is cold too, the morning air, and the water in the tin basin, perched on three stakes driven upright into the ground on one side of our temporary abode, is just as near being ice as it can be and yet remain in a fluid state. Two or three tents down the line the cheery junior major is polishing his face with a rough towel till it shines again, and his jolly, hearty "Good-morning!" greets us cordially as soon as we make our appearance. All is life and bustle over among the men as they go trooping off, some, tin cup and platter in hand, for breakfast and the steaming hot coffee that the cooks are already preparing, some to look after the horses or to make a hasty toilet by the stream, the dogs, of which we have several in the command, barking and jumping up to their masters with morning greetings, or foraging around the mess tents in search of a stray bone or other such luxury. The horses and mules, refreshed by the night's rest, are neighing and stamping, awaiting the coming meal, "stable call" having been sounded immediately after reveille, and the men are attending to the wants of their trusty four-footed friends. It does not take us long to make our toilet and to pack our valises, ready for our "strikers" to take away to the baggage wagons. The "Emperor" announces, "Sheneral, preakvast is retty, sir," and each of us bringing whatever we can lay our hands on in the way of a seat, from a camp-chair to a cracker-box, we are soon assembled around the little table in the mess tent, which is groaning under the weight of the bountiful breakfast the "Emperor" has laid upon it. An antelope steak, some frizzled beef, trout (fresh caught), fried potatoes, coffee fit for the gods, with condensed milk in lieu of cream—everything smoking hot and in lavish profusion.

Breakfast over, we make ready for the day's march. The camp presents a most animated scene. The tents are already down, and the details are busy rolling them up ready for transportation; our bedding, neatly rolled and strapped, lies alongside our valises, and is being rapidly transferred to the wagon, which, drawn by its six sturdy mules, has been driven up while we were at breakfast. Our saddles are packed and placed upon our horses, the orderlies standing at their heads with their own mounts alongside of them. Our young quartermaster is already on horseback. He has received his orders for the march, and under his directions the wagonmaster is attending to the last details, and getting the wagons into line. The soldiers of the guard, who form the escort to the train, are standing by their horses, ready to mount. "Boots and saddles" has been sounded, and the troops stand near their fluttering guidons, officers in their front, awaiting the command to march.

It must be confessed they look a rather motley assemblage for regular troops, as they lounge there in picturesque groups, and their uniforms certainly are rather shabby in appearance. The majority wear the ungraceful slouched felt hat; there are some with the more jaunty foraging cap, and one man wears a civilian's straw hat perched on the back of his head. We can not help smiling as we think of what the astonishment of some of our European friends—the natty English artilleryman, the dashing French chasseur, or closely buttoned, precise German dragoon—would be, could they be dropped down here in front of this command, and how they would inwardly comment in no very favorable terms on the appearance of Uncle Sam's troopers in the field.

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The trumpet sounds, and the scattered groups quickly form in serried ranks. Another trumpet blast. Like one man they rise into their saddles and sit motionless. Still another signal, and like a machine started by some invisible power the column moves. Let us, too, mount and ride across the prairie, till we reach the head of the column, swinging out now and following the course of the little stream; we can stop a moment and let it pass. In spite of the guerrilla-like and careless look of the men, one can not help but admire the soldierly ease and grace with which they sit in their saddles, ranks well aligned, shoulders squared, heads erect, eyes to the front, their harness and equipments shining in the sunlight, not a buckle or strap out of place, carbines clean and swinging at their sides ready for immediate use, brass-shelled cartridges peeping from the well-filled prairie-belts, horses and riders moving with the quiet and orderly precision that long training and constant habits of discipline alone can create. And the horses! Did you ever see better mounts? See that troop of sorrels that is just now passing! They have been in the field for weeks, and have passed through stream and cañon, over plain and desert, through thick alkali dust and sticky mud, yet how their coats glisten, and how proudly they arch their necks and clamp their bits, moving along at a rapid walk, guided by the firm pressure of the practiced hands of their well-drilled riders! Though the uniforms are dim and weather-beaten, though the harness and saddlery are of the simplest description, with little or no attempt at ornamentation, do not men and horses look ready for instant work, and work, too, of the most serious kind? And well have they proved by many a hard ride, by many a wakeful night, with hunger and thirst, and the exposure to the pitiless blasts of many a Northern winter, harder to contend against than their savage adversaries of the wilderness, their readiness at all times, for this is a famous regiment, and their motto of "Toujours prêt," which they proudly bear, is no idle boast.

The sun rises higher and higher in the heavens, beating down upon us with pitiless rays and dazzling our eyes with its brilliant light. The alkali dust, stirred up by the beat of the horses' hoofs, hangs over the column in thick, stifling clouds, making eyes and nostrils tingle, and almost shutting out from view the squadrons ahead of us; now and then we can see the silken folds of their guidons wave languidly, and make out the forms of the rearmost riders.

Prairie again all around us, but more rolling, and covered with long waving grass; in the distance clumps of bright green cottonwoods. We halt for a moment on the brow of a high butte to rest our heated horses and throw ourselves down in the soft grass. Some one has been provident enough to save a canteenful of coffee, and from this we have a refreshing draught, and with cigarettes lighted enjoy our short rest to the utmost. Ahead of us, on the top of the next butte, we can see the staff reclining on the grass. The major has evidently been "at it" again, for we can hear the hearty laugh of the adjutant as he rises, and the staff trumpeter sounds the order to mount again, and away we go brushing through the high grass. We are comparatively free from dust now, and although the sun shoots down its fiercest heat as the hour of noon passes, we can bear it more easily. The eye, too, is refreshed by the wonderful color of the rolling hills far in our front, where the millions of wild flowers covering their smoothly rounded sides blend their bright hues harmoniously in strong contrast with the deep blue shadows of the mountains. As we near the cottonwoods the rushing of a stream is heard, and we are soon standing on its high banks, looking down upon the swift-flowing torrent. The signal to let our horses drink is given, and we scramble down the steep sides, and ford the rapid current, rising almost up to our knees as we sit in our saddles; the thirsty brutes suck in the sweet water, cooled by the melting snows in the distant mountains.

The day wears on in this manner. Now we traverse tracts of cactus desert; now dip down through some sudden break in the plain, and ford streams more or less deep and rapid; now we climb over mound-shaped buttes until we enter a little grassy valley in the foot-hills, and halt there to await the arrival of the wagon train, and to make our camp for the night.

Days pass in this way. We cross the great plains, almost imperceptibly reaching a higher altitude day by day; we march over the divides, and move up through the foot-hills, higher and higher into the mountains.

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AN OLD ARITHMETICIAN.

A STRONG soft south wind had been blowing the day before, and the trees had dropped nearly all their leaves. There were left only a few brownish-golden ones dangling on the elms, and hardly any at all on the maples. There were many trees on the street, and the fallen leaves were heaped high. Mrs. Wilson Torry's little door-yard was ankle-deep with them. The air was full of their odor, which could affect the spirit like a song, and mingled with it was the scent of grapes.

The minister had been calling on Mrs. Torry that afternoon, and now he stood facing her on the porch, taking leave. He was very young, and this was his first parish. He was small and light and mild-looking; still he had considerable nervous volubility. The simple village women never found him hard to entertain.

Now, all at once, he made an exclamation, and fumbled in his pocket for a folded paper. "There," said he, "I nearly forgot this. Mr. Plainfield requested me to hand this to you, Mrs. Torry. It is a problem which he has been working over; he gave it to me to try, and wanted me to propose, when I called, that you should see what you could do with it."

She seized it eagerly. "Well, I'll see what I can do; but you an' he mustn't make no great calculations on me. You know I don't know anything about the 'rithmetic books an' the rules they hev nowadays; but I'm willin' to try."

"Oh, you'll have it done while Mr. Plainfield and I are thinking of it, Mrs. Torry."

"You 'ain't neither of you done it, then?"

"He had not at last accounts, and—I have not," replied the young man, laughing, but coloring a little.

The old lady's eyes gleamed as she looked at him, then at the paper. "I dare say I can't make head nor tail of it," said she, "but I'll see what I can do by-an'-by."

She had something of a childish air as she stood there. She was slender, and so short that she was almost dwarfed; her shoulders were curved a little by spinal disease. She had a small round face, and a mouth which widened out innocently into smiles as she talked. Her eyes looked out directly at one, like a child's; over them loomed a high forehead with bulging temples covered with deep wrinkles.

"You have always been very fond of mathematics, haven't you, Mrs. Torry?" said the minister, in his slow retreat.

"Lor', yes. I can't remember the time when I wa'n't crazy to cipher."

"Arithmetic is a very fascinating study, I think," remarked the minister, trying to slide easily off the subject and down the porch steps.

"'Tis to me. An' there's somethin' I was thinkin' about this very forenoon—seein' all them leaves on the ground made me, I s'pose. It's always been a sight of comfort to me to count. When I was a little girl I'd 'most rather count than play. I used to sit down an' count by the hour together. I remember a little pewter porringer I had, that I used to fill up with beans an' count 'em. Well, it come into my head this forenoon what a blessed privilege it would be to count up all the beautiful things in this creation. Just think of countin' all them red an' gold-colored leaves, an' all the grapes an' apples in the fall; an' when it come to the winter, all the flakes of snow, an' the sparkles of frost; an' when it come to the spring, all the flowers, and blades of grass, an' the little new light green leaves. I don' know but you'll think it ain't exactly reverent, but it does seem to me that I'd rather do that than sing in the other world. Mebbe somebody does have to do the countin'; mebbe it's singin' for some."

She stared up into the warm blue air, in which the bare branches of the trees glistened, with a sweet, solemn wonder in her old face.

The minister in a bewildered way pondered all the old woman had said, as he rustled down the street. Later, Mr. Plainfield (the young high-school teacher) and he would have a discussion over it. They often talked over Mrs. Wilson Torry.

After her caller had gone, the old woman entered the house. On the left of the little entry was the best room, where she had been entertaining the minister; on the right, the kitchen. A young girl was in there eating an apple. She looked up when Mrs. Torry stood in the door.

"He's gone, ain't he?" said she.

"Why, Letty, when did you come?"

"A few minutes ago. School's just out. I came in the back door, and heard him talking, so I kept still."

"Why didn't you come in an' see him?"

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"Oh, I didn't want to see him. What you got there, grandma?"

"Nothin' but a sum the minister brought me to do. He an' Mr. Plainfield have been workin' over it."

"Couldn't they do it?"

"Well, he said they hadn't neither of 'em done it yet."

"Is it awful hard?"

"I don' know. I 'ain't looked at it yet."

"Let me see. He didn't get it out of any of our books, I know. We never had anything like this."

"I s'pose it's one he come across somewhere. I guess I'll sit down and look at it two or three minutes."

An old bureau stood against the wall; on it were arranged four religious newspapers in the exact order of their issues, the latest on top, Farmers' Almanacs for the last four years filed in the same way, and a slate surmounted by an old arithmetic. The pile of newspapers was in the middle; the slate and almanacs were on either end.

Letty, soberly eating her apple, watched her grandmother getting out the arithmetic and slate. She was a pretty young girl; her small innocent face, in spite of its youthful roundness and fairness, reminded people of Mrs. Torry's.

"I don't think much of Mr. Plainfield, anyhow," said she, as the click of her grandmother's pencil on the slate began; "and he knows I don't. He overheard me telling Lizzie Bascom so to-day. He came right up behind us on the street, and I know he heard. You ought to have seen his face!"

"I don't see what you've got agin him," remarked Mrs. Torry, absently, as she dotted down figures.

"I haven't much of anything that I know of against him, only I don't think he's much of a teacher. He can't do examples as quickly as you, I know, and I don't think a man has any business to be school-teaching if he can't do examples as quickly as an old lady."

Mrs. Torry stopped her work, and fixed her round unwinking eyes full on the girl's face.

"Letty Torry, there's some things you don't understand. You never will understand 'em, if you live to be as old as Methuseleh, as far as that's concerned. But you'll get so you know the things *air*. Sometimes it don't make any difference if anybody's ignorant, an' 'ain't got any book-learnin'; air old, an' had a hard-workin' life. There'll be somethin' in 'em that everybody else 'ain't got; somethin' that growed, an' didn't have to be learned. I've got this faculty; I can cipher. It ain't nothin' agin Mr. Plainfield if he 'ain't got it; it's a *gift*."

Her voice took on a solemn tone and trembled. Letty looked at her with childish wonder. "Well," said she, with a subdued manner, "he has no right to teach, anyhow, without it. I guess I'll have another apple. I was real hungry."

So Letty ate another apple silently, while her grandmother worked at the problem again.

She did not solve it as easily as usual. She worked till midnight, her little lamp drawn close to her on the kitchen table; then she went to bed, with the answer still in doubt.

"It ain't goin' to do for me to set up any longer," said she, forlornly, as she replaced the slate on the bureau. "I shall be sick if I do. But I declare I don't see what's got into me. I hope I ain't losin' my faculty."

She could not sleep much. The next morning, as soon as their simple breakfast was eaten and Letty had gone to school, she seated herself with her slate and pencil.

When Letty came home at noon she found her grandmother still at work, and no dinner ready.

"I do declare!" cried the old woman. "You don't mean to say you're home, Letty! It *ain't* twelve o'clock, is it?"

"Course it is; quarter past."

"I 'ain't got one mite of dinner ready, then. I've been so took up with the sum I hadn't no idea how the time was goin'. I don' know what you will do, child."

"Oh, I'll get some bread and milk, grandma; just as soon have it as anything else. Got the problem done?"

"No, I 'ain't. I feel real bad about your dinner. I'll kindle up a fire now an' fry you an egg—there be time enough."

"I'd rather have bread and milk."

After Letty had gone to school for the afternoon, and Mrs. Torry had been working fruitlessly for an hour longer, she dropped her pencil.

"I declare," said she, "I'm afraid I am losin' my faculty!"

Tears stood in her eyes. "I won't give up that I am, anyhow," said she, and took the pencil again.

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When Letty returned, in the latter part of the afternoon, she scarcely knew it, with the full meaning of the word. She saw her, but her true consciousness was so full of figures that Letty's fair face could only look in at the door.

Letty ran in hastily; a young girl was waiting for her outside. "Oh, grandma," cried Letty, "Lizzie's going to Ellsworth to do an errand for her mother; she's coming back on the last train. Can't I go with her?"

Her grandmother stared at her for a minute and made no answer.

"She's got tickets for both of us. Can't I go, grandma?"

"Yes."

Letty smoothed her hair a little, and put on her best hat; then she went.

"Good-by," said she, looking back at the intent old figure; but she got no answer.

"Grandma's so taken up with an example she's got that she doesn't know anything," she told her friend when she was outside. "She didn't answer when I said good-by; she forgot to get dinner today too."

Mrs. Torry worked on and on. She never looked up nor thought of anything else until it grew so dark that she could not see her figures. "I'll have to light the lamp," said she, with a sigh.

After it was lit she went to work again. She never thought of wanting any supper, though she had eaten nothing since morning.

The kitchen clock struck seven—Letty should have been home then—eight, and nine, but she never noticed it. A few minutes afterward some one knocked on the door. She ciphered on. Then the knocks were repeated, louder and quicker.

"Somebody's knockin', I guess," she muttered, and opened the door. Mr. Plainfield stood there. He was a handsome young man with rosy cheeks; he was always smiling. He looked past her into the room inquiringly. "Is Letty at home?" said he.

"Letty?"

"Yes, Letty. Is she at home?"

"Why, yes, she's here. Letty!"

"Has she gone to bed?"

"Why, yes, I guess she has." Mrs. Torry opened the door at the foot of the stairs. "Letty! Letty!"

"I guess she must be asleep," said she, turning to the young man, who had stepped into the kitchen. "Want me to go up an' see? Did you want anything pertickler?"

He hesitated. "If you had—just as soon—I—had something special—"

The old woman climbed the steep, uncarpeted stairs, feebly, with a long pat on every step. She came down faster, reckless of her trembling uncertainty. "She ain't there! Letty's gone! Where is she?"

"You knew she went to Ellsworth with Lizzie?"

"No, I didn't."

"Why, she said something to you about it, didn't she?"

"I don' know whether she did or not."

"Lizzy just told me that she missed her in the depot. She left her there for a minute while she went back for something she had forgotten. When she came back she was gone. The train was all ready, and Lizzie thought she must be on it, so she got on herself. She did not see her in the depot here, and has been crying about it, and afraid to tell till just now. I came right over as soon as I knew about it."

"Oh, Letty! Letty! Where's Letty? Oh, Mr. Plainfield, you go an' find her! Go right off! You will, won't you? Letty allers liked you."

"I always liked Letty," said the young man, brokenly. "I'll find her—don't you worry."

"You'll go right off now?"

"Of course I will; I won't wait a minute."

"Oh, Letty, Letty! Where is she? What shall I do? That little bit of a thing—and she was always one of the frightened kind—out all alone; an' it's night! She never went to Ellsworth alone in her hull life. She didn't know nothin' about the town, an' she didn't have a cent of money in her pocket."

"I'll send Mrs. Bascom over to stay with you," Mr. Plainfield called back as he hurried off.

Soon Mrs. Bascom came, poking her white, nervous face in the door inquiringly. "She 'ain't come?"

"No. Oh, Mis' Bascom, what shall I do?"

"Oh, Mis' Torry, I do feel so bad about it I don't know what to do. If Lizzie had only told before! but there she was upstairs crying, and afraid to tell. I've been scolding her, but she felt so bad I had to stop. She called me, an' told me finally; an' I guess 'twa'n't long before Mr. Plainfield started off, to find out if she *was*

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home. It was lucky he was boarding with us. He'll find her if anybody can; he's as quick as lightning. He turned white's a sheet when I told him."

"Oh, Mis' Bascom!"

"Now, don't give up so, Mis' Torry. He'll find her. She can't be very far off. You'll see her walking in here first thing you know. He's got a real fast team, an' he's started for Ellsworth now. He went past me like a streak when I was coming up the road. He'll have her back safe and sound before morning."

"Oh, Letty! Letty! Oh, what shall I do? It's my own fault, every mite of it's my own fault. 'Tis; you don't know nothin' about it. The minister brought me a sum, he an' Mr. Plainfield had been workin' on, to do, yesterday afternoon, an' I jest sat an' ciphered half the night, an' all day. I didn't know no more what Letty asked me, when she came in from school, than nothin' at all. I didn't more'n half know when she come. I didn't know nothin' but them figgers, an' now Letty's lost, an' it's my fault."

"Why, you might have let her gone if you'd known."

"I guess I shouldn't let her gone, all alone with your Lizzie, to come home after dark in the last train, little delicate thing as she was. I guess I shouldn't; an' I guess I should have started up an' done something, if I'd known, when she wasn't here at train time. I didn't get the sum done, an' I'm glad of it; it seems to me jest as if I was losin' my faculty as I'm growin' older, an' I hope I am."

"Now don't talk so, Mis' Torry. Sit down an' try to be calm. You'll be sick."

"I guess there ain't much bein' calm. I tell you what 'tis, Mis' Bascom, I've been a wicked woman. I've been thinkin' so much of this faculty I've had for cipherin' that I've set it afore everything—I hev. Only yesterday that poor child didn't hev any dinner but crackers an' milk, 'cause I was so took up with the sum that I forgot it. An' she was jest as patient as a lamb about it; said she'd rather hev crackers an' milk than anything else. Oh, dear! dear!"

"Don't cry, Mis' Torry."

"I can't help it. It don't make no difference what folks are born with a faculty for—whether it's cipherin', or singin', or writin' poetry—the love that's betwixt human beings an' the help that's betwixt 'em ought to come first. I've known it all the time, but I've gone agin it, an' now I've got my pay. What shall I do?"

Mrs. Bascom remained with her all night, but she could not pacify her in the least. She was nearly distracted herself. She was fearful that her Lizzie might be blamed.

The next day people flocked to the house to inquire if there was any news from Letty, and to comfort her grandmother. Sympathy seemed fairly dripping like fragrant oil from these simple, honest hearts; but the poor old woman got no refreshing influence from it. She kept on her old strain in their ears. She had lost Letty, and it was all her own fault, and what should she do? Mr. Plainfield did not come home. The minister took his place in school. Nothing was heard until noon; then a telegram from the teacher came. He thought he was on Letty's track, he said; they should hear again.

Next day there was a second message: Letty was safe; coming home as soon as possible. The following day passed then, and not another word came. The old grandmother's faith and hope seemed to have deserted her. She knew Letty was not found; she never would be found. She and Mr. Plainfield were both lost now. Something dreadful had happened to both of them.

"The worst of it is," she told Mrs. Bascom one afternoon, with a fierce indignation at herself, "I can't help thinkin' about that awful sum now after all that's happened. Them figgers keep troopin' into my head right in the midst of my thinkin' about Letty. It's all I can do to let that slate alone, an' not take it off the bureau. But I won't—I won't if it kills me not to. An' all the time I jest despise myself for it: a-lettin' my faculty for cipherin' get ahead of things that's higher an' sacreder. I do think I've lost my faculty now, an' I 'most hope I hev. But it won't make no difference 'bout Letty now. Oh dear! dear! What shall I do?"

On the fourth day after Letty's disappearance, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, Mrs. Torry was sitting alone in her kitchen. The last sympathizer had gone home to eat her supper.

The distressed old woman had drank a cup of tea; that was all she would touch. The pot was still on the stove. There was a soft yellow light from the lamp over the room. The warm air was full of the fragrance of boiling tea.

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Mrs. Torry sat looking over at the bureau. She would have looked the same way if she had been starving and seen food there.

"Oh," she whispered, "if—I could—only work on that sum a little while, it does seem as if 'twould comfort me more'n anything. Oh Lord! I wonder if I was to blame? 'Twas the way I was made, an' I couldn't help that. P'rhaps I should hev let Letty gone, an' she'd been lost, anyway. I wonder if I hev lost my faculty?"

She sat there looking over at the slate. At last she rose and started to cross the room. Midway she stopped.

"Oh, what am I doin'? Letty's lost, an' I'm goin' to cipherin'! S'pose she should come in an' ketch me? She'd be so hurt she'd never get over it. She wouldn't think I cared anything about her."

She stood looking at the slate and thinking for a moment. Then her face settled into a hard calm.

"Letty won't come back—she won't never come back. I might as well cipher as anything else."

She went across the room, got the slate and pencil, and returned to her seat. She had been ciphering for a minute or so when a sound outside caused her to start and stop. She sat with mouth open and chin trembling, listening. The sound came nearer; it was at the door. Of all the sweet sounds which had smote that old woman's ears since her birth—songs of birds, choral hymns, Sabbath bells—there had been none so sweet as this. It was Letty's thin girlish treble which she heard just outside the door.

For a second, as she sat listening, her face was rapt, angelic; in spite of its sallowness and wrinkles it might have figured in an altarpiece. Then it changed. The slate was in her lap. What would Letty think?

It was all passing swiftly; the door-latch rattled; she slipped the slate under her gingham apron, and sat still.

"Oh, poor grandma!" cried Letty, running in; "you've been frightened 'most to death about me, haven't you?" She bent over her grandmother and laid her soft pretty cheek against hers.

"Oh, Letty! I didn't think you'd ever come back."

"I have; but I did have the dreadfulest time. I got carried 'way out West on an express train. Just think of it! I got on the wrong train while I was waiting for Lizzie. I was frightened almost to death. But Mr. Plainfield telegraphed ahead. He found out where I was going, and they took me to a hotel; and then he came for me. You haven't said anything to Mr. Plainfield, grandma."

The young man was standing smiling behind. Letty. She looked astonished when her grandmother did not rise to speak to him, but sat perfectly still as she uttered some broken thanks.

"Why, grandma, you ain't sick, are you?" said she.

"No—I ain't sick," said her grandmother, with a meek tone.

When Mr. Plainfield left, in a few moments, Letty gave a half-defiant, half-ashamed glance at her grandmother, and followed him out, closing the door.

When she returned, Mrs. Torry was standing by the table pouring out a cup of tea for her. The slate was in its usual place on the bureau.

"Grandma," said Letty, blushing innocently, "I thought I ought to say something to Mr. Plainfield, you know. I hadn't, and I knew he heard what I said to Lizzie that day. I thought I ought to ask his pardon, when he'd done so much for me. I've made up my mind that I do like him. There's other things besides doing arithmetic examples."

"I guess there is, child. Them things is all second. I think I'd rather have a man who hadn't got any special faculty, if I was goin' to git married."

"Nobody said anything about getting married, grandma."

Pretty soon Letty went to bed. She was worn out with her adventures.

"Ain't you going too, grandma?" asked she, turning around, lamp in hand, at the foot of the stairs.

"Pretty soon, child; pretty soon. I've —got a little somethin' I want to do first."

The grandmother sat up till nearly morning working over the problem. Once in a while she would lay down her slate and climb upstairs and peep into Letty's little peaceful girl-chamber to see if she was safe.

"If I have got that dear child safe, and 'ain't lost my faculty, it's more'n I deserve," muttered she, as she took her slate the last time.

The next evening the minister came over. "So Letty's come," he said, when Mrs. Torry opened the door.

"Yes, Letty's come, and—I've got that sum, you gave me, done."

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INDIAN SUMMER.

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VIII.

IN that still air of the Florentine winter time seems to share the arrest of the natural forces, the repose of the elements. The pale blue sky is frequently overcast, and it rains two days out of five; sometimes, under extraordinary provocation from the north, a snow-storm whirls along under the low gray dome, and whitens the brown roofs, where a growth of spindling weeds and grass clothes the tiles the whole year round, and shows its delicate green above the gathered flakes. But for the most part the winds are laid, and the sole change is from quiet sun to quiet shower. This at least is the impression which remains in the senses of the sojourning stranger, whose days slip away with so little difference one from another that they seem really not to have passed, but, like the grass that keeps the hill-sides fresh round Florence all the winter long, to be waiting some decisive change of season before they begin.

The first of the Carnival sights, that marked the lapse of a month since his arrival, took Colville by surprise. He could not have believed that it was February yet if it had not been for the straggling maskers in armor whom he met one day in Via Borgognissanti, with their visors up for their better convenience in smoking. They were part of the chorus at one of the theatres, and they were going about to eke out their salaries with the gifts of people whose windows the festival season privileged them to play under. The silly spectacle stirred Colville's blood a little, as any sort of holiday preparation was apt to do. He thought that it afforded him a fair occasion to call at Palazzo Pinti, where he had not been so much of late as in the first days of his renewed acquaintance with Mrs. Bowen. He had at one time had the fancy that Mrs. Bowen was cool toward him. He might very well have been mistaken in this; in fact, she had several times addressed him the politest reproaches for not coming; but he made some evasion, and went only on the days when she was receiving other people, and when necessarily he saw very little of the family.

Miss Graham was always very friendly, but always very busy, drawing tea from the samovar, and looking after others. Effie Bowen dropped her eyes in re-established strangeness when she brought the basket of cake to him. There was one moment when he suspected that he had been talked over in family council, and put under a certain regimen. But he had no proof of this, and it had really nothing to do with his keeping away, which was largely accidental. He had taken up, with as much earnestness as he could reasonably expect of himself, that notion of studying the architectural expression of Florentine character at the different periods. He had spent a good deal of money in books, he had revived his youthful familiarity with the city, and he had made what acquaintance he could with people interested in such matters. He met some of these in the limited but very active society in which he mingled daily and nightly. After the first strangeness to any sort of social life had worn off, he found himself very fond of the prompt hospitalities which his introduction at Mrs. Bowen's had opened to him. His host—or more frequently it was his hostess—had sometimes merely an apartment at a hotel; perhaps the family was established in one of the furnished lodgings which stretch the whole length of the Lung' Arno on either hand, and abound in all the new streets approaching the Cascine, and had set up the simple and facile housekeeping of the sojourner in Florence for a few months; others had been living in the villa or the palace they had taken for years.

The more recent and transitory people expressed something of the prevailing English and American æstheticism in the decoration of their apartments, but the greater part accepted the Florentine drawing-room as their landlord had imagined it for them, with furniture and curtains in yellow satin, a cheap ingrain carpet thinly covering the stone floor, and a fire of little logs ineffectually blazing on the hearth, and flickering on the carved frames of the pictures on the wall and the nakedness of the frescoed allegories in the ceiling. Whether of longer or shorter stay, the sojourners were bound together by a common language and a common social tradition; they all had a Day, and on that day there was tea and bread and butter for every comer. They had one another

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to dine; there were evening parties, with dancing and without dancing. Colville even went to a fancy ball, where he was kept in countenance by several other Florentines of the period of Romola. At all these places he met nearly the same people, whose alien life in the midst of the native community struck him as one of the phases of modern civilization worthy of note, if not particular study; for he fancied it destined to a wider future throughout Europe, as the conditions in England and America grow more tiresome and more onerous. They seemed to see very little of Italian society, and to be shut out from practical knowledge of the local life by the terms upon which they had themselves insisted. Our race finds its simplified and cheapened London or New York in all its Continental resorts now, but nowhere has its taste been so much studied as in Italy, and especially in Florence. It was not, perhaps, the real Englishman or American who had been considered, but a *forestiere* conventionalized from the Florentine's observation of many Anglo-Saxons. But he had been so well conjectured that he was hemmed round with a very fair illusion of his national circumstances.

It was not that he had his English or American doctor to prescribe for him when sick, and his English or American apothecary to compound his potion; it was not that there was an English tailor and an American dentist, an English bookseller and an English baker, and chapels of every shade of Protestantism, with Catholic preaching in English every Sunday. These things were more or less matters of necessity, but Colville objected that the barbers should offer him an American shampoo; that the groceries should abound in English biscuit and our own canned fruit and vegetables, and that the grocers' clerks should be ambitious to read the labels of the Boston baked beans. He heard—though he did not prove this by experiment—that the master of a certain trattoria had studied the doughnut of New England till he had actually surpassed the original in the qualities that have undermined our digestion as a people. But above all it interested him to see that intense expression of American civilization, the horse-car, triumphing along the magnificent avenues that mark the line of the old city walls; and he recognized an instinctive obedience to an abstruse natural law in the fact that whereas the omnibus, which the Italians have derived from the English, was not filled beyond its seating capacity, the horse-car was overcrowded without and within at Florence just as it is with us who invented it.

"I wouldn't mind even that," he said one day to the lady who was drawing him his fifth or sixth cup of tea for that afternoon, and with whom he was naturally making this absurd condition of things a matter of personal question; "but you people here pass your days in a round of unbroken English, except when you talk with your servants. I'm not sure you don't speak English with the shop people. I can hardly get them to speak Italian to me."

"Perhaps they think you can speak English better," said the lady.

This went over Florence; in a week it was told to Colville as something said to some one else. He fearlessly reclaimed it as said to himself, and this again was told. In the houses where he visited he had the friendly acceptance of any intelligent and reasonably agreeable person who comes promptly and willingly when he is asked, and seems always to have enjoyed himself when he goes away. But besides this sort of general favor, he enjoyed a very pleasing little personal popularity which came from his interest in other people, from his good-nature, and from his inertness. He slighted no acquaintance, and talked to every one with the same apparent wish to be entertaining. This was because he was incapable of the cruelty of open indifference when his lot was cast with a dull person, and also because he was mentally too lazy to contrive pretenses for getting away; besides, he did not really find anybody altogether a bore, and he had no wish to shine. He listened without shrinking to stories that he had heard before, and to things that had already been said to him; as has been noted, he had himself the habit of repeating his ideas with the recklessness of maturity, for he had lived long enough to know that this can be done with almost entire safety.

He haunted the studios a good deal, and through a retrospective affinity with art, and a human sympathy with the sacrifice which it always involves, he was on friendly terms with sculptors and painters who were not in every case so friendly with one another. More than once he saw the scars of old rivalries, and he might easily have been an adherent of two or

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three parties. But he tried to keep the freedom of the different camps without taking sides; and he felt the pathos of the case when they all told the same story of the disaster which the taste for bric-à-brac had wrought to the cause of art; how people who came abroad no longer gave orders for statues and pictures, but spent their money on curtains and carpets, old chests and chairs, and pots and pans. There were some among these artists whom he had known twenty years before in Florence, ardent and hopeful beginners; and now the backs of their gray or bald heads, as they talked to him with their faces toward their work, and a pencil or a pinch of clay held thoughtfully between their fingers, appealed to him as if he had remained young and prosperous, and they had gone forward to age and hard work. They were very quaint at times. They talked the American slang of the war days and of the days before the war; without a mastery of Italian, they often used the idioms of that tongue in their English speech. They were dim and vague about the country, with whose affairs they had kept up through the newspapers. Here and there one thought he was going home very soon; others had finally relinquished all thoughts of return. These had, perhaps without knowing it, lost the desire to come back; they cowered before the expensiveness of life in America, and doubted of a future with which, indeed, only the young can hopefully grapple. But in spite of their accumulated years, and the evil times on which they had fallen, Colville thought them mostly very happy men, leading simple and innocent lives in a world of the ideal, and rich in the inexhaustible beauty of the city, the sky, the air. They all, whether they were ever going back or not, were fervent Americans, and their ineffaceable nationality marked them, perhaps, all the more strongly for the patches of something alien that overlaid it in places. They knew that he was or had been a newspaper man; but if they secretly cherished the hope that he would bring them to the *dolce lume* of print, they never betrayed it; and the authorship of his letter about the American artists in Florence, which he printed in the *American Register* at Paris, was not traced to him for a whole week.

Colville was a frequent visitor of Mr. Waters, who had a lodging in Piazza San Marco, of the poverty which can always be decent in Italy. It was bare, but for the books that furnished it; with a table for his writing, on a corner of which he breakfasted, a wide sofa with cushions in coarse white linen that frankly confessed itself a bed by night, and two chairs of plain Italian walnut; but the windows, which had no sun, looked out upon the church and the convent sacred to the old Socinian for the sake of the meek, heroic mystic whom they keep alive in all the glory of his martyrdom. No two minds could well have been farther apart than the New England minister and the Florentine monk, and no two souls nearer together, as Colville recognized with a not irreverent smile.

When the old man was not looking up some point of his saint's history in his books, he was taking with the hopefulness of youth and the patience of age a lesson in colloquial Italian from his landlady's daughter, which he pronounced with a scholarly scrupulosity and a sincere atonic Massachusetts accent. He practiced the language wherever he could, especially at the trattoria where he dined, and where he made occasions to detain the waiter in conversation. They humored him, out of their national good-heartedness and sympathy, and they did what they could to realize a strange American dish for him on Sundays —a combination of stock-fish and potatoes boiled, and then fried together in small cakes. They revered him as a foreign gentleman of saintly amiability and incomprehensible preferences; and he was held in equal regard at the next green-grocer's, where he spent every morning five centesimi for a bunch of radishes and ten for a little pat of butter to eat with his bread and coffee: he could not yet accustom himself to mere bread and coffee for breakfast, though he conformed as completely as he could to the Italian way of living. He respected the abstemiousness of the race; he held that it came from a spirituality of nature to which the North was still strange, with all its conscience and sense of individual accountability. He contended that he never suffered in his small dealings with these people from the dishonesty which most of his countrymen complained of; and he praised their unfailing gentleness of manner: this could arise only from goodness of heart, which was perhaps the best kind of goodness, after all.

None of these humble acquaintance of his could well have accounted for the im-

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pression they all had that he was some sort of ecclesiastic. They could never have understood — nor, for that matter, could any one have understood through European tradition — the sort of sacerdotal office that Mr. Waters had filled so long in the little deeply book-clubbed New England village where he had outlived most of his flock, till one day he rose in the midst of the surviving dyspeptics and consumptives and, following the example of Mr. Emerson, renounced his calling forever. By that time even the pale Unitarianism thinning out into paler doubt was no longer tenable with him. He confessed that while he felt the Divine goodness more and more, he believed that it was a mistake to preach any specific creed or doctrine, and he begged them to release him from their service. A young man came to fill his place in their pulpit, but he kept his place in their hearts. They raised a subscription of seventeen hundred dollars and thirty-five cents, and this being submitted to the new button manufacturer, who had founded his industry in the village, he promptly rounded it out to three thousand, and Mr. Waters came to Florence. His people parted with him in terms of regret as delicate as they were awkward, and their love followed him. He corresponded regularly with two or three ladies, and his letters were sometimes read from his pulpit.

Colville took the Piazza San Marco in on his way to Palazzo Pinti on the morning when he had made up his mind to go there, and he stood at the window looking out with the old man when some more maskers passed through the place—two young fellows in old Florentine dress, with a third habited as a nun.

"Ah," said the old man, gently, "I wish they hadn't introduced the nun! But I suppose they can't help signalizing their escape from the domination of the Church on all occasions. It's a natural reaction. It will all come right in time."

"You preach the true American gospel," said Colville.

"Of course. That *is* the gospel."

"Do you suppose that Savonarola would think it had all come out right," asked Colville, a little maliciously, "if he could look from the window with us here and see the wicked old Carnival, that he tried so hard to kill four hundred years ago, still alive? And kicking?" he added, in cognizance of the caper of one of the maskers.

"Oh yes; why not? By this time he knows that his puritanism was all a mistake, unless as a thing for the moment only. I should rather like to have Savonarola here with us; he would find these costumes familiar; they are of his time. I shall make a point of seeing all I can of the Carnival, as part of my study of Savonarola, if nothing else."

"I'm afraid you'll have to give yourself limitations," said Colville, as one of the maskers threw his arm round the mock-nun's neck. But the old man did not see this, and Colville did not feel it necessary to explain himself.

The maskers had passed out of the piazza now, and "Have you seen our friends at Palazzo Pinti lately?" said Mr. Waters.

"Not very," said Colville. "I was just on my way there."

"I wish you would make them my compliments. Such a beautiful young creature."

"Yes," said Colville, "she is certainly a beautiful girl."

"I meant Mrs. Bowen," returned the old man, quietly.

"Oh; I thought you meant Miss Graham. Mrs. Bowen is my contemporary, and so I didn't think of her when you said young. I should have called her pretty rather than beautiful."

"No; she's beautiful. The young girl is good-looking—I don't deny that; but she is very crude yet."

Colville laughed. "Crude in looks? I should have said Miss Graham was rather crude in mind, though I'm not sure I wouldn't have stopped at saying *young*."

"No," mildly persisted the old man; "she couldn't be crude in mind without being crude in looks."

"You mean," pursued Colville, smiling, but not wholly satisfied, "that she hasn't a lovely nature?"

"You never can know what sort of nature a young girl has. Her nature depends so much upon that of the man whose fate she shares."

"The woman is what the man makes her? That is convenient for the woman, and relieves her of all responsibility."

"The man is what the woman makes him, too, but not so much so. The man was cast into a deep sleep, you know—"

"And the woman was what he dreamed her. I wish she were!"

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"In most cases she is," said Mr. Waters.

They did not pursue the matter. The truth that floated in the old minister's words pleased Colville by its vagueness, and flattered the man in him by its implication of the man's superiority. He wanted to say that if Mrs. Bowen were what the late Mr. Bowen had dreamed her, then the late Mr. Bowen, when cast into his deep sleep, must have had Lina Ridgely in his eye. But this seemed to be personalizing the fantasy unwarrantably, and pushing it too far. For like reason he forbore to say that if Mr. Waters's theory were correct, it would be better to begin with some one whom nobody else had dreamed before; then you could be sure at least of not having a wife to somebody else's mind rather than your own. Once on his way to Palazzo Pinti, he stopped, arrested by a thought that had not occurred to him before in relation to what Mr. Waters had been saying, and then pushed on with the sense of security which is the compensation the possession of the initiative brings to our sex along with many responsibilities. In the enjoyment of this, no man stops to consider the other side, which must wait his initiative, however they mean to meet it.

In the Por San Maria, Colville found masks and dominoes filling the shop windows and dangling from the doors. A devil in red and a clown in white crossed the way in front of him from an intersecting street; several children in pretty masquerading dresses flashed in and out among the crowd. He hurried to the Lung' Arno, and reached the palace where Mrs. Bowen lived with these holiday sights fresh in his mind. Imogene turned to meet him at the door of the apartment, running from the window where she had left Effie Bowen still gazing.

"We saw you coming," she said, gayly, without waiting to exchange formal greetings. "We didn't know at first but it might be somebody else disguised as you. We've been watching the maskers go by. Isn't it exciting?"

"Awfully," said Colville, going to the window with her, and putting his arm on Effie's shoulder, where she knelt in a chair looking out. "What have you seen?"

"Oh, only two Spanish students with mandolins," said Imogene; "but you can see they're *beginning* to come."

"They'll stop now," murmured Effie, with gentle disappointment; "it's commencing to rain."

"Oh, too bad!" wailed the young girl. But just then two mediæval men-at-arms came in sight, carrying umbrellas. "Isn't that too delicious? Umbrellas and chain armor!"

"You can't expect them to let their chain armor get rusty," said Colville. "You ought to have been with me—minstrels in scale armor, Florentines of Savonarola's times, nuns, clowns, demons, fairies—no end to them."

"It's very well saying we ought to have been with you; but we can't go anywhere alone."

"I didn't say alone," said Colville. "Don't you think Mrs. Bowen would trust you with me to see these Carnival beginnings?" He had not meant at all to do anything of this kind, but that had not prevented his doing it.

"How do we know, when she hasn't been asked?" said Imogene, with a touch of burlesque dolor, such as makes a dignified girl enchanting, when she permits it to herself. She took Effie's hand in hers, the child having faced round from the window, and stood smoothing it, with her lovely head pathetically tilted on one side.

"What haven't I been asked yet?" demanded Mrs. Bowen, coming lightly toward them from a door at the side of the salon. She gave her hand to Colville with the prettiest grace, and a cordiality that brought a flush to her cheek. There had really been nothing between them but a little unreasoned coolness, if it were even so much as that; say rather a dryness, aggravated by time and absence, and now, as friends do, after a thing of that kind, they were suddenly glad to be good to each other.

"Why, you haven't been asked how you have been this long time," said Colville.

"I have been wanting to tell you for a whole week," returned Mrs. Bowen, seating the rest in taking a chair for herself. "Where have you been?"

"Oh, shut up in my cell at Hôtel d'Atene, writing a short history of the Florentine people for Miss Effie."

"Effie, take Mr. Colville's hat," said her mother. "We're going to make you stay to lunch," she explained to him.

"Is that so?" he asked, with an effect of polite curiosity.

"Yes." Imogene softly clapped her

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hands, unseen by Mrs. Bowen, for Colville's instruction that all was going well. If it delights women to pet an undangerous friend of our sex, to use him like one of themselves, there are no words to paint the soft and flattered content with which his spirit purrs under their caresses. "You must have nearly finished the history," added Mrs. Bowen.

"Well, I could have finished it," said Colville, "if I had only begun it. You see, writing a short history of the Florentine people is such quick work that you have to be careful how you actually put pen to paper, or you're through with it before you've had any fun out of it."

"I think Effie will like to read that kind of history," said her mother.

The child hung her head, and would not look at Colville; she was still shy with him; his absence must have seemed longer to a child, of course.

At lunch they talked of the Carnival sights that had begun to appear. He told of his call upon Mr. Waters and of the old minister's purpose to see all he could of the Carnival in order to judge intelligently of Savonarola's opposition to it.

"Mr. Waters is a very good man," said Mrs. Bowen, with the air of not meaning to approve him quite, nor yet to let any notion of his be made fun of in her presence. "But for my part I wish there were not going to be any Carnival; the city will be in such an uproar for the next two weeks."

"Oh, Mrs. Bowen!" cried Imogene, reproachfully. Effie looked at her mother in apparent anxiety lest she should be meaning to put forth an unquestionable power and stop the Carnival.

"The last Carnival, I thought there was never going to be any end to it; I was so glad when Lent came."

"Glad when *Lent* came!" breathed Imogene, in astonishment; but she ventured upon nothing more insubordinate, and Colville admired to see this spirited girl as subject to Mrs. Bowen as her own child. There is no reason why one woman should establish another woman over her, but nearly all women do it in one sort or another, from love of a voluntary submission, or from a fear of their own ignorance, if they are younger and more inexperienced than their lieges. Neither the one passion nor the other seems to reduce them to a like passivity as regards their husbands. They must apparently have a fetich of their own sex. Colville could see that Imogene obeyed Mrs. Bowen not only as a protégée but as a devotee.

"Oh, I suppose *you* will have to go through it all," said Mrs. Bowen, in reward of the girl's acquiescence.

"You're rather out of the way of it up here," said Colville. "You had better let me go about with the young ladies—if you can trust them to the care of an old fellow like me."

"Oh, I don't think you're so very old, at all times," replied Mrs. Bowen, with a peculiar look, whether indulgent or reproachful he could not quite make out.

But he replied, boldly, in his turn: "I have certainly my moments of being young still; I don't deny it. There's always a danger of their occurrence."

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Bowen, with a graceful effect of not listening, "that you would let me go too. It would be quite like old times."

"Only too much honor and pleasure," returned Colville, "if you will leave out the old times. I'm not particular about having them along." Mrs. Bowen joined in laughing at the joke, which they had to themselves. "I was only consulting an explicit abhorrence of yours in not asking you to go at first," he explained.

"Oh yes; I understand that."

The excellence of the whole arrangement seemed to grow upon Mrs. Bowen. "Of course," she said, "Imogene ought to see all she can of the Carnival. She may not have another chance, and perhaps if she had, *he* wouldn't consent."

"I'll engage to get *his* consent," said the girl. "What I was afraid of was that I couldn't get yours, Mrs. Bowen."

"Am I so severe as that?" asked Mrs. Bowen, softly.

"Quite," replied Imogene.

"Perhaps," thought Colville, "it isn't always silent submission."

For no very good reason that any one could give, the Carnival that year was not a brilliant one. Colville's party seemed to be always meeting the same maskers on the street, and the maskers did not greatly increase in numbers. There were a few more of them after night-fall, but they were then a little more bacchanal, and he felt it was better the ladies had gone home by that time. In the pursuit of the tempered pleasure of looking up the maskers he was able to make the reflection that their fantastic and vivid

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dresses sympathized in a striking way with the architecture of the city, and gave him an effect of Florence which he could not otherwise have had. There came by-and-by a little attempt at a *corso* in Via Cerratani and Via Tornabuoni. There were some masks in carriages, and from one they actually threw plaster *confetti;* half a dozen bare-legged boys ran before and beat one another with bladders. Some people, but not many, watched the show from the windows, and the footways were crowded.

Having proposed that they should see the Carnival together, Colville had made himself responsible for it to the Bowen household. Imogene said, "Well, is *this* the famous Carnival of Florence?"

"It certainly doesn't compare with the Carnival last year," said Mrs. Bowen.

"Your reproach is just, Mrs. Bowen," he acknowledged. "I've managed it badly. But you know I've been out of practice a great while there in Des Vaches."

"Oh, poor Mr. Colville!" cried Imogene. "He isn't altogether to blame."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Bowen, humoring the joke in her turn. "It seems to me that if he had consulted us a little earlier, he might have done better."

He drove home with the ladies, and Mrs. Bowen made him stay to tea. As if she felt that he needed to be consoled for the failure of his Carnival, she was especially indulgent with him. She played to him on the piano some of the songs that were in fashion when they were in Florence together before. Imogene had never heard them; she had heard her mother speak of them. One or two of them were negro songs, such as very pretty young ladies used to sing without harm to themselves or offense to others; but Imogene decided that they were rather rowdy. "Dear me, Mrs. Bowen! Did *you* sing such songs? You wouldn't let Effie!"

"No, I wouldn't let Effie. The times are changed. I wouldn't let Effie go to the theatre alone with a young gentleman."

"The times are changed for the worse," Colville began. "What harm ever came to a young man from a young lady's going alone to the theatre with him?"

He staid till the candles were brought in, and then went away only because, as he said, they had not asked him to stay to dinner.

He came nearly every day, upon one pretext or another, and he met them oftener than that at the teas and on the days of other ladies in Florence; for he was finding the busy idleness of the life very pleasant, and he went everywhere. He formed the habit of carrying flowers to the Palazzo Pinti, excusing himself on the ground that they were so cheap and so abundant as to be impersonal. He brought violets to Effie and roses to Imogene; to Mrs. Bowen he always brought a bunch of the huge purple anemones which grow so abundantly all winter long about Florence. "I wonder why *purple* anemones?" he asked her one day in presenting them to her.

"Oh, it is quite time I should be wearing purple," she said, gently.

"Ah, Mrs. Bowen!" he reproached her. "Why do I bring purple violets to Miss Effie?"

"You must ask Effie!" said Mrs. Bowen, with a laugh.

After that he staid away forty-eight hours, and then appeared with a bunch of the red anemones, as large as tulips, which light up the meadow grass when it begins to stir from its torpor in the spring. "They grew on purpose to set me right with you," he said, "and I saw them when I was in the country."

It was a little triumph for him, which she celebrated by putting them in a vase on her table, and telling people who exclaimed over them that they were some Mr. Colville gathered in the country. He enjoyed his privileges at her house with the futureless satisfaction of a man. He liked to go about with the Bowens; he was seen with the ladies, driving and walking, in most of their promenades. He directed their visits to the churches and the galleries; he was fond of strolling about with Effie's daintily gloved little hand in his. He took her to Giocosa's and treated her to ices; he let her choose from the confectioner's prettiest caprices in candy; he was allowed to bring the child presents in his pockets. Perhaps he was not as conscientious as he might have been in his behavior with the little girl. He did what he could to spoil her, or at least to relax the severity of the training she had received; he liked to see the struggle that went on in the mother's mind against this, and then the other struggle with which she overcome her opposition to it. The worst he did was to teach Effie

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some picturesque Western phrases, which she used with innocent effectiveness; she committed the crimes against convention which he taught her with all the conventional elegance of her training. The most that he ever gained for her were some concessions in going out in weather that her mother thought unfit, or sitting up for half-hours after her bed-time. He ordered books for her from Goodban's, and it was Colville now, and not the Rev. Mr. Morton, who read poetry aloud to the ladies on afternoons when Mrs. Bowen gave orders that she and Miss Graham should be denied to all other comers.

It was an intimacy; and society in Florence is not blind, and especially it is not dumb. The old lady who had celebrated Mrs. Bowen to him the first night at Palazzo Pinti led a life of active question as to what was the supreme attraction to Colville there, and she referred her doubt to every friend with whom she drank tea. She philosophized the situation very scientifically, and if not very conclusively, how few are the absolute conclusions of science upon any point!

"He is a bachelor, and there is a natural affinity between bachelors and widows —much more than if he were a widower too. If he were a widower, I should say it was undoubtedly mademoiselle. If he were a little *bit* younger, I should have no doubt it was madame; but men of that age have such an ambition to marry young girls! I suppose that they think it proves they are not so very old, after all. And certainly he isn't too old to marry. If he were wise—which he probably isn't, if he's like other men in such matters—there wouldn't be any question about Mrs. Bowen. Pretty creature! And so much sense! Too much for him. Ah, my dear, how we are wasted upon that sex!"

Mrs. Bowen herself treated the affair with masterly frankness. More than once in varying phrase she said: "You are very good to give us so much of your time, Mr. Colville, and I won't pretend I don't know it. You're helping me out with a very hazardous experiment. When I undertook to see Imogene through a winter in Florence, I didn't reflect what a very gay time girls have at home, in Western towns especially. But I haven't heard her breathe Buffalo once. And I'm sure it's doing her a great deal of good here. She's naturally got a very good mind; she's very ambitious to be cultivated. She's read a good deal, and she's anxious to know history and art; and your advice and criticism are the greatest possible advantage to her."

"Thank you," said Colville, with a fine, remote dissatisfaction. "I supposed I was merely enjoying myself."

He had lately begun to haunt his banker's for information in regard to the Carnival balls, with the hope that something might be made out of them. But either there were to be no great Carnival balls, or it was a mistake to suppose that his banker ought to know about them. Colville went experimentally to one of the people's balls at a minor theatre, which he found advertised on the house walls. At half past ten the dancing had not begun, but the masks were arriving; young women in gay silks and dirty white gloves; men in women's dresses, with enormous hands; girls as pages; clowns, pantaloons, old women, and the like. They were all very good-humored; the men, who far outnumbered the women, danced contentedly together. Colville liked two cavalry soldiers who waltzed with each other for an hour, and then went off to a battery on exhibition in the pit, and had as much electricity as they could hold. He liked also two young citizens who danced together as long as he staid, and did not leave off even for electrical refreshment. He came away at midnight, pushing out of the theatre through a crowd of people at the door, some of whom were tipsy. This certainly would not have done for the ladies, though the people were civilly tipsy.

IX.

The next morning Paolo, when he brought up Colville's breakfast, brought the news that there was to be a *veglione* at the Pergola Theatre. This news revived Colville's courage. "Paolo," he said, "you ought to open a banking house." Paolo was used to being joked by foreigners who could not speak Italian very well; he smiled as if he understood.

The banker had his astute doubts of Paolo's intelligence; the banker in Europe doubts all news not originating in his house; but after a day or two the advertisements in the newspapers carried conviction even to the banker.

When Colville went to the ladies with news of the veglione he found that they

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had already heard of it. "Should you like to go?" he asked Mrs. Bowen.

"I don't know. What do you think?" she asked in turn.

"Oh, it's for you to do the thinking. I only know what I want."

Imogene said nothing, while she watched the internal debate as it expressed itself in Mrs. Bowen's face.

"People go in boxes," she said, thoughtfully; "but you would feel that a box wasn't the same thing exactly?"

"*We* went on the floor," suggested Colville.

"It was very different then. And, besides, Mrs. Finley had absolutely *no* sense of propriety." When a woman has explicitly condemned a given action, she apparently gathers courage for its commission under a little different conditions. "Of course, if we went upon the floor, I shouldn't wish it to be known at all, though foreigners can do almost anything they like."

"Really," said Colville, "when it comes to that, I don't see any harm in it."

"And you say go?"

"I say whatever you say."

Mrs. Bowen looked from him to Imogene. "I don't either," she said finally, and they understood that she meant the harm which he had not seen.

"Which of us has been so good as to deserve this?" asked Colville.

"Oh, you have all been good," she said. "We shall go in masks and dominoes," she continued. "Nothing will happen; and who should know us if anything did?" They had received tickets to the great Borghese ball, which is still a fashionable and desired event of the Carnival to foreigners in Florence; but their preconceptions of the veglione threw into the shade the entertainment which the gentlemen of Florence offer to favored sojourners.

"Come," said Mrs. Bowen, "you must go with us and help us choose our dominoes."

A prudent woman does not do an imprudent thing by halves. Effie was to be allowed to go to the veglione too, and she went with them to the shop where they were to hire their dominoes. It would be so much more fun, Mrs. Bowen said, to choose the dresses in the shop than to have them sent home for you to look at. Effie was to be in black; Imogene was to have a light blue domino, and Mrs. Bowen chose a purple one: even where their faces were not to be seen they considered their complexions in choosing the colors. If you happened to find a friend, and wanted to unmask, you would not want to look horrid. The shop people took the vividest interest in it all, as if it were a new thing to them, and these were the first foreigners they had ever served with masks and dominoes. They made Mrs. Bowen and Imogene go into an inner room and come out for the mystification of Colville, hulking about in the front shop with his mask and domino on.

"Which is which?" the ladies both challenged him, in the mask's conventional falsetto, when they came out.

With a man's severe logic he distinguished them according to their silks; but there had been time for them to think of changing, and they took off their masks to laugh in his face.

They fluttered so airily about among the pendent masks and dominoes, from which they shook a ghostly perfume of old carnivals, that his heart leaped.

"Ah, you'll never be so fascinating again!" he cried. He wanted to take them in his arms, they were both so delicious; a man has still only that primitive way of expressing his supreme satisfaction in women. "Now, which am I?" he demanded of them, and that made them laugh again. He had really put his arm about Effie.

"Do you think you will know your papa at the veglione?" asked one of the shop-women, with a mounting interest in the amiable family party.

They all laughed; the natural mistake seemed particularly droll to Imogene.

"Come," cried Mrs. Bowen; "it's time we should be going."

That was true; they had passed so long a time in the shop that they did not feel justified in seriously attempting to beat down the price of their dresses. They took them at the first price. The woman said with reason that it was Carnival, and she could get her price for the things.

They went to the veglione at eleven, the ladies calling for Colville, as before, in Mrs. Bowen's carriage. He felt rather sheepish, coming out of his room in his mask and domino, but the corridors of the hotel were empty, and for the most part dark; there was no one up but the porter, who wished him a pleasant time in as matter-of-fact fashion as if he were going out to an

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evening party in his dress-coat. His spirits mounted in the atmosphere of adventure which the ladies diffused about them in the carriage; Effie Bowen laughed aloud when he entered, in childish gayety of heart.

The narrow streets roared with the wheels of cabs and carriages coming and going; the street before the theatre was so packed that it was some time before they could reach the door. Masks were passing in and out; the nervous joy of the ladies expressed itself in a deep-drawn quivering sigh. Their carriage door was opened by a servant of the theatre, who wished them a pleasant veglione, and the next moment they were in the crowded vestibule, where they paused a moment, to let Imogene and Effie really feel that they were part of a masquerade.

"Now, keep all together," said Mrs. Bowen, as they passed through the inner door of the vestibule, and the brilliantly lighted theatre flashed its colors and splendors upon them. The floor of the pit had been levelled to that of the stage, which, stripped of the scenic apparatus, opened vaster spaces for the motley crew already eddying over it in the waltz. The boxes, tier over tier, blazed with the light of candelabra which added their sparkle to that of the gas jets.

"You and Effie go before," said Mrs. Bowen to Imogene. She made them take hands like children, and mechanically passed her own hand through Colville's arm.

A mask in red from head to foot attached himself to the party, and began to make love to her in excellent pantomime.

Colville was annoyed. He asked her if he should tell the fellow to take himself off.

"Not on any account!" she answered. "It's perfectly delightful. It wouldn't be the veglione without it. Did you ever see such good acting?"

"I don't think it's remarkable for anything but its fervor," said Colville.

"I should like to see *you* making love to some lady," she rejoined, mischievously.

"I will make love to you, if you like," he said, but he felt in an instant that his joke was in bad taste.

They went the round of the theatre. "That is Prince Strozzi, Imogene," said Mrs. Bowen, leaning forward to whisper to the girl. She pointed out other people of historic and aristocratic names in the boxes, where there was a democracy of beauty among the ladies, all painted and powdered to the same *marquise* effect.

On the floor were gentlemen in evening dress without masks, and here and there ladies waltzing who had masks but no dominoes. But for the most part people were in costume; the theatre flushed and flowered in gay variety of tint that teased the eye with its flow through the dance.

Mrs. Bowen had circumscribed the adventure so as to exclude dancing from it. Imogene was not to dance. One might go to the veglione and look on from a box; if one ventured further and went on the floor, decidedly one was not to dance.

This was thoroughly understood beforehand, and there were to be no petitions or murmurs at the theatre. They found a quiet corner, and sat down to look on.

The mask in red followed, and took his place at a little distance, where, whenever Mrs. Bowen looked that way, he continued to protest his passion.

"You're sure he doesn't bore you?" suggested Colville.

"No, indeed. He's very amusing."

"Oh, all right!"

The waltz ceased; the whirling and winding confusion broke into an irregular streaming hither and thither, up and down. They began to pick out costumes and characters that interested them. Clowns in white, with big noses, and harlequins in their motley, with flat black masks, abounded. There were some admirable grasshoppers in green, with long antennæ quivering from their foreheads. Two or three Mephistos reddened through the crowd. Several knights in armor got about with difficulty, apparently burdened by their greaves and breastplates.

A group of leaping and dancing masks gathered around a young man in evening dress, with long hair, who stood leaning against a pillar near them, and who underwent their mockeries with a smile of patience, half amused, half tormented.

When they grew tired of baiting him, and were looking about for other prey, the red mask redoubled his show of devotion to Mrs. Bowen, and the other masks began to flock round and approve.

"Oh, *now*," she said, with a little embarrassed laugh, in which there was no displeasure, "I think you may ask him to go away. But don't be harsh with him," she added, at a brusque movement which Colville made toward the mask.

"Oh, why should I be harsh with him?

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We're not rivals." This was not in good taste either, Colville felt. "Besides, I'm an Italian too," he said, to retrieve himself. He made a few paces toward the mask, and said in a low tone, with gentle suggestion, "Madame finds herself a little incommoded."

The mask threw himself into an attitude of burlesque despair, bowed low with his hand on his heart, in token of submission, and vanished into the crowd. The rest dispersed with cries of applause.

"How very prettily you did it, both of you!" said Mrs. Bowen. "I begin to believe you *are* an Italian, Mr. Colville. I shall be afraid of you."

"You weren't afraid of *him*."

"Oh, he was a *real* Italian."

"It seems to me that mamma is getting all the good of the veglione," said Effie, in a plaintive murmur. The well-disciplined child must have suffered deeply before she lifted this seditious voice.

"Why, so I am, Effie," answered her mother, "and I don't think it's fair myself. What shall we do about it?"

"I should like something to eat," said the child.

"So should I," said Colville. "That's reparation your mother owes us all. Let's make her take us and get us something. Wouldn't you like an ice, Miss Graham?"

"Yes, an *ice*," said Imogene, with an effect of adding, "nothing more for worlds," that made Colville laugh. She rose slowly, like one in a dream, and cast a look as impassioned as a look could be made through a mask on the scene she was leaving behind her. The band was playing a waltz again, and the wide floor swam with circling couples.

The corridor where the tables were set was thronged with people, who were drinking beer and eating cold beef and boned turkey and slices of huge round sausages. "Oh, how *can* they?" cried the girl, shuddering.

"I didn't know you were so ethereal-minded about these things," said Colville. "I thought you didn't object to the salad at Madame Uccelli's."

"Oh, but at the veglione!" breathed the girl for all answer. He laughed again; but Mrs. Bowen did not laugh with him: he wondered why.

When they returned to their corner in the theatre they found a mask in a black domino there, who made place for them, and remained standing near. They began talking freely and audibly, as English-speaking people incorrigibly do in Italy, where their tongue is all but the language of the country.

"Really," said Colville, "I think I shall stifle in this mask. If you ladies will do what you can to surround me and keep me secret, I'll take it off a moment."

"I believe I will join you, Mr. Colville," said the mask near them. He pushed up his little visor of silk, and discovered the mild, benignant features of Mr. Waters.

"Bless my soul!" cried Colville.

Mrs. Bowen was apparently too much shocked to say anything.

"You didn't expect to meet me here?" asked the old man, as if otherwise it should be the most natural thing in the world. After that they could only unite in suppressing their astonishment. "It's extremely interesting," he went on, "extremely! I've been here ever since the exercises began, and I have not only been very greatly amused, but greatly instructed. It seems to me the key to a great many anomalies in the history of this wonderful people."

If Mr. Waters took this philosophical tone about the Carnival, it was not possible for Colville to take any other.

"And have you been able to divine from what you have seen here," he asked, gravely, "the grounds of Savonarola's objection to the Carnival?"

"Not at all," said the old man, promptly. "I have seen nothing but the most harmless gayety throughout the evening."

Colville hung his head. He remembered reading once in a passage from Swedenborg that the most celestial angels had scarcely any power of perceiving evil.

"Why aren't you young people dancing?" asked Mr. Waters, in a cheerful general way of Mrs. Bowen's party.

Colville was glad to break the silence. "Mrs. Bowen doesn't approve of dancing at vegliones."

"No?—why not?" inquired the old man, with invincible simplicity.

Mrs. Bowen smiled her pretty, small smile below her mask.

"The company is apt to be rather mixed," she said, quietly.

"Yes," pursued Mr. Waters; "but you could dance with one another. The company seems very well-behaved."

"Oh, quite so," Mrs. Bowen assented.

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"Shortly after I came," said Mr. Waters, "one of the masks asked me to dance. I was really sorry that my age and traditions forbade my doing so. I tried to explain, but I'm afraid I didn't make myself quite clear."

"Probably it passed for a joke with her," said Colville, in order to say something.

"Ah, very likely; but I shall always feel that my impressions of the Carnival would have been more definite if I could have danced. Now, if I were a young man like you—"

Imogene turned and looked at Colville through the eye-holes of her mask; even in that sort of isolation he thought her eyes expressed surprise.

"It never occurred to you before that I was a young man," he suggested, gravely.

She did not reply.

After a little interval, "Imogene," asked Mrs. Bowen, "would you like to dance?"

Colville was astonished. "The veglione has gone to your head, Mrs. Bowen," he tacitly made his comment. She had spoken to Imogene, but she glanced at him as if she expected him to be grateful to her for this stroke of liberality.

"What would be the use?" returned the girl.

Colville rose. "After my performance in the Lancers, I can't expect you to believe me, but I really *do* know how to waltz." He had but to extend his arms, and she was hanging upon his shoulder, and they were whirling away through a long orbit of delight to the girl.

"Oh, why have you let me do you such injustice?" she murmured, intensely. "I never shall forgive myself."

"It grieved me that you shouldn't have divined that I was really a magnificent dancer in disguise, but I bore it as best I could," said Colville, really amused at her seriousness. "Perhaps you'll find out after a while that I'm not an old fellow either, but only a 'Lost Youth.'"

"Hush," she said; "I don't like to hear you talk so."

"How?"

"About—age!" she answered. "It makes me feel— Don't to-night!"

Colville laughed. "It isn't a fact that my blinking is going to change materially. You had better make the most of me as a lost youth. I'm old enough to be two of them."

She did not answer, and as they wound up and down through the other orbing couples he remembered the veglione of seventeen years before, when he had dreamed through the waltz with the girl who jilted him; she was very docile and submissive that night; he believed afterward that if he had spoken frankly then, she would not have refused him. But he had veiled his passion in words and phrases that, taken in themselves, had no meaning —that neither committed him nor claimed her. He could not help it; he had not the courage at any moment to risk the loss of her forever, till it was too late, till he must lose her.

"Do you believe in pre-existence?" he demanded of Imogene.

"Oh yes!" she flashed back. "This very instant it was just as if I had been here before, long ago."

"Dancing with me?"

"With you? Yes—yes—I think so."

He had lived long enough to know that she was making herself believe what she said, and that she had not lived long enough to know this.

"Then you remember what I said to you—tried to say to you—that night?" Through one of those psychological juggles which we all practice with ourselves at times, it amused him, it charmed him, to find her striving to realize this past.

"No; it was so long ago. What was it?" she whispered, dreamily.

A turn of the waltz brought them near Mrs. Bowen; her mask seemed to wear a dumb reproach. He began to be weary; one of the differences between youth and later life is that the latter wearies so soon of any given emotion.

"Ah, I can't remember, either! Aren't you getting rather tired of the waltz and me?"

"Oh no; go on!" she deeply murmured. "Try to remember."

The long, pulsating stream of the music broke and fell. The dancers crookedly dispersed in wandering lines. She took his arm; he felt her heart leap against it; those innocent, trustful throbs upbraided him. At the same time his own heart beat with a sort of fond, protecting tenderness; he felt the witchery of his power to make this young, radiant, and beautiful creature hang flattered and bewildered on his talk; he liked the compassionate worship with which his tacit confidence had inspired her, even while he was not without some satirical sense of the crude

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sort of heart-broken hero he must be in the fancy of a girl of her age.

"Let us go and walk in the corridor a moment," he said. But they walked there till the alluring melancholy music of the waltz began again. In a mutual caprice, they rejoined the dance.

It came into his head to ask, "Who is *he*?" and as he had got past denying himself anything, he asked it.

"He? What he?"

"He that Mrs. Bowen thought might object to your seeing the Carnival?"

"Oh!—oh yes! That was the not impossible he."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Then he's not even the not improbable he?"

"No, indeed."

They waltzed in silence. Then, "Why did you ask me that?" she murmured.

"I don't know. Was it such a strange question?"

"I don't know. You ought to."

"Yes, if it was wrong, I'm old enough to know better."

"You promised not to say 'old' any more."

"Then I suppose I mustn't. But you mustn't get me to ignore it, and then laugh at me for it."

"Oh!" she reproached him, "you think I could do that?"

"You could if it was you who were here with me once before."

"Then I know I wasn't."

Again they were silent, and it was he who spoke first. "I wish you would tell me why you object to the interdicted topic?"

"Because—because I like every time to be perfect in itself."

"Oh! And this wouldn't be perfect in itself if I were—not so young as some people?"

"I didn't mean that. No; but if you didn't mention it, no one else would think of it or care for it."

"Did any one ever accuse you of flattering, Miss Graham?"

"Not till now. And you are unjust."

"Well, I withdraw the accusation."

"And will you ever pretend such a thing again?"

"Oh, never!"

"Then I have your promise."

The talk was light word-play, such as depends upon the talker's own mood for its point or its pointlessness. Between two young people of equal years it might have had meanings to penetrate, to sigh over, to question. Colville found it delicious to be pursued by the ingenuous fervor of this young girl, eager to vindicate her sincerity in prohibiting him from his own ironical depreciation. Apparently, she had a sentimental mission of which he was the object: he was to be convinced that he was unnecessarily morbid; he was to be cheered up, to be kept in heart.

"I must believe in you after this," he said, with a smile which his mask hid.

"Thanks," she breathed. It seemed to him that her hand closed convulsively upon his in their light clasp.

The pressure sent a real pang to his heart. It forced her name from his lips. "Imogene! Ah, I've no right to call you that."

"Yes."

"From this out I promise to be twenty years younger. But no one is to know it but you. Do you think you will know it? I shouldn't like to keep the secret to myself altogether."

"No; I will help you. It shall be *our* secret."

She gave a low laugh of delight. He convinced himself that she had entered into the light spirit of banter in which he believed that he was talking.

The music ceased again. He whirled her to the seat where he had left Mrs. Bowen. She was not there, nor the others.

Colville felt the meanness of a man who has betrayed his trust, and his self-contempt was the sharper because the trust had been as tacit and indefinite as it was generous. The effect of Mrs. Bowen's absence was as if she had indignantly flown, and left him to the consequences of his treachery.

He sat down rather blankly with Imogene to wait for her return; it was the only thing they could do.

It had grown very hot. The air was thick with dust. The lights burned through it as through a fog.

"I believe I will take off my mask," she said. "I can scarcely breathe."

"No, no," protested Colville; "that won't do."

"I feel faint," she gasped.

His heart sank. "Don't," he said, incoherently. "Come with me into the vestibule, and get a breath of air."

He had almost to drag her through the crowd, but in the vestibule she revived,

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and they returned to their place again. He did not share the easy content with which she recognized the continued absence of Mrs. Bowen.

"Why, they must be lost. But isn't it perfect, sitting here and watching the maskers?"

"Perfect," said Colville, distractedly.

"Don't you like to make romances about the different ones?"

It was on Colville's tongue to say that he had made all the romances he wished for that evening, but he only answered, "Oh, very."

"Poor Mrs. Bowen," laughed the girl. "It will be such a joke on her, with her punctilious notions, getting lost from her protégée at a Carnival ball! I shall tell every one."

"Oh no, don't," said Colville, in horror that his mask scarcely concealed.

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be at all the thing."

"Why, are *you* becoming Europeanized too?" she demanded. "I thought you went in for all sorts of unconventionalities. Recollect your promise. You must be as impulsive as I am."

Colville, staring anxiously about in every direction, made for the first time the reflection that most young girls probably conform to the proprieties without in the least knowing why.

"Do you think," he asked, in desperation, "that you would be afraid to be left here a moment while I went about in the crowd and tried to find them?"

"Not at all," she said. But she added: "Don't be gone long."

"Oh no," he answered, pulling off his mask. "Be sure not to move from here on any account."

He plunged into the midst of the crowd that buffeted him from side to side as he struck against its masses. The squeaking and gibbering masks mocked in their falsetto at his wild-eyed, naked face thrusting hither and thither among them.

"I saw your lady wife with another gentleman," cried one of them, in a subtle misinterpretation of the cause of his distraction.

The throng had immensely increased; the clowns and harlequins ran shrieking up and down, and leaped over one another's heads.

It was useless. He went back to Imogene with a heart-sickening fear that she too might have vanished.

But she was still there.

"You ought to have come sooner," she said, gayly. "That red mask has been here again. He looked as if he wanted to make love to *me* this time. But he didn't. If you'd been here you might have asked him where Mrs. Bowen was."

Colville sat down. He had done what he could to mend the matter, and the time had come for philosophical submission. It was now his duty to keep up Miss Graham's spirits. They were both Americans, and from the national stand-point he was simply the young girl's middle-aged bachelor friend. There was nothing in the situation for him to beat his breast about.

"Well, all that we can do is to wait for them," he said.

"Oh yes," she answered, easily. "They'll be sure to come back in the course of time."

They waited a half-hour, talking somewhat at random, and still the others did not come. But the red mask came again. He approached Colville, and said, politely,

"La signora è partita."

"The lady gone?" repeated Colville, taking this to be part of the red mask's joke.

"La bambina pareva poco bene."

"The little one not well?" echoed Colville again, rising. "Are you joking?"

The mask made a deep murmur of polite deprecation. "I am not capable of such a thing in a serious affair. Perhaps you know me?" he said, taking off his mask; and in further sign of good faith he gave the name of a painter sufficiently famous in Florence.

"I beg your pardon, and thank you," said Colville. He had no need to speak to Imogene; her hand was already trembling on his arm.

They drove home in silence through the white moonlight of the streets, filled everywhere with the gay voices and figures of the Carnival.

Mrs. Bowen met them at the door of her apartment, and received them with a manner that justly distributed the responsibility and penalty for their escapade. Colville felt that a meaner spirit would have wreaked its displeasure upon the girl alone. She made short, quiet answers to all his eager inquiries. Most probably it was some childish indisposition; Effie had been faint. No, he need not go for the doctor. Mr. Waters had called the doctor, who had just gone away. There was nothing else that he could do for her. She dropped her eyes,

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and in everything but words dismissed him. She would not even remain with him till he could decently get himself out of the house. She left Imogene to receive his adieux, feigning that she heard Effie calling.

"I'm—I'm very sorry," faltered the girl, "that we didn't go back to her at once."

"Yes; I was to blame," answered the humiliated hero of her Carnival dream. The clinging regret with which she kept his hand at parting scarcely consoled him for what had happened.

"I will come round in the morning," he said. "I must know how Effie is."

"Yes; come."

X.

Colville went to Palazzo Pinti next day with the feeling that he was defying Mrs. Bowen. Upon a review of the facts he could not find himself so very much to blame for the occurrences of the night before, and he had not been able to prove to his reason that Mrs. Bowen had resented his behavior. She had not made a scene of any sort when he came in with Imogene; it was natural that she should excuse herself, and should wish to be with her sick child: she had done really nothing. But when a woman has done nothing she fills the soul of the man whose conscience troubles him with an instinctive apprehension. There is then no safety, his nerves tell him, except in bringing the affair, whatever it is, to an early issue—in having it out with her. Colville subdued the cowardly impulse of his own heart, which would have deceived him with the suggestion that Mrs. Bowen might be occupied with Effie, and it would be better to ask for Miss Graham. He asked for Mrs. Bowen, and she came in directly.

She smiled in the usual way, and gave her hand, as she always did; but her hand was cold, and she looked tired, though she said Effie was quite herself again, and had been asking for him. "Imogene has been telling her about your adventure last night, and making her laugh."

If it had been Mrs. Bowen's purpose to mystify him, she could not have done it more thoroughly than by this bold treatment of the affair. He bent a puzzled gaze upon her. "I'm glad any of you have found it amusing," he said; "I confess that I couldn't let myself off so lightly in regard to it." She did not reply, and he continued: "The fact is, I don't think I behaved very well. I abused your kindness to Miss Graham."

"Abused my kindness to Miss Graham?"

"Yes. When you allowed her to dance at the veglione, I ought to have considered that you were stretching a point. I ought to have taken her back to you very soon, instead of tempting her to go and walk with me in the corridor."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bowen. "So it was you who proposed it? Imogene was afraid that she had. What exemplary young people you are! The way each of you confesses and assumes all the blame would leave the severest chaperon without a word."

Her gayety made Colville uncomfortable. He said, gravely, "What I blame myself most for is that I was not there to be of use to you when Effie—"

"Oh, you mustn't think of that at all. Mr. Waters was most efficient. My admirer in the red mask was close at hand, and between them they got Effie out without the slightest disturbance. I fancy most people thought it was a Carnival joke. Please don't think of that again."

Nothing could be politer than all this.

"And you won't allow me to punish myself for not being there to give you even a moral support?"

"Certainly not. As I told Imogene, young people *will* be young people; and I knew how fond you were of dancing."

Though it pierced him, Colville could not help admiring the neatness of this thrust. "I didn't know you were so ironical, Mrs. Bowen."

"Ironical? Not at all."

"Ah! I see I'm not forgiven."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

Imogene and Effie came in. The child was a little pale, and willingly let him take her on his knee and lay her languid head on his shoulder. The girl had not aged overnight like himself and Mrs. Bowen; she looked as fresh and strong as yesterday.

"Miss Graham," said Colville, "if a person to whom you had done a deadly wrong insisted that you hadn't done any wrong at all, should you consider yourself forgiven?"

"It would depend upon the person," said the girl, with innocent liveliness, recognizing the extravagance in his tone.

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"Yes," he said, with an affected pensiveness, "so very much depends upon the person in such a case."

Mrs. Bowen rose. "Excuse me a moment; I will be back directly. Don't get up, please," she said, and prevented him with a quick withdrawal to another room, which left upon his sense the impression of elegant grace, and a smile and sunny glance. But neither had any warmth in it.

Colville heaved an involuntary sigh. "Do you feel very much used up?" he asked Imogene.

"Not at all," she laughed. "Do you?"

"Not in the least. My veglione hasn't ended yet. I'm still practically at the Pergola. It's easy to keep a thing of that sort up if you don't sleep after you get home."

"Didn't you sleep? I expected to lie awake a long time thinking it over. But I dropped asleep at once. I suppose I was very tired. I didn't even dream."

"You must have slept hard. You're pretty apt to dream when you're waking."

"How do you know?"

"Ah, I've noticed when you've been talking to me. Better not! It's a bad habit; it gives you false views of things. I used—"

"But you mustn't say you *used!* That's forbidden now. Remember your promise."

"My promise? What promise?"

"Oh, if you've forgotten already!"

"I remember. But that was last night."

"No, no! It was for all time. Why should dreams be so very misleading? I think there's ever so much in dreams. The most wonderful thing is the way you make people talk in dreams. It isn't strange that you should talk yourself, but that other people should say this and that when you aren't at all expecting what they say."

"That's when you're sleeping. But when you're waking, you make people say just what you want. And that's why day dreams are so bad. If you make people say what you want, they probably don't mean it."

"Don't you think so?"

"Half the time. Do you ever have day-dreams?" he asked Effie, pressing her cheek against his own.

"I don't know what they are," she murmured, with a soft little note of polite regret for her ignorance, if possibly it incommoded him.

"You will, by-and-by," he said, "and then you must look out for them. They're particularly bad in this air. I had one of them in Florence once that lasted three months."

"What was it about?" asked the child.

Imogene involuntarily bent forward.

"Ah, I can't tell you now. She's trying to hear us."

"No, no," protested the girl, with a laugh. "I was thinking of something else."

"Oh, we know her, don't we?" he said to the child, with a playful appeal to that passion for the joint possession of a mystery which all children have.

"We might whisper it," she suggested.

"No; better wait for some other time." They were sitting near a table where a pencil and some loose leaves of paper lay. He pulled his chair a little closer, and with the child still upon his knee, began to scribble and sketch at random. "Ah, there's San Miniato," he said, with a glance from the window. "Must get its outline in. You've heard how there came to be a church up there? No? Well, it shows the sort of man San Miniato really was. He was one of the early Christians, and he gave the poor pagans a great deal of trouble. They first threw him to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, but the moment those animals set eyes on him they saw it would be of no use; they just lay down and died. Very well; then the pagans determined to see what effect the axe would have upon San Miniato; but as soon as they struck off his head he picked it up, set it back on his shoulders again, waded across the Arno, walked up the hill, and when he came to a convenient little oratory up there he knelt down and expired. Isn't that a pretty good story? It's like fairies, isn't it?"

"Yes," whispered the child.

"What nonsense!" said Imogene. "You made it up."

"Oh, did I? Perhaps I built the church that stands there to commemorate the fact. It's all in the history of Florence. Not in all histories; some of them are too proud to put such stories in, but I'm going to put every one I can find into the history I'm writing for Effie. San Miniato was beheaded where the church of Santa Candida stands now, and he walked all that distance."

"Did he have to die when he got to the oratory?" asked the child, with gentle regret.

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"It appears so," said Colville, sketching. "He would have been dead by this time, anyway, you know."

"Yes," she reluctantly admitted.

"I never quite like those things either, Effie," he said, pressing her to him. "There were people cruelly put to death two or three thousand years ago that I can't help feeling would be alive yet if they had been justly treated. There are a good many fairy stories about Florence; perhaps they used to be true stories: the truth seems to die out of stories after a while, simply because people stop believing them. Saint Ambrose of Milan restored the son of his host to life when he came down here to dedicate the Church of San Giovanni. Then there was another saint, San Zenobi, who worked a very pretty miracle after he was dead. They were carrying his body from the Church of San Giovanni to the Church of Santa Reparata, and in Piazza San Giovanni his bier touched a dead elm-tree that stood there, and the tree instantly sprang into leaf and flower, though it was in the middle of the winter. A great many people took the leaves home with them, and a marble pillar was put up there, with a cross and an elm-tree carved on it. Oh, the case is very well authenticated."

"I shall really begin to think you believe such things," said Imogene. "Perhaps you *are* a Catholic."

Mrs. Bowen returned to the room, and sat down.

"There's another fairy story, prettier yet," said Colville, while the little girl drew a long deep breath of satisfaction and expectation. "You've heard of the Buondelmonti?" he asked Imogene.

"Oh, it seems to me as if I'd had *nothing* but the Buondelmonti dinned into me since I came to Florence!" she answered, in lively despair.

"Ah, this happened some centuries before the Buondelmonte you've been bored with was born. This was Giovanni Gualberto of the Buondelmonti, and he was riding along one day in 1003, near the Church of San Miniato, when he met a certain man named Ugo, who had killed one of his brothers. Gualberto stopped and drew his sword; Ugo saw no other chance of escape, and he threw himself face downward on the ground, with his arms stretched out in the form of the cross. 'Gualberto, remember Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross praying for his enemies.' The story says that these words went to Gualberto's heart; he got down from his horse, and in sign of pardon lifted his enemy and kissed and embraced him. Then they went together into the church, and fell on their knees before the figure of Christ upon the cross, and the figure bowed its head in sign of approval and pleasure in Gualberto's noble act of Christian piety."

"Beautiful!" murmured the girl; the child only sighed.

"Ah, yes; it's an easy matter to pick up one's head from the ground and set it back on one's shoulders, or to bring the dead to life, or to make a tree put forth leaves and flowers in midwinter; but to melt the heart of a man with forgiveness in the presence of his enemy—that's a different thing; *that's* no fairy story; that's a real miracle; and I believe this one happened—it's so impossible."

"Oh yes, it must have happened," said the girl.

"Do you think it's so very hard to forgive, then?" asked Mrs. Bowen, gravely.

"Oh, not for ladies," replied Colville.

She flushed, and her eyes shone when she glanced at him.

"I'm sorry to put you down," he said to the child; "but I can't take you with me, and I must be going."

Mrs. Bowen did not ask him to stay to lunch; he thought afterward that she might have relented as far as that but for the last little thrust, which he would better have spared.

"Effie dear," said her mother, when the door closed upon Colville, "don't you think you'd better lie down awhile? You look so tired."

"Shall I lie down on the sofa here?"

"No; on your bed."

"Well."

"I'll go with you, Effie," said Imogene, "and see that you're nicely tucked in."

When she returned alone, Mrs. Bowen was sitting where she had left her, and seemed not to have moved. "I think Effie will drop off to sleep," she said; "she seems drowsy." She sat down, and after a pensive moment continued, "I wonder what makes Mr. Colville seem so gloomy?"

"Does he seem gloomy?" asked Mrs. Bowen, unsympathetically.

"No, not gloomy exactly. But different from last night. I wish people could always be the same! He was so gay and full of spirits; and now he's so self-ab-

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sorbed. He thinks you're offended with him, Mrs. Bowen."

"I don't think he was very much troubled about it. I only thought he was flighty from want of sleep. At your age you don't mind the loss of a night."

"Do you think Mr. Colville seems so very old?" asked Imogene, anxiously.

Mrs. Bowen appeared not to have heard her. She went to the window and looked out. When she came back, "Isn't it almost time for you to have a letter from home?" she asked.

"Why, no. I had one from mother day before yesterday. What made you think so?"

"Imogene," interrupted Mrs. Bowen, with a sudden excitement which she tried to control, but which made her lips tremble, and break a little from her restraint, "you know that I am here in the place of your mother, to advise you and look after you in every way?"

"Why, yes, Mrs. Bowen," cried the girl, in surprise.

"It's a position of great responsibility in regard to a young lady. I can't have anything to reproach myself with afterward."

"No."

"Have I always been kind to you, and considerate of your rights and your freedom? Have I ever interfered with you in any way that you think I oughtn't?"

"What an idea! You've been loveliness itself, Mrs. Bowen!"

"Then I want you to listen to me, and answer me frankly, and not suspect my motives."

"Why, how *could* I do that?"

"Never mind!" cried Mrs. Bowen, impatiently, almost angrily. "People can't help their suspicions! Do you think Mr. Morton cares for you?"

The girl hung her head.

"Imogene, answer me!"

"I don't know," answered Imogene, coldly; "but if you're troubled about that, Mrs. Bowen, you needn't be; I don't care anything for Mr. Morton."

"If I thought you were becoming interested in any one, it would be my duty to write to your mother and tell her."

"Of course; I should expect you to do it."

"And if I saw you becoming interested in any one in a way that I thought would make you unhappy, it would be my duty to warn you."

"Yes."

"Of course, I don't mean that any one would knowingly try to make you unhappy."

"No."

"Men don't go about nowadays trying to break girls' hearts. But very good men can be thoughtless and selfish."

"Yes, I understand that," said Imogene, in a falling accent.

"I don't wish to prejudice you against any one. I should consider it very wrong and wicked. Besides, I don't care to interfere with you to that degree. You are old enough to see and judge for yourself."

Imogene sat silent, passing her hand across the front of her dress. The clock ticked audibly from the mantel.

"I will not have it left to me!" cried Mrs. Bowen. "It is hard enough, at any rate. Do you think I like to speak to you?"

"No."

"Of course it makes me seem inhospitable, and distrustful, and—detestable."

"I never thought of accusing you," said the girl, slowly lifting her eyes.

"I will never, never speak to you of it again," said Mrs. Bowen, "and from this time forth I insist upon your feeling just as free as if I hadn't spoken." She trembled upon the verge of a sob, from which she repelled herself.

Imogene sat still, with a sort of serious, bewildered look.

"You shall have every proper opportunity of meeting any one you like."

"Oh yes."

"And I shall be only too gl-glad to take back everything!"

Imogene sat motionless and silent. Mrs. Bowen broke out again with a sort of violence: the years teach us something of self-control, perhaps, but they weaken and unstring the nerves. In this opposition of silence to silence, the woman of the world was no match for the inexperienced girl.

"Have you nothing to say, Imogene?"

"I never thought of him in that way at all. I don't know what to say yet. It —confuses me. I—I can't imagine it. But if you think that he is trying to amuse himself—"

"I never said that!"

"No, I know it."

"He likes to make you talk, and to

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talk with you. But he is perfectly idle here, and—there is too much difference, every way. The very good in him makes it the worse. I suppose that after talking with him every one else seems insipid."

"Yes."

Mrs. Bowen rose and ran suddenly from the room.

Imogene remained sitting cold and still.

No one had been named since they spoke of Mr. Morton.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is long since the bay and harbor of New York have seen a pleasanter sight than the entry of the French ship *Isère*, bringing the Bartholdi statue, and escorted by ships of war and other vessels of high and low degree. The June day was one of sun and mist, but it was not gloomy nor threatening, and the drifts of vapor only softened the scene. The *Isère* had anchored far down the lower bay, and the civic dignitaries and the members of the Pedestal Committee proceeded at an early hour to pay their respects to the French officers, and the waters were covered with large and small steamers and craft of every kind all moving in the same direction.

From the heights of Fort Wadsworth, upon Staten Island, at the point where the Narrows —the strait between Long Island and Staten Island—begins, the view is always beautiful. Standing upon the embankment high over the fort, the spectator sees toward the north the upper harbor, and the spires of the two cities, and the Brooklyn Bridge hung in air, and dimly, far away, the line of the Palisades over the Hudson River. Opposite, looking eastward, he sees the level wooded shores of Long Island opening suddenly toward the south from the Narrows into Gravesend Bay, of which the lower point, reaching out into the lower bay, is Coney Island. Toward the south lies the broad expanse of the bay, with the undulating New Jersey heights that stretch airily along the horizon, falling suddenly from the Highlands to the long point of Sandy Hook, and between Sandy Hook and Coney Island he sees the clear line of the ocean.

The historic associations of this scene are most interesting, from the hazy traditions of Verrazzano to the anchoring in September, 1609, of Henry Hudson's *Half-Moon*, near where the *Isère* anchored, and forward to the pageant of the June morning of this year. One hundred and nine years before, in the same month, the British fleet of one hundred and thirty sail, with Sir William Howe's army, was anchored in the same waters. Staten Island itself was the camp for his force of twenty-five thousand effective men. The wooded shores of Long Island opposite were the scene of the landing and the march to the battle of Long Island. Across the East River, where now stretches the slender line of the Brooklyn Bridge, Washington's army retired. Across the Hudson River it still fell back, until upon the hills at Morristown—dimly surmised from the hills of Staten Island—it was finally encamped. On the hottest of June days, one hundred and seven years ago, the loiterer upon the high bluff over Fort Wadsworth might have heard the faint sound of the guns at Monmouth; while five years later a spectator standing upon the same spot looked down upon the British fleet sailing away with the British army, and as he and his companions laughed and cheered and shouted in triumph, one of the departing seventy-fours fired a shot, which fortunately struck the bank without damage.

Still a little later, through the Kill von Kull, on the north shore of the island, and over these same waters, passed the barge of George Washington, as he proceeded to New York to take the oath as President. Here, too, at the mouth of the Hudson, De Witt Clinton and an honorable official company, arriving on the canal-boat from Buffalo—our Knickerbocker Doge upon his *Bucentoro*—mingled the waters of Lake Erie with those of the Atlantic; and out of the mouth of the Narrows, where now the welcoming fleet of the *Isère*, harbinger of peace, is entering, the Easy Chair saw the fleet of Dupont sailing away to war.

It was a fitting scene, by natural beauty and by historic association, for the aquatic pageant of this year. Promptly at the hour the steamers were under way. The air was still, the water smooth, and the stately procession moved steadily forward, the long line of ships of war, surrounded by a vast flotilla of steam craft, all gayly decorated with flags and streamers, and swarming with people, while from every part of the advancing mass cheers and bursts of music broke the silence of the summer day. At the due distance below the forts at the Narrows, the war ships opened their thunder of salutation, and as they passed between the shore batteries on Long Island and Staten Island, the mighty answering cannonades roared their welcome, and the cities and the country for many a mile around knew that the French alliance of a century ago was renewed in the good-will of to-day.

The flotilla swept up the Narrows, and as it approached the city, the Frenchmen could see the pedestal upon Bedloe's Island, over which hung in amity side by side the tricolor and the Stars and Stripes. Then followed

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the military procession through Broadway from the Battery to the City Hall; then the collation and the speeches; the banquet at Delmonico's, and the excursions and the dinners and the receptions; the courteous compliments and satisfaction of the French, and the good-natured hilarity of the Americans, who always treat such affairs as if they were a little ashamed of themselves. A special message of thanks from the French government came within a day or two after; and on the Fourth of July, the *Isère*, having deposited her fraternal freight upon Bedloe's Island, departed.

On the Fourth of July also the *World's* popular subscription toward one hundred thousand dollars to finish the pedestal amounted to more than ninety thousand dollars, and one of the most successful of the modern newspaper enterprises of the kind was almost completed. The sculptor will arrive some time during the summer, and it is supposed that the huge statue may be erected by the end of the year. The problem will then remain to solve, how the light which serves as a beacon may also illuminate the figure of Liberty.

Whatever the solution of that problem may be, and however serviceable as a pharos the statue may prove, it will be the most unique memorial in the world of international sentiment *pur et simple.*

JOHN ADAMS'S familiar words about the Fourth of July have been justified to the very letter: "It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever." The old patriot does not speak of the oration which for so many years was the great event of the day, but of the popular individual expressions of joy, which have survived the oration.

For it must be acknowledged that the old-fashioned Fourth of July oration has practically ceased. There are indeed excellent speeches made upon that day, and they always will be made. But the voice of patriotic oratory in every city and town and village, the simultaneous eloquence of a hundred thousand orators taunting the British lion, is heard no more. In New York a political society—that of Tammany Hall—listens to party harangues upon Independence Day, and at a little town in Connecticut the editor of the *Independent* newspaper assembles as many distinguished men as possible (among them this year were Senators Sherman and Logan and President McCosh), and they deliver speeches upon public, but not partisan, topics. In other places, also, other good Fourth of July orations are still heard. But the tale of the Revolution is not fervently repeated, and Great Britain is not savagely taken by the beard.

For the present, indeed, in this part of the country, the Fourth of July oration has yielded to that of Decoration Day, and the celebration is carried on chiefly by explosions of gunpowder, and picnics, and excursions to rural and sea-side resorts. The last period of the oration was that which immediately preceded the civil war, and it is curious to study the spirit of that time in the tone of the Fourth of July discourse in all parts of the country. It showed how thoroughly alive was the feeling of every section that the orators made the oration a plea for their own view of the national situation, as a little earlier, on the anniversary of the Fourth, Charles Sumner had amazed and repelled his military audience by proclaiming in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument the iniquity of war.

"The true grandeur of nations" he held to be the cultivation of the arts of peace and the discontinuance of armed strife. He meant, of course, wars of conquest and rapacity, or of religious or political oppression, which have been the impulse and character of most historic wars. He meant no slur upon his fellow-Bostonian, Warren—"him! ah, him!"—as he did not shrink from supporting the later war, which seemed to him a conflict for humanity. The key of his discourse was in one phrase, which Jingoes of every degree and of every country may wisely ponder: "Honor can be at stake only where justice and beneficence are at stake." Indeed, the point of Sumner's famous oration can be best put negatively—the true grandeur of nations is not military glory.

The lesson which our old Fourth of July orations emphasized has been so conclusively taught, and the great principle of self-government is now so universally acknowledged, that the Revolution and its commemoration may be said in this sense to have done their work. There is no great colonial system since the independence of the South American republics was achieved, and although Great Britain still holds colonies, no mother country would resist the serious and determined demand of a colony for independence. One great benefit, however, we Americans owe to the British colonial system, and that is that the dominant ideas of this continent are English rather than French.

Although the Fourth of July oration has declined, we have not observed that those who apparently fear an undue English sympathy upon the part of educated men in this country lament the gradual silencing of the oration as appalling evidence of that sympathy. Indeed, if they will consider, the fierceness of hostility to everything English which naturally followed the Revolution was coincident with the most imitative and intellectually dependent period of our national history. Our genuine self-respect and self-confidence have never been so strong and assured as they are now, and yet it is in this very time that this British tendency is supposed to be most menacing and insidious.

Let the desponding brethren who think that true Americanism is best shown by blasting

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British eyes reflect that, although the Fourth of July oration is heard no more, the Fourth of July is still our great national day, and that it is because Americanism is more mature and robust than ever that it does not care to swear at its old foe, nor to question the great services of England to mankind, nor to deny our own great obligation to the mother country.

THE elevated railroads in New York not only make the upper part of the city easily accessible from the lower, but they as easily bring up-town down-town. This is so pleasantly and conveniently done by the new aerial passage that the *Times* suggests that the old pleasure resort at the Battery may be again turned to good account, and if not the prime of State Street—the "glory of Smithfield"—yet that the musical attractions of the Battery for the up-town resident may be restored. The Barge Office, as a depository of all personal baggage arriving from Europe, is to be discontinued, and a huge hall will be available for some popular purpose; and why not, says the shrewd journal, for great popular concerts? Why not a marine summer garden? And the elderly New-Yorkers who recall Jullien's concerts at Castle Garden and the summer night opera at Castle Garden will echo, "Why not?"

The saunterer along the broad and orderly walks of the Battery to-day has but to pause and lean upon the railing above the water, enjoying the pretty spectacle and breathing the ocean air, and to ask himself, as he considers Castle Garden, what could be pleasanter, on an August evening when the moon is full, than to sit upon a balcony high upon its outer wall and to watch the lovely scenery in the coolness, and listen to the well-modulated orchestra within? Central Park is charming, and to sit under the trees and listen to the band is delightful. The Casino is a gay summer resort, and in the city squares the occasional music is most welcome. But if Romeo and Juliet, emerging into the evening air anywhere about Twentieth Street, should weigh the various solicitations for a pleasant evening at a reasonable price and at an easily accessible spot, would they not find the concert in the refreshing air of the bay more alluring than any rival?

They would be wise if, deciding for the Battery, they should avoid the old prosers who remember those Jullien concerts, and that opera, and the great concerts of Jenny Lind. That old building haunts the memory of the proser as the attic of Béranger filled all the poet's rearward musing with pathetic music. If the young people are not very wary, the proser will begin to tell them the story of that evening when between the parts of the concert in which for the first time Jullien played his "Katydid Waltz," he was taken across the Battery to State Street, and into the house that was the latest occupied of all that fine row facing the bay, each with a kind of lofty triangular balcony, and there for a moment tasted the festive hospitality of a day which was already past in that old-fashioned street, but which was never kinder or heartier than in its latest surviving drawing-room. Of the thousands native and foreign-born who daily pass along the broad curving Battery walk upon old State Street, how many know that it was the selectest street of residence in the New York of sixty and seventy years ago?

How many of them, also, remember that in Castle Garden Jenny Lind sang for the first and for the last time in America? In both concerts she sang "Casta Diva." Who sings "Casta Diva" at a concert now? Bayard Taylor wrote the last song, the "Farewell to America"; Otto Goldschmidt, who was to be her husband, composed the music. When she came on to sing it, Jenny Lind carried a bouquet of white roses, with a Maltese cross of red rose-buds in the centre. Take care, Monsieur Romeo, and you, Mademoiselle Juliet, or the incorrigible proser will be protesting that he sent those precious flowers; and should he say it, who could authoritatively gainsay it? Who, indeed, but some other old proser whose memory has fallen into decrepitude, and who mumbles and maunders about Malibran.

It was a smaller New York to which Jenny Lind sang, and Steffanone and Bosio and Truffi and Benedetti. They all warbled in yonder Garden, where other birds sing now. Thomas had not come then, nor waved the enchanted baton which has opened to us a new realm of music. But Jullien played pretty waltzes and tuneful overtures, and patted and puffed and panted as he directed, and then sank into his chair with a droll air of exhaustion at the end.

"Yes, 'twas a garret, be it known to all,"

as Father Prout makes Béranger sing. It was the day of smaller things. But how pleasant they were! It was a smaller New York. But ask the old proser, if you can not escape him, who was young then, whether it was not quite as good a New York as the roaring Babel of to-day.

Besides the ocean air and the moon upon the water, Romeo and Juliet can readily see that the summer-evening concerts at the Battery would have a little setting of tradition, a background of the music of other days. And as they enrich their enjoyment of to-day with that pensive echo of yesterday, possibly Juliet will admonish Romeo to beware lest when his day has become yesterday, and he talks of the music that he remembers, he too, like the old gentleman whom the Easy Chair warns them to avoid, should become a proser.

MANY American ladies who are the wives of public men are naturally and deeply interested in the political fortunes of their husbands, and their husbands' success is often, and doubtless justly, ascribed to the tact and charm of the wife. Certainly the White House in Madison's time was very much more attractive than it would otherwise have been from the accomplishment and social genius of Mrs.

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Madison; and the noted Mrs. Eaton, the wife of General Jackson's Secretary of War, if she did not aid her husband's career, at least overthrew the cabinet when the wives of the other secretaries declined to call upon her.

But it is in England that women have played a chief part in politics, and a part of every kind, from the early favorites to the first Duchess of Marlborough, and down to the wife of a present scion of the house. It was by women that Louis the Fourteenth in France was influenced, and it was by feminine charms that he sought to control Charles the Second of England. The recent activity of Lady Randolph Churchill in the election of her husband at Woodstock has naturally recalled that of the famous Georgiana of Devonshire for Charles Fox at the Westminster election. This activity goes much farther in England than in this country. If the wife of a candidate for Congress should drive about the district before the election, and profess an affectionate interest in the families of the voters, and ask them to vote for her spouse, she would be regarded with curiosity and amazement. If, after having done this, he should be elected, and she should appear upon the balcony of a hotel, and after being cheered should thank the voters for having elected her husband, it would be considered very "queer," and certainly it would be without precedent.

The manners of countries differ, and it is no reproach upon ladies in England to say that this is something which American ladies would not do at home. But it is a practice which has been long known in England, and it is an American lady who at the late election in Woodstock, with her husband's sister, both of of them clad in his election colors, drove about in a pony-phaeton decorated with them, with two small grooms behind carrying the same colors, and visited the voters, urging them to vote for his lordship. The visits were probably confined to what are called tradesmen, and the practice would be successful probably only in a country where society is rigidly divided into classes, and where there is a feeling for the nobility which is unintelligible in America.

Of course the blandishments and fascinations of "lovely woman" are not to be included in the frigid legal description of corruption and bribery at elections. It is indeed possible that the butcher and baker may surmise that if the wife of one of their chief customers, who has boundless social influence with other customers, beseeches them to support her husband, it will be good policy and promote their trade to do as she wishes. This is a kind of influence which the workmen in a large factory sometimes feel when the proprietor announces that if Box should be elected, the factory would be obliged to reduce its force, but if Cox should carry the day, there would be prosperous times. The shrewd workman sees at once how the wind sets, and can trim his sails accordingly. But it is an influence much too elusive for the clumsy hand of the law.

Surely there is every reason that the wife of a public man should desire his success, and all honorable means and efforts that are open to others should not be closed to her. If she may very properly drive about with her pretty tandem and the gay colors floating about her, and rein up gracefully at the baker's and bewitchingly solicit his vote, and then drive on to the candlestick-maker's with the same winning request, then, if more convenient, instead of asking them separately to vote for his lordship, and pointing out the reasons why, she may properly urge them all together instead of singly, may she not?

If it be proper—as who will deny?—to ask them separately in the street or in their houses or shops, it can not be improper to ask them all together in a room—or a hall, say—can it? In other words, if my lady, with perfect regard to what is feminine and becoming, which the Easy Chair does not deny, may use political persuasion with a hundred voters singly, she may do the same thing collectively, and consequently with perfect regard to what is feminine and becoming, she may make a stump-sp—ch in the town-hall!

Now this shocking proposition is not the Easy Chair's. It is merely the logic of the situation. If my lady may properly persuade one man, she may properly persuade twenty. If she may properly persuade separately, she may with equal propriety persuade collectively. If she may properly do it in a small room, she may no less properly do it in a large room. Consequently—! It is, indeed, an awful conclusion. But it is due to that great law which ordains that you can not eat your cake and have it, and the other law that you can not run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. If it be improper for ladies to "mix in politics," very well; that is a perfectly intelligible proposition. But if it be proper and tasteful for Lady Churchill to drive about and persuade voters separately, it can not be improper or distasteful for a lady who has not a carriage to assemble voters and to persuade them collectively.

But—as the reader justly remarks—if such things are to be permitted, what is to become of the sphere of woman, and of all the proprieties, and of good taste, and of the foundations of society?

THE Easy Chair's acceptance of the common tradition in regard to the classical naming of towns upon the military tract in the State of New York enables it, in acknowledging its error, to correct a general misapprehension. It is not to General Simeon De Witt's classical pepper-box, as the Chair declared, and certainly with no ill-will to the memory of an admirable Revolutionary officer, that we owe the dispensation of Pompey, Ovid, Cato, Cicero, Brutus, Homer, Virgil, Hector, Scipio,

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Sempronius, Dryden, "and more of the same," with which the townships in the central part of this unresisting State are afflicted.

The simple and conclusive facts are that in 1786 the Legislature, in an act authorizing the Commissioners of the Land Office to direct the Surveyor-General to lay out land in tracts, ordained that "the said Commissioners shall designate every township to be laid out by such name as they shall deem proper." In 1789 the Commissioners were Governor George Clinton, Secretary Lewis A. Scott, Attorney-General Egbert Benson, and Treasurer Gerard Bancker, and they resolved that the Surveyor-General should lay out twenty-five townships on the military tract, and the Board, not the Surveyor-General, nor upon his recommendation, overwhelmed the helpless townships with the torrent of classical nomenclature. As other townships were surveyed and added to the list, they meekly suffered the same martyrdom at the hands of the Board, and not of the Surveyor-General, who knew nothing of the appalling names until they were officially communicated to him.

But the stigma had become so inseparably affixed to General De Witt's name that a Revolutionary officer who was "geographer" or topographical engineer-in-chief to the army, and subsequently Surveyor-General of New York, and appointed by Washington Surveyor-General of the United States—a position which he was unable to accept—and who was elected Chancellor of the University of New York, a man worthily distinguished and beloved, is known almost exclusively as the author of the absurd township nomenclature of Western New York, or, as Halleck and Drake, in one of the *Croakers* in 1819, called him, "godfather of the christened West." Yet he was no more that godfather, and was no more concerned in the absurd nomenclature, than the reader who smiled at the *Croaker's* onslaught, or who threw with the Easy Chair a little pebble of good-natured fun upon the cairn which commemorates a deed that he did not perform.

Halleck and Drake, of course, are the chief sinners. The "Ode to Simeon De Witt, Esq., Surveyor-General of the State of New York," is one of the most elaborate of the *Croaker* poems, a series of verses from which the humor has exhaled, notwithstanding that they are full of good spirits. It is preceded by a note in which the absolute misstatement of fact is made with contemptuous comment, and the innocent De Witt is then pelted with rhymed sarcasm. These poems were generally read, and the hapless and defenseless Surveyor-General was covered with a universal laugh as the bull in the arena is stung with a storm of winged darts to arouse and irritate him. But General De Witt was not provoked to reply. A few years later, however, when the story was repeated in a newspaper in the city, he wrote a quiet note to the editor stating that he knew nothing of the obnoxious names until they were communicated to him.

The Easy Chair is glad to be of service in relieving a worthy officer of the State from this tenacious and peculiarly disagreeable injustice, to which it had unwittingly contributed.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE history of the discovery of the sources of the Congo, and of its exploration from its sources to the Atlantic, is one of the most interesting episodes of which there is any record, certainly the most interesting, and in some of its aspects the most important, of any in modern times. In 1867 the great nineteenth-century explorer Livingstone discovered in Eastern Equatorial Africa a large stream flowing westward, and having its sources in the Chibalé Hills in the Mambwé country, less than 600 miles from Mozambique, on the East Coast. Believing this stream to be the extremest head and long-sought-for source of the Nile, Livingstone determined upon its exploration, and in 1868–71 he traced it, under its varying native names of Chambezi, Luapula, and Lualaba, as it entered or emerged from several great inland lakes, for 1500 miles, to the Arab town of Nyangwé, where it had become a river of vast volume, and where also he gazed upon it for the last time. Five years later, in 1876, the London *Telegraph* and the New York *Herald* organized an expedition for the completion of Livingstone's explorations, and placed it under the command of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, whose successful conduct of the search for Livingstone had shown that he united in an extraordinary degree all the qualities requisite for such an undertaking, and in October of that year he arrived overland from Zanzibar at Nyangwé, where he took up the thread where Livingstone had dropped it, and shortly after set out on his mission of following the river to the sea. For nearly ten months he and his party were lost to the world in the heart of Africa, during which time he followed the stream whose sources had been discovered by Livingstone, now become a mighty river, and at last sighted the Atlantic Ocean, having established the great commercial and geographical fact, by his navigation of it for about 1660 additional miles and a land journey of 140 miles, that the Chambezi, Luapula, or Lualaba, which had its rise 3500 miles inland, was no other than the Congo, whose *embouchure* was discovered by the Portuguese just four centuries earlier.

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When Stanley electrified the world by emerging from the interior of Africa with the news of the results of his expedition, and with his tidings of the population and resources of the lands that were traversed by the Congo and its affluents, the man would have been pronounced a visionary and a dreamer of wild dreams who predicted that in less than six years these lands should engage the attention and interest of the civilized world, and by an international arrangement entered into by them should be erected into an independent free state, open to the trade of all nations, and under the guarantee and protection of a Congress of Nations. There were, indeed, sagacious and philanthropic individuals who had, even before Stanley's return, been strongly impressed with the importance of a systematic exploration of Central Africa, with the objects in view of acquiring fuller and more accurate geographical and scientific knowledge, of opening new avenues to commerce, and of suppressing the slave-trade, and to this end active and practical steps had been taken to invest an enterprise which had been projected, covering all these interests, with a quasi-international character. A new impetus was given to this movement by Stanley's revelation of the vast population and resources of the countries lying along the Congo, of the inviting field they offered to trade and commerce, and of the opportunity which the mighty river afforded for the suppression of wars among the tribes and peoples of Central Africa, as well as for the enlightenment and civilization of its teeming millions, and for striking the slave-trade a death-blow. But even yet the great political significance of Stanley's explorations was not comprehended. Stanley alone seems to have grasped the full significance of the Congo as a political factor, in which all the nations of the world had a common interest; and a few months after his return he publicly declared that "in time the question of this mighty waterway will become a political one," that "the power possessing the Congo, despite the cataracts, would absorb to itself the trade of the whole of the enormous basin behind," that "this river is and will be the grand highway of commerce to West Central Africa," that it was imperatively for the interests of all civilized and commercial nations that no single nation should have the "right of control," and that "it would be a politic deed to settle the momentous question immediately." Still, men were not ready to accept Stanley's views as to the political importance of the Congo, and even his suggestions and plans for utilizing the river for commercial purposes through its entire length, by the construction of railroads around the cataracts, were scouted as "quixotic" and "visionary" by men who were proverbial for their enterprise and practical common-sense. Nevertheless Stanley kept on—writing his book, writing for the press, lecturing before learned societies and institutes, addressing select or popular assemblages and meetings of merchants, and conferring with the King of the Belgians and the Association of which he was the head—until he gradually succeeded in impressing his views, if not in all their fullness, yet very largely, upon the world. Without going into minute details, it suffices to say that before the close of the year which witnessed his return to Europe with the tidings of his exploration of the Congo, a society, called "Comité d'Études du Haut Congo," was founded by the King of Belgium, and met at Brussels, composed of representatives from Belgium, Holland, England, France, and the United States, which organized an expedition, to be commanded by Mr. Stanley, whose purpose should be to open the interior of Africa to the world by winning the confidence and securing the voluntary material aid of the natives, to make a systematic survey and gather full statistics of the country between Stanley Pool and Boma, and to cultivate commercial relations with the tribes of the Upper Congo. Mr. Stanley departed from Europe on this expedition in May, 1879, carrying with him a generous outfit of stores for subsistence, work, and traffic, provided with sectional houses, and light-draught launches and steam vessels suitable for being hauled overland, and having perfected all his plans, and made all the necessary arrangements for the equipment at Zanzibar of the expeditionary force that was to meet him at Banana and act as his working escort.

The history of the organization of this expedition, which we have thus briefly outlined, and of what was accomplished by it in the years 1879–84, is a most absorbing one, and is told by Mr. Stanley in his new work, *The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State*,[1] in a style which rivets the attention of the reader, and excites the profoundest interest, whether regard be had to its narrative of work and exploration, its stirring record of indomitable perseverance in the face of the most exacting difficulties and discouragements, or its graphic descriptions of strange lands and peoples. The history comprises accounts of the further exploration of the Congo; of the erection of stations and building of roads; of the transportation of boats and stores and impedimenta of all kinds over mountains and through forests and jungles; of the conduct of negotiations for material aid, land, and rights of way, at first unsuccessful, but, thanks to Mr. Stanley's unfailing nerve and temperate self-control, always ultimately successful; and of the pacts and treaties made by him in behalf of the "African International Association," by which all the tribes along the Congo and its tributaries, formally represented by their rightful chiefs,

[1] *The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State.* A Story of Work and Exploration. By HENRY M. STANLEY. With over 100 Full-page and Smaller Illustrations, Two Large Maps, and Several Smaller Ones. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 528 and 483. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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recognize the sovereignty of the "Association," adopt its flag, cede to it portions of their territory, and under the title of the "New Confederacy," agree to unite their forces under its direction for the common defense and the suppression of the slave-trade, and engage to assist it in governing and civilizing the country, in promoting its commerce, and in developing its resources.

The work that was thus done by Stanley prepared the way for the fruition of the dream that he had nursed for five years while buried in the African wilds, and rendered the next step possible. On his final return from Africa, on July 29, 1884, the "Association" was in possession of treaties made with over four hundred and fifty independent African chiefs, who had held their lands in undisputed possession through long ages of succession. Of their own free-will, but for substantial considerations, they had transferred their rights of sovereignty and government to the "Association." And now the time had arrived, when a sufficient number of these treaties had been made, to connect the several miniature sovereignties into one concrete whole, for the "Association" to present itself before the world for a general recognition of its right to govern and hold these lands in the name of an independent state, lawfully constituted according to the spirit and tenor of international law. After much preliminary negotiation between certain of the states claiming sovereignty over adjacent portions of Africa, invitations were issued to and were accepted by every nation in Europe, and by the United States, to send plenipotentiaries to a Conference at Berlin. The Conference, thus composed, met on November 15, 1884, and continued in session, under the presidency of Prince Bismarck, until February 26, 1885, when a final act was consummated, concurred in by all, by which the claims of France and Portugal to the sovereignty of portions of Africa were defined and accepted satisfactorily to those powers, and the Congo Free State was founded. This new state extends from the Atlantic, where it has a narrow strip of sea-coast twenty-two miles long, rapidly widening north and south a short distance inland until it reaches 8° north latitude and 12° south latitude, and stretching irregularly from west to east over seventeen degrees of longitude—constituting a domain equal to 1,090,000 square miles, the whole of which is free to the world for trade and settlement, subject only to such regulations as are necessary for its peaceful government and the maintenance of law and order. This vast territory is thus taken out of the region of dispute, and secured from the possibility of becoming an occasion for wars as between rival or ambitious nations. Moreover, while settling its bounds, and agreeing upon the principles upon which its autonomy as a state was to be based, the powers seized the opportunity to come to an amicable arrangement with reference to their rights to colonize in and acquire the sovereignty over other African territory. And finally, in return for certain concessions made to France and Portugal, those powers formally consecrated to free trade sufficient of their African possessions to constitute, in connection with the Congo Free State, a privileged commercial zone of 2,400,000 square miles. Our rapid outline gives only a faint idea of Mr. Stanley's absorbing volumes. The reader will find them to be rich in entertainment as a record of travel and exploration, and rich also in food for thought as the history of the founding of a state under auspices and guarantees that have no parallel in the past, involving political problems which are fraught with momentous but hopeful possibilities for Africa and the world at large.

THE second volume of Mr. McMaster's *History of the People of the United States*[2] deals with the interesting period of ten years from 1793 to 1803, which witnessed the completion of Washington's second term as President, the administration of John Adams, and the first years of Jefferson's incumbency. Constructed on the same general plan and adhering to the same methods as its predecessor, this volume gives the reader an infinitely fuller and closer view of the people and all that concerned or affected them than has been given in any previous history of our country. Not neglecting the course of public events and the careers of leaders and statesmen, it is not confined as closely to these as other histories have been; but instead, the institutions, influences, incidents, and occurrences which belong more exclusively to the people, and which are usually passed over in silence or are very sparingly adverted to by historians, but which play an important part in the evolution of a people, contribute materially to the formation of national character, and even give a bias to national politics, are also given the prominence they deserve. Mr. McMaster follows the people very closely in all the ramifications of their daily life—in their homes, in their social and domestic life, in their political clubs and associations, in their avocations and sports, in their churches and school-houses, in the courts, at the hustings, in the store, the tavern, and on the race-course. We are shown how they dressed, how they rode, how they amused themselves, and how and what they ate and drank. We are given a view of whatever moved, or influenced, or interested them, from the pulpit and forum to the spinning-jenny. And we are also given a succession of glimpses of the fluctuations of religious and political feeling among them, of their progress in literature, in learning, and in the useful or ornamental arts, of the changes that were wrought in their manners, morals,

[2] *A History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War.* By JOHN BACH MCMASTER. In Five Volumes. Volume II. 8vo, pp. 656. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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habits, and tastes—in fine, are introduced behind the scenes, and are permitted to see the general drift and movement of that early period in our national existence. And yet, with all his fullness and minuteness of detail, Mr. McMaster fails to give us a perfectly full and just view of the people and the times of which he writes. He has left large portions of the people entirely out of sight. Of that large body of quiet men in town and country who then, as now, meddled not with politics, cared not to cut a figure, and contented themselves by attending to their business or trades, and of the still larger body of women—whether wives, mothers, spinsters, or marriageable maidens—and the rising youth of both sexes, he is utterly silent, although these formed far the larger part of the people, and exerted an appreciable influence upon the national thought and character. The instances he cites and the illustrations he gives of the times and people are very numerous and often very apt, but unfortunately they reflect the life and character of a moiety only of the people. And herein lies the great defect of the volume, that too commonly the particular is made to pass for the universal.

The tone of this volume is much less genial than was that of its predecessor, and its literary workmanship is more defective. Its style is marred by a constant recurrence of brief, spasmodic, almost asthmatic sentences, which do not contain meaning enough to deserve to stand alone, and it is further disfigured by occasional flippancies and crudenesses, and by an affectation of artificial antitheses which become exceedingly wearisome. In his judgments of men, too, Mr. McMaster has degenerated into a cynic when he has not developed into a full-fledged iconoclast. In forming his estimates of individuals, he errs, as we have shown that he does when characterizing men in masses, by interpreting character by what is rare or occasional, or even exceptional, rather than by what is common and habitual. And in this way he throws a cloud on the reputation of nearly every one of our early patriots—painting their few foibles, follies, indecorums, or immoralities with a free hand, while he relegates their numerous and great virtues to the background, and, to change the figure, damns them with faint praise.

Of Mr. McMaster's synopses and paraphrases of the contemporary documents, debates, controversies, correspondence, pamphlets, newspapers, etc., which he weaves into his narrative, we can not, in the general, speak in too high terms of commendation. For the most part they are executed with strict fidelity and singular skill. There are exceptions, however, to one of which we shall briefly advert. At page 416 of the volume before us he devotes some twenty-five lines to an account of an interview of Dr. George Logan with Washington, in which the doctor tried to explain and excuse his self-constituted mission to France on the occasion of the threatening misunderstanding that had arisen in 1798 between our government and that country. The source from which Mr. McMaster obtained his material for this account was undoubtedly Washington's own memorandum of the interview, written down by him at the time with his usual scrupulous exactitude, and published by Mr. Sparks in the eleventh volume of his edition of *Washington's Writings*, in a note which occupied two closely printed pages (383, 384, 385). Mr. McMaster's version of this interview is wretchedly imperfect. As a paraphrase of Washington's memorandum it is not only bald and unduly abbreviated, but it is also inaccurate, doing equal injustice to the original by what it omits and by what it incorrectly reproduces. We have the less hesitation in animadverting upon this exhibition of carelessness since it is a most unusual thing for Mr. McMaster to slight his work. However we may differ from him in his judgments of men and his interpretations of character, we have the highest respect for his conscientiousness and the general scrupulous accuracy of his statements of fact.

LORD MALMESBURY'S *Memoirs of an Ex-Minister*[3] might have been more correctly styled "Memoirs *by* an Ex-Minister," since, notwithstanding its second title, the volume is not in any strict sense an autobiography, and touches upon the personal history and characteristics of its author only lightly, and as they are incidental to the recollections of public men and events which it records. Nearly all his life was passed in association and companionship with the most eminent men of the Conservative party in England, to whom his steadiness, reliability, high sense of honor, and practical common-sense, and his unflinching loyalty to his order and his party, recommended him as a judicious adviser and safe coadjutor. In the course of his long career of more than seventy years—during which he was an active and influential member of Parliament, twice Foreign Minister under the premiership of Lord Derby, and thrice Privy Seal under that of Disraeli—Lord Malmesbury was on terms of the most confidential intimacy with the great leaders of the Tory party, and at the same time enjoyed the friendship of many of the most prominent among its opponents, who seem equally with his own political friends to have recognized his sterling qualities. His reminiscences of Canning, the Earl of Derby, Disraeli, Bulwer, Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Lords Palmerston, Clarendon, John Russell, and Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and a host of others who figured prominently upon the public stage during his lifetime, are not only rich in material illustrative of their personal and intellectual

[3] *Memoirs of an Ex-Minister*. An Autobiography. By the Right Honorable the Earl of Malmesbury, G.C.B. 12mo, pp. 696. New York: Scribner and Welford.

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qualities, their social traits and habits, their principles and acts as politicians, their plans and aims as statesmen, and their character generally, but they also admit us to an inside view of much of the history of England during the past fifty years, while it was yet in the making. Thus an opportunity is afforded of witnessing and understanding the objects of many measures which either ripened into public acts of national or world-wide importance, or came to naught by reason of the adverse or conflicting interests with which they were trammelled. Especially interesting and near are the glimpses afforded of the foreign policy and relations of England, and of the persons who were conspicuous therein and made an impression on European affairs, from the accession of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the French Republic until the collapse of the Empire, and his death while a fugitive in England. As early as 1829, when they were both young men, Lord Malmesbury and Louis Napoleon were intimates, and their intimacy became closer after the escape of the Prince from Ham and during his residence in England prior to his becoming President. Nor can it be doubted that much of the kindliness that was manifested by the Emperor's government for England, and of the heartiness of the alliance that was maintained between them, was due to the influence which Lord Malmesbury exerted upon him, and his remembrance of the worth and sagacity of his old friend. Much light is thrown upon the history of the political relations of the two countries during the supremacy of Louis Napoleon by the correspondence which now for the first sees the light in Lord Malmesbury's memoirs. Besides these graver features, which impart a permanent historical value to the memoirs, they contain much in a lighter strain which is very engaging reading. As when, for instance, the veteran statesman recalls the *bonmot* of the *John Bull* newspaper, which, when it was stated that at the marriage of the Queen "the Duke of Sussex gave her away," quietly but pungently added, "The Duke is always ready to give away what does not belong to him"; and that of the celebrated Lord Alvanley, who, when a friend came to him for his advice, saying, "Mr. —— has threatened to kick me whenever he sees me in society; what am I to do if he comes in the room?" instantly replied, "Sit down"; and that other of Lady William Russell, who, dining at a party where the conversation turned upon the reconciliation which had been effected between Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, exclaimed, "Yes, they have shaken hands and embraced, and hate each other worse than ever." Or, as when he tells this story of Lord Pembroke's groom: "We went with Lady Pembroke to the Champ de Mars races. Lord Pembroke famous for his turn-out. I never saw a handsomer equipage. His groom being asked by him whether he had exercised the horses, said, 'Yes, my lord; I have walked them twenty times round Wyndham Place,' meaning Place Vendôme." Or this one of a boy in whose mind some Bible characters had got curiously mixed: "Ossulton had a good story about an examination at a boys' school. The master asked why Moses left Egypt. The boy answered, 'You know, sir, that little affair with Potiphar's wife.'" Or these of two ingenuous little maidens: "We went to Chillingham Castle, where Mr. Burrell, a clergyman, told us the story of a little girl at his school who was asked what the outward, visible sign in baptism was, to which she replied, 'The baby.' Also of Lady Goodricke's little daughter, who, seeing that her mother was very uncomfortable before the birth of her children, said she was 'determined to have all her children before she was married, and enjoy herself afterward.'"

OUR numerous readers of the gentler sex who have profited by Mrs. Senator Henderson's excellent book on *Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving* will be prepared to extend a hearty welcome to a companion volume, by the same competent hand, on a related branch of great interest and importance to housewives, and which proposes to extend to them, for the benefit of the sick or invalids of their households, counsel and assistance which they will find even more valuable than that which they have advantageously followed with a view to the comfort and pleasure of the well and vigorous. The volume to which we refer is entitled *Diet for the Sick*,[4] and, as its title-page very concisely and accurately states, is a treatise on the values of foods and their application to special conditions of health and disease, and on the best methods of their preparation. The treatise comprises some very judicious general observations on beverages and foods, especially on the new health foods and other grain preparations, on the preparation and use of koumiss, on artificial digestion by means of pancreatic ferments, and on grape juice and the hot-water cure. These are followed by more specific directions for diet in different diseases, for the choice of utensils needed in a sick-room, for the preparation of food receipts for the sick and convalescent, and for bills of fare for convalescents. In addition to this, Mrs. Henderson has collected in a generous appendix a large mass of useful practical information, of great value in the economy of the household, relative to the diet and nursing of children and adults in special emergencies and ailments. The practical good sense of the volume will be apparent to every woman who is the head of a family upon the first reading.

THE crop of novels this month is so great that it is a sheer impossibility to make any

[4] *Diet for the Sick.* A Treatise on the Values of Foods, their Applications to Special Conditions of Health and Disease, and on the Best Methods of their Preparation. By Mrs. MARY F. HENDERSON. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 234. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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extended comment upon them, and they are so fair in quality and so nearly equal in merit that to select a portion of them for special mention, to the neglect of the others, might seem invidious, while to omit all mention of them would be disappointing to those of our readers who depend upon this Record to keep them advised concerning the current fiction of the day. We shall therefore merely present a selected list of them, excluding the unworthy, and admitting none which are unsuitable for family reading, or which do not exhibit decided literary merit. Our selection is as follows: *Sylvan Holt's Daughter*,[5] by Holme Lee; *Heart's Delight*,[6] by Charles Gibbon; *A Second Life*,[7] by Mrs. Alexander; *The Adventures of Timias Terrystone*,[8] by Oliver B. Bunce; *The Waters of Hercules*,[9] by an anonymous author; *Mrs. Butler's Ward*,[10] by F. Mabel Robinson; *Colonel Enderby's Wife*,[11] by Lucas Malet; *A Hard Knot*,[12] by Charles Gibbon; *Adrian Vidal*,[13] by W. E. Norris; *The Professor*[14] (a new edition), by Charlotte Brontë; *Missy*,[15] by the author of *Rutledge*; *Upon a Cast*,[16] by Charlotte Dunning; *The Tinted Venus*,[17] by F. Anstey; *John Needham's Double*,[18] by Joseph Hatton; *Home Influence*[19] (a new edition), by Grace Aguilar; *Matilda, Princess of England*,[20] by Madame Sophie Cottin; *At Love's Extremes*,[21] by Maurice Thompson; *She's all the World to Me*,[22] by T. Hall Caine; *By Shore and Ledge*,[23] by Bret Harte; *Annals of a Sportsman*,[24] by Ivan Tourguéneff; *Carriston's Gift, and Other Tales*,[25] by Hugh Conway (the late F. J. Fergus).

[5] *Sylvan Holt's Daughter.* A Novel. By Holme Lee. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 88. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *Heart's Delight.* A Story. By Charles Gibbon. "Franklin Square Library." 8vo, pp. 63. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *A Second Life.* A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 472. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[8] *The Adventures of Timias Terrystone.* By Oliver B. Bunce. 16mo, pp. 305. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[9] *The Waters of Hercules.* A Novel. "Harper's Handy Series." 12mo, pp. 321. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *Mrs. Butler's Ward.* A Novel. By F. Mabel Robinson. "Harper's Handy Series." 12mo, pp. 247. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Colonel Enderby's Wife.* A Novel. By Lucas Malet. 12mo, pp. 388. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[12] *A Hard Knot.* A Novel. By Charles Gibbon. 12mo, Cloth, pp. 250. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Adrian Vidal.* A Novel. By W. E. Norris. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 77. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *The Professor.* A Novel. By Charlotte Brontë. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 65. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *Missy.* A Novel. By the Author of "Rutledge." "Riverside Paper Series." 12mo, pp. 410. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[16] *Upon a Cast.* By Charlotte Dunning. 16mo, Cloth, pp. 330. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *The Tinted Venus.* A Farcical Romance. By F. Anstey. 12mo, pp. 163. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[18] *John Needham's Double.* A Novel. By Joseph Hatton. "Harper's Handy Series." 12mo, pp. 146. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *Home Influence.* A Tale for Mothers and Daughters. By Grace Aguilar. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *Matilda, Princess of England.* A Romance of the Crusades. By Madame Sophie Cottin. Translated by Jennie W. Raum. In Two Volumes, 18mo, pp. 317 each. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

[21] *At Love's Extremes.* By Maurice Thompson. 12mo, pp. 266. New York: Cassell and Co.

[22] *She's All the World to Me.* A Novel. By T. Hall Caine. "Harper's Handy Series." 12mo, pp. 136. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *By Shore and Ledge.* Tales. By Bret Harte. 18mo, pp. 260. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[24] *Annals of a Sportsman.* Stories. By Ivan Tourguéneff. Translated by Franklin P. Abbott. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 311. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[25] *Carriston's Gift, and Other Tales.* By Hugh Conway. With Portrait of the Author. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 293. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of July.—President Cleveland has made the following appointments: Edward L. Hedden, to be Collector of the Port of New York; Hans S. Beattie, to be Surveyor of the Port of New York; Silas W. Burt, to be Naval Officer of the Port of New York; Lambert Tree, of Illinois, to be Minister to Belgium; George V. Brower, to be General Appraiser of Merchandise in the District of New York; Samuel T. Hauser, of Helena, Montana, to be Governor of the Territory of Montana; Hon. E. A. Stevenson, First Assistant Postmaster-General, in place of Hon. Malcolm Hay, resigned.

The Ohio State Prohibitionists, July 2, nominated for Governor Rev. A. S. Leonard, D.D., and the Virginia Republicans, July 16, for Governor, John S. Wise.

Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" was received in New York, June 19, by the American Pedestal Committee and Mayor Grace with great ceremony.

The new British Ministry was announced, June 23, as follows: Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the Marquis of Salisbury; First Lord of the Treasury, Sir Stafford Northcote; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach; Lord High Chancellor, Sir Hardinge Giffard; Lord President of the Council, Viscount Cranbrook; Lord Privy Seal, the Earl of Harrowby; Secretary for the Home Department, Sir Richard Assheton Cross; Secretary for the Colonial Department, Colonel Frederick Stanley; Secretary for War, William Henry Smith; Secretary of State for India, Lord Randolph Churchill; First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord George Hamilton; President of the Local Government Board, Arthur James Balfour; President of the Board of Trade, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon; Vice-President of the Council, the Hon. Edward Stan-

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hope; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Carnarvon; Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Edward Gibson; Postmaster-General, Lord John Manners; Attorney-General for Ireland, Mr. Holmes; Solicitor-General for Ireland, Mr. Monroe; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Henry Chaplin; Chief Secretary for Ireland, Sir William Hart Dyke. Edward Gibson, besides being Lord Chancellor of Ireland, will have a seat in the cabinet.

DISASTERS.

June 18.—Nearly 200 miners killed by an explosion in the Pendlebury Colliery, near Manchester, England.

June 20.—Ten men killed by an explosion in the Burley Pit, Apedale, North Staffordshire, England.

The recent earthquakes in Cashmere caused the death of 3081 persons; 70,000 houses were destroyed, and 33,000 animals killed.

June 23.—News by way of Galveston of the loss at sea of the Italian steamer *Italia* with sixty-five passengers.

June 24.—Powder-mill explosion at Lucca, Italy, killing a number of workmen.

June 27.—Eighteen miners killed by an explosion of fire-damp at Dudweiler, near Saarbrücken, Prussia.

July 11.—Ten well-known citizens of Minneapolis, including Ex-Mayor Rand, drowned by the sinking of a steam-yacht on Lake Minnetonka.

OBITUARY.

June 23.—In Washington, D. C., Richard T. Merrick, lawyer, aged fifty-seven years.

July 5.—In Philadelphia, Chief Engineer John Q. A. Zeigler, U.S.N., aged fifty-eight years.

July 6.—In New York, Lieutenant-Commander Henry H. Gorringe, U.S.N., aged forty-four years.

July 10.—In New York, Dr. Rufus H. Gilbert, projector of the system of elevated roads in this city, aged fifty-three years.

Editor's Drawer.

THIS has been, on the whole, a very good season for "scenery." It has varied in price from two dollars and a half a day for a quiet article to five dollars for the broadest and best. A resort with "a full line of scenery" is, of course, expensive; that is, one that combines mountains, valleys, water, hamlets, rocks, cascades, islands, water-falls. It is difficult to define exactly what scenery is in the popular mind, but all are agreed that it is an article one must go away from home to get. It seems to be the general notion that it is a view, and with many the word means a wide and distant prospect. The commercial gentleman who was looking off from the platform of the Kaaterskill House, and remarked that it was the best place for scenery he knew, came very close to a good popular definition. With him it was a large prospect. The idle traveller is often asked whether he is fond of scenery. And the question is an embarrassing one. He may never have thought of it in that light. He is fond of beefsteak; perhaps he does not like to confess his love for things æsthetic. The Drawer met a charming girl in the Catskills who said that she was very fond of scenery, and she liked nature too. Both scenery and nature she would go a great ways to see, and the inference was that they couldn't be had at home. Perhaps scenery in her mind was associated with a hotel, and a number of young gentlemen in fancy walking costume. And, whatever scenery is, there is no doubt that it is vastly improved by the presence of young ladies in gay toilets. In fact, you may take an ordinary landscape, or a common brook with a twenty-five cent water-fall—that is, a fall that it costs a quarter of a dollar to turn on—or a piece of open woods with sunlight flickering on the ground and on the boles of the trees, or a tree-encircled lake with row-boats, and introduce the female figure, groups of girls in those engaging attitudes that nature teaches them, or pairs of lovers in the pretty self-consciousness of young affection, and you have what is probably the best article of scenery in the world. And yet this sort of thing is not that usually recognized as scenery.

The effect of scenery upon different persons is worth the student's attention. Let him take his seat before some recognized piece of "scenery," like that from the Catskill height just spoken of, and watch the effect of it upon those who come to look at it. The fat traveller who arrives perspiring seems to appreciate the value of it. He removes his hat and mops his forehead, and looks about with an expression of delight in the vastness of the prospect. His eye roves at once over all the States of the Union in sight, he seems to weigh the view in his mind for its size, but he wastes no time on it. He remarks that that is the scenery for him, and then abandons it in search of a cooling drink. Then comes the dominie schoolmaster in a long-skirted broadcloth coat, a severe man, with half a dozen of his scholars. He waves his hand over the whole view with the air of imparting information to the young: that is the Hudson River, that is Connecticut, that is Massachusetts, that is Vermont, we are in New York—it is a gigantic lesson in geography, and the boys follow him away as soon as they have learned it. There, again, is a rather battered-looking middle-aged man reclining on the edge of the cliff—what does he see? A

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panorama of his life? Probably not. Few people are given to musing on their past. He enjoys the repose of the landscape, the faint rattle of wagons, or the clang of a railway train coming up from four or five miles away, the shadows on the immense plain, which is marked off in irregular plots of meadow and grain and woods, the gleam of the river—a monotonous picture full of variety too far removed to make a distinct impression—the sort of view that requires nothing but a lazy mind. And these two young girls in muslin, arms around each other's waists—no, not exactly young, but young for school-marms, too shy for absolute youth—sauntering along the edge of the precipice, expressing genuine rapture over the prospect. It must be confessed that their figures in silhouette against the sky have an artistic value. Nobody can tell how much they really see, but doubtless more than another couple who have just stepped out across the platform, and stand in an attitude of observation. Pretty soon, however, they are looking at each other, and if they get any view at all of the landscape, it is as reflected in each other's eyes. There is no landscape in the world equal to that, if the eyes are pretty, that is, if they reflect well. Are these lovers on a wedding tour? How charming the scenery is to them! She is sitting down now on a rock, pulling to pieces a wild azalea, with her eyes downcast, and he, seated on a rock at her feet, is looking up at her. Talk about seeing four States at once and a hundred villages and the Hudson River! This young gentleman sees the whole world; and the charming girl who has entangled him with her long eyelashes knows it as well as he does. This is an appreciation of scenery that goes to the heart. They never will forget this view all their lives. If the young lady is asked to describe it when she goes home, she will not be able to make half as good a description of it as the fat man, but how much more she saw and felt! The fat man just carried away with him a map, but this girl—Heaven be kind to her!—has gone away with a piece of scenery in her heart that all mankind desire, and that life would be very poor without. We have seen some travellers who say they prefer the sea-shore to scenery. This is a mere matter of taste. What the Drawer prefers is the eyes of the young lady that have the power of transmuting everything into beauty.

LAST summer while the writer was in Amelia County, Virginia, the following incident occurred, illustrative of the philosophical manner in which negroes accept the decrees of Providence. Amelia, it will be remembered, is one of the *black* counties. The negroes occupy most of the old homesteads, and are given over to ignorance and superstition. The Wigwam, the old Harrison place, a house well known in Virginia, is surrounded on every side by hordes of negroes, who own small tracts of land, and farm them. One of these settlements is at "the Lodge," once the property of Mr. Robert Archer, a distinguished Virginian gentleman of the old *régime*, now, with all his descendants, dead and gone. My hostess and I were peeling peaches on the broad veranda, when Mary Cæsar, the dairy-maid, appeared.

"Miss Anna, gimme piece o' light bread, please, marm."

"Who is sick, Mary?" said Mrs. H——, light bread being a luxury reserved for the ill negroes.

"Sister Rose Archer, marm." All colored people claim the fraternal relation, whether there is any in reality or not, if they are members of the same church, or have "experienced a change."

"Why, I thought Rose Archer lived in Richmond. What is the matter with her?"

Mary's large greasy countenance, which rivalled a bombazine dress for blackness, fairly shone.

"Well, Miss Anna, you 'member Sis Rose was married to Unk Crutch Henry Archer's son Willum, en dey moved fum de Lodge to Richmond. 'Bout three week ago Sis Rose en Willum hed a fight 'bout some'in', en Sis Rose hit Willum Archer er lick on de head wid a stick er wood, en it kilt him, it pintly did. Willum Archer always was a sickly nigger. Well, Miss Anna, she done all she could, en gin him er funeral, en den, bein' ez she was a *widder*, en pore, she come up to de Lodge to stay here 'longer Willum's daddy en mammy. Unk Crutch Henry were mighty 'flicted 'bouten Willum being kilt, 'cause he were de onliest son whar he had, but Sis Rose say she gwine dar to be all de company she ken for Willum's folks."

The peach knife fell. Mrs. H——, though schooled to Amelia eccentricities, stood transfixed. Then she gasped:

"And William's father and mother let her stay there after killing their only son?"

"Miss Anna," said Mary, in a peculiarly soothing voice, "Unk Crutch Henry done ax Rose huck um she come to kill Willum Archer, en Sis Rose say *she don' know huck um.*"

This was Monday. Sunday afternoon Mary re-appeared, an expression of triumphant excitement in her eyes, though her manner was as gentle and deprecatory as ever.

"Sis Rose Archer dead, Miss Anna," she announced.

"Dead! When did she die?"

Mary smoothed her apron.

"Well, Tuesday mornin', Miss Anna, Br'er Jeames Barksdale went to Court-House, en de sheriff sont Sis Rose word to git ready, 'cause he was comin' to de Lodge Monday mornin' to git her en hang her for killin' of Willum Archer. En Sis Rose say ef de sheriff were comin' to hang her, ez she were porely enyway, *'twa'n't wuth while to git up, so she gwine die.*"

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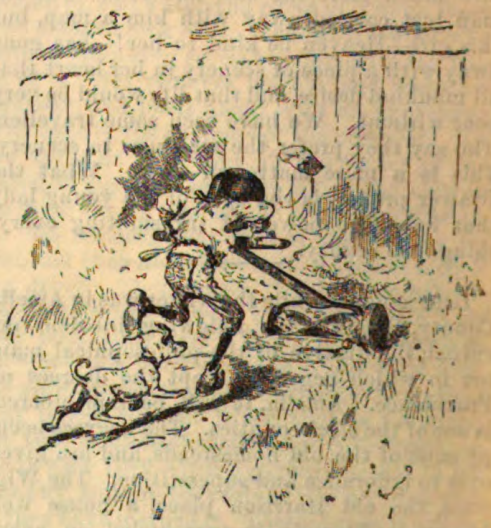
"You understand, Tommy, from the fence yonder to the flower bed here, and be *very* careful with the machine."



"Whatever's the racket, I can't start her."



"By gum! if she 'xpects me ter cut rocks, recken I'll hev ter oil up, sure pop."



"Keerect."—Whr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-

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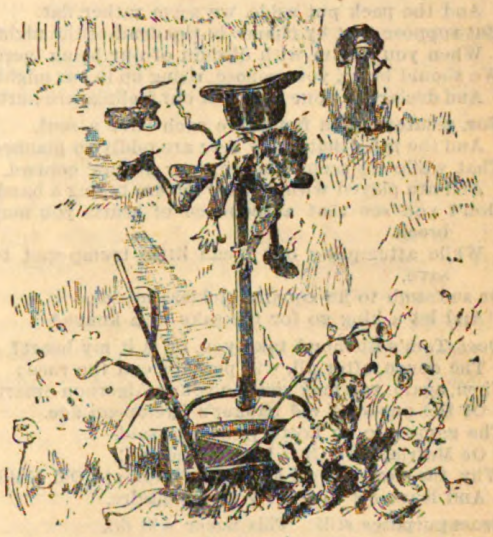
Bang! "By gum! wot's that? Oh yes, de fence."



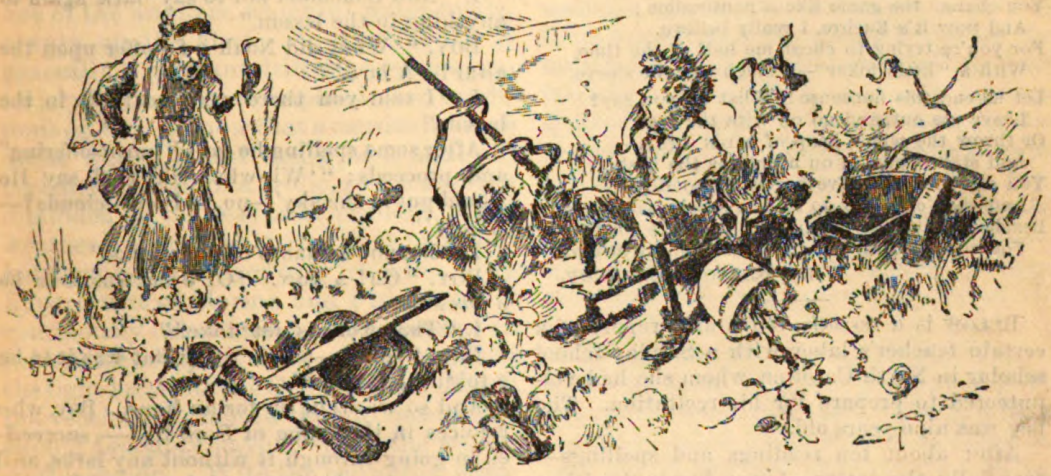
"Nothin' broke but de fence, Towser. Now, then, back we go. Who says we can't run de masheen?"



"By gu-m, she's runnin' a-w-a-y! S-s-stop 'er, T-tows!"



Stopped. "By g-u-! the flow-e-r b-e-d! Suthin's broke."



"Why, Tommy!"
"'Twarn't my fault, mum; there wuz too much oil put into her."

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"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. H——. "As if people could die when they chose!"

"Sis Rose done die," said Mary, stoutly. "She say *'twa'n't wuth while to git up jest to be hanged*, en she die last night, en please, Miss Anna, lemme go to de funeral. Unk Crutch Henry gwine gin her a mighty nice buryin', bein' ez she was a widder en Willum Archer was de onliest son he hed." J. C. CABELL.

ONE OF THE PACK.

I see how it is: I'm one of the pack—
A paltry playing-card; nothing more.
You shuffle and deal, then take me back,
Or toss me to lie where I was before.
There are royal heads at your mimic court,
But they fare no better; they're in the same fix;
For you vary the usual order of sport:
You take what you please while you *play* your tricks.

No doubt it serves well as a source of fun
To match your lovers, this one against that;
Though perhaps, when the evening's amusement is done
And the pack put aside, we seem rather flat.
But suppose that by chance in the dead of the night,
When you dream with disdain of our being inert,
We should break your repose, rising up in our might,
And declare to your face that our feelings are hurt?

For, whatever you fancy, we each have a soul,
And the rules that apply here are oddly so planned
That while we seem bent to your fingers' control,
And are played with, yet we too are taking a hand.
Don't you see that a sequence of hearts you may break
While attempting one mean little trump-spot to save,
Or succumb to an equally luckless mistake
And let a king go for the sake of a knave?

Does Tom's diamond take you, or is it my heart?
The deuce, after all, will perhaps end the race;
Then, again, you may yield to young Algernon Smart,
Or the one-eyed old banker's Cyclopean ace.
The game's to be Lottery—so you said—
Or Matrimony? No; both, I declare!
Why, the next thing I know you'll take to Old Maid,
And leave *me* to sorrow and Solitaire.

Cross-purposes still! This never will do.
You've begun Vingt-et-un; *I'm* at Thirty-one—
Just ten years apart. Ah, I wish I knew
Some smoother way to make matters run!
You change the game like a pantomime;
And now it's Euchre, I really believe,
For you're trying to cheat me half of the time,
With a "little joker"—a laugh in your sleeve.

Let us end this nonsense! What do you say?
Leave me out, and go on with the rest,
Or throw the whole heap of cards away,
And stake your all on a man as the best.
You can't manage love according to Hoyle,
And your effort to do so you surely would rue;
Besides, what's the use of such intricate toil?—
You shall win all the games if I only win *you!*

GEO. PARSONS LATHROP.

BELOW is a *verbatim et literatim* report of a certain teacher's labor with a Sunday-school scholar in North Carolina, whom she had volunteered to prepare for his recitation. The boy was nine years old.

After about ten readings and spellings—especially the latter—I was inspired with a sufficient degree of faith to say, "Now read it once more, and I think you will be able to say it."

BOY. "'Wh-wh-what did No-No-Noah send out of the ark at the end of f-o-r-t-y, forty, days?—*Answer.* A—a lark.'"

I. "No, that word is not 'lark.' Spell it."

BOY. "'R—r-a-v, rav, e-n.' Oh! rav-ra-*ra-ven.*"

I. "Now remember that it is not a lark, but a raven. What is a raven?"

BOY. "Don' know."

I. "It is like a crow."

BOY. "Well, why didn't they say crow? then I could remember it."

I. "Now what did Noah send out first? Say it again."

BOY. "A *lark.*"

(Repetition of the above until boy can say "raven" to the question.)

I. "Read on."

BOY. "'Wh-what did No-Noah send out next?—A *lark.*'"

I. "No, no. Spell that word."

BOY. "B-o-v-e, *bove.*"

I. "No, no; that is not a *b.*"

BOY. "Oh no: d-o-v-e, *dove.* 'Wh-what did the dove bring back in its m-o-u-t-h, mouth?—A lark.'"

I. "Don't say 'lark' again. I don't think the word 'lark' is in the Bible; certainly not in your lesson."

BOY (*spells out "olive leaf," and proceeds*). "'Wh-what did Noah b-u-i-l-d, build, wh-when he came out of the ark?—An ark.'"

I. "What! comes out of the ark and builds an ark?"

BOY. "Oh no—a *lark.*"

I. "Spell it."

BOY. "O-l-i—"

I. "No."

BOY. "A-l-t-o-r—"

I. "Spell it right."

BOY. "A-l-t-a-r tar."

I. "Now what is it?"

BOY. "A *lark.*"

I. "Now remember not to say 'lark' again to anything in the lesson."

BOY. "'What did Noah o-f—offer upon the altar?—A *lark.*'"

I. "I told you there were *no* larks in the lesson."

After some spelling he gets "burnt-offering" and proceeds: "'Wh-what did God say He would put in the sky'—no, 'c-l-o-u—clouds?—A lark.'"

I. "No, no; no more of your larks."

BOY. "Oh! a bow. 'Of what was it to be a *toke?*'"

I. "That word is not 'toke.'"

BOY. "Oh no—*tokin.* 'Of what was it to be a tokin?—A lark.'"

And so we went on for an hour. Boy, who rejoices in the name of Doré H——, succeeded in going through it without any larks, and went to church; but, as I heard, edified his Sunday-school teacher with his flock of larks.

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LABRADOR.

Second Paper.

IT is a profound experience to visit alone the utter abomination of desolation. It tries the breadth of your sympathy to love even the death-stricken face of nature. But the true lover will not fail even here, in this desert of rock and sea. I often had to take my will in both hands to prevent demoralization; the enmity of storms, which a canoeist feels so keenly, the labor of travelling persistently even in bad weather, the weight of loneliness, the perils of the coast, all at times united to disgust me with the region.

I had, of course, some days of ordinary conditions and moods—a fair light wind on small waters, good runs that encouraged me, and comfortable tenting. There were also inward experiences met only in solitude, that can not be worded for another. Nowhere has nature spoken to me more directly, both in the majestic storm service and in the unutterable peace of this vast and rugged temple. But even in the midst of these reverent delights and this tranquillity, when the elements slept, I often gazed at the smooth but heaving sea with breathless expectancy and a kind of stolen joy. A man here becomes as one of the anxious, watchful water-fowls, always on the alert. A canoe cruise is generally a pleasant drifting over the water; but this journey imposed new conditions on me. I knew that a capsize in these arctic waters might easily be a fatal experience instead of a frolic, so I was often reminded by the seas to be prudent. The weather was so very stormy that my daily journeys had averaged only ten miles. The Department of Marine and Fisheries had courteously offered me a return passage in the steamer *Napoleon III.*, which supplies the light-houses of the Gulf. But if I should not reach Belle Isle in time to meet her, I should probably have to spend the winter in this region. With the bad autumn season close at hand, and Belle Isle four hundred miles away, the situation gave me some anxiety. So I began to get up before dawn, and work fast to break camp and set sail. Time and again even this early start enabled me to make only a mile or two before the wind would spring up ahead and compel me to land for the day if the waters were open and rough. But the need of driving on often aroused me to even a venturesome degree of energy, and made me start or continue afloat when I should have been ashore.

If environment moulds a people, then the Labradoreans should have strong traits. The climate, the unique features of the country, the undisputed supremacy of the sea, the isolation from the world—all their circumstances, indeed—are so strongly marked as to be irresistible. The population of the Canadian part of the coast—down to the boundary line at Blanc Sablon—is of French origin, Canadian and Acadian; the Newfoundland part of Labrador—the Strait of Belle Isle and the Atlantic coast—is inhabited by English-speaking people. Moravians and Esquimaux are found in the far North. The French Canadians consist of two classes; a part of them come here every spring to fish for the merchants, and return every fall to their families and small homesteads between Quebec and Gaspé; others live here permanently, own little isolated establishments, and fish on their own account. The Acadians have collected in two principal settlements, Esquimaux Point and Natashquan, where they have their schools, priests, churches, and some other features of village life.

I was fortunate in being storm-stayed at a few of these French Canadian homes, where I found now and then a person able to give me some account of the summer and winter life of the people. To be-

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gin with external and material things, the average home of Labrador generally consists of a rough board dwelling, with two rooms and a garret, a small dock and store-house for receiving, cleaning, curing, and storing fish, and two or three open fishing-boats. All these buildings perch like anxious water-fowls on the bare rocks; they never impress me as homes, for they make for themselves no niche or place in the surface of the earth; you expect them to be washed or blown away at the next gale—as they sometimes are. For the sake of being near the fishing grounds these shelters are generally established on some outlying island offering a mooring or else a beach for the boats; they seem to be banished from the earth as far as possible seaward. They stand up gaunt, stark naked in the gales, in the midst of a desert of sea and rocks.

In the best places there may be in a hollow a little sand, enriched with decaying fish, where a few turnips and cabbages manage to show themselves during a brief season. You get a gleam of hope and of horror on beholding a gaunt scaffold about eighteen feet high; but it is not a gallows for the ending of life, only a platform for keeping the frozen fish for dog-meat. The interior of these homes is not quite so distressing as their hard surroundings, for the human hand in-doors can make its mark, which is not always a clean one. The furniture, diet, costumes, are rough and commonplace; but the people are courteous and kind, and they observe well their religious rites. Their isolation is such that they keep the run of time by marking the days of the week on the doorpost. An exception to this dreariness is to be met here and there, at a light-house, or at the home of a merchant. I asked an intelligent fisherman how he could content himself in such a place.

"Well, sir, I expect we're fools to stay here. The worst of it is, our children are growing up as ignorant as we are—just like the dogs. Hardly any of us can read or write. Our houses are too far apart to get the children together for school, excepting at Esquimaux Point, Natashquan, and Mutton Bay. Then, too, we can't see the priest more than once or twice a year, and that's very inconvenient about dying, for pleurisy and consumption are very headstrong. And there's no doctor at all, nor any roots or herbs for medicines. We keep alive on pain-killer and salts that the traders sell. It's a hard life, and we don't live to be very old. We have to do all our own work—jack-of-all-trades, you know. When we came here to live, my wife and I cut all the timber in the winter for building these houses, sawed it by hand in a pit, and in the spring rafted it down the river."

The social season of Labrador is the winter. There is no fishing then to keep people at home; cutting wood and a little hunting are the only occupations. Winter lasts about eight months; when the channels among the islands and the bays are frozen over, dog teams can run up and down the coast for three hundred miles—from Mingan to Bonne Espérance. People then go visiting; they carry no provisions, for everybody keeps open house, and the little cabins are often packed with people and dogs. The winter homes, as a rule, are back some miles from the coast, where wood is handy. Several families who fish at Whale Head live on a swamp in winter, where the tread of a man along the street shakes every house. The Abbé Ferland says that in his time—about fifty years ago—the hospitality of the coast was such the people on going away from home used to leave food, and sometimes even money, on the table, and the doors unlocked, that needy travellers might enter and help themselves. But the advent of more travellers in these days has led to more caution and less generosity.

It is not surprising to find all seamen superstitious; the irresistible and whimsical forces of the ocean must appear to them supernatural, and their changing fortunes must often seem the result of some unfathomable mystery. Could events so supernatural as those told by the Ancient Mariner be so appropriate to a landsman? These fishermen are not behind other seafaring men in either the number of their superstitions or the faith they repose in them. But Labrador, in time, will doubtless produce still more astonishing results in this regard: for what other region on earth offers such elemental powers, such weird scenes, such impressive hardships and horrors? Here is a region without a mile of road in three thousand miles of coast; I never elsewhere appreciated a wheel and a horseshoe. Some of these people have no idea of the shape and size of a cow or a horse, and they flee like hares at the coming of a stranger. I have stated elsewhere that lawlessness

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A LABRADOR HOME.

often prevails, and that those who are in need do not hesitate to break open stores and help themselves. But their most astonishing traits are laziness and improvidence here in sight of heart-rending hardship and want. Labrador, however, was formerly a sea of plenty; fishing, sealing, trapping, gave even the indolent a sure though a miserable living. In a few weeks the average man could catch fish enough to exchange with traders for the necessaries of life. This enabled him to idle away three-fourths of the year, and relieved him of any sense of responsibility. But now fish, oil, and fur are no longer so abundant. The average family spends about one hundred dollars per year to get only the absolute necessities of life; and yet the government is obliged very often to distribute flour and pork to prevent actual starvation; and it offers free passage and work to those who will leave the coast. The lazy depend upon the industrious, the provisions are shared, and if navigation is tardy, the first sail is watched for in the spring with eagerness.

After a tedious pull against a head-wind, I was glad to enter the little harbor of Natashquan just as night was settling over the sea.

Sealing, one of the peculiar industries of Esquimaux Point and Natashquan, is the most venturesome occupation of the Labrador coast. Seals are taken in three ways—by hunting them along the bays and shores in boats or on the ice, by netting them as fish are taken, and by following them out to sea in vessels and killing them on the floes. I sometimes met a boat sailing about the islands and bays with two men aboard eagerly watching the water and the rocks for the harbor seals. Dressed in coats and skull-caps made of seal-skin, they often creep along the rocks with the motions of the seal, and decoy the animal by calling. Some of them have a trained dog.

"What is he good for in such work?" I inquired. "He can hardly be a retriever for animals weighing hundreds of pounds."

"Yes, he is, sir: if seals are fat when

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NETTING SEALS.

killed they float, but even if they are very poor it takes but little to float them. And the dog jumps off and catches them often before they sink, or he'll dive for them in shallow water. When they sink in deep water we often 'jig' them—haul them up with a fish-hook and line. Some seals dive when wounded, and swim off to sea; others turn to the shore and crawl up on a rock to die."

In the spring of the year they hunt seals on the ice when it drifts against the shores. Cape Bauld, Newfoundland, is a noted point for this kind of sealing. The floes coming from the northern seas strike on this cape and divide into two parts; one enters the Strait of Belle Isle, and the other goes southward along the coast of Newfoundland.

The people told me that hundreds of hunters come there in March with dog-sleds from the settlements about Hare Bay, etc. Each gang of men brings a skiff, provisions, etc., and many camp in little huts, and remain till the 8th or 10th of May. They keep a constant watch over the drifting fields of ice. When seals are discovered on a floe touching the shore or near it, the men put off to it in their skiff, haul the boat up on the ice, and then go about clubbing the seals. They soon return to the shore with blubber and hides, which they bury under snow for keeping until a trading schooner calls. Sometimes the wind or the current suddenly loosens the ice and carries it out to sea, and the sport is then quite perilous. The netting of seals is not unlike the taking of fish in nets. A strong net may be moored off a favorable point or in a channel, or several nets are combined and moored to form a kind of pound. At La Tabatière, Cape Mecatina, a noted resort of seals, the combination of nets measures about 700 fathoms. When seals were abundant, several hundreds and even thousands were taken there in a season. In a favorable cove a net may be sunk on the bottom until the seals enter; then it is raised with a windlass to close the entrance, and men in boats row about the bay and drive the seals into the meshes.

The ocean sealing is the most costly and

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productive method. Powerful steamers, built expressly for this work, and manned by 200 to 300 men, are sent out every year from St. Johns, Newfoundland, and Dundee, Scotland. The sealing fleet of Esquimaux Point and Natashquan numbers about forty small schooners. In 1881 they took 30,000 seals, but in 1882 only 3000. The strength of these vessels is remarkable. The one I saw building at Esquimaux Point had timbers twelve inches square laid in solid, and bolted one to the other, and the bow was a mass of beams and braces. The oil is tried out in furnaces along the beach; the hides are sent to London for tanning.

Before setting sail again for the eastward I must give some account of the island, Anticosti, lying off this part of the coast. It is a low strip of rocks, miserable soil, and peat, 130 miles long by 30 wide. Its chief physical interest lies in its rich and unique geological fields. But its human interest is still greater. In the middle of the Gulf, surrounded by reefs, strong, irregular currents, fogs, deceptive mirages, tempests, it presents to every passing vessel a formidable array of dangers. It is death-strewn from end to end; during only the past ten years 106 vessels of all kinds, 3000 souls, and $8,000,000 have been cast upon its deserted shores. In addition to these marine horrors it has many domestic misfortunes on its score; settlers from time to time have tried to make homes on its soil, but after a few years of misery, partly relieved by the government donations of flour and pork, they leave the place richer only in sacrifices. This was the reward given to Joliet for his discovery of the Mississippi. And truly he must have loved the wilderness, since he lived and died there as lord of Anticosti. However, it must have the credit of its only advantage, its excellent fisheries of cod, mackerel, herring, and salmon. The government has done much to diminish the suffering that seems to be the chief end and aim of this island; it has put up several light-houses, fog-signals, and tele-



A SEAL-OIL FURNACE.

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graph offices, and established depots for the shelter of shipwrecked mariners.

In sailing from Natashquan all these typical horrors of Labrador life were vivid in my mind, for I had before me a dangerous route—thirty miles of open coast without a port—the Natashquan sands. When the sea is perfectly smooth it is an easy matter to land on the smooth, unbroken beach of sand stretching all that distance down to Kegashka; but when a swell is on, the surf breaks on shoals far from shore, and landing or launching is impossible. The region is more dreaded than any other on the coast, and fishermen, even in large barges, sometimes wait for two or three weeks for a favorable time to make this passage. At sundown I was glad beyond belief to find the first islands off Kegashka Bay between me and the Gulf, and to know that Natashquan sands were safely passed. I even had a certain pride and pleasure in the stiffness of my limbs; and when at last I sat down to a steaming supper by the camp fire, and then crawled into a warm bed, Labrador seemed to have been conquered, snubbed, by a little canoe. But I acknowleged in the next breath that the day might easily have brought a very different feeling.

The gale that set in next day made camp life a dreary experience even there in one of the rare patches of wood found on the coast, and so I determined to cross the bay to the settlement, one mile distant. A short sea on the flats, shoals at low water, and a head-wind, combined to make the passage last exactly five hours. But finally I reached the harbor, stowed the *Allegro* in a store-house, and took up my abode in the house of a widow and her two sons. Even the houses of Labrador are isolated, being without the support of a barn, shed, fence, or any outbuilding whatever. You feel that they have no ties with the earth, that all their interests are in the sea, whither they may sail off at any high tide. I think of them as bits of wreck cast up, although they are ordinary land structures.

My hostess gave me another glimpse of Labrador experience. "When my good man died he left me with nine children here; the two oldest boys were fourteen and sixteen years old. I tell you, sir, it's not an easy place to get a living in. There's not a day's work for a man here from September till June. The boys fished, but they couldn't get us bread for the whole year. Even now, men as they are, and smart ones too, and always at it, we can make only enough to have flour all the year, and butter, pork, molasses, and tea for four months. The living must be made in three months. And half the families here will have flour only about six months this year. The boys have built a schooner this year, and now maybe we'll get on better. They're away to Anticosti in her now. I hope they're in port somewhere, for it blows hard. Oh, sir, it's a hard country this, and a fisherman's life is a poor one."

My route now became more sheltered among countless islands of bare or mossy rocks. After passing the open waters off Washsheecootai and Olomanosheebou or Romaine bays, I felt for a time less anxiety about being delayed by heavy seas. If the weather had been fine, my progress would have been more rapid, and I could have stopped a few days now and then for trout and salmon fishing. The enjoyment of some sport, the exemption from so much forced travel, and a more tranquil state of mind would have given me more cheerful and commonplace experiences. But these would not have revealed the most characteristic features of Labradorean life. I should have stopped in this region to examine its minerals, for it is said to be rich in Labradorite and some other precious stones, copper, iron, and other metals, and a company of Quebec capitalists have begun to develop these mines. Nature's tidbit here is a rock. Geologists would have much to tell about the granites, gneiss, traps, basalts, and porphyries that generally compose the coast. But the general reader needs chiefly to imagine all these rocks heaved up along the sea, in high cliffs deeply cloven, in gentler slopes, in islands often of jagged and picturesque forms, in bold headlands, in the shores of deep, narrow, shadowy bays, in the banks of winding channels; then these varied forms in some places set off by veins and strata of strong colors—snow white, red, rich purple, brown, gray, deep green, black, the whole either bare or covered with moss; ponds of beer-colored rain-water in the hollows of the rock; a river now and then coming into the clear sea with a current of dark water; once in a great while a few trees at the mouth of a river. With these features in mind, he sees Labrador.

Dogs are an important and interesting

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WINTER-QUARTERS.

element of Labrador life. A horse would be of little use in this country, made up in summer of unscalable rocks and water, and in winter of deep untrodden snow; and he would cost in feed more than he is worth. Dogs here live on the product of the sea—fish—and can travel over snow and ice. A hogshead of herrings per dog is either salted down or else protected from the flies and the air by a layer of cod blubber—the livers after the oil has been extracted; in the fall the salted fish are freshened by soaking ten days in water, and then piled on a scaffold to freeze and keep all winter. Sometimes the flesh of the seal and the whale is used for dog-meat. The dogs are fed but once a day, in the evening, when some of this frozen fish is chopped off and thrown to them. In the summer they shift for themselves by hunting along the beaches for fish and refuse. With wolfish heads, bushy tails, and rough, ragged coats, they have a wild and mournful look, hungry and sneaking; they seem to be a cross between the wolf and the Esquimau and the Newfoundland dogs. They generally are treated as beasts of burden, not as domestic pets; and when you are not afraid of them they appeal to your sympathies as the dumb class of Labrador victims. Their ferocity, however, keeps your sympathy within bounds; they can not be left in freedom; when a family leaves them unwatched at their home they are hoppled by passing one fore-foot through a loose collar. The kennels are log huts so low that they can not stand up straight to fight. In some places the kennel is under the house; when two or three teams are confined there, the floor often shakes, and the night is a season in pandemonium with their fighting or their wolf-like howling. Notwithstanding all these measures of safety, they sometimes kill and devour one another. The jealousy and hatred of rival dogs can never be subdued, and I should add that they form also very loyal alliances for defense and amusement.

When you see the vital need of mastering such animals at once, you almost approve of their brutal treatment. All

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DOG TEAMS FIGHTING.

teams, of course, are not blood-thirsty; but some caution is required in handling even the best. The usefulness of dogs in such a region as Labrador makes it impracticable to do without them; they are the horses of the arctic regions, and life itself often depends upon their service. A team of from three to six dogs will draw two or three people twenty leagues per day; in the spring, when the snow is covered with a good crust, they can go from ninety to one hundred miles in a day; and six dogs will haul a cord of green red spruce.

The words of command are, "Ra-ra," haw; "Ak," gee; "Ha," ho; "Puit," get up. The harness consists of a collar and a girth connected by horizontal straps, and the trace starting from the girth on the dog's back. Each dog pulls the sled by his own trace; that of the "leaders" is from forty to sixty feet long; the others are successively a few feet shorter. When the snow is covered with a sharp granular crust, the dogs wear boots made of seal-skin. The whip is a formidable object; the lash is about fifty feet long, thick as a broomstick at the upper end, and the handle is only a foot long. Some skill is needed to whirl this about your head without cutting off your own ears. The crack of this whip, like the shot of a small rifle, makes the entire pack tremble. But even this weapon is not always effective in keeping order. As soon as two teams see each other on the road they break forth in wolfish howls, and fly outward to meet in a fight. The drivers shout, "Ak! ak!" and crack their whips; but often the brutes rush pell-mell at one another. The sleds run into them; there is a general roar of the canine "mill," and shouts of men, pulling, beating, swearing; some one may be bitten; at last the teams are separated, and anchored at a safe distance apart by turning the sled over and sticking the points of the runners into the snow. Thus every meeting on the road is interesting. Their cometek is a sled about ten feet long and two and a half wide, with low, broad, pointed runners, rising in front, and having shoes made of the jaw-bones of a whale; the floor consists of narrow cross-pieces

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fastened to the top of the runners with rawhide thongs. For long journeys a "coach box" is lashed to the cometek; in this two passengers may sit facing each other and enjoy the protection of furs, while the driver perches on the front end of the box and holds on to his long whip trailing on the snow. A winter journey in this clear bracing air, and among these picturesque rocks decked with flashing ice, is an interesting experience; and if a storm comes on, the sagacious leader of the team will win your gratitude and admiration by taking you to some house. But the dogs are not always successful. The cold sometimes is so intense that it freezes the stomach of a dog, where the hair is short, and even kills him. And if they are not properly fed they may give out on a hard journey. I need not describe the horrible suffering of unfortunate travellers in these arctic regions. The most important winter journey is that of her Majesty's mail-carrier. Two or three men go twice each winter from Esquimaux Point to Betshiamits and back; and another courier brings the mail to Old Fort Bay or Bonne Espérance. One of them told me that the round trip from Esquimaux Point to Betshiamits—about eight hundred miles—requires from five to seven weeks; they go part of the way on snow-shoes with the mail on their backs, and part on a cometek. When on foot they go only about fifteen miles a day, for the route is often along a beach of broken ice, or up and down the cliffs of a gorge; in some regions they have to pass the nights on the snow without any blankets or other covering; but wherever there is a house they are sure of a cordial welcome as the bearer of news from the outer world.



LITTLE MECATINA.

At last the winds fell and allowed us to launch the canoes once more. We were

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DRYING NETS AT SEA.

two now, for White had joined me with the *Rosalie;* and certainly the two crafts had never met in a more eager friendship. The supreme desire of our hearts was to go forward. I often actually trembled with excitement and impatience as I trimmed the sheet a quarter of an inch, let her off a point, and studied with feverish eagerness to get the *Allegro* up to the utmost speed. We had now so little time to make connections that we had even discussed how we could pass the winter on the coast; we would have to buy furs, and money was scarce; we would not attempt any long journeys or risk our precious lives; we would keep our girls in mind, and resist to the utmost the insidious charms of Labrador; so by next year we hoped to reach the summerland. The day favored us with a light westerly breeze that swept us safely around Cape Mecatina—a dreaded coast, much of the time impassable for small crafts. This great headland has a savage aspect; the granite is cloven into fissures by strata of deep red basalt, and stunted trees in these dikes rise like a mane above the mass. Here, as in so many other regions, the shores are vertical sea-washed rock, without a niche to receive a castaway; and such was our hurry to get past this open part of the coast and reach the islands beyond that we only peeped into Mutton Bay without stopping. It appeared to me as a long narrow harbor, with about twenty houses—the most important settlement in this region. Here begins the English-speaking population, chiefly from Newfoundland, and it continues eastward as far as we shall go.

We now enjoyed some of the finest scenery and the safest waters of the cruise. The St. Augustine Islands, high, bold masses of rock, formed very narrow, long channels like rivers. The morning was sunny, and a fair wind sent us rejoicing on our way. The waters were full of delicate jelly-fish, and great beds of the richest moss on bold headlands in the strong sunlight contrasted here and there with dark spruces in the shadow of a gorge. Deep bays, numerous channels like dikes, islands of every conceivable form, made the passage one of unusual variety. We passed three or four deserted houses, the mournful winter-quarters of families now living on more seaward islands to fish. It was very difficult to find our way among so many passages, and reach the mouth of the St. Augustine River.

On arriving at Blanc Sablon our first inquiry was about the steamer. She had not yet reached the coast, and the best authorities thought that we still had time to

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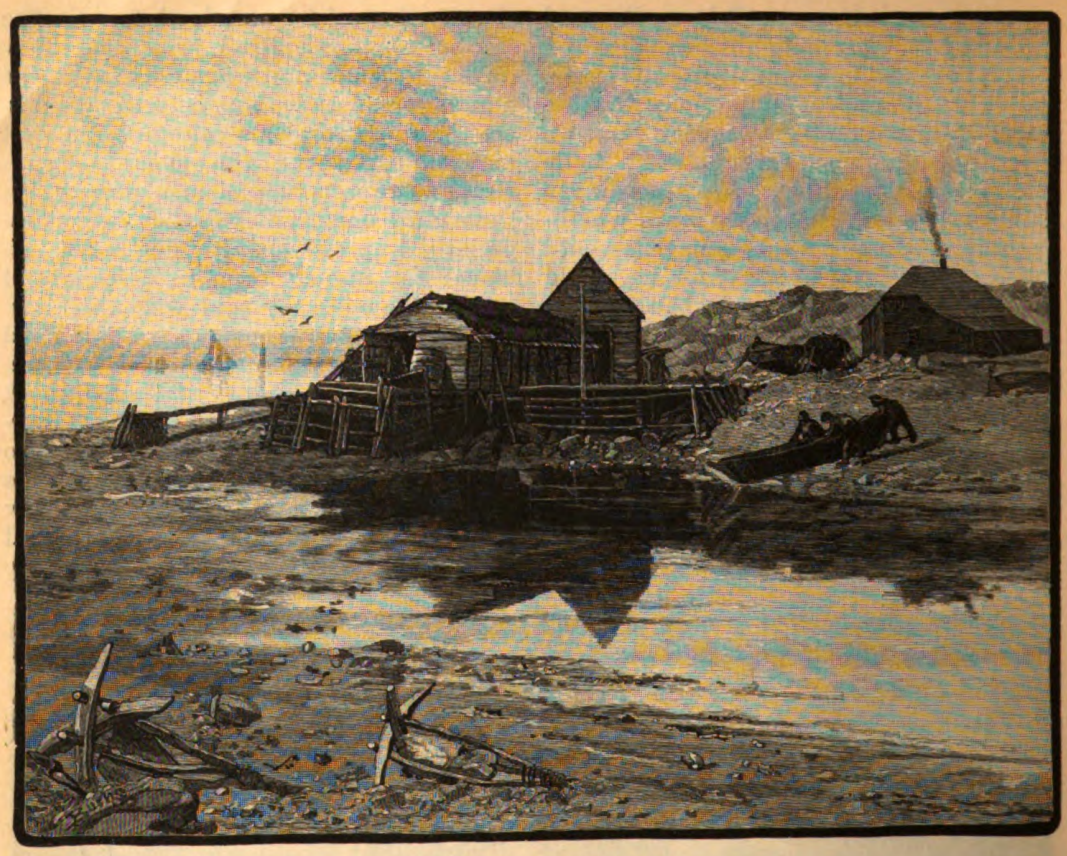
complete our journey to Château Bay and Belle Isle. We now might have drawn a long breath and felt some degree of repose, but as we knew from experience that reliable information here is very rare, we determined to push on, and reach Belle Isle as soon as possible. We accordingly paddled about the harbor to learn whether there was in port a schooner that would sail soon for Château Bay, for we could not risk any farther delays by bad weather on this exposed part of the coast.

I fear that I have insisted too much on the austere elements of Labrador, for the region sometimes presents to the eye very striking beauties instead of simply rugged and savage features. But these beauties are more of heaven than of earth, more of light and color and mystery in the sky than of form and substance. The various rocks and mosses present on misty days the richest and warmest hues. The clouds spread above this cold, savage desert the most gorgeous canopies and vast majestic pageants. The splendor of sunrises and sunsets here is unsurpassed. In these clear northern skies the night is especially impressive, with death-like silence; the planets seem to descend and gaze into your very soul with their awful serenity, or the heavens are festooned with luminous veils. Blanc Sablon presented one of the scenes of enchantment often met on a misty day. Great curtains of shifting fog made the harbor into a panorama of suave and mellow pictures as we paddled about it. At first we saw only the glassy ground-swell rising and



CHÂTEAU BAY.

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WHARF AT HENLEY HARBOR.

falling close at hand, but we heard many sounds of life through the air—sailors' songs and shouts, the chuckle of blocks, the stroke of oars. Suddenly the mists drew back, and let us gaze for a moment at the surroundings—rocky islands and shores about the bay, with a light-house, large fishing establishments here and there, and houses enough to give the place the air of an inhabited region. Then, again, the mists became thin, and a flood of sunshine made the air into a white luminous veil that half concealed a fleet of one hundred schooners rolling slowly at their moorings, while their sails flapped, their black bait-nets hung in festoons from the mast-heads, and their three hundred boats rowed away out of port.

A breeze came up at noon, and all these vessels gathered in their flock of little boats, spread their white wings, and moved away seaward. We were aboard of one that headed eastward, down the Strait of Belle Isle. Newfoundland lay on the right; the waters were dotted here and there with an iceberg and the sails of numerous fishing schooners: and on the left the Labrador coast, which we followed, presented a long line of bare rocky hills sloping down to ragged rocky shores. The next morning the vessel hove to off the mouth of Château Bay, and we launched our canoes and paddled into port.

Château Bay is at the eastern elbow of the continent, and the elbow is anything but dimpled and rounded. As we entered the bay, dense, well-defined clouds rolled about, and let in between them the clearest sunlight, now on the rippled waters, now on the lofty hills. Faint and delicate rainbows shone on the snow-white banks of mist which rose above the islands and cast the densest shadows on the castellated rocks. By putting together our glimpses we knew that Château Bay is formed of a number of coves and harbors among lofty headlands and islands. Château Island and the Devil's Table on Henley Island lift above the rest fantastic forms of rock like castles on basaltic columns. Such a scene was a worthy place for the clouds to come

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down and roll about the earth, with sunshine and gentle winds. As we happened to arrive there on Sunday, all the people were idle at home, and ready to give us a public reception.

Henley is the most picturesque place in Labrador. As I paddled about the harbor, the castellated rocks on their six-sided basaltic columns loomed up above the mists as noble and suggestive masses. The harbor itself is a net-work of channels and coves among long narrow points and islets

groups of women and children curing fish on the rocks, and about the store-houses collections of barrels, nets, "killicks," anchors, and all the articles connected with fishing. In the afternoon these piers were full of activity, when the boats came sailing into port with loads of cod; the men threw their fish up on to the pier with a one-tined fork or gaff; then they were pitched into the shed for splitting, cleaning, and salting. The port was thus full of picturesque views and interesting scenes.



PEAT HUTS.

of clean rock. In the clear water, sea-urchins, star-fish, mussels, masses of sea-weed, and many fishes are plainly seen at a great depth. The rocks are dotted here and there with rough houses and odd little peat huts that look like a mound of sod with a door, a window, and a chimney. Here and there over the water is a pier held up by poles and covered with a shed built of brush-wood and roofed with peat. Add to these fishing-boats with red sails scudding about, schooners at anchor,

Now and then I saw an old man with a spy-glass mount the Devil's Table, and seating himself on one of the bastions of that castle, turn his gaze over the waters to discover schools of mackerel. One day his climb was useful; he shouted and waved his hand; the whole settlement was astir in a moment, manning the whale-boats to go and seine the fish. Then ensued the liveliest of races, following the directions of the sentinel on the rock, and the boats soon disappeared around the

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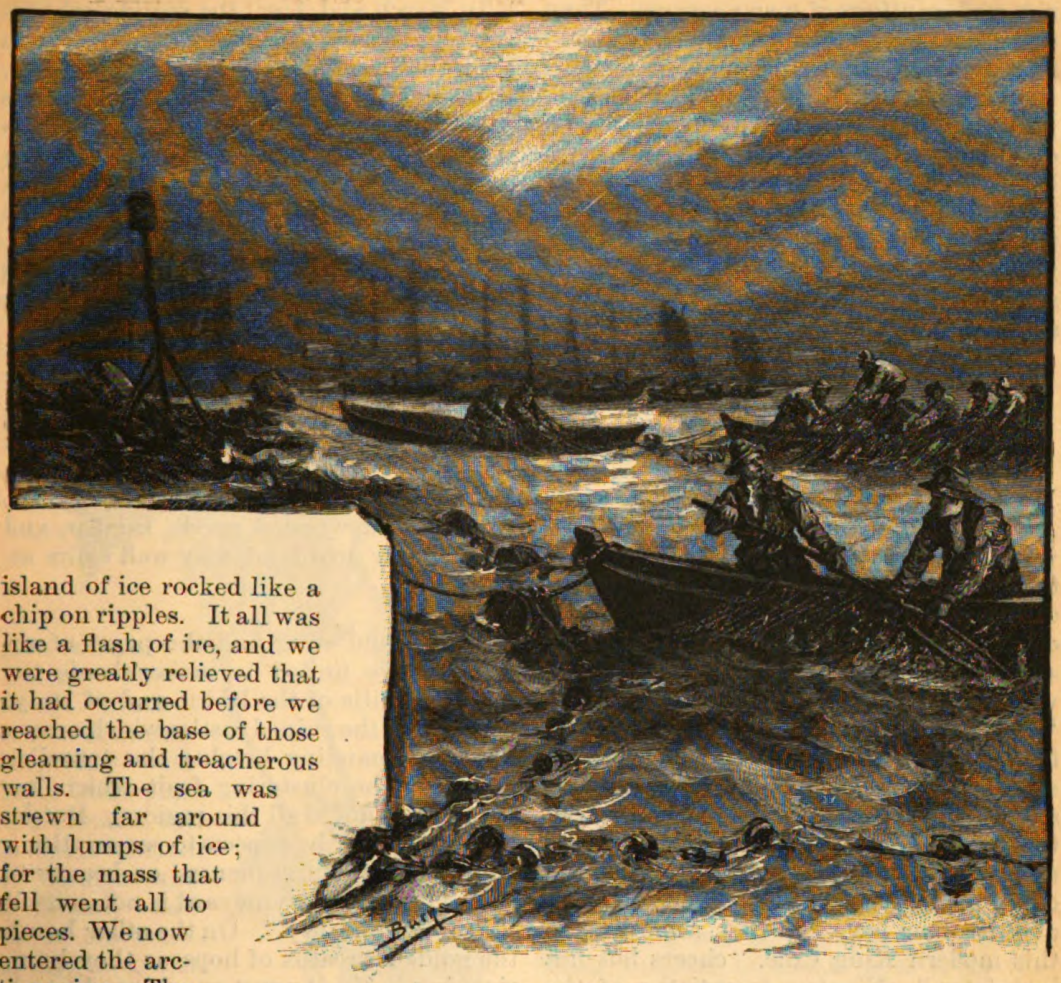
point. They passed the night on the sea, and the next morning it was reported that they had "stopped" a thousand barrels of herrings at the east end of Château Island. We paddled out at once to see the catch, and groups of women climbed up the Devil's Table to watch the work even from a distance. The poor souls sometimes go up there with trembling steps to watch for their husbands when the sea is stormy.

The round of our experiences at Château Bay included a study of polar sculpture. Ever since we had entered the straits splendid icebergs, even at a distance, had kept our curiosity on the stretch, and when at last some of them drifted near shore we set out with lively interest to paddle around them. I have never seen anything more rare and fascinating than icebergs. They are unique in form, color, movements. They move about the ocean with the majestic march of fate, even against the tempest tossing seas over their lofty heads. At night, when the aurora shines, they glow on the sea like a burning ship. They often burst with a sound like thunder, audible at a distance of twenty miles, and then a mist covers them even on a bright summer day. It agrees with these strange shy phantoms of the north that their last breath should decently enshroud their sinking forms. When they strike on the bottom, the shock and scraping, like an earthquake, seem to be right under every boat in that region. The mate of a vessel told me that he once went in a boat with other men to get some ice from a berg; two of them debarked on the ice, and at once began to cut off a corner of it. They soon started more of a crack than they expected. A huge mass of ice fell off, and raised a swell that filled the boat and washed some of the men overboard. Those on the ice found themselves now on the edge of a wall forty feet high, and on a berg that rocked about as if to roll over. Fortunately it kept right side up, and the men saved themselves by climbing down the oars, which were lashed end to end to the mast. Even the spontaneous bursting of icebergs is so common that sailors give them a wide berth; and we noticed as we neared one of these bergs that the fishing-boats kept at a safe distance from it. Suddenly the air shook as with the shot of a cannon, and the sea burst upward from the foot of the berg in spray and leaping billows; and then the



CANOEING AMONG ICEBERGS.

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STOP OF HERRING.

island of ice rocked like a chip on ripples. It all was like a flash of ire, and we were greatly relieved that it had occurred before we reached the base of those gleaming and treacherous walls. The sea was strewn far around with lumps of ice; for the mass that fell went all to pieces. We now entered the arctic region. The berg breathed upon us his polar breath through the sunny August air; and the ice all about kept up the keen shrill cries of nature when in the grip of frost. Even the little piece that I picked up to eat gave out faint sharp snaps as it lay in my hand. The ice was hard, but its surface was pitted, so that the waves in rushing over it made the seething sound of bubbles in a rapid. The waves wash away the ice along the water-line, and thus mark by ledges and galleries the successive positions of a berg after losing pieces of its top; caves also are formed along the galleries, and this action had even made an arch through one end of this berg, and washed out in the centre of it a land-locked bay with green waves breaking on a beach of ice.

Belle Isle is a gigantic monolith towering high above the Atlantic. Its savage, beetle-browed head, with roaring caverns, glower over one of the wildest seas on earth. Ordinarily its shores are unapproachable; but a calm enabled us to land at a little wharf propped up among enormous blocks of stone in the mouth of a gorge. And we climbed up the toilsome zigzags to the light-house on the summit. Far away to the westward stretches the Strait of Belle Isle, and from the tower we can see the lights at Cape Bauld and Cape Norman.

Meanwhile the keeper has finished trimming his lamps, and we descend to the dwelling. This comfortable home is a surprise in such a situation. Although kept by men only, it is tidy, clean, and convenient. The table is spread with good bread, pies, cakes, meat, and preserved berries. They had prepared for the coming of the steamer—their one yearly touch of a friendly hand. Their fancy-work decorates the walls—sewing, models of ves-

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sels, and paintings of marine scenes. They disclaim any feeling of loneliness, and profess even a great attachment for this rock and their isolated life. They receive by the steamer each fall all that they need during the year, and haul it up with a horse and cart from the landing to the light-house. They get a cow to milk until she is fat enough to kill; the milk is frozen and packed in barrels, to keep a supply until the goats give milk in the spring.

In March and April the sealing schooners and steamers work their way from Newfoundland and the Gulf to Belle Isle. It must be a welcome sight to watch the advent of these first messengers from the civilized world. The little armies of men swarm out of the vessels on to the ice in the pursuit of seals, or come ashore to learn of their movements. The light-house then is packed with rough, hearty men—a kind of human gale sweeps over this polar crag.

A GLASS OF BEER.

DURING a famous trial some years since, soon after "lager" found its way to America, evidence was introduced to show that the beverage was not intoxicating. Old-time imbibers one after another testified as to capacity of stomach and steadiness of head, until the climax was reached in a worthy descendant of "old King Cole," who claimed an ability to dispose of sixty glasses at a single sitting. The advocates of total abstinence stood aghast at the disclosure, while even the moderate drinkers retreated in disorder. Our Teutonic brethren are the chief makers as well as chief drinkers of this other beverage that, according to this modern King Cole, "cheers but not inebriates." Nineteen-twentieths of the breweries in the Union are owned and operated by Germans, and as a rule the cities which show the largest proportion of this foreign element exhibit also the largest beer-producing interest. According to the ratio of population, Milwaukee leads off as first on the list, as this is its chief industry; only New York and Philadelphia exceed it in aggregate production, followed closely by St. Louis, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Boston, Chicago, and Newark, in the order named. These nine cities represent five-eighths of the entire production of the country, while in proportion to the capital invested Milwaukee again leads the list, with only one manufacturing interest exceeding that of beer in St. Louis and Cincinnati, and but two in New York and Boston. An industry which takes such a prominent position among the productions of the world, calling for the highest perfection and the development of the latest resources in scientific discovery, and which is exceeded in the capital invested by only five others (metal products, cotton goods, woollen and worsted goods, lumber, and grist) in our own land, may well claim attention.

Poetry and song and the pages of romance have united to make classic the vine-clad hills of the Rhine and of Italy, and next to the ruined castles which crown their commanding heights the traveller looks for the clustering fruit which has given its name to all this region. But he looks in vain if he expects to see anything which adds picturesqueness or beauty to the landscape. A vineyard is not in itself "a thing of beauty." On the other hand, the golden wreaths of hops, as they hang ripening in the August sunshine, depending in graceful clusters from the tall poles, or swinging in the breeze in umbrella-like canopies, give to the hills and valleys of Central New York, or the slopes of distant California and Washington, or the meadows of sunny English Kent, far more of beauty than the boasted vineyards of France or of Italy ever dreamed of.

It is seldom that we find a crop or product which seems to have but one specific use in the world; but aside from the very limited amount required to leaven the baker's loaf, and the comparatively small quantity used in druggists' preparations, there appears to be no other possible demand for the 200,000,000 pounds of the world's crop of hops than the making of beer. For some reason not fully explained by difference of soil and climate, but a very limited portion of the United States seems suited to their successful cultivation. A radius of forty miles, of which Cooperstown, New York, is the centre, incloses more than half of the hop-producing re-

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HOP-VINE.

gion of the Union. The three northern counties bordering on Lake Champlain and Canada, with a small portion of Vermont and Michigan, add about one-sixth to this, and, with parts of Wisconsin, comprise pretty much all the land east of the Rocky Mountains devoted to their cultivation. The Pacific coast is becoming an important factor in production, having risen from 15,000 bales in 1880 to 70,000 in 1884, equal to 12,500,000 pounds. In England the production of hops is peculiarly associated with the county of Kent, which has about 40,000 acres in hops, out of 65,000 in the kingdom.

The hop, which is the life-giving element in beer, adding its sparkling tone to the qualities which tend to keep Bass's ale sound under the burning heat of an Indian sun, and the products of the Milwaukee cellars merchantable in the realms of Dom Pedro, is the most delicate of all nurslings of the farmer's family. It is also the most varying in commercial value.

Planted from the roots, which are the offshoots of an older hop-yard, the first year gives no return but the product of a crop of corn grown between the hills, which cover the ground like a checker-board in squares about seven feet apart. With the opening of the second spring comes the important question of the training of the vine. If the farmer is a capitalist, he may have contracted for the delivery of a sufficient number of cedar poles from the swamps of Vermont or Canada to pole his yard, in which case he will incur an outlay of one hundred and fifty dollars an acre—no inconsiderable sum in a farm carrying ten or more acres; but then they are good for a score of years without renewal. With the great increase in the cultivation of the hop has come the patenting and use of a variety of expedients in the training, and tons of twine now find their way into the hop districts, and one pole takes the place of a dozen, forming, as it were, the centre of a tent to which a circle of surrounding hills is attached. A yard trained in this way proves usually as successful as by the old method, while it

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becomes a more picturesque feature in the landscape than any other growing crop.

Warm spring days give the vine a rapid start, and the grower can be no sluggard if he would keep his yard clean and properly cultivated, and the long shoots of the plant trained to run upon the pole or twine, as the case may be. The vine has no clinging tendrils like "that rare old plant the ivy green," but partakes more of the nature of a bean stalk, albeit singularly enough taking an opposite course in its journey up the pole, going with the sun from east to west, while the bean, from the days of Jack until now, takes a twist in the opposite direction. By the last of July the vine has reached its full growth, and the little cones begin to form, after the blossoming, which contain the powerful and fragrant lupuline destined to give tone and strength to the beer or ale of the future.

Now comes the critical period in the life of this most delicate plant. Vermin attack it, honey-dew blights it, mould and rust assail it, and fortunate is the grower who, when the last week in August arrives, and the crop is ready for the picking and the curing, can say that he has a yard free from these disasters. And yet, even then, he is not out of the woods; a storm, or a few mornings of heavy fog or damp days, while the crop is being harvested, may change the whole character of the late pickings, and make a second or third quality, while the earlier gatherings were of the best.

In the primitive days of hop culture, when the harvesting of the crop did not require any additional help outside of the district itself, a certain degree of romance attached to the period. Just previous to the picking season any one passing through the country would meet wagon after wagon, of the style known as a "democrat," loaded down with gay and lively maidens, with just salt enough for the seasoning in the shape of one or two young men to each load. But few would believe that the most important crop of four counties is to be secured entirely by the labor of these frolicsome wagon-loads. They come down seriously to business, however, when they enter the yard and exchange their holiday attire for broad-brimmed hats and working dresses. The boxes are in the yard, four pickers to each, the boxes being divided into four sections holding ten bushels apiece. Nimble fingers pick the clusters from the vine and drop them into the box. "Pick them clean," or the "boss" of the yard will "dock" the price or discharge the picker. "Be smart," or you won't get your two boxes full to-day. A green hand will hardly pick one in a day; but practice makes perfect, and two or more are often filled by an experienced hand. At fifty cents a box this is good wages for women and children, and the hop-gathering season is the harvest of the year for them. The increase in production, and consequent greater demand for help, has gradually raised the price from thirty and thirty-five cents to the present rate. The price paid in England is usually "tuppence" the bushel—about four cents instead of our five.

The mid-day lunch is taken under the shade of the nearest tree, or, if the help are boarded by the grower, they all adjourn to the largest room in an out-building, where a rural feast is spread with no niggard hand. Hop-pickers expect to live on the fat of the farmer's land, and, as a rule, they are not disappointed. Whole sheep and beeves vanish like manna before the Israelites in the short three weeks that follow, while gallons of coffee, firkins of butter, barrels of flour, and sugar by the hundred-weight are swallowed up in the capacious maw of the small army. There is much chaffing by the way at the noontide meal. The awkward picker is twitted for her half-filled box, which waits till night-fall for its rounding up, while the boys and girls are full of the excitement of the last night's dance or that which is to follow. The hop dance is an indispensable adjunct of the picking season, much counted on by the gay throng, but a good deal frowned upon by the staid and proper seniors. Like many other recreations which have had their origin in a harmless beginning, it has often run away with propriety, and brought scandal in lieu of innocent pleasure.

The romance of hop-picking was in the early days of this crop's cultivation. With the increase of production has come the demand for help outside of the district in which it is grown. And now a few days before the season commences an outpouring takes place from the cities bordering on the districts, which taxes the utmost carrying capacity of the railroads. Unfortunately the element seeking this outlet is anything but a reputable one, and the vagabond classes are largely repre-

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sented in the exodus. Young men and boys chiefly predominate, of a sort anything but a desirable addition to a rural population. As they are paid off, the sheriff and local constables have their hands full with a lot of drunken rowdies, and the county jails have more than their usual complement of tenants. This new feature of the harvesting is becoming one of serious moment, and is a great drawback to the otherwise satisfactory result of a prosperous season.



STRIPPING THE VINES.

Kent, the great hop - growing county of England, tells a similar tale, for which a remedy has yet been sought in vain. On the other hand, Washington Territory and parts of California are the envy of all Eastern growers, for they call to their aid the patient red men, who, with squaws and children, turn in during the season, and as they have not learned the crooked ways of the "poor white trash," pick with scrupulous care and cleanliness. A sample of California hops picked by the natives was exhibited in the Eastern market the past season, and the most expert judges failed to detect either leaf or stem. The same could not be said of anything grown on this side of the Rockies.

At the close of the day the boxes are emptied into loose sacks; these are piled upon the wagon as the team comes along, and are off for the kiln. Now comes the critical period in the future value of the hop. All may have gone well with the crop until this its last stage, and yet it may be ruined before morning in the hands of a careless dryer. Too much heat will cause the hop to become brittle and drop its leaves, spoiling its appearance and taking the life out of the flower. Slack-drying is apt to be followed by heating in the bale, with a possibility of destroying the market value of the entire sample. Too much sulphur, which is used in bleaching, will injure the fine flavor and condemn the growth with the brewer, while, on the other hand, if enough is not applied, a similar result follows.

The task of the successful dryer is no sinecure. With the gathering shades of

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night he has a ten-hours' work before him. His fires are lighted in the kiln-room below, where are two stoves, with a long range of pipes and drums to distribute the heat equally to the floors above. A pile of dry wood is at the door, and he must play stoker during all the dark hours, and not fall asleep in the hoppy atmosphere around him, or the steam which ascends from the drying will fall back upon the hops, and its quality as "prime" be gone forever. He must carefully turn them with a light wooden shovel as they lie upon the cloth which covers the slatted floor, and more heat is applied until they reach the desired point which comes before the cooling.

But there is another danger yet, and one of not rare occurrence. The interests of life and property are not always intrusted to responsible and trustworthy hands. The night is dark and chilly without, and the time draws on toward the small hours, as our dryer fills his stoves once more with the light, flashy wood. He is not satisfied with the external heat which he encounters, but he draws more than once upon the whiskey bottle which he has provided as his night's consoler. The aroma of the hops and the fumes of the liquor make a combination too strong for him to resist, and he drops off into the arms of Morpheus. The heat increases, the surroundings are all in a tinder state, and the pine-wood begins to scorch. Is there no one to wake him? The farmer and his family are asleep a quarter of a mile away, and he is the trusted servant, with the hope of a whole season's work in his charge. There is a light in the heavens, a bursting forth of flame from the roof above. He is aroused, but too late. There is no water at hand; if it could be had, it would avail little without an army of men to aid. With the dawn of early morn there are seen a few smouldering embers, a low stone wall surrounding the remains of a couple of stoves and some twisted pipe, and that is all there is left, unless it is a policy of insurance which the owner was wise enough to take out in view of the extra hazardous risk in the drying of the hops.

The insurance business is no inconsiderable item connected with hop-drying. During the season of thirty days many policies are written, covering this time only, for which the rate charged is fifty cents per thousand dollars, equal to six per cent. per annum, but it is cheerfully paid to insure immunity during the danger period.

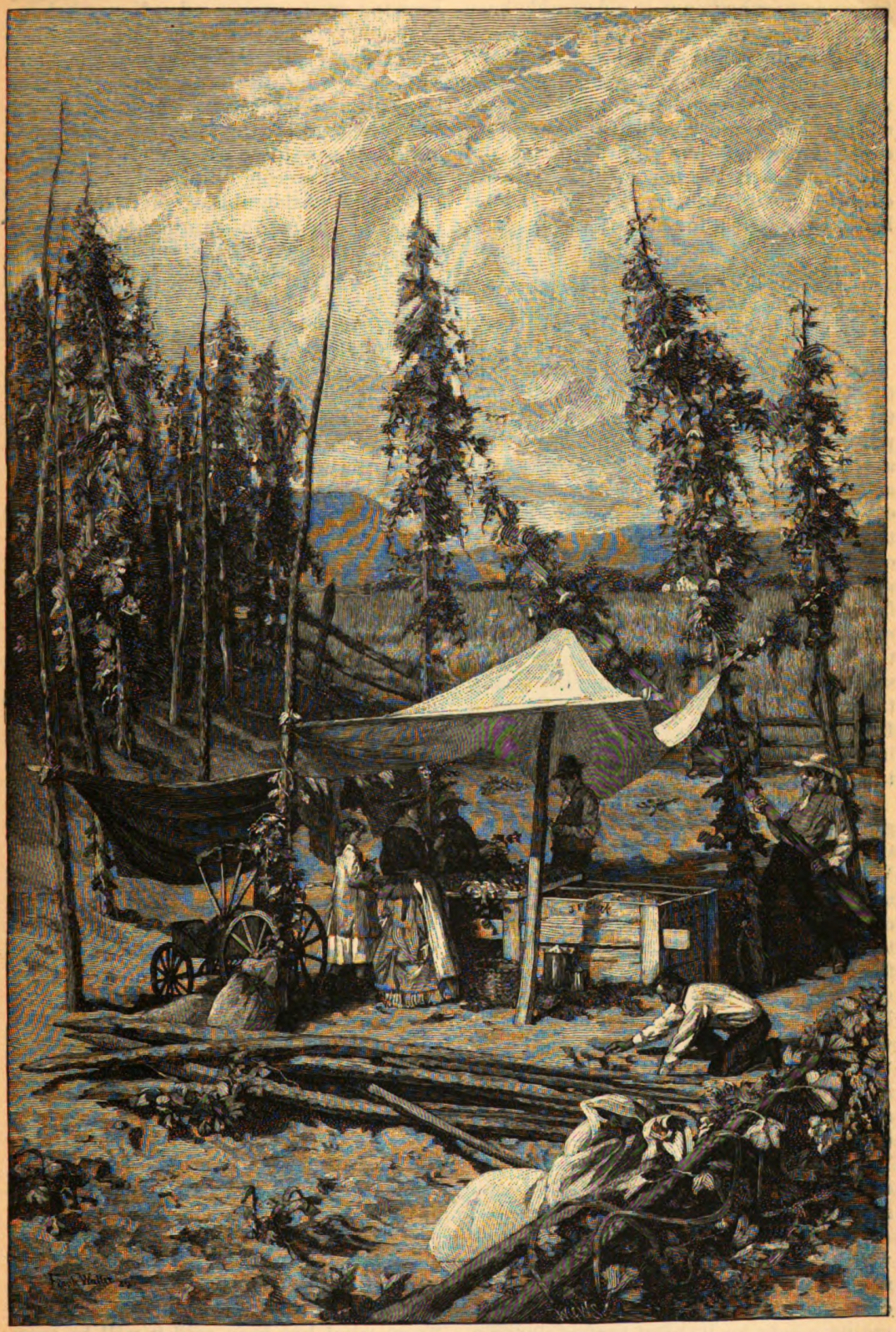
After the hops are dried they are nowadays compressed into bales, and marketed in that shape, to the great saving of freight.

No product of the soil varies more in price than the hop. Having but a single available use, and deteriorating rapidly with age, a year which gives to Germany, England, and the United States a season of average productiveness would create an excess over consumption sufficient to reduce values far below the cost of cultivation. Witness the low prices of 1869, 1871, and 1878, when the entire crop was marketed at from five to twelve cents per pound. On the other hand, the fancied scarcity of the season of 1882–83 ran the price up to over one dollar, and brought money enough to some lucky holders to pay the cost of a good-sized farm, aggregating to the United States alone a valuation of over $25,000,000. It was said of this season that which will perhaps never be said again, that five pounds of hops could be exchanged for a barrel of flour.

One farmer in New York State kept a good many thousand pounds in his big barn that year, waiting a rise to $1 20, which was his selling price; two years afterward the hops were still in his barn, but nine-tenths of his prospective fortune had taken wing. It was during an era of high prices, some years ago, that portions of Wisconsin unhappily made the discovery that their region was suited to hop culture. Something like a craze ensued, and land was bought at fabulous prices, farms were mortgaged, and all devices used to raise money to put into hops and lead the farmer on the road to fortune. The collapse came soon after, when prices reacted to the lowest point, and ruin and disaster followed. The cultivation in that State has diminished since that day, although it is still an industry of considerable proportions.

Compared with the prices of other farm crops, an average of twenty-five cents a pound will yield a more certain and profitable return to the cultivator than any other branch of agriculture, while a year or two of a higher scale will make the hop districts the envy of all the country around. The average cost of producing a pound of hops may be put down at ten cents, not including the interest on the value of the

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HOP-PICKING.

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land; from this the farmer can be his own judge as to whether it is a desirable business to invest in.

Although, while poets have sung and writers have woven romances without number in praises of the vine, the practical as well as more beautiful hop has escaped with but scanty notice, yet old Thomas Tusser, the poet of the sixteenth century, has given it a verse where later bards have failed, for he says,

"The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink and it flavoreth malt,
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide, if ye draw not too fast."

In treating of the leading industries of the United States it needs no apology to take up the making of beer, which employs more capital in its manufacture than any other food-producing staple, flour alone excepted. We have disposed of whatever of modern romance there may be in treating of the culture of the hop, but no child who has passed through the nursery period can forget the malt that suffered from the depredations of the ubiquitous rat in "the house that Jack built," nor in the history of tax-ridden communities shall we fail to call to mind the heavy tribute laid by the convivial "King of Brentford," when, for every gallon brewed by his faithful subjects, "his Grace he took a quart."

In the making of malt, although other grains have been more or less used, yet the main staple of reliance is barley. Whether experience has proved that the use of this grain is the most natural to the making of beer, or whether the production of the other cereals is not sufficient for all demands made upon them, we do not know, but the following statute of London, issued in the reign of King Edward II., would seem to indicate the latter: "Ordered that, considering that wheate made into malte is much consumed, ordayned that henceforthe it should be made of other graine." The chronicler adds, "If it had not sooner caused to be proclaimed, the greater part of the people should have perished through famine."

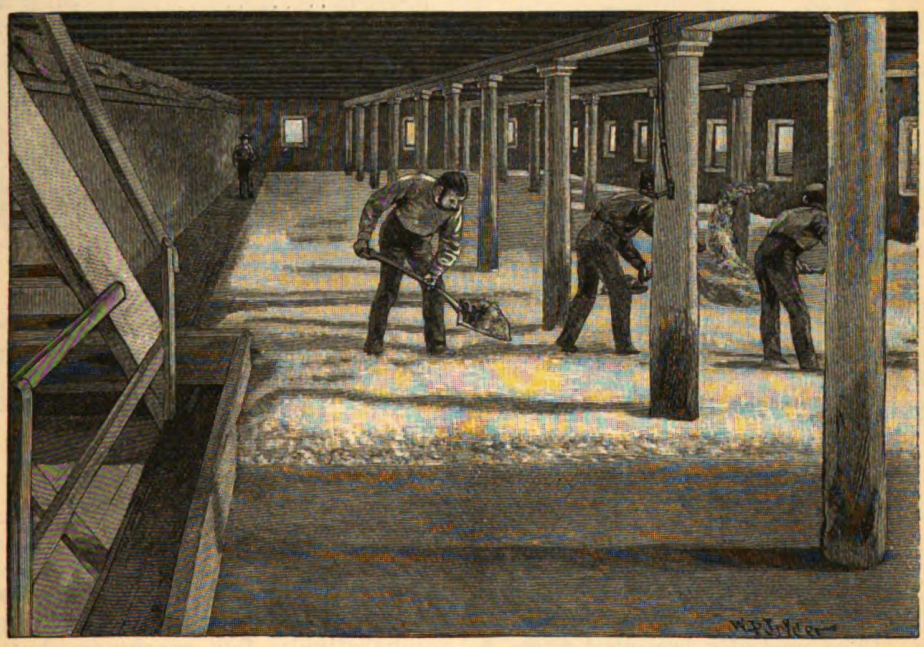
Barley is one of the hardiest cereals which our continent produces, and can be raised nearer the arctic circle than any other, rye alone excepted. The climatic requirements for its most perfect development are more nearly met in Canada and our more northern States, and consequently it is from these sources that the best brewing grain is procured. Nevertheless, that marvellous State, California, which never seems willing to yield to any portion of the known world in the ability to raise anything in perfection which is grown from the torrid to the frigid zone, steps in, and claims a foremost place also in the culture of this crop. Barley was no doubt raised to a considerable extent in this country before the manufacture of beer became a leading industry, but the large increase in the receipts of this grain in the Chicago market for twenty years past must mean increased production consequent upon beer consumption, for it has kept pace with this demand. The record of 1862 gives us as marketed in that city 872,000 bushels, against 6,488,000 in 1882.

No process of manufacture calls for a more discriminating exercise of judgment in the selection of materials than that of malt liquors. And the chief ingredient, barley, is one in which experience on the part of the buyer is necessary if he would not make a serious mistake at the outset in seeking to establish or maintain the reputation of his brewing. Grain grown on a heavy soil is apt to be rich in husk and poor in starch, qualities undesirable in the making of beer. Land too richly manured will produce a crop in which nitrogenous matter exists to excess, and this is almost fatal to its use by the brewer. Southern Hungary found this to its cost when it devoted a large part of its newly reclaimed marsh and forest land to its culture. A hard, glassy grain will show an excess of albumen and a deficiency of starch, and is to be avoided. Barley that has been injured in the field by bad weather will never produce first-class beer. In fact, the question of color is of almost vital importance to the brewer. The bright golden straw-color which the fully matured and well-harvested grain carries with it to the market is essential to its rating as A 1, and the shorter and thicker the berry the better. Age has also a very important effect on barley, as it lessens the active germinating power which is the prime requisite to the successful maltster. A mixture of grain of different ages is one of the greatest calamities that can happen, as it is productive of unequal germination, which is a serious injury to profitable malting. From what has been said it will be seen that the purchasing of barley calls for quite as much experience on the part of the buy-

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er as does the growing of hops on that of the farmer, and perfection in each is requisite to the brewing of the best pale ale or brown stout.

The making of malt is a process so entirely distinct in itself that it is more often carried on as a separate branch of manufacture than in connection with brewing, of which it is the essential prerequisite.



THE MALTING FLOOR.

For while it is true that an inexperienced workman may make a failure of his beer with the best of malt at hand, yet it is equally true that no brewer, with a reputation at stake, will use inferior malt and expect to produce XXX ale.

There are four processes in the operation of malting: first, steeping; second, couching; third, flooring—these two being carried on in one room, and often counted one process; and fourth, kiln-drying.

The process of steeping is necessary to promote germination, which is the first requisite of malting. A mechanical as well as a chemical change is the result of this operation, as the softening of the grain by the use of water is required to loosen the flinty husk and allow the germ to come through. With the germ, which begins to develop within an hour after being put in to steep, springs into existence the principle called "diastase," derived from the Greek word which means to separate. Diastase is not only soluble in itself, but it has the power to dissolve starch and finally convert it into what is known as "grape-sugar"—that form of saccharine matter most desirable in beer. So powerful is it that one part of diastase will change two thousand parts of starch into grape-sugar. The grain being put into large iron or stone cisterns, is covered with water to the depth of five or six inches. In this steep it lies about fifty hours, more or less, according to the weather, with the result of an increase in bulk of twenty or more per cent., and in weight of nearly fifty per cent., and an advance toward the second process, known as "couching." This is simply removing the now swelled grain from the vats and placing it in a heap upon the floor, where it remains from thirty-six to forty-eight hours. During this time a slight steaming takes place, accompanied by a rise in temperature of ten degrees, and the germinating action is well under way.

"Flooring" is a continuation of couching, and one requiring judgment and delicate manipulation. The grain is now spread out upon a floor, first to a depth of fifteen inches, which, as it is repeatedly turned and worked, is reduced to six inch-

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es. Germination now progresses rapidly, while the grain must be frequently turned, as the embryo plant requires air for development quite as much as the human being needs it for existence. The lighter the grain becomes, the more of the starch is converted into sugar, and the finer the future ale will be, and the better it will keep. The process of flooring requires about seven days for its full development.

The long, low rooms, often with asphalt floors, on which couching and flooring are done, are the chief features of the malt-house, whose many-windowed stories loom up in enormous buildings. The great beds of growing grain are carefully shovelled over several times a day with great wooden shovels, until the careful maltster sees that it is ready for the kiln, the door of which opens from the end of the room.

"Kiln-drying" follows the flooring, as the time arrives for checking the germination. The partially sprouted grain is introduced into the kiln, which has a slatted floor below to allow the action of stove heat, and ventilation in the roof above to facilitate the escape of steam; in this respect the process is not unlike that of the drying of the hops. The temperature at first is about 90° Fahr., which is gradually raised to 150° Fahr., the grain lying meanwhile to a depth of eight to ten inches on the floor. A light, gradual heat produces light malt, from which the paler and more delicate ales are made, coke or hard coal producing the ordinary or pale malt, and hard wood fuel, with its fumes of pyroligneous acid, the "amber" malt. From eighteen to twenty-four hours, as the case may be, are consumed in the kiln-drying. Brown malt, used for porter and for the heavier ales, is produced in kilns with floors of wire or thin metal, from quick wood fires, by which in two hours' drying the malt is raised suddenly nearly to the temperature of combustion, and as quickly lowered, the result being a considerable proportion of caramel or burnt sugar in the malt. Black malt, used for coloring, is actually roasted, much after the manner of coffee, and most of it becomes caramel.

The chemical changes which take place in the conversion of barley into malt are, according to Proust, as follows:

	Barley.	Malt.
Hordein (a form of starch and gluten)	55	12
Starch	32	56
Sugar	5	15
Gluten	3	1
Gum	4	15
Resin	1	1
	100	100

The following statistics show the magnitude of the malt business in the United States:

MALT: STATISTICS FROM UNITED STATES CENSUS.

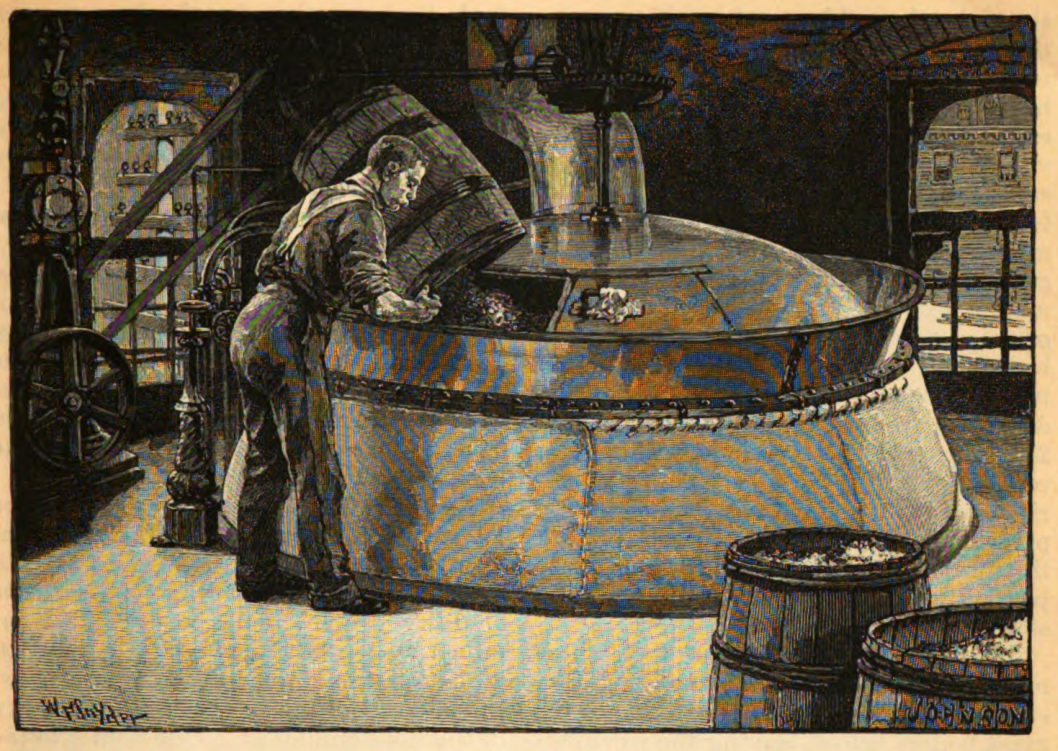
	1860.	1870.	1880.
Number of establishments	85	208	216
Persons employed	589	1,640	2,332
Capital	$2,195,750	$8,017,248	$14,390,441
Wages	189,800	700,624	1,004,548
Materials used	2,365,299	9,002,094	14,321,423
Value of product	3,288,857	12,016,515	18,273,102
Wages per employé	$322 24	$426 84*	$430 76

* Currency = $340 49 gold.

The maltster, it will be seen, turns over his capital only once in the year, employs comparatively few workmen, but pays them well, and makes his profit within the moderate advance of the price of the product above the cost of the material. Good barley sold before the war at sixty cents the bushel, or below. It ruled very low again in 1877–8, but in 1881–2 was above one dollar. The ruling prices in the early part of 1885 in New York have been, for Canada barley, which is best for malting, about eighty-five cents a bushel; New York State brings ten cents less; California still less, being harder and less easy to handle for malting, though containing more food material than the other varieties. Malt is lighter than barley, and should float in water; the maltster makes a profit on the expanse in bulk when he sells by the bushel, as well as an advance in the bushel price of from ten cents up. Malting is really a separate business from brewing, though many large American breweries include their own malt-houses.

A brewery is usually an enormous building, showing in those portions where

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BOILING THE BEER.

the beer is cooled great slatted windows like those of belfries, but given up in large part to "cellars," where the beer is fermented and stored, often several floors above-ground. Good beer requires good water, good malt for body, good hops for flavor, good yeast for fermentation, a good head on the part of the head brewer, and sufficient time to lie in store, or *lager*. Burton-on-Trent, England, the greatest brewing centre in the world, gets its repute from the excellent water there found, containing much carbonate and sulphate of lime and common salt. Given good materials, the skill of the brewer consists largely in his use of the two indispensable elements of heat and cold, and to judge when and how to use each to the best advantage, and to what extreme they are to be carried, calls for the best exercise of the brewer's art. The processes are, essentially, the making of an extract of malt, or *wort*, by heating the malt in water, the addition of the bitter principle of the hop by boiling the hops in the wort, the cooling of the unfermented product, the fermentation by the addition of yeast, in cool cellars, until the saccharine matter of the malt has become alcohol, and the clearing of the beer, and its storage until fit for use. It is a simple culinary process, and a brewery is only a big kitchen and cellar with modern improvements on a huge scale.

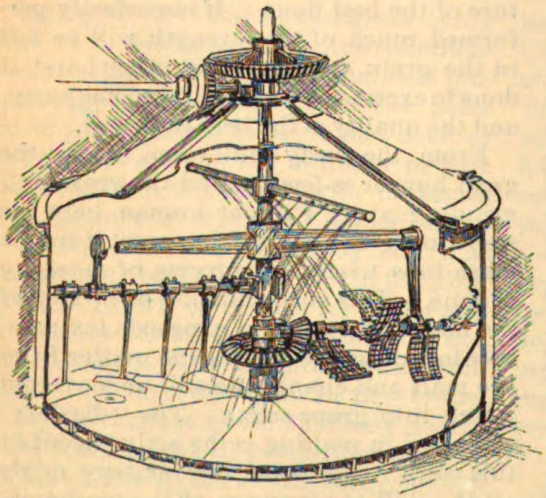
The brewer's first work is to clean and grind his malt. The cleaning is done by screening and blowing till the dried germs and other chaff are disposed of, much as wheat is treated in making flour, and in the grinding itself the same methods and treatment hold good as in the manufacture of the best flour. If imperfectly performed, much of the strength will be left in the grain, while, on the other hand, if done to excess, the grain will become pasty, and the quality of the beer impaired.

From the dusty mill-room, where the great hopper is feeding and the great mill grinding away without human help, we step down a floor to the great tuns or mash-tubs where the process of *mashing* is done. This is an infusion or mixing of the malt with water at a proper temperature to extract the saccharine matter from the malt and change the still unconverted starch into grape-sugar. The "diastase" produced in malting is the active agent in this work. The head brewer here needs all the skill of his senses, or the most careful tests of the saccharometer, which

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shows by the evidence of specific gravity the proportion of sugar in the liquid, to tell him just how hot and just how long he must keep his malt "in soak." An error here will leave much of the most valuable materials unused, and lose the careless brewer a good part of his profits. Great arms revolve slowly within the tub, mixing the water thoroughly with the ground malt. Any virtue still left in the malt is extracted by the process of *sparging*, or "oversprinkling," as the German brewing term reads in translation, which is done after the first wort has run off by drenching the malt with water at about 200 Fahr. from a perforated hollow arm, revolving inside the mash-tub on an upright shaft, from which it is fed. Or a perforated tube runs around the interior of the mash-tub at the top, and gives every part of the contents a simultaneous rainstorm of hot water.

The *wort*, or extract of malt, with which may be mixed a proportion of rice or other starchy grain, is now drained off into the great boilers below, leaving the worthless malt in the mash-tub. The boiler-room is a picturesque big kitchen, with burly brewers for cooks. Enormous coppers, holding fifty barrels more or less apiece, as clean inside and as shining outside as the neatest housekeeper could desire—for cleanliness is almost a superior virtue to godliness in a brewery—receive the *wort*, and a stout fire, or a steam-coil, heats the liquid to the boiling-point. Presently now the brewer slides away a section of the top of the huge kettle, blows away the layer of foam that rises to the top, and finds that it is time for the hops to take their place in the liquid that is rapidly becoming beer. Great barrels of hops stand ready to his hand; he plumps in the contents of one or two as the housewife would sprinkle salt into her soup. Are they worth ten cents or a dollar a pound? With the honest brewer who has a reputation to lose it should make no difference; but the experience of the year 1883 proved that brewers share the weakness of humanity. Too many were tempted to reduce the quantity used, as well as to substitute hurtful or questionable make-shifts to such an extent as to excite the suspicion of consumers, much to the injury of the business generally.



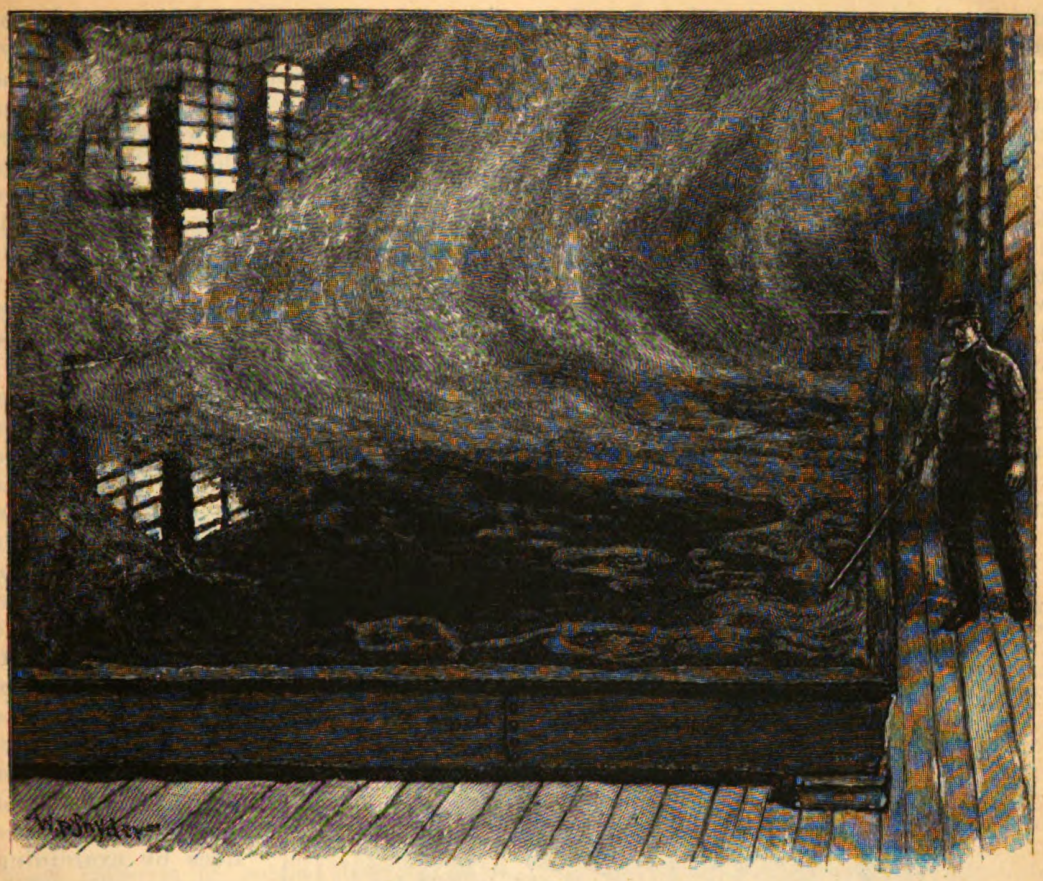
THE MASH-TUB.

Any number of substitutes for hops are offered to the trade, particularly an extract from catechu, but the genuine article still retains its hold for good beer. The quantity which should be used is determined by the kind of beer to be brewed, and the season of the year both of the brewing and the keeping, as well as the quality of the hops employed. One pound to the barrel will make good beer for immediate use, while two or more pounds are said to be used in the strong ales which are to withstand the trials of an East India summer. From one to three hours is the duration of the boiling, when the wort goes through the cooling and settling process, and is drawn off and freed from the hop leaves. It is important that this should be rapidly done, so that no chemical change takes place.

The *cooling* is one of the most picturesque processes of the brewery. It is done in various ways; the most interesting is that in which the hot beer is pumped through large pipes to an immense flat tank, in a loft shut in from out-of-doors by great slatted windows, where it spreads out into a lake of beer, with waves of foam blown to and fro by the free winds. Thence it finds its way to a floor below, where a rivulet from the lake breaks into a beer-fall over a stack of pipes through which cold water or cooling brine is constantly circulating. When the temperature is reduced to from 35° to 60° Fahr., the beer is ready for fermenting. The river disappears; we must follow it into what might well be caverns in the earth or chambers in a mammoth cave.

It is a sudden and parlous change from the hot kitchen, the free air, the sunshine, into the depths of darkness

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COOLING—THE LAKE OF BEER.

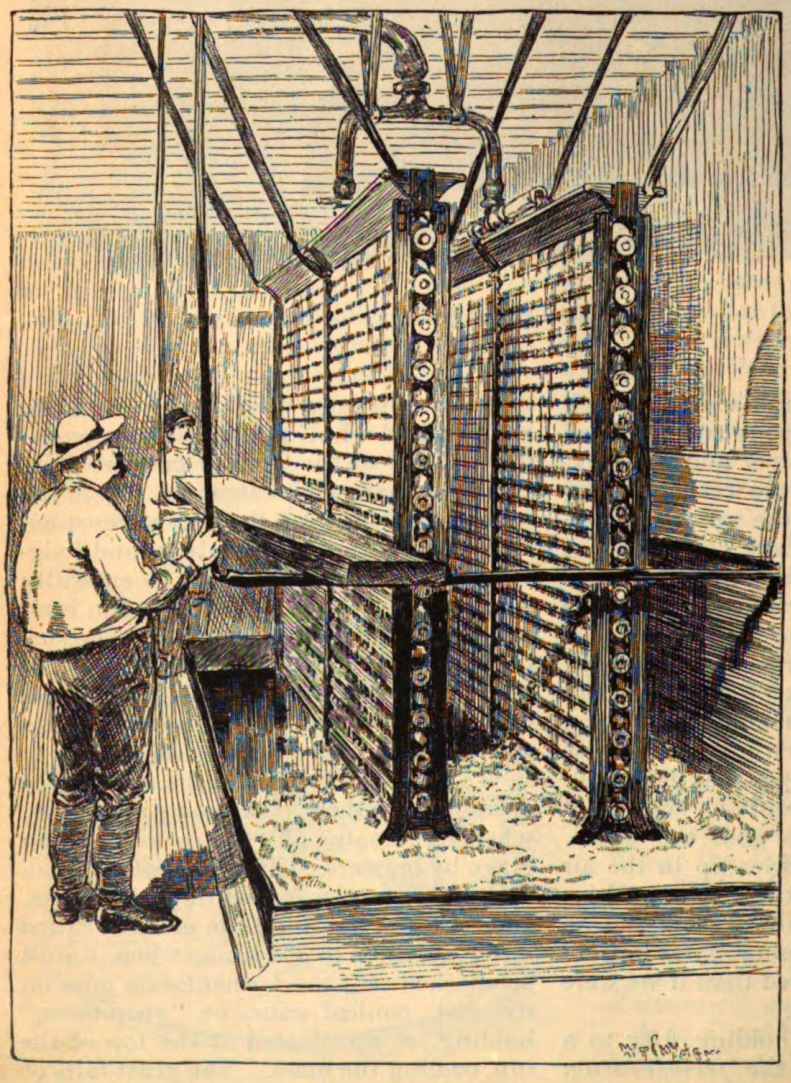
and realms of frost of the so-called "cellars." As each door opens and shuts behind us, the cold is sharper and the darkness deeper. As though we were exploring subterranean recesses, the guide lights a candle and bids us follow. Huge tuns, some upright, others like enormous barrels on their sides, stretch away in the darkness apparently for miles; the passages between are narrow and sloppy; overhead is a net-work of pipes, so cold that the moisture has congealed upon them into picturesque ice crystals. These are the refrigerating pipes that defy summer and all the power of the sun. Upstairs and down-stairs goes the guide, until, perhaps from stories up in the air and with but the thickness of a wall between us and the sunshine, we feel that we are miles away from humanity at large—an isolation more marked than if we were in the depths of a mine.

In these great tuns, holding fifty to a hundred barrels each, the *fermentation* takes place. Here, yeast being added at the rate of from a quarter of a pound to a pound and a half per barrel, the saccharine matter of the beer is converted by chemical change into alcohol. With the cold as with the heat, the brewer must exercise the greatest watchfulness and judgment; the temperature must be carefully noted and regulated. The operation is an interesting one as it progresses. The surface is at first covered with a white foam, which, if the process is that of the "upper fermentation" used in ale-brewing, rises and curls in every imaginable form, to such a height as to present the appearance of huge, jagged rocks of snowy whiteness, whence the name of "the rocks" is often given by brewers. The temperature gradually rises as the fermenting progresses, and both the eye and taste must be called into requisition to determine when it must be checked. If the fermentation goes on too fast, conical cans, or "swimmers," holding ice, are floated at the top of the tun, cooling the mass. The yeast falls or rises according to the process used, pro-

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ducing the lower or upper fermentation, and presently the beer is *cleansed*, as the process is called which removes the yeast and stops the fermentation. The temperature is lowered, and the fermentation thus checked. The beer is then pumped over into the resting casks, holding sometimes three hundred barrels each, where it remains in store some months. It is then pumped over into "shaving casks," where one barrel of *kreisen*, or ferment beer, is added to every twenty of the new beer, which starts a new fermentation, giving the beer its "head." Shavings of beech or birch and "finings" of isinglass are put in the cask, which take with them the last sediment, and the beer is now ready for racking.

Racking is the process of drawing off the clear beer from the lees by pumping or otherwise removing it from the tun, leaving the dregs behind. The length of time for which beer is stored depends upon the strength of the beer, the time of year, and the capacity of the brewer's cellars. *Lager-bier* means simply stored beer, from the German *lager*, a storage-place. Four to six months is considered a proper time for ordinary beer, though it is sometimes sent to market in two months, and sometimes kept a year. It is sold in barrels, in kegs, or in bottles, and the putting up is in itself an interesting process. Here, for instance, in one of the cool and candle-lighted cellars, the beer is being racked off into kegs. The beer is delivered through great pipes, and while the workman is smartly fastening the bung into a keg on his right hand, a frothing torrent is pouring into another on his left. He must keep careful watch that the pump is stopped before the beer reaches the turbid bottom of the tun, which he does by examining every once in a while a glassful of the brown, translucent liquid. A recent invention saves him this trouble by replacing a section of the pipe with a glass tube, behind which shines a light, so that the least turbidity is detected by a quick glance of the eye. The bottling of beer gives employment to a small army of persons, sometimes as a business altogether disconnected from that of brewing, and the making of bottles for this purpose is itself a considerable industry. There are single establishments which bottle fully 200,000 barrels in a year, and the greater part of our



COOLING—THE BEER-FALL.

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THE FERMENTING CELLAR.

export trade is in bottled beer. After putting into kegs or bottling, the beer is now ready for delivery to the multitudinous beer shops and German gardens, which is done by the brewers themselves. The splendid teams of horses drawing the great loads of beer kegs are one of the most noticeable features of our city streets.

The many varieties of malt liquors differ according to the kind of malt used, the proportions of malt and hops, the methods of mashing and boiling, and the kind of fermentation and extent to which the conversion of sugar into alcohol is carried. In England of the olden time ale was a liquor brewed without hops, ivy berries furnishing the bitter principle, and the word beer was imported from Germany with the practice of using hops; but there is now no really distinctive use of these two words in England, beer being used by the excise as the general term. The excise authorities used to distinguish three grades of malt liquors: strong ale; "tuppenny" ale, corresponding to table-beer; and small beer. The ale-houses kept all three, and combined them variously by drawing from two casks a "half-and-half." Then "three-thirds," or "three threads" (as it got to be called), came into favor, combining all three. A wide-awake brewer named Harwood then began, about 1722, to brew an "entire," closely imitating the product of the entire three butts, and this, first sold at the Blue Last Tavern, Shoreditch, so it is said, became a favorite with porters and other working-men, and was called porter. Porter has now come to mean a dark liquor, made partly from brown or black malt, the caramel or burnt sugar in which gives the sweetness and the syrupy appearance, weighing eighteen or twenty pounds more to the barrel than water, and containing four or five per cent. of alcohol. Stout is a stronger porter, weighing about twenty-six pounds more to the barrel than water, and containing six or seven per cent. of alcohol. The strongest English ales contain as much as nine per cent. of alcohol, ordinary table-beer and American *lager-bier* about four per cent.; "small beer," usually made from the last washings of the mash-tub, is inferior in all the constituents, and has but one to two per cent. of alcohol. It is said that the excisemen, before the saccharometer was used, distinguished the strong wort by the mark XXX, whence the triple X mark of to-

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day. Bass's "India pale ale," or "bitter," was introduced into general favor by the curious accident of a shipwreck of an Indiaman on the English coast, which threw on the market a quantity of ale brewed with an extra proportion of hops to make it suitable for hot climates. It was so much liked that Bass began to brew it for home use, and so developed a specialty of enormous proportions. Another curious specialty of English brewing is the "audit ales" of the Oxford and Cambridge colleges, a strong, sweet liquor of light color, brewed at the annual auditing of accounts, of which each "fellow" of the college, whether in residence or not, is entitled to his quantum.

English malt liquors are all the product of what is known as upper fermentation, to which the term ale is distinctively and exclusively applied by American brewers. In this process the wort is started at a temperature above 50° Fahr., the fermentation or conversion of the saccharine matter is carried on quickly, the yeast and clearings rising to the surface as great masses of froth. A considerable quantity of soluble gluten is left in the liquor, which has a tendency on exposure to the air, as in half-empty casks, to cause the alcohol to ferment into vinegar and sour the beer. Baron Liebig, who, like that other great chemist, Pasteur, gave much attention to beer-making processes, pointed out in his *Organic Chemistry* the superiority of the process of under fermentation used in Bavaria. For this the wort is started at a temperature under 50° Fahr., with free exposure to the air, by a kind of yeast which produces oxidation by a slow combustion, like the rotting of wood, instead of by a rapid putrefaction. Less alcohol is produced, the product of oxidation is carried with this under-yeast to the bottom as a sediment, there is little gluten left to start the conversion of alcohol into vinegar, and the beer does not easily sour. This is the *lager-bier*, *i. e.*, store-beer, of Bavaria, as distinguished from the *schenk-bier*, for immediate sale in winter, and its brewing was confined by the law to the cool weather between Michaelmas and St. George's Day (October through April). American brewers use the word beer as synonymous with this, but refrigerating methods enable them to disregard the outside temperature. *Bock-bier* is a stronger *lager*, made with a third more malt, flavored with coriander seeds, and with decidedly stupefying qualities, so that it causes drinkers to act like a goat or *bock*. *Weiss-bier* is made chiefly from wheat malt, and is a distinctive beverage of the Berliner or Prussian, while the Viennese drink a Vienna beer, much like the American *lager*.

Among the most curious developments of modern brewing are the frozen beer of Tasmania and the compressed beer of Switzerland, both made for export. The British colonies are fast learning to brew for themselves instead of depending on the mother country, and Tasmania, which has the best reputation for its beer, ships it to India and Australia in frozen blocks, so that in Calcutta they suck their beer instead of sipping it. The Swiss process consists in evaporating beer during the stage of fermentation or after the completion of that process, until the residuum is as thick as condensed milk, occupying from an eighth to a twelfth of its original bulk. The alcohol which distills over with the water is separated from the latter, and is afterward mixed with the syrupy extract of beer. The condensed beer, which is shipped in tins, is said to stand exposure to the air in almost any climate. When it is to be used, the proportionate amount of water is added, and fermentation is again started by adding some lees or ordinary beer, and it is claimed that the result is a good table-beer.

In no process connected with the making of beer, from the time that the grain is sown over the broad acres of Canada to its final destination in the barrel or the bottle, has there been a greater advance in the way of mechanical or chemical treatment than that produced by the ice-making and refrigerating machines. In earlier days it was supposed that beer could be manufactured only during the cool months, and that its preservation depended entirely upon the amount of zero weather which would guarantee a full ice crop in the State of Maine. Until this was secured with reasonable certainty throughout the Northern States no brewer retired to rest with his mind entirely at ease. Now, owing to the operation of ice-producing and refrigerating inventions, whereby the temperature of the storage vaults can be reduced and maintained, with but slight variation, at a proper degree of cold, the brewer is comparatively independent of any changes in the outer atmosphere. The principle of the machines consists in the evaporating of ether,

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ammonia, or some other volatile liquid in a vacuum, and again condensing the same so that it can be used afresh. Twenty degrees below zero can readily be reached, and ice created at will under the burning heat of India or Peru. These machines



FILLING THE KEGS.

are operated by steam-power, and, by a singular paradox, the greater the amount of heat employed, the larger the amount of ice produced.

It is estimated that over 3,000,000,000 gallons of malt liquors are annually brewed in this country and in Europe, of which Great Britain produces nearly 1,000,000,000, Germany 900,000,000 (Austria-Hungary 280,000,000 more), and the United States 600,000,000 gallons. English brewers are, as a class, the most wealthy of her manufacturers, and much land is passing from its old-time owners into their hands. "That is beer! that is beer! that is beer! and *that* is beer!" said a Scotchman recently to an American fellow-traveller on one of the Scotch lakes, as he pointed east, west, north, and south to fine estates formerly belonging to old Scotch families. The present Parliament includes fourteen brewers and one maltster. The town of Burton-on-Trent, the centre of the trade, is one enormous brewery. "In fact," says one writer, "the breweries are the town, and the interstices between the breweries simply contain some dwelling-houses." The excellence of the water, not from the river, but from wells in the lime rock which there abounds, is the key to the concentration of brewing at this place. It includes over thirty great brewing firms, among them those of Bass and of Allsopp, which, with the great Guinness brewery of Dublin, lead the trade. The firm of Bass alone covers one hundred and fifty acres with its works, has several miles of private railway connecting them, employs two thousand persons, with a pay-roll of over $10,000 per week, has paid in one year over $1,000,000 in taxes, produces above 750,000 barrels of beer a year, and has in use nearly 500,000 barrels and kegs, scattered all over the United Kingdom.

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These great brewers sell largely to bottling concerns, furnishing with each barrel a proportionate number of authorized labels. The whole town of Burton produces each year close upon 3,000,000 barrels of thirty-six imperial gallons each—something over one-tenth the entire supply of the kingdom. Nearly one-third of her Majesty's revenue cents, the consumption averaging each year twenty-seven gallons for each of the population.

The United States, it will be seen, ranks third in the production of malt liquors. The following table shows the growth of this industry in the United States according to the census takers:

MALT LIQUORS: STATISTICS FROM UNITED STATES CENSUS.

	1860.	1870.†	1880.
Number of establishments	1,269	1,972	2,191
Persons employed	6,433	12,443	26,220
Capital	$15,782,342	$48,779,435	$91,208,224
Wages	2,305,970	6,758,602	12,198,053
Materials used	9,997,293	28,177,684	56,836,500
Wages and material	12,303,263	34,936,286	69,034,553
Value of product	18,001,135	55,706,643	101,058,385
Number of barrels*	3,239,545	6,574,617	13,347,111
Wages per employé	$374	$543 19‡	$465 21

* These figures from revenue returns. † Currency. ‡ Currency = $434 56 gold.

(total in 1883-4, £87,205,184) comes from the excise taxes on beer and spirits and from licenses for their manufacture and sale, the duty of 6*s.* 3*d.* ($1 50) per barrel on beer producing £8,637,141, or over $40,000,000. The tax originated in an agreement between the Convention Parliament and Charles II. that the crown should accept, in lieu of the obligations connected with the holding of land—such as military service, purveyance, aids, etc.—excise taxes on liquors brewed or distilled for sale. The feudal rents amounted in 1660 to £100,000 a year; the new taxes produced £610,000—a good bargain indeed for his Majesty. The total returns since then have been over £600,000,000. The reliance of the Exchequer upon this source of revenue has caused the most extraordinary precautions to be thrown about the business by the crown officers. On the other hand, the public is most jealous as to an increase of this tax, and Mr. Gladstone's proposal for its increase was the occasion of a considerable riot in Trafalgar Square, London, and finally of the overturning of the Liberal ministry. The English returns of 1881–2 show that licenses were issued to 15,574 brewers, at £1 each, besides 110,025 household licenses to brew, at 6*s.* or 9*s.*, and about 68,000 for the retail sale of beer. The licenses to retailers of spirits number over 100,000. The average price of beer in England is given at 48*s.* ($11 52) per barrel of thirty-six imperial gallons, equalling over forty of our gallons, and the universal price per glass is "tuppence," or four

The growth of the production and consumption of malt liquors in this country is very noteworthy, though the average consumption is not more than eleven gallons per head each year, or less than half that in Great Britain. The United States makes a direct tax of one dollar per barrel of thirty-one wine gallons on ale and beer, the receipts from which have risen from $12,829,803 in 1880 to $18,084,954 in 1884, which is really less than the total number of barrels by the seven and a half per cent. discount allowed on the stamps which brewers must buy to affix to the packages. Our export trade, which now reaches Mexico, Central America, the West Indies, Brazil, the Sandwich Islands, and Japan, and is even obtaining some entrance, because of the superiority of our lighter beers, into England and European countries, amounted for 1884 to 238,228 dozen bottles, valued at $451,681, and 236,896 gallons unbottled, valued at $73,089, while the import was in bottles 873,727 gallons, valued at $748,388, paying a duty of thirty-five cents per gallon, or $305,805, an average of forty-one per cent., and unbottled 1,137,183 gallons, valued at $370,812, and paying twenty cents per gallon, or $237,436, an average of sixty-one per cent. Our consumption thus exceeds slightly our own production. The United States also imposes a license tax of $100 or $50 on brewers, according to the amount of their production, and of $50 on wholesale and $20 on retail dealers in malt liquors. The returns for 1883 sched-

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ule 2378 brewers, 2582 wholesale and 7988 retail dealers. The total number of licenses to retail liquors in all the States has increased from 163,523 in 1880 to 187,871 in 1883. The standard price of beer in New York is $8 per barrel, containing about 450 glasses, and the retail price is almost universally five cents the glass.

Of the 26,220 people employed by breweries, only 219, or less than one per cent., are women or children. The average wages are accordingly higher than in almost any other industry, as are in fact the actual wages. The rise from $374 in 1860 to $434 56 (gold) in 1870, and to $465 21 in 1880, by census returns, is probably not exaggerated, for individual brewers remember the days of a generation ago when they or their fathers were working for $6 a month, where now $40 to $75 a month is the usual wage. The head brewers in English breweries receive about as much as the same men here, but the wages of the ordinary workers are very much lower. The employés in most of the breweries here receive perquisites in the shape of about as much beer as they can drink. At many breweries each workman at the beginning of the day is given brass checks for twenty glasses of beer, and the greater part of this liberal allowance is used. Most of these men prove healthy as well as hearty, rheumatism and lung troubles, from the extremes of temperature, being what may be called the trade diseases. The head brewers have very great responsibility, as the success of the brewery depends chiefly upon them; many of them now have some scientific education, and a technical school for brewers is now in existence in New York, under the management of the editor of the *Bierbrauer*.

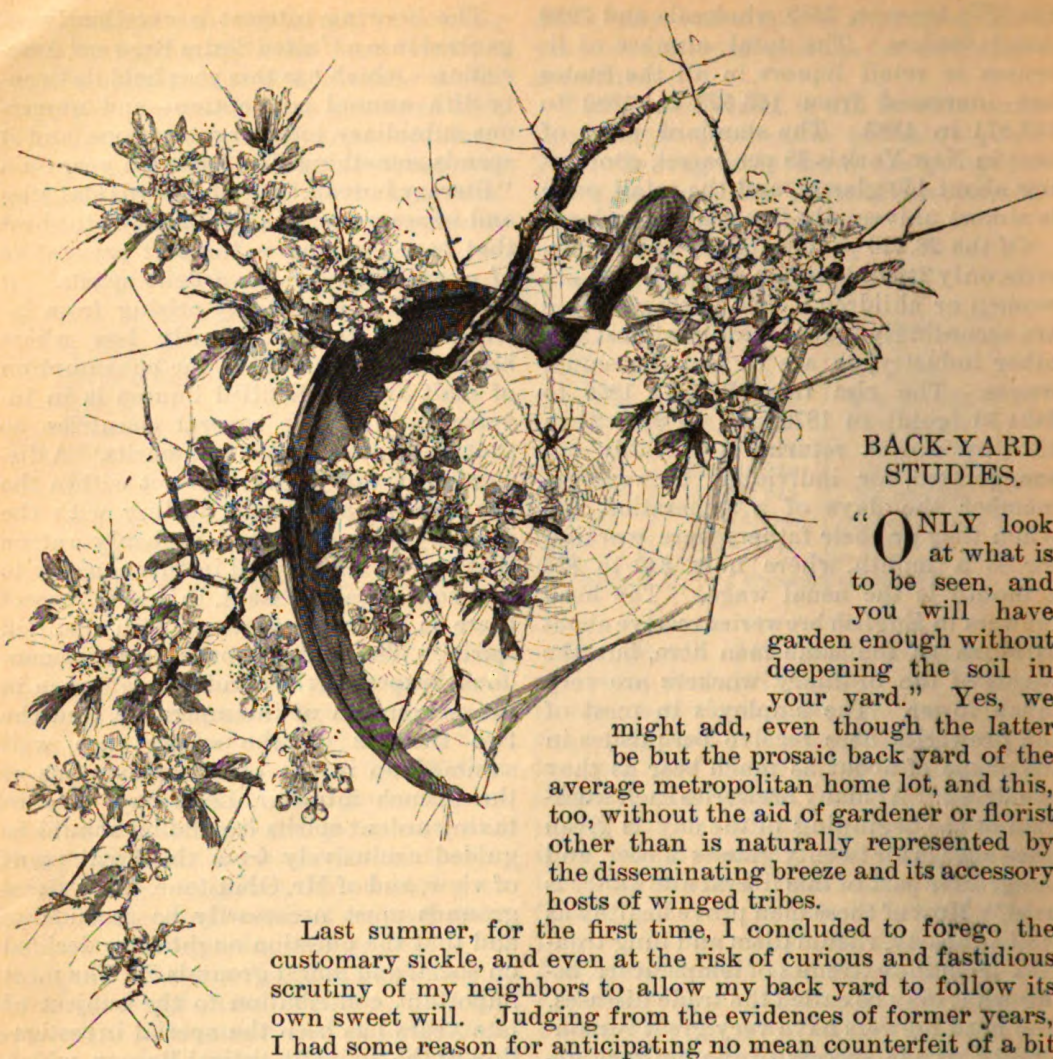
The brewing interest is excellently organized into a United States Brewers' Association—which has this year held its twenty-fifth annual convention—and numerous subsidiary local organizations, and it spends something like $10,000 a year on a "literary bureau," which records statistics and issues numerous publications to show that beer-drinking is the best preventive of over-indulgence in ardent spirits. It is claimed that insanity arising from intemperance is significantly less where beer is drunk, and that the consumption of malt and of distilled liquors is in inverse ratio in the several countries, so that the more beer, the less spirits. A discussion of this question is not within the province of an article dealing with the industry as such. It is probably untrue that beer is adulterated in this country to any considerable extent, in which respect there is a strong contrast with distilled spirits. The taxing power is a tremendous weapon in the hands of statesmen in the prevention of intemperance, and the two theories on the subject are well summed up in the opposing opinions of the French minister, Léon Say, that in taxing ardent spirits legislation should be guided exclusively from the fiscal point of view, and of Mr. Gladstone, that "fiscal grounds must necessarily be secondary, and that the question ought to be decided on social and moral grounds." The most important contribution to the subject of late years has been the special investigation of the Swiss Statistical Bureau, which concludes that taxation is the foremost method of restricting the excessive use of ardent spirits, which taxation should be followed by a gradual abolition of taxes upon wholesome beverages.

"DIMIDIUM FACTI."

"OH, fie! The *sad* thing I have heard!
A most astounding rumor,
Just brought me by a little bird,
Has *quite* spoiled my good-humor!
A deed that has no proper name,
And in a place secluded!
Oh, Mary, I should die with shame
To do the thing that you did!"

"Aunt, *can* you mean that *stupid* tale
Of what I said to Charley,
Because the poor boy looked so pale
When I met him in the barley?
What happened there was strictly this—
And let them make the best of it—
I gave him *scarcely half* a kiss,
And he gave *me* the rest of it!"

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BACK-YARD STUDIES.

"ONLY look at what is to be seen, and you will have garden enough without deepening the soil in your yard." Yes, we might add, even though the latter be but the prosaic back yard of the average metropolitan home lot, and this, too, without the aid of gardener or florist other than is naturally represented by the disseminating breeze and its accessory hosts of winged tribes.

Last summer, for the first time, I concluded to forego the customary sickle, and even at the risk of curious and fastidious scrutiny of my neighbors to allow my back yard to follow its own sweet will. Judging from the evidences of former years, I had some reason for anticipating no mean counterfeit of a bit of country meadow beneath my windows.

Before the spring had fairly passed, my wild garden had more than fulfilled the promise so disregarded in former years. The early grass at first held undisputed possession. Then followed the blooming vernal-grass and white clover, whose combined fragrance floated in at our windows. Each successive day now brought to view new faces, till, refreshed and nourished by the frequent summer showers and an occasional spray from a lawn sprinkler, my back-yard possessions soon revelled in wild and succulent luxuriance.

It now happened that on a certain evening, having returned from a jaunt in suburban woods, with a bouquet of some rare plants for analysis, a friend whom I had previously initiated into the mysteries and delights of botany dropped in and surprised me at my work.

"Oh, where did you get them?" exclaimed she, observing the wild flowers. "I do so long to follow up the botanical study of our native plants which I began so bravely and enjoyed so much in the country last summer; but what hope is there for us poor unfortunates who are tied down in the city for eleven months in the year?"

"Have you a back yard?" I inquired, with honest solicitude.

"Certainly," replied my friend, greatly amused.

"Then may you still remain in the city, and even without going beyond your front door find abundant occasion for the use of your botany during your spare hours for the rest of the summer. Your back yard may yet prove the more beneficent half of your city lot, if you will but give it an equal chance to contribute to your enjoyment.

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everywhere beneath the windows lies scorching in the sun in mute reproach.

"For there is nothing which is brought home in these wild bouquets but what may exist in the undeveloped possibilities of that baked sod. Even now these same daisies and red clover, exuberant, and laden with dew, are waving in the night air under my



"ONLY LOOK AT WHAT IS TO BE SEEN."

"Look at these parties of returning pleasure-seekers wheeling by with hands and laps overflowing with all manner of meadow blossoms and grasses gathered in the suburbs! All day long this pageant has passed my door; and for days to come you might observe, almost with pity, the yearning fondness with which these same flowers, arranged, re-arranged, and winnowed, are cherished until the last one is withered and gone, while the barren, close-clipped grass-plot

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window; and there is a host besides, for my grass-plot has been given a new lease of life this year. As a result, I would venture the assertion that at least twenty-five species of plants now bear pleasant company in its midst."

This latter observation, as well as much else of the foregoing, was naturally accepted with much incredulity. To tell the truth, I had aroused my own curiosity, and on the following morning I concluded to test the truth of my claim by a demonstration. Accordingly, with pencil and note-book, I made a careful inspection of the tangle of vegetation, and surprised myself with the discovery of the following species there assembled.

The size of the plot of turf is about twenty-five by twelve feet, the vegetation sometimes extending into the crevices between the flagging of the surrounding walks.

The list is as follows—a spontaneous outburst:

Red Clover.....*Trifolium pratense.*
White Clover.....*Trifolium repens.*
Black Medick.....*Medicago lupulina.*
Vetch.....*Vicia sativa.*
Pasture Thistle (1 plant).....*Circium lanceolatum.*
Canada Thistle (2 plants).....*Circium arvense.*
Dandelion.....*Taraxacum dens-leonis.*
Chiccory.....*Cichorium intybus.*
Fall Daisy Flea-bane....*Erigeron annuum.*
Daisy.....*Leucanthemum vulgare.*
May-weed.....*Maruta cotula.*
Roman Wormwood....*Ambrosia artemisiæ folia.*
Golden-rod.....*Solidago canadensis.*
Golden-rod.....*Solidago altissima.*
Golden-rod.....*Solidago lanceolata.*
Yarrow.....*Achillea millefolium.*
Chick-weed.....*Stellaria media.*
Mouse-ear Chick-weed..*Cerastium vulgatum.*
Plantain.....*Plantago major.*
English Plantain.....*Plantago lanceolata.*
Viper's-bugloss.....*Echium vulgare.*
Wild Carrot.....*Daucus carota.*
Buttercup.....*Ranunculus acris.*
Crane's-bill.....*Geranium maculatum.*
Wood-sorrel.....*Oxalis stricta.*
Purslane.....*Portulaca oleracea.*
Spotted Spurge.....*Euphorbia maculata.*
Smart-weed (small plant)*Polygonum hydropiper.*
Sour-grass.....*Rumex acetosella.*
Moth-mullein.....*Verbascum blattaria.*
Shepherd's-purse.....*Capsella bursa-pastoris.*
Goosegrass (2 varieties).....*Polygonum aviculare.*
Pig-weed.....*Amaranthus retroflexus.*
Green Amaranth.....*Amaranthus hybridus.*
Jerusalem Oak.....*Chenopodium botrys.*
Knawel.....*Scleranthus annuus.*
Field Mustard.....*Sinapis arvensis.*
Pepper-grass.....*Lepidium virginicum.*
Carpet-weed.....*Mollugo verticillala.*
Spiny Clot-bur.....*Xanthium spinosum.*
Morning-glory (seedling from flower bed).....*Ipomea purpurea.*
Sweet-alyssum (seedling from border plants)..*Alyssum maritimum.*
Ailantus (seedling).....*Ailantus glandulosa.*
Timothy-grass.....*Phleum pratense.*
Redtop-grass.....*Agrostis vulgaris.*
Vernal-grass.....*Anthoxanthum odoratum.*
Rye-grass.....*Lolium perenne.*
Low Spear-grass.....*Poa annua.*
Bent-grass.....*Agrostis alba.*
Foxtail-grass.....*Setaria viridis.*
Bristly Foxtail-grass...*Setaria italica.*
Finger-grass.....*Panicum sanguinale.*
Crab-grass.....*Eleusine indica.*
Lead-grass.....*Eragrostris pœoides.*
Orchard-grass.....*Dactylus glomerata.*
Hair-grass.....*Aira flexuosa.*
Meadow Foxtail-grass...*Alopecurus pratensis.*
Cheat-grass.....*Bromus secalinus.*
Couch-grass.....*Triticum repens.*
Bird's-nest Fungus.....*Crucibulum vulgare.*
Mushroom.
Unknown or doubtful, 3.
Total of species, 64.

Among the above list there will doubtless be discovered a few whose presence will naturally strike the botanist as especially remarkable, notably the crane's-bill, and the three varieties of golden-rod. Concerning the rest of the list, however, I see no reason to doubt that it might be duplicated or even bettered by the average city plot. The list, indeed, falls far short as an index of the natural vegetation abounding in the neighborhood, and there were several elsewhere common plants which I missed. For example, neither the dock nor burdock was to be noted, although several lusty plants grew not a hundred feet from my house. In a near neighbor's yard I noticed a plant of *Datura stramonium*, or thorn-apple, which, however, soon fell a victim to the ubiquitous gardener. In another plot I observed plants of canary-grass (*Phalaris canariensis*) and toad-flax (*Linaria vulgaris*), both of which were not unfrequently to be met with among the neighboring vacant lots. The Indian mallow (*Abutilon avicennæ*), cockle-bur (*Xanthium strumarium*), hedge-mustard (*Sisymbrium officinale*), and creeping-mallow (*Malva rotundifolia*) were all common in the locality, as well as a large number of other weeds and grasses—"self-sown, and therefore despised"—which might most naturally have been looked for in my back-yard assemblage, and many of which I fully believe will yet show themselves.

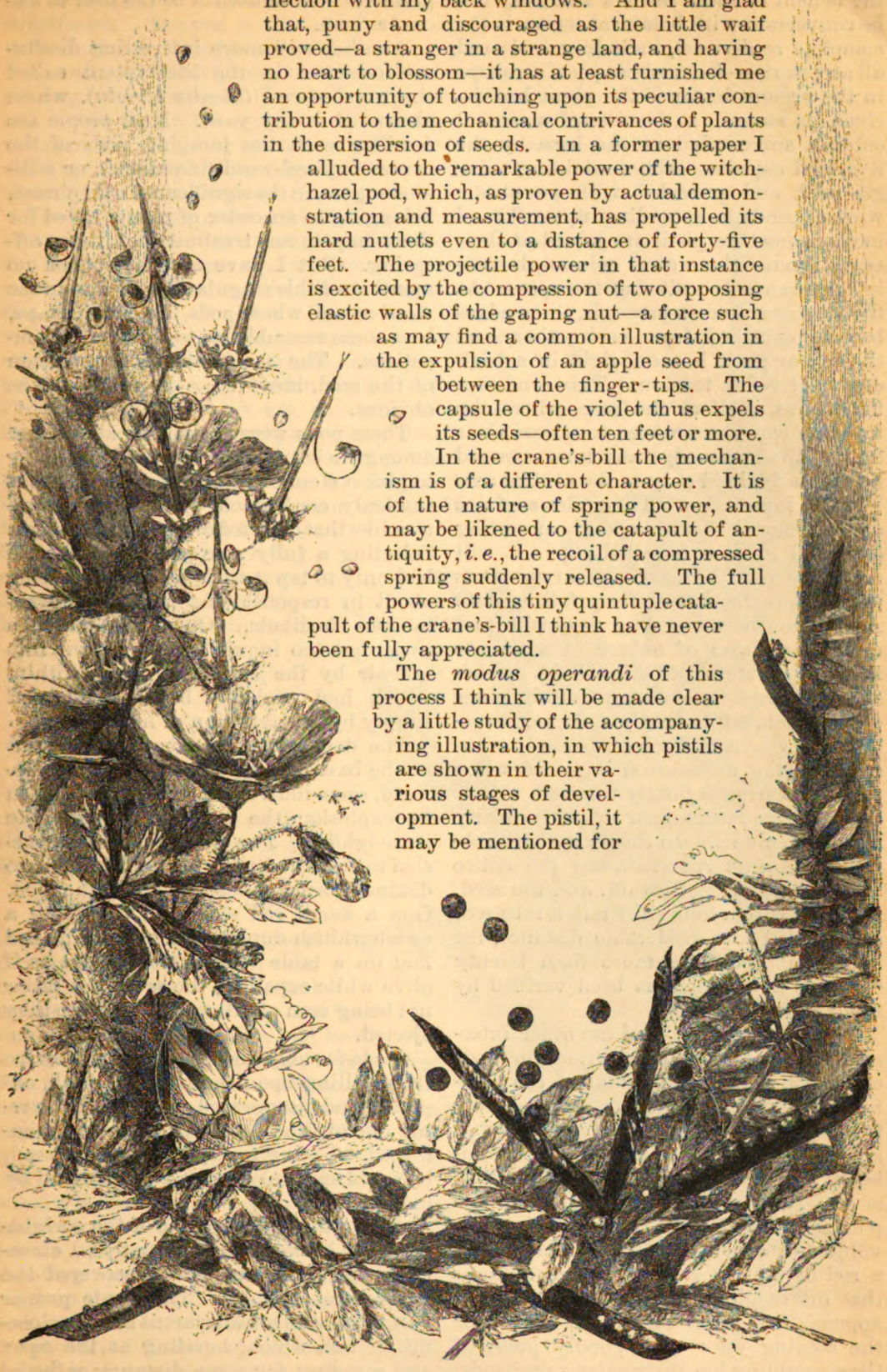
Recurring to the crane's-bill plant, its presence doubtless had some intimate con-

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nection with my back windows. And I am glad that, puny and discouraged as the little waif proved—a stranger in a strange land, and having no heart to blossom—it has at least furnished me an opportunity of touching upon its peculiar contribution to the mechanical contrivances of plants in the dispersion of seeds. In a former paper I alluded to the remarkable power of the witch-hazel pod, which, as proven by actual demonstration and measurement, has propelled its hard nutlets even to a distance of forty-five feet. The projectile power in that instance is excited by the compression of two opposing elastic walls of the gaping nut—a force such as may find a common illustration in the expulsion of an apple seed from between the finger-tips. The capsule of the violet thus expels its seeds—often ten feet or more.

In the crane's-bill the mechanism is of a different character. It is of the nature of spring power, and may be likened to the catapult of antiquity, *i.e.*, the recoil of a compressed spring suddenly released. The full powers of this tiny quintuple catapult of the crane's-bill I think have never been fully appreciated.

The *modus operandi* of this process I think will be made clear by a little study of the accompanying illustration, in which pistils are shown in their various stages of development. The pistil, it may be mentioned for



CRANE'S-BILL AND VETCH.

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the benefit of those readers who may not be conversant with botanical terms, is the complete seed-vessel, including seeds and all accessories—from whose peculiar shape in the present instance the plant has derived its name. It consists of a central column surrounded at the base by the five seed capsules, each containing a single seed, and provided with an elastic wiry appendage extending upward, and in the immature pistil are joined at their edges around the central column, becoming permanently united at the apex. As the ripening process proceeds, these edges become detached from each other, and the entire pistil is soon rigid in a high degree of reflex tension. This condition first shows itself at the base, where the five tiny capsules are seen to release their hold at the lower edge and turn outward horizontally, held only to the central axis by their inner edge. The under surfaces of the capsules now open, converting each cell into an inverted cup. It will naturally now be asked, what prevents the loose inclosed seed from falling out? And here we see a most exquisite and dainty provision of nature in a minute fan-shaped tuft of silky hairs which spreads across the opening from its outer edge, which, while barely sufficient to retain the weight of the seed, is easily overcome by the momentum imparted when the rigid spring is finally released.

A similar mechanism exists in many other geraniums. In the pretty herb-robert (*Geranium robertianum*) the entire tensile appendage flies off, and the seed, provided with a long silky tail, is released, and hurled to considerable distance, Sir John Lubbock says more than twenty feet, and this limit has been verified by my own experiments.

My back yard afforded me other interesting lessons in nature's curious methods of seed dispersion. A plant of the common vetch (*Vicia sativa*) rambled over the clovers in one end of my plot, showing an occasional pinkish blossom and a number of long black pods. The tension here is of a spiral sort, the two valves of the pod suddenly bursting asunder in convolute form, casting the round black seeds a rod or more. I glory in the thought that my neighbor's yard—could he only appreciate it—is likely to be richer for the coming year by a goodly posse of these rambling but instructive vagabonds, though, alas! the keen-eyed but blind gardener will doubtless be the first to discover them.

Another still more interesting disclosure occurred in the little plant called the wood-sorrel (*Oxalis stricta*), which abounded in my yard. Most people are familiar with the jumping pods of the common jewel-weed (impatiens), or noli-me-tangere, in the significant Latin phrase, belonging to an order of plants noted for their impetuous treatment of their offspring. But I have as yet noticed no mention of this singular disposition in the wood-sorrel, whose pods, in general shape, bear some resemblance to those of the impatiens. The mechanism of expulsion of the seed, however, is by no means as obvious.

These pods were present in abundance among their trifoliate leaves. Chancing to pick a stem of mature specimens, I was suddenly confronted with a demonstration like that depicted on the opposite page. Selecting a fully ripe pod at random, I had only to tap it with my finger to bring about in response just such an instantaneous fusillade. Once I observed a small but too inquisitive fly blown into mid-air by the explosion from within, which had probably been touched off simply by the agitation of his tiny foot.

The demonstration commonly begins at the base of the pod, and continues upward, each individual seed furnishing in its explosion the required incentive to its neighbor. For some time I was puzzled to account for the phenomenon. Two distinct forms proceeded from the pod. One a small red seed, and the other a queer whitish duplex pouch. A ripe pod laid on a table would jump about as if alive while expelling the seeds, the latter not being seen at all, so swiftly were they ejected.

Seeds forcibly dislodged from a less ripe fruit, falling upon the paper beneath, exploded and disappeared, occasionally leaving one of the tiny pouches already mentioned. Fixing my eye on a single seed, it would suddenly entirely vanish as if by magic.

At length, capturing one of the sprightly atoms between my finger-tips, I closely inspected it, and soon discovered the key to the mystery. The ovule proper was incased in a transparent aril, or close-fitting sac, which, bursting at the apex and dividing for some distance, reflexed upon itself elastically, and thus expelled

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the inclosed seed. This is indicated minutely at the base of the illustration. The pod is divided into five upright cells, each filled with a single row of seeds. The outer edge of each cell is very thin, and open from summit to base by a fine fissure, naturally appearing closed, but readily yielding to pressure from within. The aril bursts within the pod at the outer edge, reverses upon itself, casts out the seed, and by its own reflex action on the walls of the cell expels itself also, the edges of the cell immediately closing in the most innocent fashion.

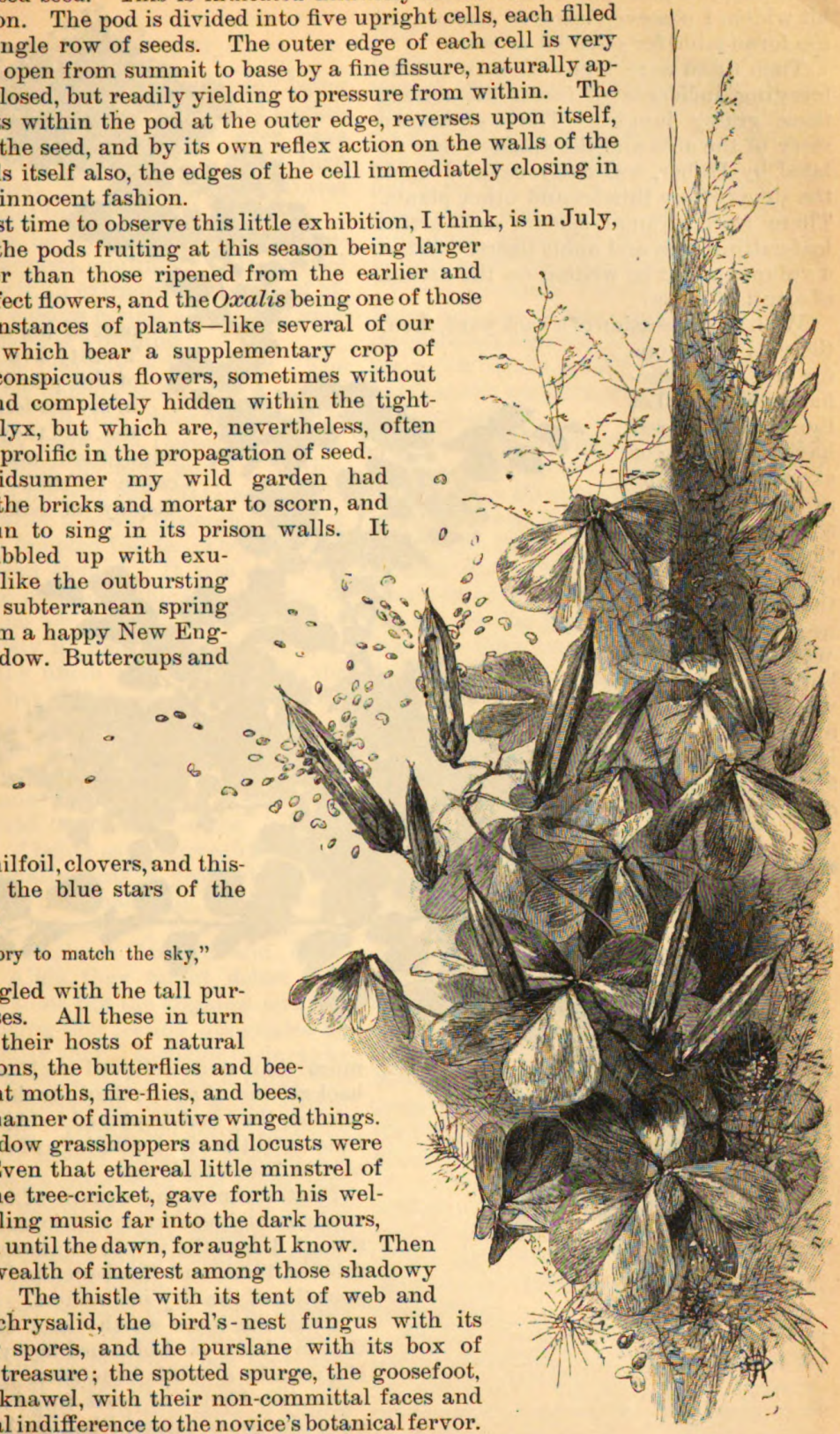
The best time to observe this little exhibition, I think, is in July, or later, the pods fruiting at this season being larger and fuller than those ripened from the earlier and more perfect flowers, and the *Oxalis* being one of those strange instances of plants—like several of our violets—which bear a supplementary crop of small inconspicuous flowers, sometimes without petals, and completely hidden within the tight-closed calyx, but which are, nevertheless, often the most prolific in the propagation of seed.

By midsummer my wild garden had laughed the bricks and mortar to scorn, and had begun to sing in its prison walls. It fairly bubbled up with exuberance, like the outbursting of some subterranean spring fresh from a happy New England meadow. Buttercups and daisies, milfoil, clovers, and thistles, and the blue stars of the chiccory,

"Succory to match the sky,"

intermingled with the tall purple grasses. All these in turn brought their hosts of natural companions, the butterflies and beetles, night moths, fire-flies, and bees, and all manner of diminutive winged things. The meadow grasshoppers and locusts were here. Even that ethereal little minstrel of night, the tree-cricket, gave forth his welcome lulling music far into the dark hours, and even until the dawn, for aught I know. Then what a wealth of interest among those shadowy tangles! The thistle with its tent of web and golden chrysalid, the bird's-nest fungus with its shooting spores, and the purslane with its box of piled-up treasure; the spotted spurge, the goosefoot, and the knawel, with their non-committal faces and their total indifference to the novice's botanical fervor.

The wild carrots' white saucers spread their accustomed feast, each serving up in its centre that myste-



WOOD-SORREL EXPELLING ITS SEED.

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rious purple morsel of a flower, a tiny tid-bit which, I observe, however, has proved too formidable for scientist or seer.

Then there were many curious and interesting incidents of insect life among these grassy jungles. The well-known story of the ants and the aphides, first related by Huber, was daily enacted upon the stems of my thistles and other plants. There were strange spiders and artful leaf-cutting bees and aphis tigers. What a volume might be written on the arcana of a tuft of grass!

With the possession of a back yard, then, there is still hope for the most case-hardened cit. Let the quickened sod have its freedom of expression, and the grasses and weeds a respite from the sickle. Give the cold shoulder to the gardener, or, if need be, confine his arts to the fence border, and if you would repeat my experience, let the chrysanthemum claim the chief part of his attention. Twenty-five varieties of this plant bloomed in my borders last season, and they won my admiration, not less because of their beautiful display of color, which more than once relieved itself against a background of snow, than for the sterling wisdom they had displayed in biding their time until the rival wildlings of my grass-plot had seen their day.



A SILHOUETTE.

Next summer my square of turf shall again contribute to my enjoyment, yea, though I seed the whole community with thistles, tares, and flea-bane, and run the gauntlet of the city ordinances.

I am the more worthy as a citizen in that my back yard bloomed last year, and if a man be a public benefactor who shall cause two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, what shall be said of him who nurses the same to their full fruition and insures a tenfold progeny?

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CHAPTER XVI.

"IT'S the most absurd thing—my being caught here in this way," said Lucian Spenser. "But who would ever have imagined that Madam Giron could turn into a tourist! As well imagine De Torrez a commercial traveller."

"I think he felt rather like one," answered Margaret, smiling. "He seemed to consider it an extraordinary state of affairs to be closing houses and taking journeys at a lawyer's bidding."

It was the 19th day of December. The thermometer outside stood at sixty-eight Fahrenheit. In the drawing-room of East Angels were Mrs. Carew, Margaret, Garda, Lucian Spenser, and Dr. Kirby. Lucian and his wife had left Gracias within a week after that sail through silver fog which had tempted Garda. Their departure had been sudden. It was due to a telegraphic dispatch which had come to Rosalie from her uncle in New York; he was seriously ill, and wished to see her. This was the uncle under whose roof she had spent her childhood and youth. She had not been especially attached to him; she had never supposed that he was attached to her. But all who bore the Bogardus name (save perhaps Rosalie herself) reserved to themselves the inalienable right of being as disagreeable to each other personally, year in, year out, as they chose to be, while remaining, nevertheless, as a family, indissolubly united; that is to say, that though as Cornelia and John, Dick and Alida, they might detest each other, and show not the slightest scruples about evincing that feeling, designated by their mutually shared surname their ranks closed up at once, like a line of battle under attack, presenting to the world an unbroken front. Dying, old John Bogardus had wished to see Rosalie—Rosalie, his brother Dick's child, who had made that imprudent marriage; he felt it to be his duty to advise her about certain investments. In answer to his dispatch, Lucian had taken his wife north.

When they reached New York, Rosalie found her uncle better; the physicians gave no hope of recovery, but they said that he might linger in this way for two months or more. In this state of affairs Lucian suggested to his wife that he should leave her there, and take a flying trip to New Orleans: he had always wished to make that journey in the winter, and this seemed as good an occasion as any, since, naturally, "Uncle Giovanni" could have no very burning desire to see him, Lucian, day after day. Rosalie, anxious always to put herself in accord with her husband's ideas—she was so anxious that she had even tried, when they were by themselves, to call stern, long-upperlipped old John "Uncle Giovanni" herself, though she had failed to discover much appropriateness in it—gave her consent; the separation, even for a few weeks, would be hard for her, but that she would bear to give Lucian entertainment.

He left her, therefore, a little before the middle of December. And if he arrived at Gracias-á-Dios instead of at New Orleans, this was because he was taking in Gracias on the way. Was it not as easy to come first to Florida, and then cross the southern country westward to the beautiful city on the Louisiana shore, as to follow the long course of the Mississippi down? If it was not as easy, in any case he preferred it. And the course Lucian Spenser preferred he generally followed.

It was fortunate, therefore, that he preferred nothing very evil. In the present instance his preference held intentions quite without that element. He should spend four or five days in Gracias; he should collect various small possessions, which, owing to his hasty departure, he had left scattered about there, at East Angels, at Madam Giron's, at the Gothic rectory; he should finish two or three sketches in which he felt an especial interest; and he should say good-by in a more leisurely way to his relatives, the Moores, as well as to the other people there whom he liked so well, for he had the feeling that a long time might elapse before he should see that little coast hamlet again. He had hoped to stay with Madam Giron, as before. But when he arrived at her door, late in the afternoon of the 19th, he found it barred and that lady absent: evidently his letter had not reached her.

Madam Giron had seemed to him like one of those barges which lie moored far up some quiet bay, with their masts removed and a permanent plank walk made from the deck to the shore. The idea that this stationary craft could have gone to

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sea, that this sweet-voiced, sweet-tempered lady, with her beautiful eyes, redundant figure, many children, and complete non-admiration for energy and the outside world, could have started suddenly on her travels, had never once occurred to him.

Until five days before, it had never occurred to Madam Giron herself.

At that date she had received a letter from Cuba telling her that a share in some property was awaiting her there, a long-contested lawsuit having at length been decided in favor of her mother's family—a circle which had many members. Madam Giron consulted her friends: was it an occasion when duty demanded that she should make the great effort of going in person to Cuba for the sake of "these dear angels," her children (the lawyer having written that her presence would be necessary), or was it not? Gracias discussed this point. It *was* an effort for a lady to make; a lady was not in the habit of leaving her home, the congenial society of her friends, the cherished seclusion of her own circle, to rush about the world at a lawyer's request, exposing herself in public conveyances, such as stages, river boats, and sea-going steamers, to association with all sorts of people; some of her friends, notably the Señor Ruiz and her own nephew, De Torrez, were decidedly of the opinion that she should not go.

"It's so characteristic—their discussing it as they are doing," Winthrop remarked to his aunt—"discussing whether or not to take a short journey in order to secure an inheritance."

"It's a very small inheritance, isn't it?" asked Aunt Katrina, languidly,

"About fifteen hundred dollars, I believe. But you must remember that without it those children, probably, will have nothing but that mortgaged land."

"I don't think the people here know or care whether they've got any money or not," said Aunt Katrina, in rather a disgusted tone.

"No, they don't. Probably that is one of the reasons why I like them so well."

"Yet *you* have a clear idea of the value of property, Evert."

"I should think I had! I've worked for it—my idea." And Evert paused, seeing, as in a momentary vision, those years of labor, those years when he had carried, month after month, responsibilities so heavy, had guided enterprises so far-reaching, and requiring each such intensity of thought and care, that only the power of his strong will had enabled him to sleep at night—reviewing those years, he said to himself that he had at least a clear idea of the force that went to make the money, to make it at least in the way in which his had been made. It was force tremendous. And let those who had had no personal experience of its nature refrain from criticising what they did not and could not understand.

"Tell me one thing, Evert," pursued Aunt Katrina, whose mind was now on her nephew's affairs. "When you went north last month, wasn't it on account of something connected with that cousin of yours, or rather of your father's, David Winthrop?"

"Well, David has great capacity: he is really wonderful," answered Winthrop, coming out of his reverie to smile at the remembrance of the ineffectual, sweet-tempered man. "In spite of the new partnership, he *had* managed to tangle up everything almost worse than before."

"Yet people call you hard!" commented Aunt Katrina, plaintively.

"I am hard. I spend half my time trying not to be," responded her nephew, in what she called one of his puzzling tones. Aunt Katrina sometimes found Evert very puzzling.

Madam Giron had finally decided to follow the advice of Dr. Kirby, which was, and had been unwaveringly from the beginning, to go. She could not but be aware that the Doctor had seen more of life, and was more truly a man of the world (the present world, not that of the days of the past, "the days," as Mrs. Thorne had denominated them, "of the *Galleons*"), than anybody they had in Gracias; she mentioned this during a confidential interview which she had with his mother. The Doctor, of course, was not surprised by her statement; he could not help knowing that he was.

Madam Giron, therefore, had left her children with Madam Ruiz, closed her house, and started, accompanied by the disapproving De Torrez, three days before Lucian's arrival at her locked door.

The wagon which had brought him was well on its way back toward Gracias; he had walked up the long, winding, densely shaded path which led to the old house, leaving his luggage piled at the distant gate. He turned and stood a moment on the piazza, meditating upon what he

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should do, and, as he did so, he noticed the stillness, missing half-unconsciously that sustained high chant that one hears in the country at the North toward sunset in summer, when fields are near, the voice probably of myriad insects, but a sound so much a part of the rural landscape at that hour that most persons only become conscious of it, as Lucian now, by perceiving the lack of it when it is absent. Then he remembered that it was not summer at the North, but December; ice was clogging the rivers and clinging to the bare branches, people were bringing evergreens from the snowy woods to deck the churches for Christmas.

His reverie, with its two little vignettes of summer fields, and evergreens in the snow, had lasted but a moment; he left the piazza and went toward the branch, where was the cabin of old Cajo, Madam Giron's factotum. Cajo's wife, Juana, was cook at the "big house," and the two old servants were delighted to extend the hospitality which their mistress, they knew, would have immediately ordered had she been at home. In half an hour, therefore, the guest was seated at the "big house" table, before an impromptu but excellent meal, his old room was ready for him upstairs, and there were even lights in the drawing-room, which, however, he extinguished as he passed by on his way to the front door. He locked this door behind him, and put the key in his pocket: the two servants were not to wait for him; they were to go back to their cabin as soon as their work was done, taking with them the key of another entrance.

Lucian was going over to East Angels. He went through the fields, still lighted by the after-glow, then passed into the dimness of the wood; reaching East Angels' border, he crossed the Levels, and approached the house through the orange walk. As he had written only to Madam Giron, and the letter had followed her to Cuba, no one knew that he was coming. He entered the drawing-room. And there was a cry of surprise.

The evening that followed was enlivened by animated conversation. Dr. Kirby thought it almost a brilliant occasion. The brilliancy without doubt had been excited by Lucian's unexpected arrival, and he had brought his own gay spirits with him. Still, they had all contributed something, the Doctor felt; his own sentences, for instance, had displayed "much perspicuity." The Doctor had his own descriptive terms. He had no idea that they had grown old-fashioned. Garda's remarks he designated as "sprightly," Margaret's way of talking he had long ago characterized as "most engaging"; the Doctor still praised a young man for possessing "sensibility"; he could even restore the lost distinction to that fallen-from-grace word "genteel." When, after one of his visits at East Angels, he said to his little mother—he described everything to her, partly because he liked to describe, but principally because he was a devoted son, and did all he could to entertain her—"The conversation, Ma, during the evening was easy, animated, and genteel," it must have been a coarse-grained person indeed who could not appreciate the delicate aroma of that last word as used by him.

On the present occasion the conversation had been even more than all this, and when at last it was brought to a close, and the Doctor, having indulged in a general mental review of it (especially his own share), which made him, as glory is apt to do, extraordinarily thirsty, was compounding a glass of orangeade to drink before going to bed, he could not resist remarking to Winthrop, as the latter passed through the empty room on his way to the balcony for a final cigarette, "Quite a brilliant little occasion, wasn't it?"

"Thanks to you," Winthrop answered.

"Softly, softly," said the Doctor, much pleased, but still considerate. "I am old, and can no longer be a leader. But that young Spenser, now—"

"Yes, that young Spenser now—thanks to him too," said Winthrop, disappearing.

The Doctor could not but think that his host was sometimes a little dry.

The next day Lucian finished one of his sketches, went up to Gracias to pay some visits, returned at sunset, and again spent the evening at East Angels. He announced, when he came in, that he had decided to remain a week longer in his solitary quarters; after that he should spend a day with the Moores, and then start westward toward New Orleans.

"Eight days more," said Garda, counting.

"Yes. See how agreeable you will have to be! Everything fascinating you know, I beg you to say, so that my last hours may be made harrowingly delightful; for it's very uncertain whether I ever see Gracias again."

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"I don't care about 'evers,'" said Garda; "'evers' are always far off. What I care about is to get every instant of those eight days." She left her chair and went across to Winthrop. "Are you going to be nice?" she asked, in a coaxing tone. "*Do* be nice; arrange so that we can go somewhere every day." She spoke so that he alone could hear her.

"Do you call that being nice? I thought you did not like to go out."

"When there's nobody but ourselves I don't. That is, not often, for it's always the same people, the same thing. But when there's somebody else, somebody I *really* want to talk to, that's different. There are a great many more chances to talk and say what you like when everybody is walking about in the woods or on beaches than you ever get in a parlor, you know."

Winthrop had never lost his enjoyment of Garda's truthfulness. He did not admire Lucian Spenser, but he did admire the girl's coming to ask him to secure for her as many opportunities as possible for being with that fascinating guest. She wished to see him; she did not see any reason why she should not express the wish. Thus he judged her.

"All very well for the present," he answered. "But we can not forever keep you supplied with a new Punch and Judy."

"What's Punch and Judy?"

He altered his sentence. "With new Lucian Spensers."

"Let me have the old one, then, as long as I can," responded Garda.

They made two or three excursions from East Angels. And she probably had the "chances" which she had so appreciatively outlined. Nevertheless, early in the afternoon of the fourth day, Lucian came over to say good-by to them; he had made up his mind to start westward sooner than he had at first intended. He should not go again to Gracias; he had been up that morning to take leave of the Moores; he should drive from Madam Giron's directly across to the river. There was a moon: he should probably start about nine that night.

"On Christmas Eve?" said Betty, in astonishment. "And be travelling on Christmas Day? Why, Mr. Spenser, that seems to *me* downright heathenish."

Lucian did not contradict Betty's view of the case, and he gave no reason for his sudden departure. There was no change in him in any way, no appearance of determination or obstinacy; yet they could not make him alter his decision, though they all tried, Betty with remonstrance, Dr. Kirby with general Christmas hospitality, Winthrop and Mrs. Harold with courtesy. Garda did not say much.

Dr. Kirby was again at East Angels, Mrs. Rutherford having sent for him on account of a peculiar sensation she felt in a spot "about as large as a dime" under her collar-bone, and which she was sure must be the beginning of *angina pectoris*. She had improved since his arrival—she always improved after the Doctor's arrivals; but it had been arranged that he should spend his Christmas there, his mother coming down the next morning to join the party.

Lucian remained an hour. Then he bade them all good-by, left his farewells for Mrs. Rutherford, and departed; he had still his packing to do, he said. It was not yet four o'clock; it seemed as if he had reserved for that process a good deal of time.

Garda had received the tidings of his going with dilated eyes. But the startled expression soon left her, she laughed and talked, and, under the laughter, her mood was a contented one; Margaret, watching her, perceived beyond a doubt that there was no affectation in this, the contentment was real. After Lucian had gone, the little party in the drawing-room broke up. Margaret went to give Lucian's good-by to Aunt Katrina. Aunt Katrina was only "so-so"; she was inclined to find fault with her niece for not having brought Lucian in person to take leave of her instead of only his message. She was lying on a lounge, and there was an impression of a great deal of beautiful white lace and a faint odor of wood-violets. No, she did not care for any reading that afternoon; Dr. Kirby was coming to play backgammon with her. Betty now entered, and Margaret went to her own room. Presently Garda, who had heard her step, called; Margaret opened the door of communication between their two chambers and looked in. The girl was swinging in her indoor hammock, her little feet in their low black slippers pendent over the edge; she had taken off her dress and put on a white dressing-gown, and had her hands clasped under her head. "Going out?" she said, as she saw Margaret's garden hat.

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"Yes."

"To the garden ?"

"Further. Out on the barren."

"I know where. To take the medicine to that sick child. Why don't you send somebody ?"

"I like to go."

"No, you don't," said Garda, laughing. "You're as good as gold, Margaret, but you don't really like to go; you don't really like the negroes, personally, one bit. You would do anything in the world for them; give them all your money and all your time, teach school for them, make clothes for them, and I don't know what all. But you would never understand them though you should live among them all the rest of your life, and never see a white face again. Now *I* wouldn't take one grain of the trouble for them that you would, because I don't think it's in the least necessary. But, personally, I *like* them; I like to have them about, and talk to them, and hear them talk. I am really attached to all the old servants about here. And I venture to say, too, that they would all prefer me forever, though I didn't lift a finger for them, to you, no matter what sacrifices you might make to help them, because they would see and feel that *I* really liked them, whereas *you* didn't. But, do you know, too, I really think you like to be busy just for the sake of it. When there's nothing else you can do, you go tramping about all over the country until I should think your feet would spread out like a duck's. I should like to know when you have given yourself an hour or two of absolute rest—such as I am taking now ?"

"I can't sleep in the daytime," was Margaret's answer to this general southern remonstrance; "and a duck's feet are very useful to the duck."

"Oh, of course I know your feet are lovely. But I shouldn't think they could stay so, long."

"There seems to be no end at least to *your* powers of 'staying so,' especially when you get into a hammock," remarked Margaret. But she spoke with a smile on her lips. She was well satisfied to see the girl swinging there contentedly, her eyes already misty with sleep.

"Good-by," she said, closing the door. Then she put on her hat and gloves, and started on her mission. The sick child, for whom Dr. Kirby had prepared the medicine, lived in a cabin two miles and a half from East Angels, on the barren. In addition to the taste for unnecessary philanthropy which Garda had attributed to her, as well as that for unnecessary exercise, Margaret appeared to have a taste for solitude: she generally took her long walks alone. That is, she took them whenever she had the opportunity. But this was not so often as it might have been, because of Aunt Katrina's little wishes, which had a habit of ramifying through all the hours of the day. It was not that Aunt Katrina expected you to occupy yourself in her behalf the whole afternoon; she would have exclaimed at the idea that she made such exactions as that. She only wished you to do some one little thing for her at two, and then something else "a little before three," and then again possibly she might "feel like" this or that later, say, "any time" (liberally) "between half past four and five." In this way she was sure that you had the whole afternoon to yourself.

In addition Margaret was housekeeper, and with the heterogeneous assemblage of servants at East Angels, the position required an almost hourly exercise of diplomacy. Celestine, so excellent in her own sphere, could not be relied upon in this, because, pressed by her desire to "educate the black man," she was constantly introducing primers "in words of one syllable" into the sweeping, the dusting, and the bed-making. She had even been known to suspend one open on the crane in the kitchen fire-place for the benefit of Aunt Dinah-Jim during the process (for which she was celebrated) of roasting wild turkey. But "the black man," including Aunt Dinah, would have been much more impressed by primers "in words of six."

For the rest of this afternoon, however, Margaret was free; she had several hours of daylight still before her. She walked on across the barren, and had gone about half the distance, when she was overtaken by Joe, the elder brother, the sixth elder brother, of the little Jewlyann for whom the medicine was intended. Joe, a black lad in a military cap, and a pair of his father's trousers, which were so well strapped up over his shoulders by fragmentary braces that they covered his breast and back, and served as jacket as well, took the vial from the lady who was so kind to them. And then Margaret, promising to pay her visit another day, turned back. As she approached East Angels again, she made a long detour, and entered on the

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southern side at the edge of the Levels. Here, pausing, she looked at her watch: it was not yet half past five: she turned and entered the southeastern woods, which came up at this point to the East Angels border. Once within the shaded aisles, she walked on, following no path, but wandering at random. Any one seeing her then would have said that the expression of her face was much altered; instead of the composure that usually held sway there, it was the expression of a person much agitated mentally, and agitated perhaps by unhappiness. She walked on with irregular steps, her hands interlocked and hanging before her, palms downward, her eyes on the ground. After some time she paused, and seemed to make an effort to press back her troubles, not only a mental effort, but a physical one, after the manner of people whose sensibilities are keen; she placed her hands over her forehead and eyes, and held them there with a firm pressure for several minutes. Then she let them drop, and looked about her.

She had wandered far; she was near the eastern boundary of the wood; Madam Giron's house was in sight—only a narrow field lay between. She was sufficiently acquainted with the forest to know that one of the paths must be near. Three paths crossed it, leading from East Angels to the Giron plantation and beyond; this would be the most easterly of the three. She turned to look for it.

It was not distant, and before long she came upon it. And at the moment she did so she caught a glimpse of Evert Winthrop's figure. He was on the other side of the path, at some distance from her, in the wood, but nearer its edge than she was; seated on a camp-stool, he was apparently using the last of the daylight to finish a sketch. For he had taken to sketching during his long stay at East Angels, producing pictures which were rather geometrical, it is true; but he maintained that there was geometry in every landscape.

Margaret had now entered the path, and was walking on toward the west.

It happened that Winthrop at this moment looked up. But he did not do so until her course had carried her so far past him that it was not necessary for her to bow or give sign of having seen him. He was too far off to speak; there was, in fact, a wide space between them, though they could see each other perfectly across the open glade. But though, by the breadth of a second, he had failed to look up in time to bow to her, he was in time to see that she had observed him—her eyes were in the very act of turning away. In that same instant, too, Margaret perceived that he saw she had observed him.

She passed on. A minute later a sharp bend in the path took her figure out of his sight. He looked after her for a moment, as though hesitating whether he would not follow her. Then he seemed to give up the idea; he returned to his sketch.

Margaret, meanwhile, walking rapidly along the path on the other side of the bend, came upon some one—Garda.

"Garda! you here?" she said, stopping abruptly.

"I might rather say, how in the world came *you* here?" answered Garda. "I thought you were out on the barren."

She spoke in her usual tone, and Margaret, who had been greatly startled upon seeing her, controlled herself. "I didn't go far on the barren. I met one of the boys and gave him the vial; then I came round this way for a walk. But it's time now for us both to go back; we shall be late as it is."

Garda gave a long sigh, which, however, ended in a smile. "Oh *dear!* it's too bad I've met you at this moment of all others, for of course now I shall have to tell you, and you'll be sure to be vexed. I'm not going back now; I'm going over to Madam Giron's to see Lucian."

Margaret looked at her. Her eyes for one brief instant showed uncertainty. But the uncertainty was immediately replaced by a decision: no, it was, it must be, that this girl did not in the least realize what she was doing, or rather what evil tongues might say of it; and in truth evil tongues had flourished so little in Gracias that she had small opportunity for comprehending their power. "It is foolish to go, Garda," she said at last, putting some ridicule into her tone. "Lucian has said good-by to you; he doesn't want to see you again."

Garda did not assert the contrary. And she remained perfectly unmoved by the ridicule. "But *I* want to see him," she explained.

"We can send for him, then—though he will laugh at you. There is plenty of time to send."

"No," replied Garda. "For I want to see him by myself, and that I couldn't do

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at the house; there'd be sure to be somebody about: you yourself wouldn't be very far off, I reckon. No: I've thought it all over, and I would rather see him at Madam Giron's."

"Absurd! You can not have anything of the least importance to say to him," said Margaret, still temporizing. She took the girl's hand and drew it through her arm.

"Oh, the important thing, of course, is to *see* him," answered Garda.

Winthrop was so far from the path that the low sound of their voices, speaking in their usual tones, could not reach him. But the bend was near; let Garda once pass it, and he would see her plainly. He would not only see her pass through the wood, but, from where he sat, he commanded the field which she would have to cross to reach Madam Giron's, and both the front and side entrances of that rambling old house, which lay opposite. All this pictured itself quickly in Margaret's mind. She tightened her hold on the girl's hand, and the ridicule left her voice. "Don't go, Garda," she said, beseechingly.

"I must; it's my last chance to be with him, to look at him."

"I shouldn't care much for a last chance which I had had to arrange entirely myself."

"Well, that is the difference between us—*I* should," Garda answered, serenely.

"I shall have to speak more plainly, then, and tell you that you must not go. It would be thought extremely wrong."

"Who would think so?"

"Everybody."

"You know you mean Evert," said Garda, amused.

"I mean everybody. But if it should be Evert too?"

"I shouldn't care."

"If he were somewhere about here now, and should see you, wouldn't you care for that?" asked Margaret, a change of expression, in spite of her effort to prevent it, passing over her face.

But Garda did not see the change, her eyes had happened to fall upon a loosened end of her sash; she drew her hand away in order to retie the long ribbons in a new knot, while she answered: "Do you mean see me going into Madam Giron's? No, provided he didn't follow me. I give you my word, Margaret, that I should really like to have Evert see me; I believe I'd go half a mile out of my way on purpose; he *is* so exasperatingly sure of—"

"Of what?"

"Of everything," answered Garda, making a grimace. "But especially of me." Having now adjusted the knot to her satisfaction, she raised her eyes again. "But *you* are the one that cares," she said, looking at her friend. "I can't tell you how sorry I am that you have met me here," she went on, in a tone of sincere regret. "But how in the world was I to imagine that you would change your mind, and come 'way round through this wood? It's too late now." And she walked on toward the bend.

Margaret stood still for a moment. Then she followed her. "Garda," she said, "I beg you not to go; I beg you here on my knees, if that will move you. Your mother left you to me; I stand in her place; think what she would have wished. Oh, my dear child, it would be very wrong to go. Listen to me and believe me."

Garda, struck by her agitation, had stopped. With a sort of soft outcry she had prevented her from kneeling. "Margaret! *you* kneel to *me*?—you dear, good, beautiful Margaret! You care so much about it, then?—so *very* much?"

"More than anything in the world," Margaret answered, in a voice unlike her own.

With one of her sudden impulses, Garda exclaimed, "Then I won't go!"

Margaret moved back a step, and leaned against the trunk of one of the great oaks.

"But somebody must tell Lucian, then," pursued Garda.

"Do you mean that he expects you?" said Margaret, lifting her head quickly. It had been resting against the tree.

"Not at the house. When he came over to say good-by, of course I made up my mind at once that I should see him again in some way before he started, and when you had gone out on the barren (as I supposed), I wrote a note and sent Pablo over with it."

"Oh, Garda! trust a servant—"

"Why, Pablo would let himself be torn to pieces before he would betray a Duero. I verily believe he thinks he's a Duero himself—a Duero a little sunburned! To show you how much confidence I have in him, in the note I asked Lucian to take this path, and come as far as the pool, where I would meet him at a certain hour.

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Then, after it was sealed, I remembered that I had not said clearly enough which path I meant (there are three, you know), and so I told Pablo to say to Mr. Spenser that I meant the eastern one. If I hadn't been afraid he would forget some of it, I should have trusted the old man with the whole message, and not taken the trouble to write at all. Well, after the note had gone I went to sleep. And then, when I woke, it came over me suddenly how much nicer it would be to see Lucian in the house instead of in the woods—for one thing, we could have chairs, you know—and so I came over earlier than I had at first intended, in order to get to Madam Giron's before he would be starting for the pool. But you have kept me so long that he must be starting now, I should think."

"Let us go home at once, then," said Margaret.

"No; I can't do that, Margaret; I can't let him go to the pool, and wait and wait there all for nothing. Who's that?" she added, in a startled voice.

They both looked westward. In this direction, the direction of East Angels, the path's course was straight for a long distance. The wood had grown somewhat dimmer in the slowly fading light, and the figure they now saw at the far end of this vista, coming toward them, was not yet clearly outlined. Yet they both recognized it.

"Dr. Kirby!" whispered Garda. She looked frightened. Margaret had never seen her show fear before. "He *knows*—he is coming after *me*. He would never be here at this hour unless it were for that." She seized Margaret's hands. "Oh, what shall I do? It isn't for myself I care, but he mustn't meet Lucian."

"Come into the woods. This way." And Margaret hurried her from the path, in among the trees on the south side of it.

But Garda stopped. "No; that leaves him to meet Lucian. And he *mustn't* meet Lucian. He *mustn't* meet Lucian."

From the point in the forest to which Margaret had brought her the southern end of Madam Giron's house was in sight as far as the side door. At this instant Lucian himself appeared; he opened the door, walked forward across the piazza, and stood there looking about him.

The sight of him doubled Garda's terror. "I must go and warn him," she said; "there's time."

"What is it you are so afraid of?" Margaret asked.

"The Doctor will shoot him."

"Nonsense! The Doctor won't do anything of the sort." The idea struck the Northern woman as childish.

"That only shows how little you know him," responded Garda, still in a whisper. "He thinks, of course, that it is Lucian who has been to blame."

Her white lips convinced Margaret even against her own beliefs. She knew that the girl had not a grain of the coward in her nature.

"I can't wait." And Garda broke from her friend's hold, and ran back toward the path and the bend.

Margaret was almost as quick as she was. She stopped her before the bend was reached. But though she stopped her, she felt that she could not detain her for more than an instant: the girl was past restraint now; her eyes had flashed at Margaret's touch.

"Listen, Garda: go back up the path, and meet Dr. Kirby yourself. Tell him anything you like to keep him away from here. *I* will warn Lucian." The bend was now not more than three yards distant, and, as she spoke, she looked at it. Her eyes had a strange expression.

"Will you go to the very house and take him in?" Garda demanded. "Because if you won't do that, I shall go myself."

"Yes, I will take him in."

"And will you stay there?"

"As long as it's necessary."

The implicit confidence which Garda had in her friend's word prevented her from having any misgivings. She turned and ran up the path toward Dr. Kirby, who was still at some distance (for these words and actions of the two women had been breathlessly swift), and who, owing to his near-sightedness, could not yet see her. When she thought he might be able to distinguish her figure she stopped running, and walked forward to meet him with her usual leisurely grace. The running had brought the color to her cheeks, and taken away the unwonted look of fear; all that was left of it was the eager attention with which she listened to what he said.

This was harmless enough. "Ah! you have been out taking the air?" he remarked, pleasantly.

In the mean while Margaret had passed

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the bend with rapid step, and followed the path down to the wood's edge. Reaching it, she did not pause, and soon her figure was clearly outlined crossing the narrow field toward Madam Giron's. She opened the gate in the low hedge, and went up to the side door. As it happened, Lucian had gone within for a moment, leaving the door open. Now he re-appeared, coming out. But at the same instant Margaret, crossing the piazza, laid her hand on his arm and drew him back. As he came forth in his strong youth and sunny beauty, she had felt herself unexpectedly and singularly seized by Garda's terror; she had never liked him, but now it rose before her, horrible and incredible—the vision of so much splendid physical life being suddenly brought low. She forgot that she had not believed in the reality of this danger; she was possessed by a womanish panic. Swayed by it, she quickly drew him within and closed the door. Yet though with a sudden shiver she had done this, in reality her whole soul was absorbed by another feeling compared with which the dread was as momentary as a ripple passing over a deep lake. It lasted no longer.

She had drawn Lucian within, and she had closed the door. But from where Evert Winthrop sat, with his eyes fixed upon their two figures, it looked as though Lucian had played the active part in this little scene, as though Lucian had taken her hand and led her within, and had then closed the door behind them.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. RUTHERFORD had dismissed Margaret for the remainder of the afternoon, saying that Dr. Kirby was coming to play backgammon with her. Soon after Margaret had started on her walk the Doctor came. They played a number of games. Mrs. Rutherford liked backgammon; and certainly nothing could be better adapted for a graceful use of beautiful hands. After the board had been put away, "there was conversation," as Betty would have said; Betty herself was present and took part in it. Then the Doctor left the two ladies, and went to his own room.

On the way he was stopped by Pablo, who had come upstairs for the purpose. "Please, sah, ter step down en see Sola; seems like he look mighty kuse."

Osceola had a corner of his own in his master's heart. At the first suggestion that any ill had befallen him, the Doctor seized his hat and hastened out to the stables, followed by the old negro, who did not make quite so much haste. The stout black horse, comfortable and glossy, seemed to be in the possession of his usual excellent health. "There's nothing the matter with him, Pablo," the Doctor said.

"Looks sorter quare ter me," Pablo answered; "'pears dat he doan git nuff exercise. Might ride 'em little ways now, befo' dark; I done put de saddle on on puppus." And Osceola in truth was saddled and bridled.

"I don't want to ride now," said the Doctor.

He had a great regard for Pablo, and humored him as all the former masters and mistresses of Gracias-á-Dios humored the decrepit old family servants who had been left stranded among them after the great wave of emancipation had swept over the land. Pablo, on his side, had as deep a respect for the Doctor as he could have for any one who was not of the blood of the Dueros.

"Do Sola lots er good ter go," he persisted, bending to alter one of the straps of the saddle: "he *not* well, sho. Might ride 'em long todes Maddum Giron's, 'cross de Lebbuls en troo de wood by de eastymose nigh-cut."

The Doctor was listening now with attention. Pablo went on working at the strap. "De *eastymose* nigh-cut," he repeated, as if talking to himself.

"Perhaps you are right," said the Doctor, after a moment, his eyes sharply scanning the withered black face which was bending over the strap. "And I suppose if I go at all, I might as well go at once, eh? So as not to have him out in the dew?"

"Yes, sah," answered Pablo. "De soonah de bettah, sah."

"Very well," said the Doctor.

Pablo led out the horse, and the Doctor mounted. "Mebbe, sah, if you's *gwine* as fur as Maddum Giron's, you'd be so good as ter kyar' dish yer note, as I wuz gwine fer ter kyar it myse'f, on'y my rheumatiz is so bad," said the old man. He held up an envelope, which he had carefully wrapped in brown paper, so that it should not become soiled in his pocket.

The Doctor's face showed no expression of any kind. And Pablo's own counte-

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nance remained stolidly dull. "I hope you'll skuse me, sah, fer askin'," he said, respectfully; "it's my bad rheumatiz, sah."

"Yes, Pablo, I know. I can as well carry the note as not," said the Doctor, carelessly.

Pablo made a jerk with his head and hand, which was his usual salutation, and the Doctor rode off.

When at a distance from the house, and among the trees where no one could see him, he took out the package and opened it. It contained a sealed envelope with an address. Holding it out at a distance from his eyes in order to be able to read it without his glasses, he found that the name was Lucian Spenser, and the handwriting was Garda's. The Doctor sat there for a moment staring at it. Then he put the note back in his pocket and rode on. Even there, where there was no one to see him but the birds, his face betrayed nothing.

He went toward the Levels. Reaching them, he crossed to the point where the southeastern wood came up to their border, and, dismounting, tied his horse and entered the wood by the easterly path. Passing the pool, which glimmered dimly in the dense shade, he came to the long straight vista which led to the bend. Here, when half-way across, he saw a figure coming toward him, and a moment later he recognized it—Garda.

He doffed his hat with his usual ceremony. "Ah, you have been out taking the air?" he said, pleasantly.

"Yes," replied Garda. "But I'm going back now."

"Did you go far?" He spoke with his customary kindly interest in all she did. While speaking he put on his glasses and looked down the path. There was no one in sight.

"No," Garda answered; "only a little way beyond here. I had thought of going over to Madam Giron's to bid a second good-by to Lucian Spenser. Then I changed my mind. I'm going home now without seeing him; that is, I've *started* for home," she added, half smiling, half sighing. "I don't know whether I shall get there."

"We will go together," said the Doctor, offering her his arm. "I shall give myself the pleasure of accompanying you, if you will permit it. I think I have had walk enough for to-day." He stopped a moment, however, to admire the size of the oaks; he delivered quite an eloquent apostrophe to Nature, as she reveals herself "in bark." Then he turned, and they went back toward East Angels, walking slowly onward, and talking as they went.

That is, the Doctor talked. And his conversation had never been more delightful. He spoke of the society of the city of Charleston in colonial times; he described the little church at Goose Creek, now buried in woods, but still preserving its ancient tombs and hatchments; he enumerated the belles, each a toast far and wide, who had reigned in the manor-houses on the Ashley and Cooper rivers. Coming down to modern times, he even said a few words about Lucian Spenser. "You find him agreeable; yes—yes; he *has* rather an engaging wit of the light modern sort. But it's superficial; it has no solidity; it has, as I may say, no proper *form*. When you have seen more of the world, my child, you will know better how to estimate such qualities at their true worth. But I can well understand that they amuse you for the present—the young man is, in fact, very amusing; in the old days, Garda, your ancestors would have enjoyed having just such a person for their family jester."

Garda looked off through the woods to hide her smile—it was almost a laugh. If the Doctor could have seen that smile, he might not have been so well content with his jester comparison. But he could not see it, and he remained convinced that his idea had been a particularly happy one. "A feather's-weight touch," he said to himself, with almost grateful self-congratulation; "but masterly! I doubt whether even Walpole could have done it better." And he gave a swallow of satisfaction.

As they approached the Levels he made a little turn through the wood in order to look at a tree with a peculiarly curved trunk—another form of nature as manifested in bark—and this brought Garda out at some distance from Osceola, who was hidden by an intervening thicket. They walked across the Levels, and at length reached the house, the Doctor going in with his ward, accompanying her upstairs, still talking cheerfully, and leaving her at her door; he then went on with leisurely step to his own room. But this apartment possessed two entrances; coming in at the first, the Doctor, after closing this door behind him, merely crossed his floor and went out through the second, which opened upon

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a corridor leading to another stairway. In three minutes he was on his way back to the Levels.

Having crossed them again, he found Osceola standing meditatively where he had left him. Osceola was a patient beast. He mounted him, and rode into the wood, following the same path which he had just traversed with Garda; he intended to follow it to the end. On the way he met no one. At the house he found no one. His two long journeys on foot across the Levels had taken time; he was not a rapid walker; he could not be with such neatly finished steps. When, therefore, he drew rein at Madam Giron's, all was closed and dark; there was no one about.

The moon was rising; by its light he made his way back to Cajo's cabin near the branch.

"Cajo?"

Cajo came out. He was astonished to see the Doctor.

"I came over to speak to Mr. Spenser a moment, Cajo. Has he gone, then?"

"Yes, sah; went more'n 'nour ago."

"Ah, earlier than he intended, I conjecture. But I dare say some one else has been over from East Angels this evening?" The Doctor used the word "evening" in its Southern acceptation as "afternoon."

"No, sah; no one." And Cajo spoke the truth; neither he nor Juana had been at the "big house" when Margaret came, and they had not seen her go away. But the Doctor of course was not thinking of Margaret.

"Ah! Very possibly Mr. Spenser strolled over again in our direction, then? I was occupied, and shouldn't have seen him. He had plenty of time to come."

"No, sah; he 'ain't gwine nowhar; he come home befo' fibe, en here he stay twel he start."

"It's of no consequence, though I thought I should have been in time. I hope you have persevered, Cajo, in the use of that liniment I sent you for your lame arm?"

And after a few more words with the old couple, who stood bowing and courtesying at their low door, the Doctor rode Osceola on a walk down the winding path which led from Madam Giron's to the water road. This water road ran southward from East Angels, following the edge of the lagoon; it was comparatively broad and open, and, though longer, the Doctor now preferred it to that dark track through the wood, since it had become evident that there was no one in the wood at present with whom it was necessary that he should hold some slight conversation.

Reaching East Angels in safety, he entered the drawing-room half an hour later, very tired, but freshly dressed, and repressing admirably all signs of his fatigue. He found Mrs. Carew engaged in telling Garda's fortune in solemn state with four packs of cards, as an appropriate rite for Christmas Eve; the cards were spread upon a large table before her, and Garda and Winthrop were looking on. Upon inquiring for Margaret (the Doctor always inquired for the absent), he was told that she was suffering from headache, and would not be able to join them.

Garda was very merry; she was merry over the fact that a certain cousin of Madam Ruiz, whom they had never any of them seen, kept turning up (the card that represented him) through deal after deal as her close companion in the "fortune," while the three other named cards—Winthrop, Manuel, and De Torrez—remained as determinedly remote from her as the table would allow.

"I don't see what ever induced me to put him in at all," said Betty, in great vexation, rubbing her chin spitefully with the card she was holding in her hand. "I suppose it's because Madam Ruiz has kept talking about him—Julio de Sandoval, Julio de Sandoval—and something in his name always reminded me of sandal-wood, you know, which is so nice, though some people *do* faint away if you have fans made of it, which is dreadful at concerts, of course, because then they have to be carried out, and that naturally makes everybody think, of course, that the house is on fire. Well, the *real* trouble was, Garda, that I had to have four knights for you, of course, because that's the rule, and there are only *three* unmarried men in Gracias — Mr. Winthrop, Manuel (*he's* away), and De Torrez (*he's* away too)— which I must say is a *very* poor assortment for anybody to choose from!"

This entirely unintended disparagement made Winthrop smile. In spite of his smile, however, the Doctor thought he looked preoccupied. The Doctor had put on his glasses to inspect Betty's spread-out cards, and, having them on, he took the opportunity to glance across two or three times at their host, who had now left the table, and was seated with a newspaper near a lamp on the opposite side of

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the room. Their host, for such in fact he was, though everything at East Angels went on in Mrs. Rutherford's name, seemed to the furtively watching Kirby to be at present something more than preoccupied; his face behind the paper (he probably thought he was not observed) had taken on a stern expression. Having established this point beyond a doubt, the Doctor felt his cares growing heavier. He crossed the room to a distant window, and stood there looking out by himself for some time.

It troubled him to see Winthrop with that expression. And the reason it troubled him was because he could not tell what sternness with him might mean. It might mean—and then again it might not mean—he confessed to himself that he had not the least idea what interpretation to give it; he had never really understood this Northerner at all. Garda was engaged to him, of course; there was no doubt of that. He wished with all his heart that the engagement had never been formed. But he recognized that wishes were useless; the thing was done. To the Doctor, an engagement was almost as binding as a marriage. He stared out into the darkness in a depressed sort of way, and his back, which was all of him that could be seen by the others, had a mournful look. The Doctor's back was always expressive; but generally it expressed a gallant cheerfulness that met the world bravely. Winthrop's purchase, at a high price, not only of East Angels, with its empty old fields, but also of all the outlying tracts of swamp and forest land owned by the Dueros, to the very last acre, had made Garda's position independent as regarded money. But in his present mood the Doctor cursed the independence as well as the wealth that had produced it. Independence? What does a young girl want with independence? Garda had needed nothing. They were able to take care of her themselves, and they wanted no such gross modern fortunes invading and deteriorating Gracias-á-Dios! But it was too late now; their little girl was engaged.

As to her imprudence of to-day—he had decided in his own mind that, as there had been a note and mention to Pablo of "the eastern path," there must have been some plan for a meeting—that was owing to her taste for amusement, or rather for being amused. They had not, perhaps, paid sufficient attention to this trait of hers. But, in any case, it was on her side nothing but thoughtlessness. The person who had been to blame, and deeply, was Lucian Spenser. He (the Doctor) had been too late in his pursuit of Lucian. But perhaps Winthrop would not be too late. For of course Winthrop would wish—But there, again—would he wish? The Doctor felt with bewildered discomfiture that he had not sufficient knowledge of this man's opinions to enable him to form any definite conclusions on this subject, plain and simple as the matter appeared to his own vision.

And then, in order to wish anything, Winthrop must first know. And who was to tell him? And when he had been told, would he take their view, his (the Doctor's) view—the only true one—of Garda's taste for being amused? The Doctor felt that he should like to see him take any other! Still, he did not own Evert Winthrop, and he could not help asking himself whether any of that sternness now visible on the face behind the newspaper would be apt to fall upon Garda, in case the possessor of the face should have a different opinion from theirs as to her little fancies. He clinched his fist at the mere thought.

Garda's voice broke in upon his reverie. She summoned him to the table to see the conclusion of her "fortune." And as he obeyed her summons, his cares suddenly grew lighter: a girl with such a frank voice as that could not possibly have a secret on her mind (in the midst of this reasoning the Doctor would have knocked down anybody, beginning with himself, who had dared to suggest that she had); and a girl with such delicious beauty need fear no sternness. Now or at any time sternness would melt before her.

That night, before going to bed, the Doctor burned upon the hearth of his own room Garda's sealed note just as it was. And he took the precaution, furthermore, to wrap it in an old newspaper, in order that he should not by chance see any of its written words in the momentary magnifying power of the flames. A limp flannel dressing-gown of orange hue with a black alpaca border, and an orange silk handkerchief in the shape of a tight turban, formed his costume during this rite. But no knight of old (poet's delineation) was ever influenced by a more delicate sense of honor than was this flannel-draped

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cavalier of Gracias as he walked up and down his room, keeping his eyes turned away from the hearth until the dying light told him that nothing was left but ashes.

Then he sat down and meditated. If he should make up his mind to speak to Winthrop, there must be of course some mention of Garda, even if but a word. To the Doctor's sense it was supremely better that there should be no mention. There was no reason for mentioning her on her own account—not the slightest. It was on account of Lucian—yes, Lucian! If he had met that young man in the woods, or if he had found him at Madam Giron's, he could not tell; he might—he *might* have called him to account rather sharply. And now, in case he did not speak to Winthrop, Lucian would escape, he would escape all reckoning for his misdeeds—a thing which seemed to the Doctor insupportable. Still, he was gone; his place among them was safely empty at last. And here the thinker could not but realize that it was better for everybody that the place should be empty from a voluntary departure than from one which might have resounded through the State, and been termed perhaps—involuntary! And with a flush of conscious color over his own past heat, the fiery little gentleman sought his bed.

The next morning it was discovered that Mrs. Harold's headache had meant an attack of fever. The fever was not severe. But it kept her confined to her bed for eight days. Mrs. Carew took her place at the head of the household, and Mrs. Carew's dearest Katrina had a course of severer mental discipline than she had been afflicted with for many months, for she found herself desperately uncomfortable every hour without Margaret and Margaret's supervision of affairs; yet she could not complain of this to any thoroughly assuaging extent, because she had never in the least acknowledged that her comfort depended upon her niece's ministrations. She could complain, however, and she did complain, that Margaret had without doubt made herself ill by her own imprudences. She mentioned this plaintively as "thoughtless" in the face of her own confirmed invalid state.

Garda did all she could for Margaret. There was something in illness that was extremely strange to her. She had never been ill for a moment in all her recollection, and her delicate little mother had held illness at bay for herself by sheer force of determination all her life, until at last the fragile frame in which her courageous spirit had been imprisoned was worn out. Though Garda, therefore, could not be called a good nurse, she was at least an affectionate one. She came in often, though she did not stay long, and she was so radiant with life and health when she did come that it seemed as if the weary woman who looked at her from the pillow must imbibe some vigor from the mere sight of her.

The fever was soon subdued by Dr. Kirby's prompt remedies. But Margaret's strength came back but slowly, so slowly that Mrs. Rutherford "could not understand it": Aunt Katrina never "understood" anything that interfered with her comfort. However, on the eleventh day her niece came in to see her for a few moments, looking white and shadowy, it is true, but quite herself in every other way. On the fourteenth day she took her place again at the head of the house, and Betty, with her endless kind-heartedness and her disreputable old corpulent carpet-bag, with a lion pictured on its sides, no lock, and its handles tied together with a piece of string, returned to her home.

That night—it was the 7th of January—there was a great storm, a high wind from the north, with torrents of rain. Mrs. Rutherford, having, as she complained, "nothing to amuse her," had fallen asleep just before it began, and, strange to say, she slept through it all. When she said she had "nothing," she meant "nobody," and her "nobody" was, contradictorily enough, Dr. Reginald. For the Doctor was not at East Angels that night; he had remained there constantly through the first five days of Margaret's illness, and he now felt that he must give some time to his patients in Gracias. Winthrop also was absent.

To the astonishment and the indignation, too, of Betty, Winthrop had started early on Christmas morning on a journey up the St. John's River; when she and Garda had come in to breakfast he was not there, and Dr. Kirby, entering later, had informed them that Telano had given him a note which said that he (Winthrop) had rather suddenly decided to take this excursion immediately, instead of waiting until the 1st of February, his original date.

"Rather suddenly decided—I should think so!" said Betty. "Between bed-

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time and daylight; that's all. And on Christmas morning too! I never heard of such a thing! All the men have gone mad." But here her attention was turned from Winthrop's delinquencies by the entrance of Celestine with the tidings of Margaret's fever.

Before he had joined the ladies at the breakfast table that morning, the Doctor, contrary to his usual custom, had been out. He had been greatly startled by Winthrop's note, which Telano had brought to him as soon as he was up. Hurrying his dressing, he had hastened forth to make inquiries. The note had stated that its writer was going to the Indian River. But the Doctor did not believe in this story of the Indian River at all. He learned that Winthrop had started about six o'clock, driving his own horses (he had a pair besides his saddle-horse), and taking his man Tom, who was to bring the horses back. The Doctor began to make estimates: Lucian had got off about eight the evening before; he was therefore ten hours in advance of Winthrop. Still, if he had been kept waiting at the river (and the steamers were often hours behind time), Winthrop, with his fast horses, might reach the landing before he (Lucian) had left. And in any case Winthrop could follow him by the next boat. The Doctor had visions of his following him all the way to New Orleans.

How it was possible that Winthrop could have known of an intention of Garda's which she had not carried out (for of course it was that intention which had made him follow Lucian), how it was possible that Winthrop could have known of a note which he himself had reduced, unread, to ashes upon his own hearth, the Doctor did not stop to ask; neither did he stop to reflect that if Winthrop had been bent upon following Lucian, it was probable that he would have started at once, instead of waiting uselessly ten hours. He prescribed for Margaret. Then he rode over to Madam Giron's to make further inquiries.

The horse and wagon that had taken Lucian across the country had returned, and the negro boy who had acted as driver said that Mr. Spenser had not been delayed at all at the landing: the *Volusia* was lying there when they drove up, and Mr. Spenser had gone on board immediately, and then, five minutes later, the boat had started on her course down the river—that is, northward. But, in spite of this intelligence, the Doctor remained a prey to restlessness. He battled all day with Margaret's fever, almost in a fever himself; he was constantly thinking that he heard the gallop of a messenger's horse coming to summon him somewhere. But nothing came, save, late in the afternoon, Winthrop's own horses, and they went modestly round to the stables without pausing. The Doctor went out to see Tom.

Tom said that his master had been obliged to wait two hours at the landing; he had then taken the slow old *Hernando* when she touched there on her way up the river, going, of course, southward. The Doctor went off to the garden, and walked up and down with a rapid step; he was passing through a sudden revulsion of feeling. He knew those two boats and their routes; he knew that one had as certainly taken Lucian northward as that the other had carried Evert Winthrop in precisely the opposite direction. And this was not a country of railways: neither man could make a rapid detour or retrace his steps by train; there was only the river and the same deliberate boats upon which they were already voyaging in opposite directions. He was relieved, of course—he kept assuring himself of this—that there was to be no encounter between the two men. But he could not keep back a feeling of anger against himself—hot, contemptuous anger—for ever having supposed for one moment that there could be; could be—with Evert Winthrop for one of the men! Or, for that matter, with Lucian Spenser for the other. The present generation was a very poor affair; he was glad, at least, that nobody could say *he* belonged to it. And then the Doctor, who did not know himself exactly what it was he wanted, kicked a fragment of coquina out of his path so vindictively that it flew half-way across the garden, and went off for a walk on the barren to calm himself down. Since then several letters had come from Winthrop: he was hunting on the Indian River.

When, therefore, the storm broke over East Angels on the evening of the day upon which Margaret had taken again the reins of the household, she and Garda were alone. After her visit to Mrs. Rutherford, whom she had found quietly sleeping, with Celestine keeping watch beside her, Margaret came back to the

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drawing-room, closing the door behind her. Garda had made a great blaze of light-wood on the hearth, so that the room was aglow with the brilliant flame; she was sitting on the rug looking at it, and she had drawn forward a large, deep arm-chair for Margaret.

"I am pretending it's a winter night at the North," she said, "and that you and I have drawn close to the fire because it's so *cold*. Come and sit down. I wonder if you're really well enough to be up, Margaret?"

"I'm perfectly well," Margaret answered, sinking into the chair and looking at the blaze.

The rain dashed against the window-panes, the wind whistled. "Isn't it like the North?" demanded Garda.

Margaret shook her head. "Too many roses." The room was full of roses.

"They might have come from a conservatory," Garda suggested.

"It isn't like it," said Margaret, briefly.

"Well, I don't know that I care. Margaret, what did you say to Lucian? It's two weeks ago, and this is the first chance I have had to ask you; it has seemed a very long time."

"Yes, I know," said Margaret; "you have had to wait." As Garda spoke, her face had contracted for an instant as though from sudden pain.

"You don't want to talk about it—is that it?" said Garda, who had noticed this expression. "Because you think it was so dreadful for me to be going there?"

Margaret did not tell what she thought on this point. "Of course you want to know what I said," she answered. "For one thing, I said nothing whatever about you, I made no allusion to your proposed meeting at the pool, or—"

"That's fortunate, since Lucian knew nothing about it."

"Why, didn't you ask him in your note?"

"He never got the note: I've been thinking about it, and I'm convinced of that. I'll tell you afterward. Please go on now about what you said."

"I said as little as I could; I had no desire for a long conversation. I told Mr. Spenser it would be well if he could start immediately, as I had reason to fear that Dr. Kirby, who, as he knew, had many old-fashioned ideas, might think it necessary to come over and take him to task in—in various ways, and that it would be better, of course, to avoid so absurd a proceeding as that."

"And then did he go?"

"Yes. He said, 'Anything you think best, Mrs. Harold, of course,' and made his preparations immediately."

"Didn't he ask any questions?"

"No; as I told you, I had no desire to talk, and I presume he saw it. I waited until he was ready, and it was time to call Cajo and order the wagon; then I slipped out through one of the long windows on the east side of the house, as I didn't care to have the servants see me. I went through the grove that skirts the water, and as I came into the main avenue again, just at the gate, the wagon passed me, and he was in it. He did not see me, as I had stepped back among the trees when I heard the sound of wheels. Then I came home."

"Yes—and went to bed and had a fever."

"It's over now."

"Didn't Lucian think it odd—your coming?" Garda went on.

"Very likely. I don't know what he thought."

"And you don't care, I suppose you mean. Well, Margaret, I know you don't think there was any real danger; but I can assure you that there was. You may call Dr. Kirby's starting off to go over there absurd. But absurd or not, *I* was horribly frightened when I saw him coming, and you can not say, I think, that I am frightened easily. I don't know what he might not have done if he had met Lucian!"

"I can't agree with you about all that, Garda, though I confess that for a moment, when I first came upon Mr. Spenser at the door, I was as frightened as you were. But it didn't last; there was no sense in it."

Garda shook her head. "You don't understand—"

"Perhaps I don't," answered Margaret, with rather a weary intonation. "If Lucian didn't get your note, where is it?"

"The Doctor got it. That is the way he knew, don't you see? Pablo gave it to him."

"Pablo—the servant who could not betray you?"

"You mean that for sarcasm. But there's no cause," Garda answered. "Poor old Pablo was never more devoted to me, according to his light, than when he went to the Doctor; he knew he could trust the

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Doctor as he trusted himself. You don't comprehend our old servants, Margaret; you haven't an idea how completely they identify themselves with 'de fambly,' as they call it. Well, Pablo didn't tell the Doctor anything in actual words, and in fact he had nothing to tell except 'the eastern path'; I told him that myself, you remember. I presume he suggested in some roundabout way that the Doctor should take an evening walk through that especial 'nigh-cut.'" And Garda laughed. "And of course he gave him the note—nothing less than that would have taken the Doctor 'way out there at that hour; Pablo probably pretended that he couldn't take the note himself on account of his rheumatism, and asked the Doctor to send somebody else with it, and then the Doctor said he would take it himself. And, through the whole, you may be sure that neither of them made the very least allusion to *me*. The Doctor, then, had the 'eastern path' to guide him, and the certainty that I had written to Lucian—for of course he saw the address; with that he started off."

"You think that he did not open the note?"

"Open it? Nothing could have made him open it."

"But he is your guardian, and as such, under the circumstances—"

"He might be twenty guardians, and under a thousand circumstances, and he would never do it," said Garda, securely. "I presume he burned it just as it was; I have no doubt he did. Margaret, I wonder if you remember how cold you were to me that night when you came home? Of course I knew that the Doctor would go straight back to Madam Giron's as soon as he had seen me safely inside my own door, and I couldn't help being anxious. I waited, and waited. And at last you came. But you were so strange! You scarcely spoke to me. You wouldn't tell me anything except that Lucian was safely gone."

"I couldn't; I was ill," Margaret answered. She rested her elbow on the arm of the chair, and put her hand over her eyes.

"Yes, I understood, or if I didn't that night, I did the next morning when the fever appeared. You are a wonderful woman, Margaret," the girl went on. She had clasped her hands round her knees, and was looking at the blaze. "How you did go and do that for me without a moment's hesitation, when you hated to so, and when you thought, too, that there was no real danger! You have never really liked Lucian in the least; and to appear there suddenly at that hour, all alone, just to save him from some little annoyance—for that was all it seemed to you—must have made you *writhe*."

"I don't know that I writhed," responded Margaret.

"Not outwardly. Far from it. You were as trim and calm as you always are, I know; you stood up straight, and did it all as gracefully as possible, and—as icily. But never mind, you *did* it. How extraordinarily kind you always are to me!" And Garda surveyed her friend with a speculative admiration which was partly curiosity and partly wonder. "It seems so strange to me that you should be willing to do what you can't bear to do, just to gratify somebody else. I could never do that. I never *would*."

Margaret did not reply.

Garda still looked at her. "I was going to tell you something more," she went on. "But I don't dare to; I am afraid you are not really well yet."

Margaret's hand dropped. "I am perfectly well. What is it you were going to say?" She sat erect now. Her eyes showed a light which appeared like apprehension.

"I should like you to know it first," said Garda, her gaze returning to the hearth. "Evert is coming home to-morrow, and I want to tell you beforehand: I am going to break my engagement. I don't care for him. Why, then, should I stay engaged?"

"You mean that you think it's wrong?"

"I mean that I think it's tiresome. I have only let it go on as long as it has to please you: you must know that. I should have told him long ago, only you wouldn't let me; don't you remember? You have made me promise twice not to tell him."

"Because I thought you would come to your senses."

"I have come to them—now. The difficulty with you is, Margaret, that you think he will care about it; that it will hurt him. But it won't hurt him at all. He doesn't really care about it. He never did care for me."

"And if you don't care for him, as you say, may I ask how your engagement was formed?"

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Garda laughed a little softly to herself. "I don't wonder you ask. I'll tell you. I *did* care for him then. For some time before that night on the barren I had been thinking about him more and more, and I ended by thinking of nothing but just that one idea—how queer it would be, and how—how exciting, if I could only make him change a little; make him do as *I* wanted him to do. You know how cool he is, and how quiet. I think it was that that tempted me; I wanted to see if I could." She turned her eyes toward Margaret for an instant as she said this; she seemed to think that Margaret would sympathize with her in this desire. "And, besides, you must remember that I *did* care for him then; I liked him ever so much. I can't explain to myself or you what has become of the feeling, but it was certainly there at the time. Well, when you're lost out on a barren all night, everything's different; you can say what you feel. And that's what I did. Or at least I let him see it; I let him see how much I had been thinking about him, how much I cared for him. I am afraid I told him in so many words," added the girl, after a moment's meditative pause. "I only say 'afraid' on your account; on my own, I don't see any reason why I shouldn't say it if it was true."

Then, in answer, not to any words from Margaret, but to some slight movement of hers, "You don't believe it," she went on; "you don't believe I cared for him. I don't know how I can convince you. Why, how do you suppose I could have told him, if it wasn't true? I shouldn't have known how. How do you suppose I could tell *you* now? It's perfectly easy to tell what you really feel, or really have felt; but it's very hard work to make up, and I never try to." She moved nearer, and put her head down upon Margaret's knee, still looking at the flame. "*He* believed me, at any rate. He couldn't help it. At that moment I cared for him more than I cared for anybody in the world, and he saw that I did; it was easy enough to see. So that was the way of it. We came back engaged. And I *did* like him so much!—isn't it odd? I thought him wonderful. I don't suppose he has changed. But I have. He is probably wonderful still, but I don't care about him any more. And that is what I can not understand—that he has not seen in all this time how different I am; how completely the feeling, whatever it was, that I had for him has gone. It seems to me that anybody not blind ought to have seen it long ago, for it didn't last but a little while. And then, too, not to have seen it since Lucian came back!"

"He wouldn't allow himself to think such things of you."

"Now you are angry with me," said Garda, not turning her head, but putting up one hand caressingly on Margaret's arm. "Why should you be angry? What have I done but change? Can I help changing? *I* don't do it; it does itself; it *happens*. You needn't try to tell me that one love, if a true one, lasts forever, because it's nothing of the kind. Look at" —here Garda made a great effort to be historical—"look at second marriages." Then she relapsed into her old narrative tone. "I really cared for Evert. And now I don't care for him. But I don't see that I am to blame for either the one or the other. People don't care for people because they *try* to, but because it comes in spite of them. And it's the same way when it stops. I acknowledge, Margaret, that *you* are one of the kind to care once, and have it last forever. But there are very few women like you, I am sure. Isn't it curious that I have always appreciated you? I am worth nothing beside you, and yet I have always seen what you were, and admired you beyond everything; and it's so odd that it should be left to *me* to do that—it's the queerest thing in the world. Well, I *have* appreciated you. I freely acknowledge that *you* would only care once, and care forever."

She turned, as she said this, in order to look up at her friend. And as she did so she saw that Margaret had covered her face with both hands. Quickly the girl left her place on the rug to stand beside her. Her attitude was almost a protecting one. "Oh," she said, "how I *hate* everybody that makes you so unhappy!"

Margaret now rose also. "Nobody does that," she answered. She left Garda standing there, and turned toward the door.

Garda let her cross the room. "Then to-morrow I shall tell Evert," she remarked, concludingly.

Margaret stopped. "You must do what you think right." Then she turned toward Garda again, though she did not look at her. "Even if you break off your

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engagement, Garda, it isn't necessary to say anything about Lucian, is it?—this feeling you suppose you have for him? I wish you would promise me not to speak of him in any way."

"'Suppose!'" said Garda. "You're always yourself, aren't you, Margaret; you can't understand people like me. But I am afraid I can not promise what you ask, because, don't you see" (here she came across to her friend, who was standing with one hand on the door)—"don't you see that I shall *have* to speak of Lucian? I shall have to say how much I like him. Because, after what I let Evert think that night on the barrens, nothing less will convince *him* that I don't care for *him* any more; that I've got over it. For he believed me then—as well he might; it was real—and he has never stopped believing. And he never will stop—he wouldn't know how—until I tell him in so many words that I adore somebody else. Perhaps he will stop then; he knew what it was when I adored *him*."

Margaret looked at her without speaking.

"Dear me! Margaret, don't *hate* me," said Garda, abandoning her candid presentation of the case and clinging in distress to her friend.

"Promise me at least not to tell Evert anything about that last afternoon before Lucian left—your plan for meeting him at the pool, your going on toward the house and coming upon me, our seeing Dr. Kirby, and your fear—in short all that happened."

"I suppose I can promise that, if you care about it. But you mustn't hate me, Margaret."

"What makes you think I hate you?" asked Margaret, forcing a smile.

"A look 'way back in your eyes," Garda answered, the tears shining in her own.

"Never mind about looks 'way back; take those that are nearer the front," responded Margaret. She drew herself away, opened the door, and went down the hall toward her own room.

Garda followed her. But at her door Margaret stopped. "Good-night," she said.

"Are you going to shut yourself up? Mayn't I go through your room to mine? Mayn't I have the door open between?" said Garda. "I'm so afraid of the storm!" The rain was still beating against the windows, the wind was now a gale. "I know I shall keep thinking of the sea."

"I am very tired. And the sound of the storm is as loud in my room as in yours. I'm afraid I can't calm the sea."

"Well, I won't tease," said Garda; "I see you want to be alone." She kissed her friend, and went mournfully down the hall toward her own door. Then her mood seemed to change, for she called back, "I shall keep my lamp burning all night, then."

This was a small hanging lamp of copper, of which Garda was very fond. It had once been thinly coated over with silver, and it had every appearance of having been made to hang before a shrine; there was a tradition, indeed, that though it had been at East Angels longer than even the Old Madam could remember, it had come originally from that East Mission of Our Lady of the Angels which had given the Duero house its name; the lamp remained, though the little coquina shrine built for the red-skins had vanished as completely as the red-skins themselves.

Raquel knew how to make a particular kind of oil, highly perfumed with fragrant gums; she made this, in small quantities at a time, for Garda, who burned it in this lamp in her own room, and greatly enjoyed the aromatic odor it gave out. Margaret had remonstrated with her for the fancy. "I can not think it is wholesome," she said, "to sleep in such a heavily perfumed atmosphere."

"I sleep a great deal better in it than I ever do in your plain, thin, cold, *white-washed* sort of air," Garda had responded, laughing.

To-night, after lighting her candle, she lighted this lamp also.

"It's burning!" she said, calling through the closed door between their two rooms with child-like defiance. But she got no answer, though she waited for one.

She did not wait long, however. In spite of what she had said about her fears, she was soon asleep. The old lamp kept its faint sweet gleaming vigil above her. And the storm raged outside.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THAT same evening Evert Winthrop was watching the storm on the St. John's River. It had begun to darken the north-western sky at sunset; rising higher and

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higher, at length it had come sweeping down the broad stream. First the broken lurid edge, like little puffs of white smoke, of the blackness that followed behind; and that was the wind. Then the blackness itself, pierced here and there by lightning. Then, last, in perpendicular columns extending from the sky to the smooth water below (water that had been pressed flat by wind that had gone on before), the rain, falling straight downward densely and softly; the line across the river made by the advancing drops on one side and the smooth water which they had not yet reached on the other was as distinct as one made across a piece of velvet when one half of its nap has been turned sharply back while the other remains undisturbed.

The old white house, once a private residence, where Winthrop was spending the night, was now a reluctant hotel; that is, inmates were received there, and allowed to find their way about, to sit round a brilliant light-wood fire on the broad hearth of the pleasant old parlor on cold evenings, to bask in the sunshine on the piazzas during the day, or wander under the magnificent trees, which, draped in silver moss, formed long avenues on the river-bank north and south. They were also allowed to partake of food in the dining-room, where the mistress of the house, a dignified old lady, poured out her coffee herself at the head of her table, the cups being carried about by half-grown negro boys and girls, whose appearance was not in the least an indication of the quality of the beverage, that quality being excellent. This old house, when it had thus changed itself rather half-heartedly into a hotel after the war, had been obliged to put out a dock; a sign it could dispense with; it could dispense with many things; but an inn of any sort it could not be on the St. John's without a dock, since the river was the highway, and its wide shallows near shore made it necessary for the steamers to land their passengers far out in the stream. All these "docks" on the St. John's were in reality long narrow piers, formed by spiles driven into the bed of the stream, over whose tops planks had been nailed down, and if a plank was missing here and there, was it not always easy to jump over?

Near the end of the pier belonging to Winthrop's present abode there was a little building about six feet square. This was the United States post-office. Any one who should doubt it had only to look at the legal notices, written in ink with many flourishes, which had been carefully and tightly tacked up on the outside. Generally these notices had been so blurred by the rain that all the "men" who were required to "know" the various matters written underneath by this proclamation thereof, could have made out a good defense for themselves in case of prosecution for failure to comply, since how could they "know" what they could not decipher? But even if the notices had been printed in fairest type, it is hardly probable that the inhabitants would have "known" them any better; they had always hunted and fished wherever and whenever they pleased: it was not likely that a piece of paper tacked up on a shanty a quarter of a mile out in the St. John's was going to change these rights now. The only proclamation they felt any interest in was that which offered bounties for the scalps of wild-cats, a time-honored and sensible ordinance, by which a little money could always be secured.

Winthrop had come down the river that afternoon; his steamer had left him here, as she did not touch at the Gracias landing, which was further down-stream on the opposite shore. The next morning a boat would pass which did touch there; he must wait for that. The steamer that brought him had also brought the United States mails from the up-river country; the postmaster, a silent man in high boots and 'coon-skin cap, received the bag with dignity. Winthrop watched the distribution of its contents, one limp yellow-enveloped letter and a coffee-pot. When he came down to the pier's end again at sunset the 'coon-skin-crowned official had gone home. But, in a friendly spirit, he had left the post-office unlocked—there was a chair there which some one might like to borrow. Winthrop borrowed it now—of the United States; he brought it outside and sat there alone, watching the approach of the storm. The beautiful river with its clear brown water lay before him, wide as a lake. On the opposite shore the soft foliage of palmettoes, like great ostrich plumes, rose against the sky. But he was not thinking of the river; he was not even thinking of the black cloud, though his eyes were apparently fixed upon it. He did not stir until the wind was fairly upon him; then he retreated to the post-office, placed his chair inside, and sat there un-

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der cover at the open door. For a moment he did think of the storm, for it seemed as if the little house over him would be carried off the pier, and sent floating up the stream like a miniature ark. But after the wind had passed on, his mind returned to the old subject, the subject which had engrossed him ever since he left East Angels fourteen days before.

His brief letters had stated that he was hunting, fishing, sailing, and exploring, and that he had been all through the Dummit orange grove. It was true that he had been engaged in all the ways he described, and it was probable also that his various guides and chance companions had not perceived any lack of interest, or at least of energy, in the Northerner who had accompanied them. An active life was necessary to Winthrop, and never more necessary than when he was perplexed or troubled; not once during those two weeks had he sat down to brood, as he was apparently brooding now.

But though he had thus occupied himself from daylight to bedtime, though he had talked and listened to the talk of others, there had been always this under-consciousness which had not left him. At times this consciousness had taken form, if not in actual words, then at least in thoughts and arguments that had followed each other connectedly. Generally, however, it had been but a dull realization, like an ache, vivified at intervals by sudden heats of anger, which, he was sure—though he might be talking on other subjects at the moment—must bring the color to his face. Man-like, he preferred the anger; it was better than the ache. He should have liked to be angry all the time.

The ache and the anger had been caused by what he had with his own eyes beheld, namely, the secret visit of Margaret to Lucian Spenser. For it was secret. Lucian had said good-by to her before them all; it had been left clearly to be supposed that they were not to see each other again; this, then, had been a prearranged and clandestine meeting. For Margaret was no school-girl; she was not ignorant of the rules of the world. And she was not an exception, like Garda Thorne, full of sudden impulses and an extraordinary openness in following them; he had never thought Margaret impulsive in the least. Yet there she was. She had slipped away without the knowledge of any one to go over to that solitary house for a farewell interview with its occupant. Of course her being there at that last moment, woman of deliberate intentions as she was, proved that an acquaintance which she had not acknowledged existed between them. For she had never shown any especial interest in Lucian in the presence of others; on the contrary, she had appeared indifferent to him, she had acted a part. They had both acted a part, and they had acted it so well that he (Winthrop) had never once suspected them. A wrath rose within him as he thought of this.

He had never liked Margaret—he kept telling himself this—but at least he had thought her entirely without traits of this sort; he had thought her without them on account of her measured way of living, on account of the necessity she always felt for being perfectly satisfied with herself (he was sure she felt that), on account of her cold nature without imagination, and without the beautiful but dangerous tendency to exalt and idealize. On account of her principles, too—for he must do her that justice; she had principles: deep as had been his disapproval of her conduct with regard to Lanse, it was probable that it was these same principles, more than anything else, which had made her leave him. She might even be said to have been something of a martyr to them, because, with her innate regard for appearances, she would have infinitely preferred, of course, to have remained under the same roof with Lanse, to have avoided the comment which is roused by any long separation between a husband and wife, even though but that comparatively mild degree of it which follows a separation as carefully guarded and as undefined in duration as hers had been; for nothing was ever said about its being a permanent one: people might conclude, and they easily did conclude, that before long they should see Lansing Harold back again, and established somewhere with his wife as docilely as though he had never been away. This had happened in a number of cases when the separation had been even longer. Europe was full of American wives travelling about, spending winters here and summers there, wives whose husbands had remained at home; it might almost be called an American method for infusing freshness into the matrimonial atmosphere, for of course

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they would be doubly glad to see each other, all these parted ones, when the travels should at last be over, and the hearth-fire re-established again. In this instance it was the husband who had gone. And in the mean while how well-ordered was the life led by Mrs. Harold! There was not, there never could be, a breath of reproach or comment concerning her. She was always with her husband's aunt, his almost mother, who adored Lanse, and always had adored him.

Thus the world. And the world's opinion had been Winthrop's also in so far that he had fully shared its belief in the irreproachableness of Margaret's life as regards what is sometimes defined as "a taste for society," or, arranged in another form, as "a love of gayety," or, with more frankness, "a love of admiration." Of course he had approved of this, though in his own mind he had always allowed himself reservations, refusing to exalt as a virtue that which was principally temperament. But he had not realized how deeply he had approved of it (underneath disapprovals of another sort) until now, like a thunder-clap, the revelation had come upon him: he and the world had been mistaken. This Margaret, with her fair calm face, with her studiedly quiet life, had a capacity for the profoundest deceptions. She had deceived them all without the slightest difficulty; she was deceiving them now. The very completeness with which she had disguised her liking for Lucian showed what an actress she must be. If she had allowed her liking to come out in a natural way, if she had even let it be known that she intended to see him again, instead of going through that form of bidding him good-by before them all, it would have had another aspect. The present one, given the manner she had always maintained with him in public, and given the fact that she was the most unimpulsive of women, was ominous. In the moment of discovery it had given him a sick feeling. He had been so sure of her!

The sick feeling had come back once or twice during the two weeks that followed. Each time he had taken himself sharply to task for caring so much. But it was because he had cared that he had left East Angels.

As he had sat there in the wood, staring at Madam Giron's house after she had entered it—as it seemed to him drawn in by Lucian—his first feeling, after the shock of surprise, had been one of indignation. He had started up with the intention of following her. Then he remembered that he had no possible authority over her, even though she was his cousin's wife. If he should go over there and confront her, could she not very well turn and ask him what any of it was to *him*? It would make a scene which could now benefit no one, for it was too late to prevent imprudences on her part, and with Lucian he should prefer to deal alone. Then, in another minute, he felt that he could not in any case endure seeing her openly discomfited, put to shame, see the red rise in her face; for of course if he and Lucian should exchange words in her presence, no matter how few, it would amount to publicity of a certain sort, publicity which it had not yet attained. At present Lucian had no idea that he, Winthrop, had discovered their meeting. Of her own accord Margaret would never tell him, and it would be easier for her through all the future if Lucian should never know. It was this thought that made him go homeward instead of crossing the field to Madam Giron's; it drove him away. It was not until he was safe in his own room again that his vision grew clearer, and he remembered that he need not have been so considerate of Margaret's feelings, since (what he had not thought of with any distinctness in the first shock of surprise) had she not deliberately braved him? For she had seen him sitting there when she passed the first time; he had clearly perceived that she had seen him. She was not near-sighted; it was impossible that he should have been mistaken. Yet knowing that he was there, she had passed him that second time in full view, she had crossed the field knowing that he could see her plainly, had met Lucian on the piazza, and entered the house with him, all in distinct sight, without the least attempt at concealment or at disguise of any kind. It was true that no one else had seen her. But he had seen her, and she had known it, and had not cared.

This last reflection gave his mood a sharp turn in the other direction. He thought—he thought a thousand things. Chief among them came now the remembrance that he should see her at the table; she would be obliged to appear there, she would be obliged to speak to him. But when in answer to Telano's summons he

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went to the dining-room, hardly knowing how he should bear himself toward her, she was not present; Garda brought word that she was suffering from headache, and would not appear.

That night Winthrop was awake until a late hour; he found himself unable to sleep. He was conscious of the depth of the disturbance that swayed him, but though he did his best to conquer it, though he raged against it mentally, he made no progress; dawn found him still under its influence. He decided to go away for a few days; he had been shut up at East Angels too long; the narrow little round of Gracias life was making him narrow as well. The evening before, he had felt a strong wish to see Margaret, to note how she would appear. But now his one desire was to get away without seeing her if possible; curiosity—if curiosity it had been—had died down; in its place was something that ached and throbbed, which he did not care to analyze further.

Lucian had really gone—he had ascertained that; East Angels was therefore safe, as far as he was concerned, for the present. Winthrop was very indifferent to Lucian, personally, even now. He consigned his good looks to the place where the good looks of a strikingly handsome man are generally consigned by those of his less-conspicuously endowed brethren who come in contact with him, and he felt that immense disgust which men of his nature are apt to feel in such cases, with no corresponding realization, perhaps, of the effect which has been observed to be produced sometimes by—item, a pair of long-lashed eyes; item, a pink young cheek; item, a soft dimpled arm—upon even the most inflexible of mankind. No: he did not care about Lucian. He said to himself that if it had not been Lucian, it would have been somebody else; he made himself say this.

Now as he sat there at the end of the long pier, with the dense rain falling all round him, he went over again in his own mind all these things. Two states of feeling had gradually become more absorbing than the rest. One of these was a deep dumb anger against Margaret for the indifference with which she had treated him, was still treating him. What rank must he hold in her mind, then, which left her so untroubled as to his opinion of her? What estimation must she have of him that made her willing to brave him in this way? She had not written during his absence, expressing—or disguising—apprehension, making excuses; she had not even written (a woman's usual trick) to say that she knew it was not necessary to write, that she was safe with him, and that she only wrote now to assure him that she felt this. Was he such a nonentity in every way that she could remain unconcerned as to any fear of danger from him? Did she suppose him incapable of action?—too unimportant to reckon with, too unimportant to trouble, even if he should try, the well-arranged surface of her unperturbed life? Very possibly she might not like him. But he was at least a man; it seemed to him that she ought to have some regard for any man's opinion, even some fear of it, in a case of this kind.

Yes, he was very angry. And he knew that he was.

Then, adding itself to this anger, there came always a second, came against his will; this was a constantly irritating resentment against her, personally, for falling so far below the idea that he had of her. He thought her narrow, obstinate, self-righteous, self-conceited—yes; but he had also thought her life in other respects as pellucid (and cold) as a mountain brook—one of those brooks, if one wanted a comparison, that flowed through the high, meagrely foliaged valleys of the Alps, under a sky kept gray by the mists rising from the snow fields all about: he had had time to make comparisons in abundance, if that were any entertainment.

But they had not entertained him, and he had found it impossible, too, to think of Margaret in any other than this his first way; the second, in spite of what he had with his own eyes beheld, remained unreal, phantasmagoric. This seemed to him folly, and he was now going back to East Angels to break it up: it would break it up to find her defiant. And it would amount to defiance her looking at him and talking to him without giving any sign, no matter how calmly or even timidly she might do it. In his actual presence perhaps she would be timid. In all cases, in any case, he now wished to see her; the desire to find himself face to face with her had taken possession of him again.

He reached East Angels the next day at two o'clock. Betty Carew was the first to greet him; she had arrived herself from

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Gracias only an hour before. She was full of the intelligence she brought, and immediately repeated it to the new-comer. Mr. Moore had that morning received a letter, or rather a note of six lines, which said that Rosalie Spenser was dead. Her illness had been brief, and she had not suffered; they thought it was the heart. Fortunately Lucian had been able to get to her; he had found the dispatch at New Orleans, and had started immediately; they had had the last three days together, and she was conscious to the end. And then followed the good Betty's regrets, which were sincere: she had always liked Lucian, and when he married, her affectionate, easily expanding heart had made room for Rosalie as well. "Lucian's wife" would have had to be a very disagreeable person indeed to have made Betty dislike her. For Betty's liking included the relatives of all her friends, simply because they were relatives. The relationship made them a whole; she accepted them in a body as one accepts "the French," "the Portuguese." They did not present themselves to her as objects of criticism.

Winthrop had lunch alone; the others had had theirs. While he was still at the table, Garda came in. He had already seen her, as well as Betty, and he had been in to say a word of greeting to his aunt. But Margaret he had not yet seen.

"I should like to speak to you," Garda said. "Could you come out after lunch to the orange walk for a few moments?" There was nothing unusual in her tone.

When he entered that leafy aisle, later, she came to meet him. Carlos Mateo, some distance down the vista, standing on one leg against the low circle of yellow light at the end, might have been an ibis of the Nile.

"I am sorry to have made you take this trouble," said Garda, "when you are only just back from your journey. But I wanted to tell you at once—it seems unfair to wait (I wonder if you will be surprised?)—I don't care for you any more. Don't you think it would be as well, then, to break our engagement?"

WHEN EVENING COMETH ON.

When evening cometh on,
Slower and statelier in the mellowing sky
The fane-like purple-shadowed clouds arise;
Cooler and balmier doth the soft wind sigh;
Lovelier, lonelier to our wondering eyes
The softening landscape seems. The swallows fly
Swift through the radiant vault; the field-lark cries
His thrilling, sweet farewell; and twilight bands
Of misty silence cross the far-off lands
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Deeper and dreamier grows the slumbering dell,
Darker and drearier spreads the bristling wold,
Bluer and heavier roll the hills that swell
In moveless waves against the shimmering gold.
Out from their haunts the insect hordes, that dwell
Unseen by day, come thronging forth to hold
Their fleeting hour of revel, and by the pool
Soft pipings rise up from the grasses cool,
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Along their well-known paths with heavier tread
The sad-eyed, loitering kine unurged return;
The peaceful sheep, by unseen shepherds led,
Wend bleating to the hills, so well they learn
Where Nature's hand their wholesome couch hath spread.
And through the purpling mist the moon doth yearn;
Pale gentle radiance, dear recurring dream,
Soft with the falling dew falls thy faint beam,
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Loosed from the day's long toil, the clanking teams
With halting steps pass on their jostling ways,
Their gearings glinted by the waning beams;

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Close by their heels the heedful collie strays;
All slowly fading in a land of dreams,
Transfigured spectres of the shrouding haze.
Thus from life's field the heart's fond hope doth fade,
Thus doth the weary spirit seek the shade,
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Across the dotted fields of gathered grain
The soul of summer breathes a deep repose,
Mysterious murmurings mingle on the plain,
And from the blurred and blended brake there flows
The undulating echoes of some strain
Once heard in paradise, perchance—who knows?
But now the whispering memory sadly strays
Along the dim rows of the rustling maize
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Anon there spreads upon the lingering air
The musk of weedy slopes and grasses dank,
And odors from far fields, unseen but fair,
With scent of flowers from many a shadowy bank.
O lost Elysium, art thou hiding there?
Flows yet that crystal stream whereof I drank?
Ah, wild-eyed Memory, fly from night's despair;
Thy strong wings droop with heavier weight of care
When evening cometh on.

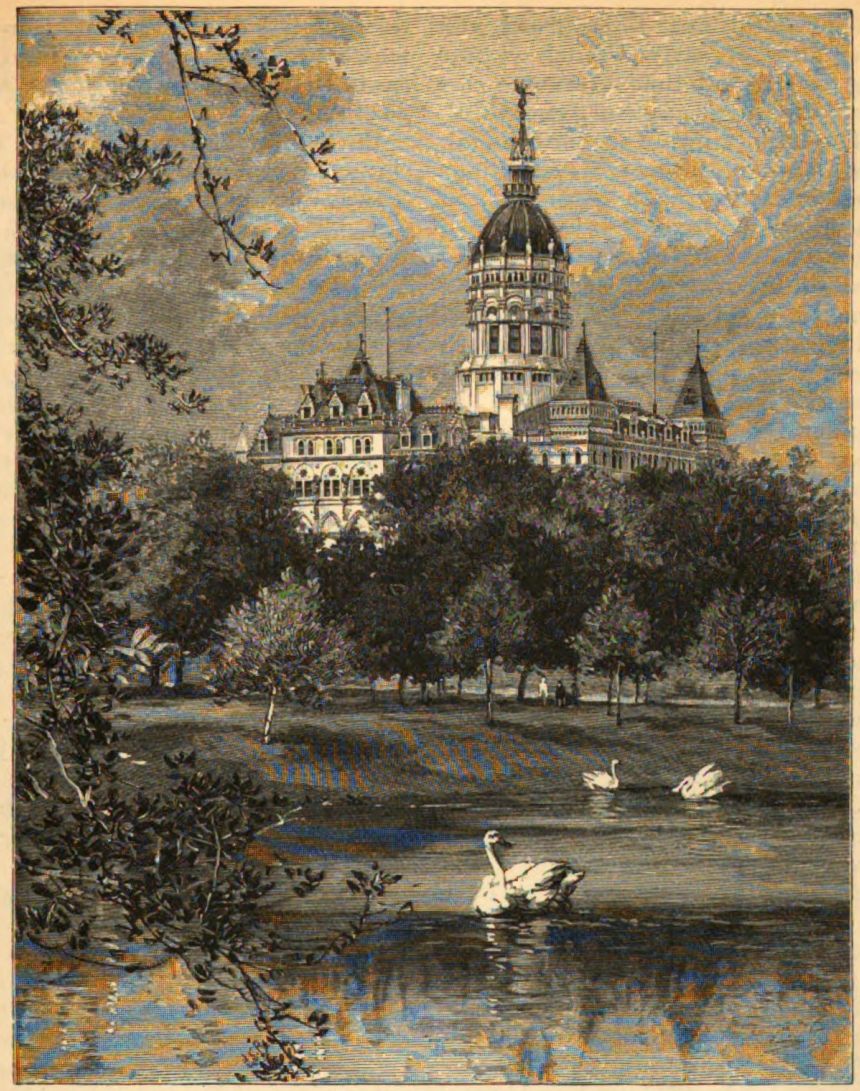
When evening cometh on
No sounding phrase can set the heart at rest.
The settling gloom that creeps by wood and stream,
The bars that lie along the smouldering west,
The tall and lonely silent trees that seem
To mock the groaning earth, and turn to jest
This wavering flame, this agonizing dream,
All, all bring sorrow as the clouds bring rain,
And evermore life's struggle seemeth vain
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Anear doth Life stand by the great unknown,
In darkness reaching out her sentient hands;
Philosophies and creeds alike are thrown
Beneath her feet, and questioning she stands
Close on the brink, unfearing and alone,
And lists the dull wave breaking on the sands,
Albeit her thoughtful eyes are filled with tears,
So lonely and so sad the sounds she hears
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Vain seems the world, and vainer wise men's thought.
All colors vanish when the sun goeth down.
Fame's purple mantle some proud soul hath caught
No better seems than doth the earth-stained gown
Worn by Content. All names shall be forgot.
Death plucks the stars to deck his sable crown.
The fair enchantment of the golden day
Far through the vale of shadows melts away
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Love, only love, can stay the sinking soul,
And smooth thought's racking fever from the brow;
The wounded heart Love only can console.
Whatever brings a balm for sorrow now,
So must it be while this vexed earth shall roll.
Take then the portion which the gods allow.
Dear heart, may I at last on thy warm breast
Sink to forgetfulness and silent rest
When evening cometh on?

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THE CAPITOL.

A MODEL STATE CAPITAL.

HARTFORD is a good place to pass through. It is also a good place to stop at. The two great railroads connecting New York and Boston by way of the Connecticut State capital carry across its corporate bounds perhaps two hundred thousand or a quarter of a million travellers every year; but only a small proportion of the persons on that current stop at this point. Still fewer are those who come to stay. It can not be said that many are called, but the few are certainly chosen, the population, which is not much above fifty thousand, being of an unusually high character. Little poverty, large and energetic thrift, ingenious manufactures, accumulated resources—these are the data one may judge by. The city, in fact, takes its place on statistical tables as proportionally the richest in the United States.*

Set in the black-earthed, fertile Connecticut Valley, encircled by low but picturesque hills over whose violet mass the sunrise and sunset break with peculiar splendor, it is a cheerful and satisfactory place, even to the casual passer, who is struck by

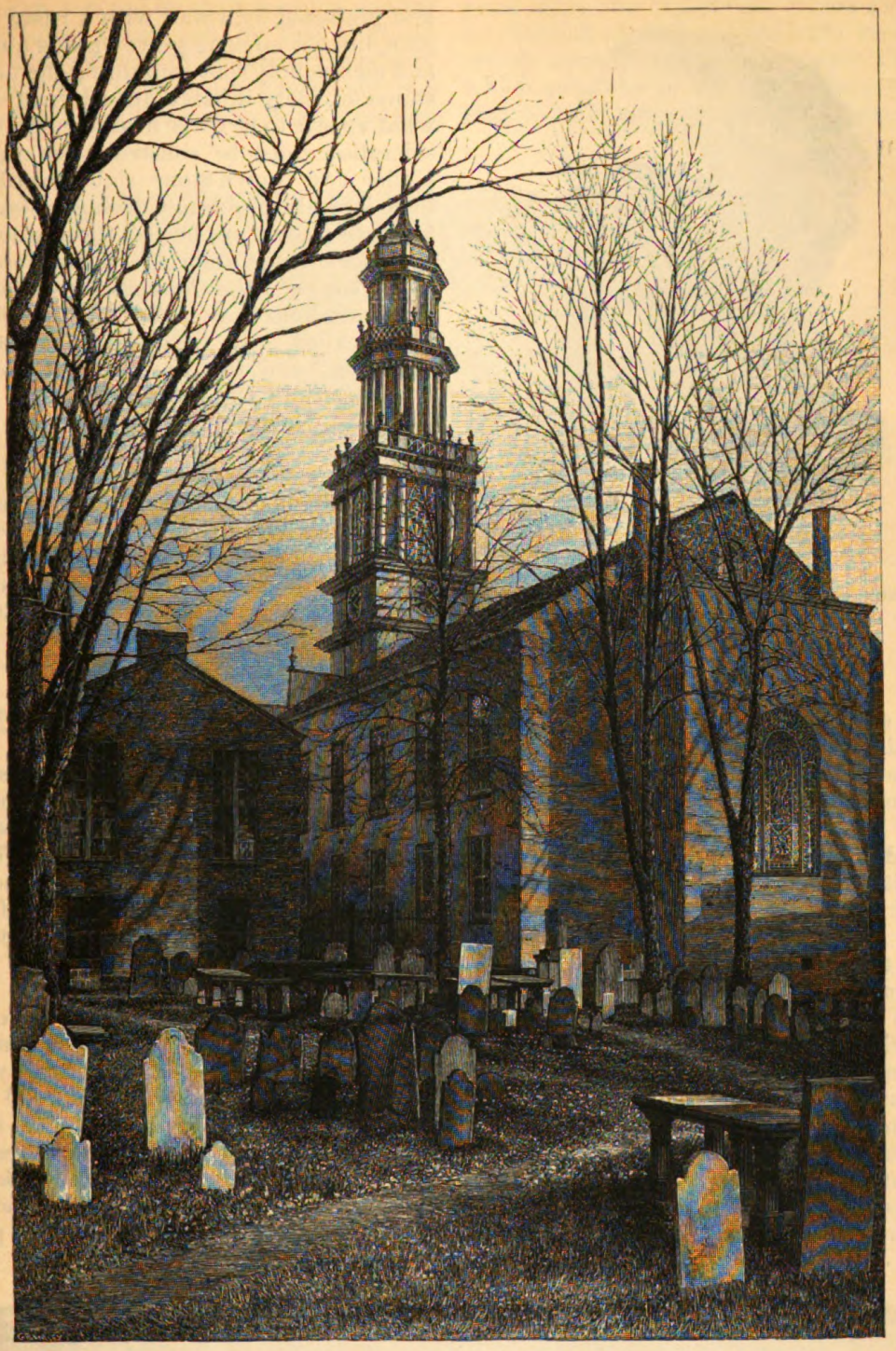
* The assessed valuation is $48,500,000; but counting in establishments situated elsewhere though owned or chiefly represented in Hartford, this would rise to $125,000,000. The city pays one-third of the taxes of Connecticut. The new Capitol, with its land, cost $3,335,000, of which Hartford contributed $1,960,000; that is, nearly two-thirds.

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its stately Capitol, near the railroad, and the long line of early French Gothic building farther off that forms one side of the projected quadrangle of Trinity College. The importance of its educational, its benevolent, and protective institutions is at once presented to an observer. In many a village and country by-way had I seen, long before I alighted in Hartford itself, certain unlovely but suggestive tin signs tacked upon the sides of wooden houses indicating by a mystic word or two that those dwellings had been insured with Hartford companies against fire. In like manner the town is a stronghold of life-insurance—a business which, despite its ominous technical phrase describing new policy-holders as "fresh blood," has beneficent results as well as a selfish aim. But I am thinking more particularly of those undertakings meant purely for the relief of the unfortunate. It can not conscientiously be said that it is a cheerful thing, on leaving the station, to find yourself in a thoroughfare which greets you with the name of Asylum Street. A dim suspicion arises that if you follow its lead you will bring up in some place designed for the prompt immurement of strangers; for in old times even temporary residents were not allowed in Hartford except by a vote of town-meeting. This anxiety, however, is dissipated when you learn that the name refers to the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, a most praiseworthy establishment, the first of its kind in the United States. It was founded by a number of gentlemen in 1815, and under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet it became the inspiration and model of many similar institutions; so that it would hardly be amiss to give the street that devoted teacher's name instead of its present rather doleful one. "Retreat Avenue," painted on the horse-cars, suggests another famous establishment, the Hartford Retreat for the Insane, which likewise antedates all of its class in this country, saving one or two that were publicly endowed. The Retreat was set going by a subscription; and that this was eminently a popular one is manifest in the fact that many of the signers gave but fifty or twenty-five cents, and some only twelve and a half cents. How one charity may aid another I happened to see well exemplified in the case of an insane person who was also a deaf-mute, so that it was necessary for the Retreat to provide an attendant skilled in the manual and sign language—a need which could not easily have been met had it not been for the work of the American Asylum.

But I must hasten to say that the associations called up by street names in Hartford are by no means all of this pensive sort. The horse-cars already mentioned appear to be somewhat browbeaten: they lack the brisk insolence of their species on metropolitan lines; are subject to endless delays at turn-outs and the railroad crossings; are drawn, moreover, by only one horse each, and have not even spirit enough to maintain a conductor; but as they bounce disconsolately along they continue to offer to convey the patient wanderer to Spring Grove and City Garden. There is a fresh rural sound about these names, and others of kindred purport occur, such as Flower Street, Oak Street, Woodland, Laurel, Hawthorn, and Evergreen. The country character reflected in them lingers around Hartford, and enhances its pleasantness. Then we have the historic series, Trumbull, Wolcott, Wadsworth, and the like. Even the early Dutch settlers, so summarily ousted by the English, have returned under the auspices of Colonel Colt (the inventor of the revolver) to haunt Hendricksen and Vredendale avenues; and near Colt's armory likewise are recorded the names of those sachems—Sequassen, Weehassat, and Maseek—who deeded their lands to the colonists. All this reminds us that we are in a city which has an interesting past. The historic impression is deepened if we stray back along Main Street, the single road of the original village, which is wide enough to swallow two or three Broadways without inconvenience, and of about equal proportions with Piccadilly, in London, by St. James's Park. It was where Main Street expands into State-house Square that Washington and Knox met Rochambeau and Admiral Ternay when those leaders of the French allies came from Newport to confer with the commander-in-chief for the first time. A brilliant scene that, and doubtless the most spectacular one in the peaceful annals of the place. On one side were the foreign officers in their royal uniforms adorned with decorations; on the other, Washington and his staff, epauletted with gold, clad in the Continental blue and buff, and attended by Governor Trumbull, with other State worthies, who wore long-skirted

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CENTRE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Photographed by R. S. De Lamater.

drab or crimson coats and embroidered waistcoats. In the American escort was the ancient company known as the Governor's Foot-Guard, resplendent in scarlet and black, which were contrasted with buff breeches and waistcoats, tall bear-skin hats completing what the poets of that period would have called their "horrid front." Then Washington and Rochambeau dismounted, and coming forward into

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GEORGE WILLIAMSON SMITH, PRESIDENT OF TRINITY COLLEGE.
Photographed by R. S. De Lamater.

the open central space, met and shook hands for the two peoples whom they represented.

Once this same square went by the name of "Meeting-house Yard." The church stood on one side of it, and at other points on its boundary were the scene of the weekly market, the stocks and pillory, the jail, and the slave pen. That was before the pen had been raised *against* slavery, and Mrs. Stowe was not then a resident of Hartford. On the site of the old meeting-house stands to-day its lineal descendant, the Centre Congregational Church—a broad-faced edifice painted a cream-custard tint, and displaying a row of slender pillars in front, which feature seems to have pleased the builders, for they repeated it by putting pillars around the spire quite high up. Behind the church, and protected by a wall with a rusty iron gate, lies the ancient grave-yard, a quaint and melancholy spot containing the tombstones of early inhabitants, adorned with what appear to be owls' heads, but on consideration must be construed as angels. Under two brown-stone slabs raised on little legs like children's dining-tables the first two pastors are buried, those who led their flock from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to the banks of the Connecticut—Thomas Hoolser, whom Cotton Mather in his *Magnalia* called "the light of the Western churches," and the Rev. Samuel Stone. It was at the wish of the latter, who had been born in Hertford, England, that the plantation was called Hartford; and the Saxon name, meaning "hart's ford," was as applicable here as in the mother country, for doubtless the New World river too had been crossed at this spot by many a herd of wild deer. The epitaph cut upon the stone above his resting-place declares that

"Errors corrupt, by sinewous dispute,
He did oppugne, and clearly them confute.
Above all things he Christ his Lord preferred.
Hartford, thy richest jewel's here interred."

Quite forgotten now is all that "sinewous dispute" which so endeared Mr. Stone to our controversial forefathers, unless by professors in the Congregational Theological Institute up on the hill yonder; but his memory has found a surer foothold in its connection with the municipal name.

To this church the Governor of the State used to repair, after the annual election, at the head of a solemn procession, to begin his term of office with divine service. The next evening occurred the great "election ball," followed on the succeeding Monday by another ball more select in character. The whole week, in fact, was kept as a holiday, and it made a useful vacation and festival-time for peo-



TRINITY COLLEGE.

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ple who, swayed by their scruples against everything sanctioned by the Anglican Church, refused to observe Christmas. During this little space everybody was hilarious; families made it an occasion for exchanging visits, and kept open house, with "election cake" ready for their callers. In our time the cake appears to precede the election, and takes the form of paid tax bills or some other gentle inducement to the free and unprejudiced citizen to vote for the candidate who favors him; but the old-fashioned plan was for the citizen to vote for the candidate *he* favored, and then eat cake impartially. Almost opposite the church, as it happens, is the site of a tavern where another element of former social life used to centre, namely, the Seven-copper Club, which met there in the Revolutionary period to talk news or gossip and drink a half-mug of flip, the price of which was exactly seven coppers. Prohibitory legislation was hardly needed, for the landlord, Moses Butler, was a law unto the members: he never allowed them more than one half-mug apiece, and sent them home promptly at nine, with the bluff admonition, "It is time, gentlemen, to go back to your families that are waiting for you."



JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.
Photographed by Parkinson.

I do not find that the solid household-

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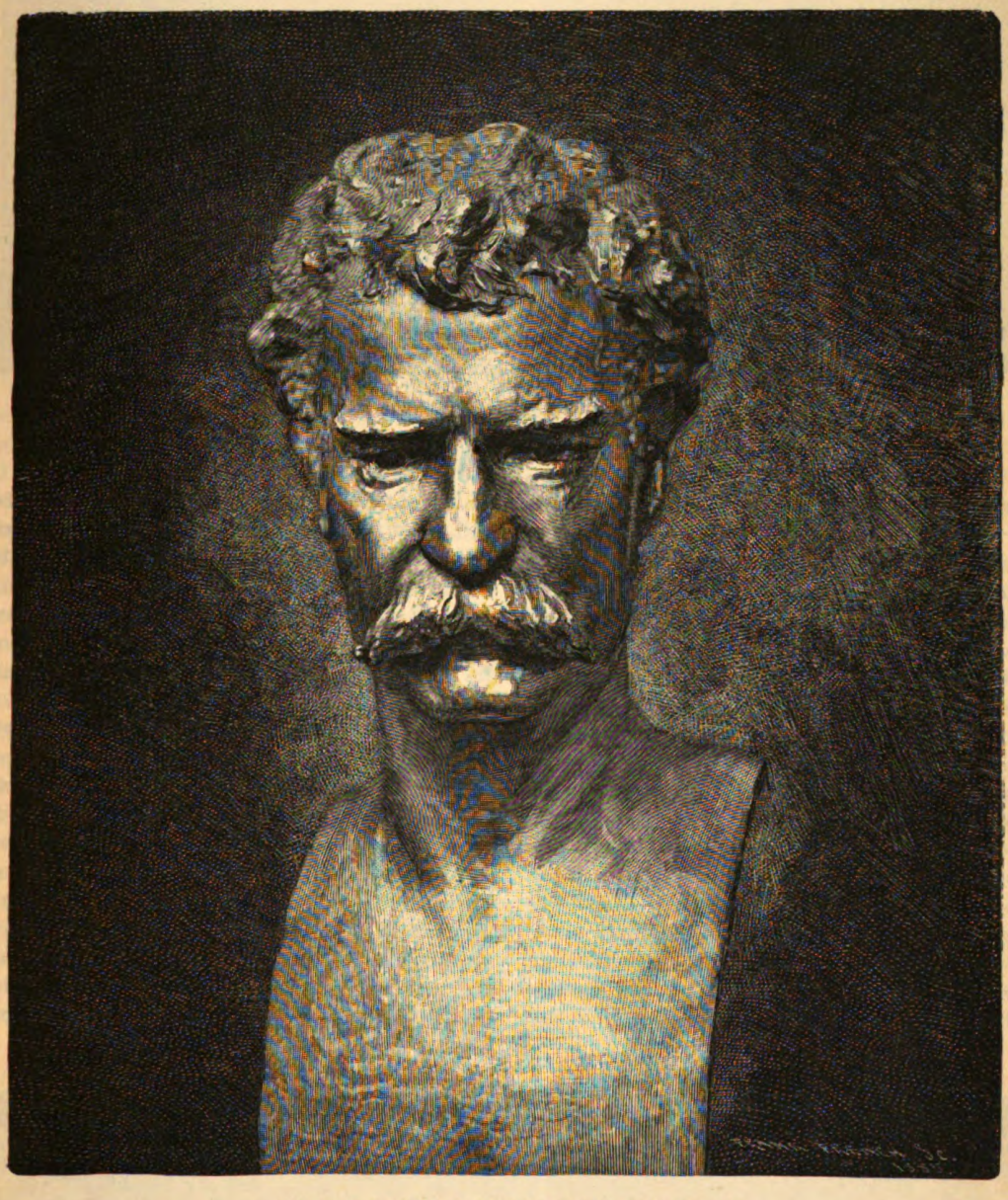
STAIRWAY IN THE CAPITOL.
Photographed by R. S. De Lamater.

ing sort of club has ever taken root very widely in Hartford, but there has been in existence for about a dozen years past a very agreeable club of less than a hundred gentlemen, quite unlike the ancient and humble Seven-copper, I imagine. It borrows its appellation from the city itself; its membership is chiefly commercial and professional, under the presidency of General Joseph R. Hawley, formerly Governor of Connecticut, and it occupies a roomy old mansion on Pleasant Street, which is itself a fine relic of the first post-colonial epoch, for the sidewalks are lined with trees, and behind them the houses rise sedate and prosperous of aspect, with gardens that are not above nurturing a little fruit. The crime of arboricide is of recent development, comparatively, and it is to be hoped will be suppressed. Inside the abode of the Hartford Club one encounters the elegance that is inherent in simplicity and reasonableness of arrangement. The rooms bear the stamp of a former squirearchy and a commercial gentry, if one may make the phrase, which were intelligent and refined; all is of the past here, except the convenient contrivances and the quiet Morrisian decoration. In summer the members may pass out at the glass doors of the dining-room to a broad veranda overlooking the garden, and there dinners are served under cover of a roof and an awning curtain. A line of low buildings, the "offices" of the old mansion, runs along one side of the grassy inclosure, for it was a house of some grandeur in its day. Mr. David Watkinson, to whom it last belonged, founded a library, the windows of which look across the yard in neighborly fashion at the club; and connected with this library is the granite bulk of the Wadsworth Athenæum, occupying the spot where formerly stood the house of Daniel Wadsworth, a descendant of the

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Charter Oak Wadsworth, Colonel Jeremiah. Washington used to come to that house when he visited Hartford, and the exact room in which be reposed would, if it had not disappeared, be still pointed out, for Washington, like other great historic personages, seems to have been an industrious and ubiquitous sleeper.

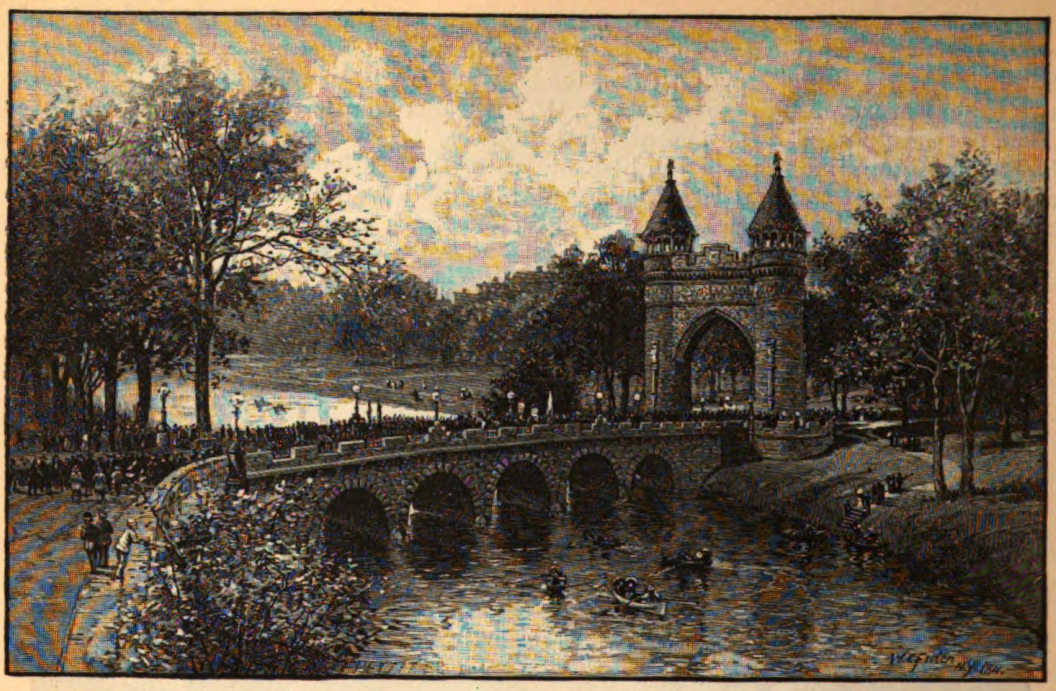
aspect, on the contrary, is exceedingly modern. "Meeting-house Yard" and Main Street are now hedged in by lofty insurance buildings, hotels, newspaper offices, "New York Stores," "Boston Bazars," and other shops. A little to the north is a well-devised building of brown stone, with good carving about the doors,



BUST OF SAMUEL CLEMENS, BY KARL GERHARDT.
Photographed by Kurtz.

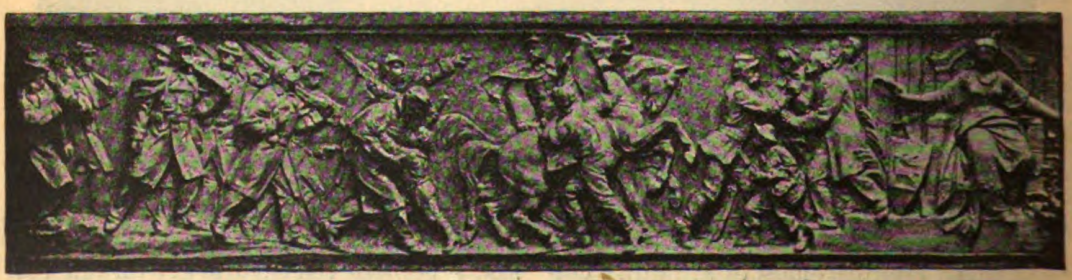
It should not be understood, however, that these reminiscences of antiquity color the aspect of the city perceptibly; the a fantastic gargoyle or two at the roof, and a pointed red-tiled tower on one corner—an encouraging example of the pic-

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SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT.
From architect's design.

turesque in a structure wholly designed for business purposes. But the square itself is filled up by the Post-office—a Mullett monstrosity of the tasteless order which we may call the Federal; and there also stands the old State-house, now a City-hall, of no special order, but plentifully supplied with little urns placed upon the cornice balustrades, and the obsolete cupola. The State government has now transferred itself to a more fitting habitation in the new Capitol, built within the bounds of Bushnell Park, and—what is more remarkable—within the appropriation. No suspicion of jobbery tarnishes the brilliant effect of this beautiful piece of architecture. The only bad feature about it is the enormously tall, rather spindling, twelve-sided drum that lifts the gilded dome to a height of two hundred and fifty feet above the ground. Out of the harmonious growth of blue and white marble in the main building, with its pointed windows and slated pavilions, suggesting in a modified way the great municipal halls of the Netherlands and France, this addition lifts a giraffe-like neck toward the sky; and even a large broad dome occupying the middle space, though it would have looked better, must have been out of keeping with the rest. The interior, nevertheless, abounds in good qualities. Convenient, spacious, well-lighted, having the air of ease and spontaneity, it gives numerous good vistas, varied by the great central staircases and the airy columned galleries. The battle flags of Connecticut are ranged in



PORTION OF THE FRIEZE OF THE SOLDIERS'

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carven oak cases near one of the great entrances; endless offices open upon the corridors and galleried courts; the State library is ensconced in one huge apartment, and the Supreme Court in another. It is, by-the-way, a curious bit of symbolism that the Supreme Court judges' room has its fire-place surrounded with blue tiles illustrating Scripture subjects, while the tiles in the room devoted to counsel depict scenes from fairy tales. The Representatives are accommodated in a rich and sober chamber with stained-glass windows; it is about as large, but much less stuffy, and to my mind much more beautiful, than the English House of Commons. Near the Speaker's dais is an unobtrusive but huge thermometer, by which, I suppose, the heat of debate may be measured. The Senate of twenty-one has another lordly hall to itself, where there is provided for the President of that body a large chair made out of wood from the Charter Oak, richly carved with leaf and acorn. Both these legislative halls are carried out with an excellent appreciation of what is fittest for their purpose in the resources of art as applied to decoration; the natural grain and color of the woods —oak, ash, and walnut—combine with the subdued tones and good ornament of the walls to make a refreshing environment worthy of republican ideals and much above republican practice.

The exterior walls of the Capitol are haunted by birds, and provided with niches for statues of Connecticut worthies, two of which are already occupied by Oliver Wolcott and Roger Sherman; and between these a marble image of the Charter Oak spreads its branches. Have we not all learned the legend of that venerable tree in our histories at school? It seems almost to require setting down as a distinct species in botanical text-books; but in Hartford it becomes like the ash-tree of Norse mythology, like Ygdrasil, which upheld the whole universe. In spite of historical skeptics, the legend still holds that when Sir Edmund Andros came, in 1687, to reclaim the liberal charter which Charles II. had himself granted, but now wanted to revoke, the lights at the evening council-board were suddenly put out, and that in the darkness Colonel Wadsworth did actually carry off the document and hide it in the hollow oak that stood before Mr. Secretary Wyllys's house. It is not so generally remembered that this tree had been an object of great regard on the part of the Indians before ever the colonists came hither. A deputation of them waited on the white men to ask that no harm be done the oak, since it had long been the guide of their ancestors as to the time for planting corn. "When the leaves," said they, "are of the size of a mouse's ear, then is the time to put the seed in the ground." Time and tempest felled it at last; but it blooms here in marble still; its name is preserved throughout the city as the distinguishing mark of divers stores, shops, and companies; and a pretty marble slab, like a grave-stone, in Charter Oak Place inadequately marks where the original flourished until 1856. In Bushnell Park (named after that eminent theologian, the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, who was the chief promoter of this public pleasure-ground) there is a couple of Charter Oaks junior, sprung from its fruit; and "certified" acorns, possibly taken from these younger trees, but supposed to have grown upon the parent, have been worth their weight in gold at charity fairs. Across the Connecticut, leading to East Hartford, stretches a covered bridge one thousand feet long, and taking up in its construction a corresponding quantity of timber. Mark Twain, showing some friends about, told them that bridge also was built of wood from the Charter Oak.



AND SAILORS' MONUMENT.—From designs by George Keller.

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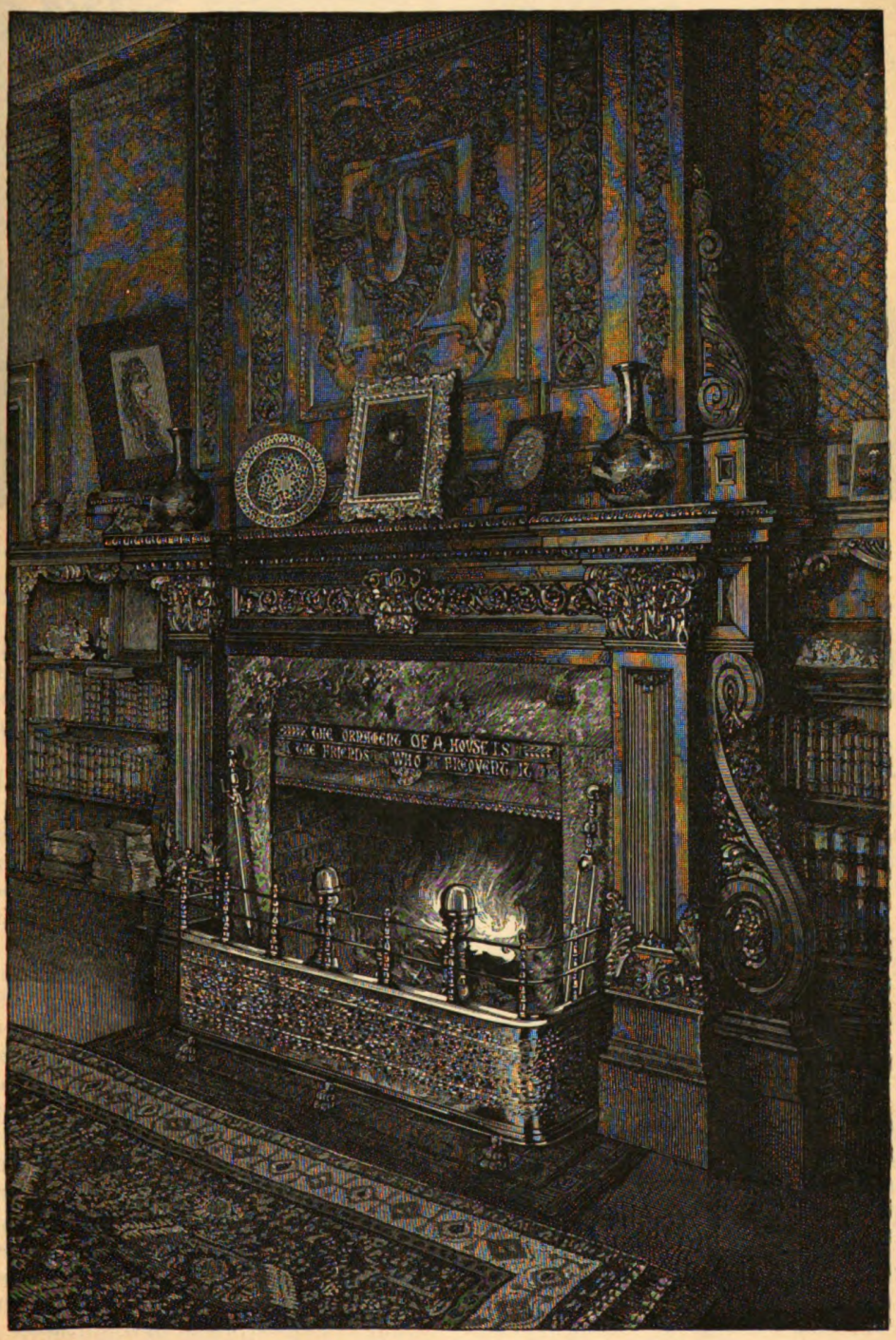
SAMUEL CLEMENS'S HOUSE.
Photographed by R. S. De Lamater.

Not far from the Capitol is the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, which takes the unique form of a memorial arch spanning the southern end of an old stone bridge, which leads into the City Park at the foot of Ford Street. The architect, Mr. George Keller, also designed the Buffalo Soldiers' Monument. The arch is thirty feet wide, and springs from two massive round towers, each of which is sixty-seven feet in circumference and sixty feet high, terminating in a conical roof. Above the archway, about forty feet from the ground, a frieze of sculpture 175 feet in length and 6 feet 6 inches in breadth runs around the monument. "The towers," says the Hartford *Courant*, "seem like two huge sentinels guarding the bridge, or mighty standard-bearers holding aloft a noble banner on which is emblazoned the deeds of the men of Hartford who died for their country on land and sea in the war which kept the Union whole." Circular stairs inside the towers lead to the rampart or gallery at the top of the monument, overlooking the park, and protected by a parapet which has the seal of Hartford carved on its face.

It was about ten years ago that Mr. Clemens—or, as we all now prefer to call him, Mark Twain—came to Hartford to live; and he has built for himself there one of the most delightful of houses, in the pleasantest part of the city, just where it ceases to be visible as city at all, and merges into rolling hill and dale. A large structure, irregular in outline, made of red and brown brick in fantastic courses, it stands on Farmington Avenue, upon a knoll well back from the street, with a grove of beeches and oaks and other trees of good deportment clustering around two sides. The shade and flicker of these trees lend their fascination to a spacious *ombra* at the rear, completely hidden from the thoroughfare, and affording good opportunity for open-air suppers in the evenings of early summer. In-doors and out-doors mingle on the friendliest terms, one may

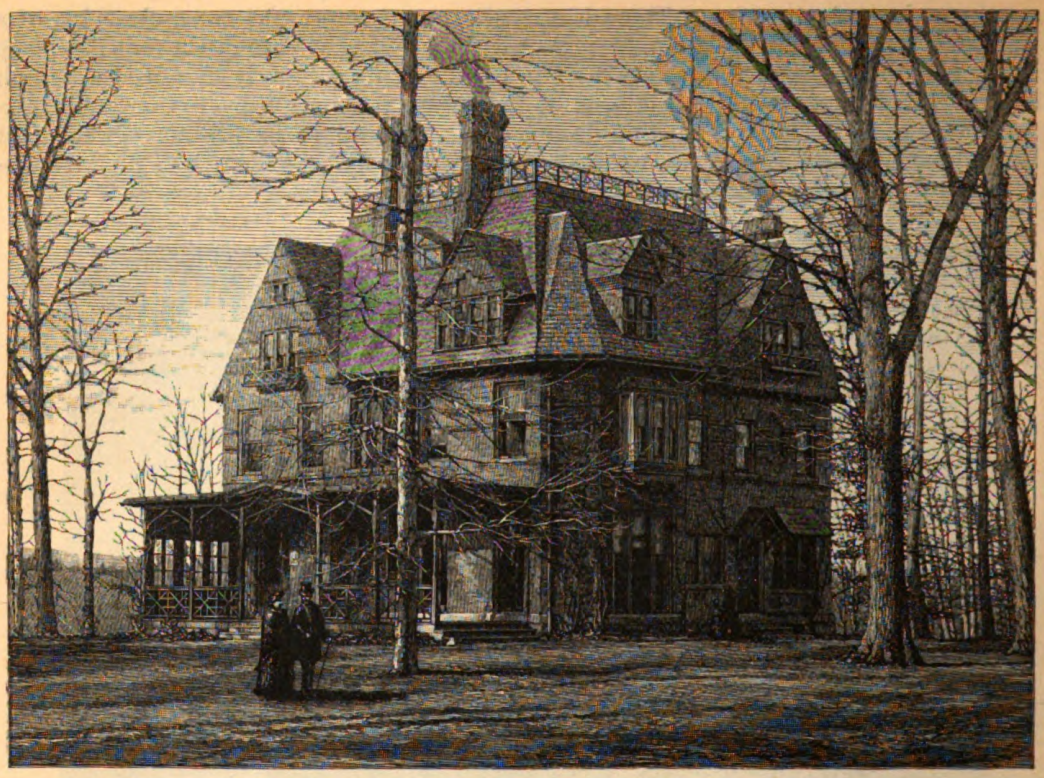
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say, throughout the interior. There is no room that has not some charming prospect. The library, which appears to be the favorite of the household, is closed at one end by a conservatory, but one deep-recessed bay-window reveals an exquisite glimpse, through the trees close by, of a little winding stream at the foot of a steep bank. This stream is Park River, which wanders from here down to the Capitol circuitously, and in its wanderings has lost the pretty name which the Puritan colo-



SAMUEL CLEMENS'S LIBRARY.
Photographed by R. S. De Lamater.

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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S HOUSE.
Photographed by R. S. De Lamater.

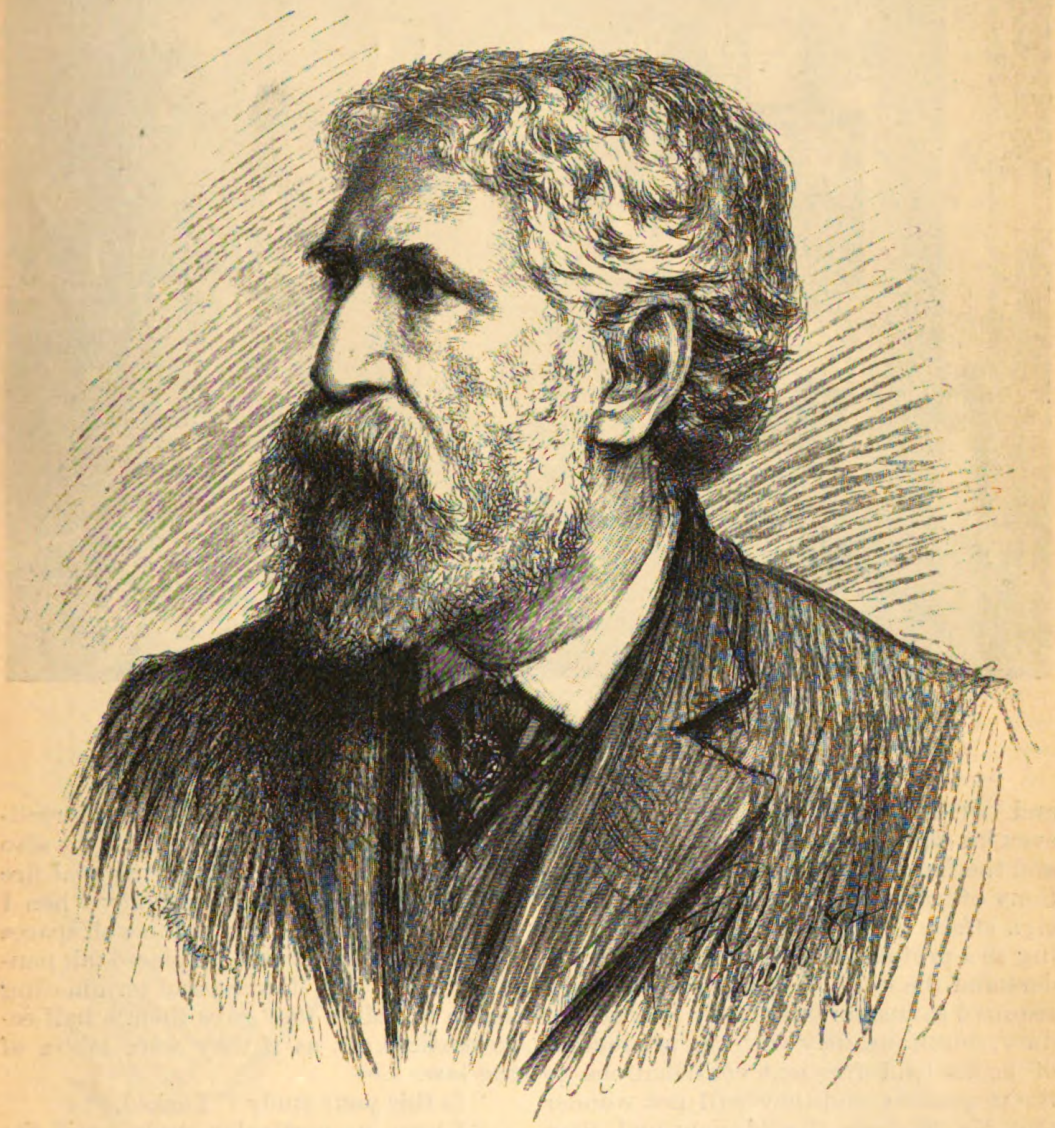
nists gave it. They called it the Riveret. The Riveret is bordered by low meadows on one side, and by the sharp acclivity with its fair woodland on the other. Within this woodland, which is not crossed by either fence or hedge, there are several other villas; among them, not far distant, the picturesque, gabled house of Charles Dudley Warner. The plot of cultivated ground which, in *My Summer in a Garden*, the author so generously annexed to the open common of American humor, was attached to his former home, near by. There also was the hearth from the glow of which came the inspiration for *Back-log Studies*. Before its cheerful light Mr. Warner's friends used to gather of snowy nights, enjoying the crackle of the blazing wood, and the flashes of wit that sparkled there; Mark Twain and their pastor, Rev. Joseph Twichell, and Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull—the only man extant who can read Eliot's Indian Bible—with others not less endeared to the circle because they are not public personages; and perhaps a visiting brother author, Howells from Cambridge, or Stedman from New York, or Sanborn from Concord, all centring about the quiet, thoughtful-looking host, with his rather pallid face, and his hair and beard strewn with snow that will not melt even before his own geniality.

The new house is charming in all its appointments, and especially rich in bric-à-brac, much of it Oriental, collected by the owner during his several tours in Europe, the East, and Africa. The accompanying illustration represents a corner of one end of the music-room. The sideboard is of mahogany, and over it hangs a painting, "The Martyrdom of Santa Barbara," by Vasquez, a contemporary, perhaps pupil, of Velasquez, painted about 1540 for a convent at Bogota, South America, where it has been until two or three years ago. The picture has a curious heavy frame of ebony, inlaid with masses of tortoise-shell. The mantel-piece is unique. It is made of Saracenic tiles framed in California redwood. Most of the tiles are wall tiles from ancient houses in Damascus and Cairo, one from the Mosque of Omar, in Jerusalem, and some small ones at the side from the pavement of the courts in the Alhambra. The tiles

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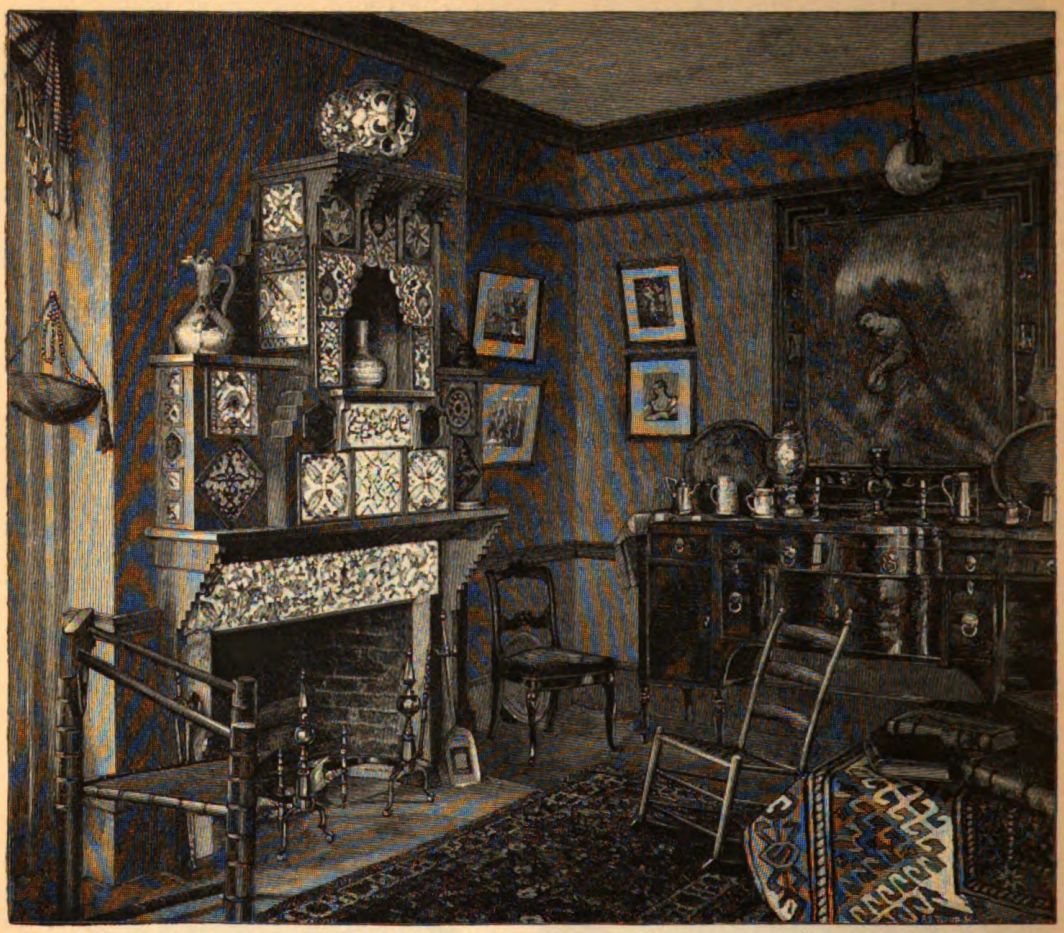
are blues and greens, in arabesques and conventionalized flower patterns, one with a legend in Arabic declaring the unity of God. On top of the mantel-piece stands a large Knight of Malta vase, majolica, probably of Abrazzi make. At Malta it was customary to mould such a jar on the election of a Grand Master of the order. This was made for Adrianolle Vegniancort, elected 1690, and has his portrait on one side and coat-of-arms on the other. Its companion was made for Fra Raimondo Perellos, elected 1697.

Although Mr. Warner of course has a study at home, he nevertheless every week-day when he is at home trudges down into the city to the office, a mile and a half away, of the Hartford *Courant* —to get the true local flavor pronounce "currant"—of which he is an editor and part owner. There he enters another apartment consecrated to the pen; cheerful, sunny, hung with photographs of Old World architecture, but provided with a large writing-table, on which are the paraphernalia of practical newspaper labor, and there, too, he remains for several hours, studying the news of the world,



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.
From drawing by F Dielman.

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CORNER OF ONE END OF MUSIC-ROOM IN CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S HOUSE.

and writing editorials which surprise even his old associates by their wide range and the familiarity they evince with questions of trade, politics, literature, and foreign affairs. Those who know what writing as a profession really means will understand the kind of ability and industry required to sustain this steady journalistic duty, simultaneously with the production of books and frequent contributions to the magazines, and they will not wonder that Mr. Warner should now and then have to travel for health's sake. But he always brings back from his journeys so much of new acquisition that the literary impulse is quickened into fresh activity.

Near by, in a slate-colored cottage of moderate size, lives the famous author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The atmosphere within-doors is that of literary New England twenty-five years ago: the American Renascence has not yet invaded these rooms, so conspicuously neat and comfortable, yet with a kind of moral rectitude in their comfort. The library is also a sitting-room, where a glowing coal fire burned on the chilly autumn day when I was admitted there; and in the wall spaces between the windows were placed tall panels painted with flowers, and terminating above in points that gave them a half-ecclesiastical air, as if they were tables of the law.

"Is this your study?" I asked.

"I have no particular study," said the authoress, "and I have not written much lately; but if I were to begin, I should be as likely to write here as anywhere."

Thus easily and informally she treats the genius that has given her a world-wide celebrity; indeed, there is nothing about her manner or in her surroundings to indicate a consciousness of the extraordinary power which endowed her first book with an influence that has never been paralleled. A very quiet little lady,

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plainly attired, and apt during conversation to become abstracted — a life-long habit of reverie which has enabled her to think out her designs and carry on composition in the midst of those interruptions to most writers unbearable—a lady quiet and undemonstrative, with immense determination and character revealed in her face when seen at certain angles, but with an equally natural gentleness and benignity; this is what one sees to-day on meeting Mrs. Stowe. She gives the impression of one who wielded large weapons because Providence put them into her hands to right a great wrong, and not with any joy in the suffering and harm that must come with the good gained. She appears the wife, the mother, the grandmother, living in her domestic interests, rather than the woman distinguished in national history and literature. We talked on personal topics, and while this was going forward Professor Stowe came in from a walk, with a tall stick in his hand, which he grasped as a support in the middle. It was like a pilgrim's staff, and completed the suggestion of present and militant religion that somehow pervaded the whole spot. The conversation now passed easily to questions of faith, and Mrs. Stowe manifested a strong interest in the old Pilgrim and Puritan qualities of belief. To me it seems regrettable that the physiognomy of a person occupying so remarkable a position should not be carefully recorded in all its stages of development, since a distinctive face increases its sum of meaning with the years; but I learned that Mrs. Stowe had not submitted herself to the arts of the photographer for a long time, and Professor Stowe was firm in the conviction that the portrait painted by Richmond in 1852 was the only one worthy of perpetuation. "That," said he, referring to it, "is the way she will look at the resurrection." I confess that if the resurrection were to preserve the mild womanly maturity of her features as they are at the age of seventy, I should find no fault with its process.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
From a drawing by J. W. Alexander.

The material aspect of Mrs. Stowe's abode, as perhaps I have hinted, gives little intimation of the part which its occupant has played; but in the small entrance hall stands a plain low cupboard, which, on being opened to the favored visitor, displayed two rows of massive volumes — a dozen on each shelf— containing a petition in favor of the abolition of slavery, signed by half a million women, and offered to Congress as a result of Mrs. Stowe's agitation. In a corner of the parlor, too, there is a closed beaufet well stocked with editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and others of the authoress's works, in several foreign languages: an impressive collection, certainly, and one which has served a secondary purpose, for it has been duplicated in the British Museum, and is there used as the means of curious studies in comparative philology. Since her husband's withdrawal from his professorship at Andover, Mrs. Stowe has spent her time in these simple surroundings, leading a retired life, and going in winter to Florida, where she finds

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WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN.
Photographed by R. S. De Lamater.

refuge among her orange groves, in a town which bears the fragrant name of Mandarin. She was drawn to Hartford partly by its general charm, and in part through associations which her sister had given the place by establishing there the Female Seminary. Speaking of the length of her residence here, she said, "I don't remember when I came; I do not live by years." This being repeated to Mark Twain, "I wish," he instantly observed, "the tax-collector would adopt that principle." One most agreeable memory will long remain with me, of an evening spent in Mrs. Stowe's company at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Clemens. Among other things there was after-dinner talk of the days preceding the war, and of the "under-ground railroad" for escaping slaves, and the strange adventures therewith connected. Mrs. Stowe gave her reminiscences of exciting incidents in her life on the Ohio border at that time, and told of the frightful letters she received from the South after publishing her great novel. These anonymous screeds voiced, no doubt, the worst element there, and teemed with threats and abuse that now, happily, would not be offered by even the most wanton survivor of the fire-eaters. To give an idea of the extremes to which these missives proceeded, Mrs. Stowe mentioned that one of them, duly forwarded to her by United States mail, inclosed a negro's ear! It was inevitable that we who listened should meditate upon the marvellous

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change that had been effected in the condition of our Union within twenty years, and one gentleman who was present said to another, aside, as emphasizing the extent of that change, "To think that I, who can remember when a Boston mob tried to hang William Lloyd Garrison, should have lived to see twenty respectable free negroes asleep at his funeral!" It was a frivolous remark, no doubt, but it was only the light mask of a sincere respect for the prodigious feat so largely prompted by the pen of the demure lady who had just been speaking with us. Extremely interesting, also, was the eager force with which Mrs. Stowe related one or two stories of later date on other themes that had presented themselves to her as deserving literary treatment. It showed that the narrative instinct was deeply ingrained in her, and had not lost its vigor even after so long an exertion as she has given it. Yet her presence, temperament, and conversation confirmed the theory one is likely to form in reading her books, that her imagination acts inseparably with the moral sense.

It is a convenient thing to have the antipodes anchored just around the corner. A few steps only from Mrs. Stowe's brings you to Mr. Clemens's house, and still fewer, if you take the short-cut through the lawns and shrubbery, by which brief transit you pass from old New England to modern America—from the plain quarters of ethical fiction to the luxurious abode of the most Western of humorists. It is not difficult to trace, however, the essential kinship between Sam Lawson of *Oldtown Folks* and the equally quaint and shrewd but more expansive drollery of Mark Twain; and, on the other hand, those who see much of this author in private discover in him a fund of serious reflection and of keen observation upon many subjects that gives him another element in common with his neighbor. The literary group in this neighborhood do not seem to fancy giving names to their houses: they are content with the arithmetical designation. "No, my house has not got any name," said Mr. Clemens, in answer to a question. "It has a number, but I have never been able to remember what it is." No number, in fact, appears on gate or door; but the chances are that if a stranger were to step into any shop on the business streets he could at once obtain an accurate direction to the spot. And a charming haunt it is, with its wide hall, finished in dark wood under a panelled ceiling, and full of easy-chairs, rugs, cushions, and carved furniture that instantly invite the guest to lounge in front of the big fire-place. But it is a house made for hospitality, and one can not stop at that point. Over the fire-place, through a large plate-glass suggesting Alice's Adventures, a glimpse is had of the drawing-room, luminous with white and silver and pale blue; and on another side, between a broad flight of stairs and a chiselled Ginevra chest drawn against the wall, the always open library door attracts one's steps. There is more dark wood-work in the library, including a very elaborate panel rising above the mantel to the ceiling. This was brought from abroad, and in other portions of the house are other pieces representing the spoils of European tours; one in particular I recall, covered with garlands and with plump cherubs that spring forth in plastic rotundity, and clamber along the edges. But it adds to the pleasurableness of the home that all the cherubs in it are not carved. A genial atmosphere, too, pervades the house, which is warmed by wood fires, a furnace, and the author's immense circulation. One would naturally in such a place expect to find some perfection of a study, a literary work-room, and that has indeed been provided, but the unconventional genius of the author could not reconcile itself to a surrounding the charms of which distracted his attention. The study remains, its deep window giving a seductive outlook above the library, but Mr. Clemens goes elsewhere. Pointing to a large divan extending along the two sides of a right-angled corner, "That was a good idea," he said, "which I got from something I saw in a Syrian monastery; but I found it was much more comfortable to lie there and smoke than to stay at my desk. And then these windows—I was constantly getting up to look at the view; and when one of our beautiful heavy snow-falls came in winter, I couldn't do anything at all except gaze at it." So he has moved still higher upstairs into the billiard-room, and there writes at a table placed in such wise that he can see nothing but the wall in front of him and a couple of shelves of books. Before adopting this expedient he had tried a room which he caused to be fitted up with plain pine sheathing on the upper floor of his stable; but that had serious

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disadvantages, and even the billiard-room failing to meet the requirements in some emergencies, he has latterly resorted to hiring an office in a commercial building in the heart of the city.

"About four months in the year," said he, "is the time when I expect to do my work, during the summer vacation, when I am off on the farm at Elmira. Yes," he continued, when I expressed surprise, "I can write better in hot weather. And, besides, I must be free from all other interests and occupations. I find it necessary, when I have begun anything, to keep steadily at it, without changing my surroundings. To take up the train of ideas after each day's writing I must be in the same place that I began it in, or else it becomes very difficult."

But nothing, apparently, interrupts the spontaneous flow of his humor in daily life. It is the same in kind with that of his books, though incidental and less elaborate. It is unpremeditated, and always unexpected. He never takes what may be termed the obvious and conventional witty view, yet neither is there any straining for a new form of jest: the novelty comes of itself. Moreover, unlike certain wits whose quality is genuine, but whose reputation becomes a burden to them, he appears to be indifferent whether he ever cracks another joke, and thus lulls his companions into a delusive security, only to take them unawares with some new and telling shot. There is less exaggeration in what he says than in what he writes; but the essence of his fun lies in that same grave assumption of absurdities as solid and reasonable facts with which we are familiar in his works. By a reverse process, when talking to a serious point, or narrating some experience not especially ludicrous in itself, there is a lingering suspicion of humorous possibilities in his manner, which, assisted by the slow, emphatic, natural drawl of his speech, leads one to accept actual facts of a prosaic kind as delicious absurdities. In fine, it is a sort of wizardry that he exercises in conversation, stimulating the hearer by its quick mutations of drolling and earnest.

The life that this Nook Farm literary group have shaped for themselves and their friends is a quiet and retired one. The world does not see much of it, though they see a good deal of the world. The part of Hartford where they live is on the rolling hill to the west of the railroad, laid out in broad streets, with brick houses embowered in the trees of their lavishly spacious grounds; it is the main district apportioned to residences, in fact, and a very attractive district too. Many of these houses are of the old type—square and bare, with small rectangular cupolas on top, one the counterpart of the other, like boxes containing some mysterious piece of machinery for running the family affairs; but they look eminently comfortable, and at night you see their private gas lamps in porch or veranda, at the end of the driveway, throwing out a cheerful glow. But the new architecture asserts its power over the more recent buildings, and one begins to discern how picturesque even a practical New England city may become in the future. Like Boston, Hartford is accused of having a frigid social atmosphere, but others say that it is very warm and encouraging: a thing like this is as difficult to define as the New England climate. At all events, the inhabitants are, I believe, fond of the usual gayeties of society; and although there is so much accumulated wealth among them, it is said that money has very little to do with the standing of persons in any of the various circles of the local world. A commendable sentiment of democracy seems to prevail, and there is little tendency to ostentation. That particular circle which takes the Nook Farm group within its compass has a fondness for amusement clubs—the Surprise Party and the As You Like It, two of these organizations have been named—consisting of about twenty members, that meet fortnightly at each other's houses, and bring guests to about twice their own number. There is also a large theatre in the city, where most of the notable actors playing in New York and Boston give performances in passing.

On the evening of my arrival, as it chanced, I was taken to the Monday Club, to which Warner and Mark Twain both belong; so, too, does their friend General Hawley, who, after being a lawyer, a journalist, a military leader, a Governor, is now a Senator of the United States, and continues his editorial connection. Of him it is related that, when the war broke out and the first call was issued for volunteers, he made several attempts to write an adequate editorial sustaining the call; then suddenly throwing down his pen, he exclaimed to his associates, "Boys, I'm going

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to do the fighting for this office; you must run the paper." Forthwith he went out and enlisted, and now enjoys the honor of having been the first volunteer from Connecticut. At the Monday Club was present another distinguished officer, General William B. Franklin, who commanded a corps in the Army of the Potomac. We had, besides, an ex-mayor of Hartford, a professor of Trinity College, two Congregational ministers, a second journalist, the State Attorney, and two other members. I am particular in this enumeration because the whole thing was so significant. Here were these gentlemen, busy citizens of a small city, representatives of what Matthew Arnold calls "the great middle-class public of America," coming together quite informally to exchange views—on what subject? Of all things the least likely to occur to an uninformed observer like Mr. Arnold, the subject was England in Egypt. There was no regular debate, but each person spoke in order, setting forth his opinions in few words or many, with occasional breaks of dialogue as the mood prompted. Two or three had been in Egypt, and had made observation for themselves. The rest had read and thought. What was interesting was the amount of careful knowledge and reflection developed in the course of an hour and a half; the Eastern question and possible policies affecting it were treated as comprehensively as if they had been matter of home politics, instead of something as remote from our own affairs as could well be chosen. To an American this is not a startling phenomenon. Why should it be? But it is a good illustration of what goes on in those smaller cities and towns concerning which there has of late been discussion with foreigners who insist upon knowing all about them by intuition.

Alert intelligence and varied activity have always characterized Hartford, and a local vein of literature is traceable from the close of the Revolution down. Here that group of writers assembled who made a reputation under the name of the Hartford Wits: John Trumbull, author of "McFingal," the ponderous mock-heroic poem of the war of Independence; Timothy Dwight, who produced an epic on "The Conquest of Canaan"; and Joel Barlow, whose "Columbiad" has successfully resisted the author's attempt to install it among the world's classics. Lesser lights, who co-operated with these in satirical effusions that had a political value, were Lemuel Hopkins, David Humphreys, and Richard Alsop. The house of Mrs. Sigourney is still standing, and her bust may be seen in the rooms of the Historical Society; it has a serene expression, as if the original had never suffered from that infliction which her poems imposed on the rest of the world. Here, too, Noah Webster lived, thought out his impossible etymologies, and compiled his dictionary. S. G. Goodrich, who employed Hawthorne in his early days to write the "Peter Parley" geography, and then published it as his own, was a resident of Hartford; so was the disappointed poet James Percival. Edmund Clarence Stedman, who so immortally sang John Brown, and has given us the best book of criticism upon the Victorian poets, came from Hartford; and one of its later representatives in current literature is Mr. Bishop, the new novelist. The town is plentifully supplied with arsenals for future authors in its several libraries, which have made a sort of treaty with one another to follow out special lines, in order not to conflict. The Hartford is a popular subscription concern, which supplies the reading immediately in demand; the State library at the Capitol is chiefly devoted to law, in which its collections are peculiarly complete, including many rarities. At Trinity College the library is especially strong in classics; the Theological Institute embraces religious and archæological works; and the Watkinson gives its attention more to general literature of a standard sort. The Historical Society, too, has a special accumulation of its own. Together, they contain something over a hundred thousand volumes. In artistic development the city has not been so forward. The Wadsworth Athenæum (in the same building with which are the Hartford, the Watkinson, and the Historical libraries) contains a few old pictures; among them some interesting landscapes by Thomas Cole, and a portrait of Benjamin West by Sir Joshua; but the institution appears to be lifeless. A branch of the Decorative Art Society, however, has lately been established; and Hartford has produced several painters who have gained a good standing: Gedney Bunce, the colorist, who treats Venetian fishing-boats with strong poetic feeling; Gordon Trumbull, who is called one of the best American fish painters; and the great landscape painter, F. E. Church.

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When one reflects upon the literary associations of Hartford, and the number of things in which it has shown excellence or commendable energy—on one side its humane establishments, including that where the deaf-mute children lead with so much good cheer their life of silent imagery, and on the other its hum of factories, producing all manner of things, from paper, pins, paper barrels, to machinery, revolvers, and Gatling guns (the invention of a Hartford citizen) — one is led to ask what is the cause of it all. Perhaps the character of the place is in part explained by the fact that of Rev. Mr. Hooker's company "many were persons of figure, who had lived in England in honor, affluence, and delicacy," but likewise did not shrink from the hardship of their journey hither on foot through the wilderness. They knew how to build up the centre of a commonwealth with force and enterprise, as well as with refinement; and their spirit has survived. But be the causes what they may, Hartford offers perhaps our best example of what an American city may become, when it is not too large for good government, when it avoids stagnation, preserves the true sentiment of a democracy, cares well for education and literature, and has had two centuries and a half of free and favorable growth.

A PRIEST OF DOORGA.

RAM LAL, of the cowherd caste, living in the village of Aheeria, in Central India, followed the occupation of his forefathers as a professional wolf-killer. He was a man of great courage, and famous all over the country for his skill in setting traps, and it was said of him that he imitated the voices of beasts and birds so well that there was not a single wild thing, whether in fur or in feathers, that he could not decoy to its death simply by calling to it.

Sometimes to amuse his friends he would hide himself behind a screen of grass and leaves, and howl and whimper like a wolf. A hungry wolf, mistaking him for one of its own kind, would suddenly slip out from the shadows of the crops, and stand there foolishly in the moonlight looking about it. And then Ram Lal would pretend to be a kid that had seen the wolf and was frightened, and would bleat and cry; and the grim gray beast, thinking itself very clever all the while, would come stealing along the ground, like a shadow itself, creeping from brush to brush and tuft to tuft, and then just as it got to the screen behind which Ram Lal was bleating, the ground would give way with a crashing of twigs under the wolf's feet, and it would go plump into the pitfall that was waiting for it. Sometimes, too, he would take neighbors into the mohwa grove, and after they had all tired of looking for the bear which he said was in it, he would quickly walk up to a particular tree, and there sure enough was Bhaloo sitting with a cluster of mohwa berries in his mouth. His friends said it was "magic," and even Ram Lal himself—for he was only a poor ignorant Hindoo—had come to believe in his superstitious way that his skill was not altogether the result of a life-long experience in wood-craft. For though he was so clever at killing wild animals there was one beast that he could not injure, and that was the old man-eating tiger that lived in the cave on the Kalasungum Hill. For Ram Lal believed that the man-eating tiger was his own great-great-great-grandfather, and that it was all owing to the tiger's good-will toward him that he had such luck in the jungles. So he would often take the dead bodies of the beasts that he killed and leave them at the mouth of the man-eater's cave for the feeble, worthless old tiger to eat.

Now Ram Lal had a wife whose name was Motee, which means a "pearl," and she was very precious indeed to him. And they had one child, a boy, called Gunga, after the sacred river which we call the Ganges.

And soon after Gunga was born the family priest of the village had taken a rupee and cut it into three pieces, and had blessed each piece, and had hung them round the necks of the child and his parents, saying as he did so, "If you ever take these off, bad luck will follow you through thirteen worlds." So Ram Lal and Motee were very careful indeed that they and the boy always wore them.

Now one day, when Gunga was nearly three years old, his father had started off to the neighboring town with his load of

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wild beasts' heads and tails to get the reward which the government gave for killing dangerous animals, and Motee had gone down with the other women to the pond to wash clothes, and Gunga was sitting playing with some marigold flowers under the banyan-tree close to the village.

And while he was sitting there he heard some one cough behind him, and looking round he saw a man, with a basket filled with beautiful toys on his back, walking along the narrow path through the sugar-cane field; and the man sat down on the path and began to arrange his toys on the ground, and little Gunga got up to look at them. But as soon as he came up to the man, the man walked further off, laughing, and holding out such a beautiful toy —all blue and red and gold—that Gunga could not help following him in the hope that he might get it. And then the man went off the path altogether, and into the middle of the sugar-canes. Gunga followed him, and came up to the man, who gave him the pretty toy, and, besides that, he put on him a new dress and a new cap and pretty green shoes with red toes, and he marked his forehead with a teeka of yellow paint so that no one meeting little Gunga in his fine clothes, and with the Brahmin's mark upon his forehead, would ever have guessed that he was the son of Ram Lal, the Aheer of the cowherd caste. And then the man took hold of the child's hand, and Gunga was so proud of his smart shoes and so happy with his beautiful toy that he ran along by the stranger's side till they reached the high-road. And there he saw a fine bullock cart standing, and the stranger put Gunga inside it, where a woman was sitting with two other little children in fine new clothes, eating sweetmeats, and playing with all kinds of toys; and then he tied the curtains of the cart close down all round, so that no one could see the children, and then the two tall white bullocks trotted away along the high-road.

And that was how little Gunga was stolen away from his home.

Now, when her washing was finished, Motee came back and found her child gone, and she searched for him, crying, crying, all over the village. And her friends joined her, and all day long they wandered about near the village, shouting out, "Gunga! Gunga!" But they never found him.

And next day Ram Lal returned with the money he had earned, and a silver bangle for his wife, and a little green parrot in a cage for Gunga, and some of the hulwa sweetmeats that the child was so fond of, and he found the whole village in consternation, and Motee lying dumb with grief on the floor of their cottage—and Gunga gone!

Then he went out into the jungles with his axe and his long sharp knife, and searched high and low. He went to every wolf's den for twenty miles round, and into all the leopards' holes among the rocks. He searched the river's bank for traces of the child; but clever as he was at tracking wild animals by their footprints, Ram Lal never saw his child again. And one day, as he was sitting on the ground in despair, he suddenly jumped up and cried: "*I know where my boy is.* The tiger on the Kalasungum Hill has eaten him. I haven't taken him any food for several days, and so to spite me the tiger has eaten my child." And without listening to what his friends said, he picked up his knife and his axe and ran. All day long he ran as if he could never tire, and the twilight began to fall, and still Ram Lal kept running. He heard the wolves howling in the ravine, but he never stopped to kill them; he heard a leopard pass, coughing, over the hill, but he never turned from his path to follow it. On, on, on, he went, as straight as a bird flying home to its nest; and at last, when the moon was high up in the sky, he saw the black cavern on the Kalasungum Hill in which the man-eating tiger lived, and he climbed up the rocks by the pathway which only he and the tiger knew of, and came to the mouth of the cavern, and there, in the full moonlight, stretched out at its full length, lay the terror of the country.

And Ram Lal came close up to the tiger and bowed low. But the tiger never stirred. And then Ram Lal, with his hands crossed on his breast, began, reverently, "Oh, my lord the tiger, why have you killed and eaten my son?"

At the sound of the man's voice the beast turned its head and fixed its dreadful eyes upon Ram Lal, who went on:

"Have I not these many years been as a son to you, oh, my lord the tiger, and knowing you to be too old and feeble to kill the buffalo and to catch the deer, have I not brought you here, to the very door of your cave, the flesh of animals that I have killed, so that you might live? And now

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you have repaid all my care with this ingratitude, and have left me without a son."

Then the tiger laid its head down on the ground and roared angrily, and the terrible voice of the man-eater rolled along the hill-side like the muttering of thunder, and silenced every voice in the jungle. And there was a dead hush.

And Ram Lal spoke again. "Yet once more I, your son, have come to you, my lord the tiger, and see, as usual, my hands are not empty. I have something for you"—and he laughed bitterly as he held out the axe, which glittered in the moonlight, and drew his long knife with a sudden flash.

And the tiger sprang to his feet. His fur bristled; and as he snarled a long, low, cruel snarl, his lips were drawn back, showing the toothless gums, and his old blunt claws grated against the rock.

"Forgive me, my father," said Ram Lal, "for what I am going to do. But what is life to me now without my son? If you kill me, I shall only go to him I loved. But my darling can never return to me."

And while he was speaking the tiger had crouched just as a cat does before it springs on the bird, and had gathered its hind-feet under it for the leap. And Ram Lal saw it and knew. And he swung his axe above his head, and planted his feet firmly on the ground, and for a minute they stood looking into each other's eyes. And then on a sudden the hill-side seemed to crack open with a roar! and lo, like a flash the tiger leaped from the rock.

Not all the strength of a giant could have withstood that awful shock, and though Ram Lal's axe buried itself deep in the tiger's side, as it sprung, he was hurled down the hill, and, stunned and bleeding, fell among the rocks below. But he fought hard. Again and again he struggled up on to his feet, but he had lost his knife and his axe was broken, and again and again the tiger struck him down. And so all through the bright moonlight they went on fighting, Ram Lal with his hands and his broken axe, the tiger with its terrible paws. Though its long front fangs were gone, its jaws were so strong that it could break a man's arm with its bite; and though the claws were blunt, every blow from that terrible fore-arm brought Ram Lal nearer and nearer to death, and at last he could not rise again from the ground. And the moon set, and there was an hour of darkness. And then the sun rose, and in the early dawn the monkeys, passing along the trees near the cave, stopped in terror, for there, lying on the hill-side among the rocks, they saw a man and a tiger lying together. And more monkeys came and joined them, and as the day wore on they grew bolder, for neither the man nor the tiger moved. They came closer and closer, chattering to each other, and scampering off in a panic at every sound they heard. But at last there was no doubt of it. Both the man and the tiger were dead, and the monkeys jumped about from rock to rock, chattering at the dead bodies, and making faces at them, as if they were glad to be rid of two enemies at once.

In the village, meanwhile, the consternation had grown into dismay; for not only was Gunga lost, but Ram Lal himself had never returned. But what use was it to go and look for Ram Lal? Of all the men in the country he, the brave wolf-killer, was as safe in the jungles as a man could be.

But poor Motee, the pearl of Aheeria! For days she had lain on the ground, refusing to be comforted; and at last, one night, when the village was asleep, she rose up, cut off her hair in sign of widowhood, wrapped the widow's robe round her, and went out and sat down by the well outside the village. Her grief had made her mad, and when the women came in the morning to draw water she reproached them with having drowned her son, and when the men passed by with their cattle on their way to the fields she cried out to them, "Tell me where I may find the bones of my darling whom you killed, that I may burn them by the river, and his spirit have rest. You were jealous of the brave man, Gunga's father, and you have killed him too. But never mind; he will return, and then your wives will be widows also, and your mothers childless."

And she sat all day, reproaching every one who went by—all day, whether it was hot or wet, in the dust or in the dirt, she sat there, her hair growing long and gray, her face thinner and thinner. And they put food and water near her, which she ate in the night just as if she was a wild animal. But she did no one any harm, and all day long, between her reproaches, they heard her sobbing as she lay on the ground, and all through the night they heard her calling her darlings' names.

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Years passed. Children grew up to be men and women, and Ram Lal and Gunga had been forgotten long ago, and Motee was an old woman, and her grief and her madness made her look like a witch. The children were frightened of her, and their fathers and mothers tried hard to get her to go away to some other village or into the jungles. But she would not stir from the well; for she said, "If I go away, how is my son Gunga to find me when he comes home again? or where should a wife wait for her husband but in her own village?" So she would not move.

And where was Gunga all this time?

The tall white bullocks, dragging the jingling cart with its white curtains so closely drawn all round, had carried the children along the high-road that led past Aheeria and many another village besides, over hills and across streams, to the famous temple to the goddess Doorga that stands on the banks of the sacred Godavery River, and there the bullocks stopped at the door of a hut, and the children were lifted out, and the woman, all closely veiled, walked into the hut, and the man led the cart away. And next day little Gunga, of the cowherd caste, with the Brahmin's marks on his forehead and on the palms of his hands, and with his broken rupee hanging round his neck on a Brahmin's sacred thread, was sold to the priests of the temple as a veritable Brahmin's child.

For Doorga, the most terrible of all the Hindoo deities, is a goddess who delights in pain and suffering. To propitiate her, living things were offered on her altars, and all day long animals were tortured for her pleasure. Even the priests were provided by stealing children from their parents, and thus causing bitter grief to innocent men and women. And Gunga became an attendant in the temple, and as he grew up he proved so clever that while he was still a youth he had learned all that the priests could teach him. Anxious to learn more, he started off, begging his way, to another temple, and there too he studied with all his might till he became wiser than his teachers. And then he went out again, carrying his begging bowl, and travelled from temple to temple, learning all that the wisest of the priests had to teach, and from jungle to jungle and from hill to hill, visiting all the hermits who were famous for their knowledge. Thus forty years passed away, and Gunga himself had become one of the most celebrated sages in India. No one knew that he was only an Aheer of the common cowherd caste. For he had worn the sacred thread all his life, and so they thought—and he thought so himself—that he was one of the twice-born, a holy Brahmin.

Yet often and again he, Gunga, the great priest of Doorga, the famous pundit of the temple on the Godavery River, the holiest man of all the Brahmins between Benares and Comorin, would sit in sadness and think himself the only wretched one in all the crowd that worshipped him. "Twice-born of the twice-born!" the mob would shout; and yet would Gunga say to himself, "I have no mother!"

"Oh! great son of the Ganges!—ah! mighty one, first-born of the heavenly host!" was the morning salutation of the people; but Gunga's heart would add, "And yet I have no father!"

Every one in the crowd before him, even the poor limping leper who after dark would come and ask his help, even the beggar-woman with her thin blear-eyed children who would shrink in awe off the path before him—even these were to be envied. They had their home ties, such as they were, at any rate; they had the memories of father and mother, and for each of them there was one spot, their birth-place, dearer than all the world besides. But he, the honored of all India, the water of whose daily ablutions was solemnly distributed at the temple gates for the healing of the sick, the impress of whose right hand upon a wall made the whole building proof against all witchcrafts and evil potencies, he, the high-priest of a great goddess, was alone in the world, without father or mother or home!

And sometimes, in spite of himself, he would wish that he were of low caste, a mere cowherd perhaps, with his family about him, rather than a Brahmin of the Brahmins, solitary in his sanctity. But the next instant would come a shudder of horror. *Low caste! a cowherd!* what more melancholy than such a lot? what more pitiable? Fancy him, who could not go out into the streets without men running before him with bells to warn the common world to get off the path lest unawares they should touch the ineffable sacredness of his body and thus inflict thereon such a wound as hardly blood could atone for—him, for whom no one in all the land was holy enough to draw

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water from the well—fancy him of low caste, a mere cowherd perhaps! And at the abominable thought Gunga, the Aheer, though he knew it not, would shudder and pray the defiling thought away.

Indeed, so famous had Ram Lal's son become when his travels were over that all along the roads as he journeyed slowly homeward to his own temple the news of his coming spread before him, and whole villages used to come out to the road-side to see him pass, and the wisest of priests and the holiest of hermits travelled great distances to seek his advice as he went along. In the towns that he passed through, the Brahmins used to beg him to remain among them and teach them, and rajahs used to send splendid retinues to salute him, to give him costly presents, and to beseech him to turn back with them to their palaces, and stay there as the tutor of princes and chief counsellor of the kingdom. But Gunga would not turn from that high-road, along which, though he did not know it, he had been carried away from his home as a little child. And so, step by step, all unconscious of it, he drew nearer to his own village of Aheeria, and the well where his poor old mother sat waiting and watching for her darling's return.

And night came on, and his followers went to sleep under the trees by the road-side. But Gunga, as his custom was, stood in prayer for many hours in the shade of a peepul-tree, and all through the night as he stood there he seemed to hear a woman's voice sobbing, and between the sobs he thought he heard some one calling on his name—"Gunga! Gunga! Gunga!" A weak, wailing voice it seemed, but Gunga, though he heard it, thought it was one of the spirits—who often spoke to him in the night—calling to him, and so he went on praying.

And in the early morning they started again, and where poor old Motee lay asleep in the dust by the well, her son, for whom she had waited there forty years, passed by, and she knew nothing of it.

But the voice remained on the holy man's ear, and do what he would, he could not help hearing, at every pause of prayer or conversation, that heart-broken woman calling to him for help. All the next day and all night, awake or asleep, he heard "Gunga! Gunga! Gunga!" He still thought it was a spirit, but with all his wisdom and all his holiness he could not silence it, and day by day and night by night it grew worse, till he could hardly bear it. But he did not dare to say a word lest his priests should say, "How is this? this man says he has power over spirits, and yet he can not save himself from one!"

And the next year there fell a terrible famine on the land, and the starving people crowded to the temple to ask the gods and the priests for help. Many of the villages were deserted, and the tigers, finding all the cattle dead and the deer all fled from the famine-stricken country, began to prey upon the people, and one man-eating tiger made its den close to the village of Aheeria.

And old Motee, still sitting there by the dry well, keeping life in her no one knew how, heard of the tiger, and mad as she was, chuckled to herself, and taunted the people. "Didn't I always warn you that Ram Lal would come back again; that your wives would be widows and your mothers childless?" And the villagers threatened to kill her; but she only chuckled the more, and cried out the same words louder.

And the famine continued. Gunga had tried his hardest to persuade the goddess to avert the scourge, had prayed incessantly, and had kept her altars heaped with tortured animals. But pain and suffering were Doorga's delight, and so all day long a ceaseless procession of mourners went down from the temple to the river, the starving carrying the dead, and all night long the river-banks were bright with rows of funeral fires. And still the famine continued.

Gunga was in despair. The people clamored against him, and the crowds waited round the temple to curse him, thinking that he preferred to please the goddess by continuing the famine rather than save them by stopping it. One day with the hot red sun flaring down from the brazen sky upon him, Gunga, who had fasted for many days, stood with bared head, faint with hunger, faint with the torturing heat of the sun, praying to Doorga to take his life and spare the people. But he felt that his prayers had lost their force, for his mind was no longer given up wholly to them. That weak, wailing voice was forever in his ears calling his name, and he knew there was a spirit abroad stronger than he was.

So he went out to the people and told

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them that Doorga demanded in sacrifice the most precious life among them, and asked them whose it was. And the people answered with one voice, "Your own." Then he held up his hand to quiet the crowd, and when all was hushed he spoke again: "It is well. Your priest will give his life for the people. It is a vow. But before I die I must bind a spirit which is abroad, and which thinks itself stronger than our goddess Doorga, or else when I am gone it may torment you." For Gunga had no wish to die, and hoped that before such a spirit could be bound, the goddess might spare his life by taking the famine off the land.

But Doorga had heard his vow. Then he went back into the temple and called the priests together, and said: "There is a spirit abroad that thinks itself stronger than the priests of Doorga. You must bind and bring it here and sacrifice it to Doorga. Travelling quickly, twenty koss a day, you will reach on the seventh day a peepul-tree standing at the corner of the high-road, where a village path leads off to the right under some banyan-trees. The moon will be full, and as you stand under the peepul-trees praying, you will hear a voice calling 'Gunga! Gunga!' You must follow the voice, and bind the spirit and bring it here. Take these ropes, and return quickly."

And the priests went, and Gunga and the starving people waited for their return.

They travelled swiftly, and on the seventh day came to the tree. As they stood under it they thought they heard the voice wailing, "Gunga! Gunga! Gunga!" And they followed the sound. Suddenly upon the path before them stepped a tiger. "This is the spirit," they said; "we must bind it;" and ringing their bells and chanting the praises of Doorga, they approached the beast. But it was frightened by their courage, and with one tremendous leap the tiger was gone from their sight. "The spirit has escaped us," said the priests, in dismay. But the next minute they heard the voice again crying, "Gunga! Gunga!" So they followed it, and on the path they came upon a starving man dying. "This is the spirit," they said, and they stooped down and bound him with their ropes. But as they lifted him up to carry him away, his head fell back with a groan, and he died. But still the voice came from in front of them, "Gunga! Gunga!" So they only said, "The spirit has escaped us a second time; we must follow it." And they went on, and there by the dry well, muffled up in her rags, sat old Motee, calling for her son. And the priests rushed at her and bound her with their ropes and carried her off, and all the way the poor old creature kept crying out for "Gunga! Gunga!"

So they knew they had the spirit fast this time, and returned swiftly to the temple, saying, "We have bound the spirit, and it is here."

And then they uncovered Motee, and the old woman cried out at once, "Gunga!"

And Gunga said, sternly, "Silence!"

At this voice she looked up, startled; as her eyes met his, hers opened wide, as if in terror, and she seemed struck dumb. "A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the priests, as they ran out to tell the people. And a glad cry went up from the people as if the news of some great victory had suddenly been told.

When the priests came back they found Gunga with his eyes still fixed on the spirit's, and the spirit's eyes on his.

"Bind her," said he, "upon the altar, and bring the sacred fire to burn her as a sacrifice to our goddess, and tell the people that rain will fall to-night." And the people when they heard it shouted as if they were all mad with joy.

And when they were binding the spirit, Gunga saw that she had something round her neck. Now in the sacrifices to Doorga nothing made of metal is ever permitted, so Gunga said, "Take it off," and they took off the thing. "It is a broken rupee," they said, and all of them handed it to Gunga. And then they bound old Motee, and laid her on the altar, and Gunga stood before it, while the priests in procession, ringing the bell, brought up the holy fire for the sacrifice.

But Gunga said, "Not yet," and the priests waited for the signal to be given; but Gunga turned away, and, pacing slowly, entered the holiest place of the temple, where no one but he dared to enter, then, tearing off his sacred vest, he wrenched the treasured thread from his neck, and fitting together the two pieces of the rupee—lo! they were pieces of one and the same coin.

His knees trembled beneath him, and he fell down upon the ground before the awful being of the goddess. But his lips

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could hardly shape a prayer, and he trembled from head to foot.

How long he lay there he knew not, but suddenly a terrible shout arose from the people outside the temple, and thrusting the broken rupee within his bosom, he went out. The temple was empty. On the altar lay the poor old woman—*his mother*.

In an instant he had unbound her, and leaving the cords upon the altar, he carried her into the holy place, laid her down before the idol, and, stooping, kissed the poor old lips and the sad thin face. And Motee murmured, like a child falling off to sleep on its mother's arm, the name she loved—and died.

And with the knowledge that his mother was dead there flashed upon Gunga the remembrance of the terror of his own position. Was it not written in Holy Writ that the child and its parents are both cursed for a million births if the son neglect to light his father's and his mother's funeral pyre? And how could he, Gunga, the priest of Doorga, son of the Ganges River, the twice-born, holiest among the holy, confess before all India that he was no Brahmin; that all these years he had impiously defiled the temple of the gods with his presence—he the Aheer—had committed the abominable sin for which there is no forgiveness? And the famine—was it perhaps the punishment from the gods, for their outraged worship and their insulted altars?

For a moment he stood there, with his mother's unclosed eyes still fixed upon him, and the myriad horrors of his position swarming round his brain like fiends of torture, shouting one above the other, "Base-born! insulter of the gods! pariah priest!" But above them all his own soul seemed to speak, and its voice was calm and dreadful.

"You must choose at once: confess yourself what you are, and save your mother's soul and your own, or else live on for a few years more the same impostor that you have been, and receive after death the punishment that justly awaits you for murdering her soul and your own."

Another shout from the mob startled Gunga from his trance of agony, and he rushed into the temple. Filling his arms with sacred scented wood and his skirts with costly spices, he swiftly returned, and piling them around his mother, where she lay before the idol, he set the sacred fire to the funeral pile, and again passing out into the temple, again returned with a second burden of incense and fragrant gum, and flung them down among the flames. Then closing behind him the little door through which until that day none but he had ever passed, Gunga stepped from the altar on to the idol's shoulder, and from the idol on to the trident which it held, and thence, reaching up his hand, opened the skylight, and so passed out on to the lower roof of the temple. Fastening the skylight again behind him, he climbed up the stairs to the upper roof, and thence to the uppermost, and stood there, among the pinnacles above the topmost cupola, looking down upon the crowd that shouted and swayed beneath him.

Every face was turned upward and toward the eastern sky with such a look of wild joy that it was fearful to see. And Gunga knew what it meant. Doorga, the cruel goddess, had heard him vow his life away, and had accepted it, and had answered the prayer for rain. For there, in the sky, far away to the east, was a great dark cloud that grew every minute larger and darker, and before it there came a whispering wind that fluttered the very dead leaves off the sissoo-trees and raised little wisps of dust all along the scorching plain. And oh! but its breath was sweet to the man about to die. And then, with a suddenness that seemed to eclipse the sun, the cloud fairly rushed across the sky, and on the instant began to fall the great round drops of the life-giving rain.

What a cry went up from the people! The temple seemed to rock beneath Gunga's feet at the sound.

And turning toward the temple, the gratified people, wild with the gladness of relief, saw their priest, Gunga, standing among the pinnacles, his white robe fluttering in the rain wind, and they cried to him, "Doorga is great, and Gunga, the priest of Doorga!"

But, as if a flash of lightning had dazzled them with dumbness, the crowd suddenly held its breath. For they saw the great priest reel where he stood, and then, throwing his robe over his face, they saw him fall headlong from the lofty parapet on to the marble of the court below.

And catching their breath again, the people shouted, "He has kept his vow; he has given his life for the people."

And so the famine was stayed.

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OUR PUBLIC LAND POLICY.

THERE is no branch of our political economy more worthy of careful study, of more immediate and vital importance to the people, about which they know so little, and to which they show so much indifference, as that of the management of our public lands. Dignified dissertations, dry as dust, treating of the public domain, are hurriedly glanced over by the reading portion of the public, and laid aside with a vague feeling of helplessness, and a groundless hope that some one will rise up and set the matter right. We read in the newspapers of gigantic land swindles by scheming speculators, whose audacity is equalled only by their success. We read, and turn the page; and yet the most careless observer of public affairs will hardly fail to notice that, however large the slice those who are parcelling out among themselves the public lands may choose, in homely phrase, to bite off, their facilities for mastication and the very efficient aids to digestion which they receive in various ways at some local land offices are so considerable that they chew with ease and swallow with impunity; and if by any mischance the mouthful prove too large, and local practitioners fail in their treatment of the case, then the great healer at Washington may be called upon to prescribe a remedy. A new ruling for the General Land Department, the reversal of some former decision, unusual dispatch in issuing patents, suppression of reports of irregularities practiced in certain cases, and in a twinkling, by a kind of legerdemain, vast areas of fertile prairie or virgin pine forest disappear within the capacious maw of some soulless, unapproachable, unknowable something termed a syndicate.

The laws governing individual titles to real property, while of a nature so dry in the abstract, so difficult to follow, that only those who probe to the bottom may be sure of the condition of the title to any given description, and an expert alone can tell when the bottom is reached, are yet certain and well settled. Not so, however, with our public lands. Titles to these are subject to the dictation of changing officials, to rules and regulations of different Secretaries of Interior, to acts of Congress, and are, in consequence, within the influence of wealthy corporations, and involved in obscurity and uncertainty.

Notable instances bear witness to the truth of this, some of which it will be well to consider. Let us first regard the unsettled ownership of millions of acres of unearned and, by contract terms, forfeitable, if not forfeited, grants to railroads.

In some instances these roads have been partially constructed, in others no attempt has been made to build, yet in all cases the entire grant is claimed, and the lands thus covered are withheld from settlement. The Supreme Court of the United States having decided that "a failure to complete the road within the time fixed in the grant does not forfeit the grant," the lands thus withheld must remain so until by act of Congress the respective unearned grants are declared forfeited. It has been truly affirmed "that title to nearly one hundred million acres of land, rightfully belonging to the people of this country, is in a condition that it may, by crafty entanglement of law, be confirmed in the interest of grasping and corporate monopolies; yet Congress remains passive, refusing to assert the rights of the people, although well advised of the imperative necessity for action."

A fair illustration that the government is or has been in danger of losing these lands is the case of the "Backbone" grant, made in 1871 to the New Orleans, Vicksburg, and Baton Rouge Railroad. One of the conditions of the grant was that the road should be completed in five years. Not a yard of earth was ever moved by this company. They did, however, issue and sell bonds, then transferred the grant to the New Orleans and Pacific road, which company sold its charter rights to the Texas Pacific, reserving its assigned grant, and transferring it to the American Improvement Company. The "Backboners" have repeatedly importuned Congress for confirmation, always meeting with refusal. The culmination of this affair shows how great the power and how little the care exercised by high officials in disposing of or protecting the public lands. During the last few weeks of the retiring administration there was great and unusual animation noticeable in the General Land Department. Extra clerks were busy night and day filling out papers with precipitous haste; and when the present Secretary assumed control of the office the mill was still in full blast, grinding

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out what proved to be patents for lands of this "Backbone" grant, seven hundred thousand acres of which were already deeded, every revolution of the wheels severing from the public domain, without adequate, if any, compensation, great tracts of land. At once the machinery was ordered stopped, saving to the government thousands of acres, and inaugurating, it is to be hoped, a new era in the methods of disposing of that portion of our public domain which still remains.

The wanton and wholesale plunder of our public lands the past twenty years furnishes material for the most astounding chapter of American history.

In what terms may we fitly characterize a system which permits one man, by questionable methods, to secure a grant of lands covering a narrow strip extending for miles along the banks of a large stream with all its tributaries, comprising in its self a small acreage, but rendering inaccessible to others, and depriving the government of the sale of, millions of acres of the adjacent lands (a notable instance of this kind occurring in New Mexico)—a system which winks at the building of fences by cattle kings around vast areas, excluding therefrom the honest settler, putting up in effect a barrier to the progress of civilization, and which enables railroad corporations, after receiving patents to over fifty-three million acres, still to set up, with fair prospect of success, claims for one hundred and two millions more?

A second example of uncertainty is the Oklahoma lands, of which so much has been said and written, and about which so little is known, either as to their boundaries or the title, that to the masses they are extremely mythical, while hundreds of people are hovering on the outskirts of this promising but not yet promised land, anxiously awaiting a settlement of the vexed question.

By some arrangement known only to the high contracting parties several cattle companies were permitted to go in and possess the land, pasturing thereon their immense flocks and herds without molestation by the government, while the hardy settler, bent on securing a home for his family, was held back at the point of the bayonet. This fact has undoubtedly led to much of the persistence of the so-called boomers; and who shall say that injustice has not been done by such discrimination against them?

The recent order to the cattle men to withdraw has apparently satisfied the would-be settlers that the administration intends to be fair, and treat all classes alike, and they have quietly dispersed, or wait with patience final action of the government in acquiring undisputed title.

Thirdly comes to our notice the case of the Winnebago and Crow Creek Indian reservations, comprising a large body of fertile lands in southwestern Dakota, which by a ruling of the outgoing Secretary of the Interior, rendered in February last, and by Presidential proclamation, were declared open to settlement. On the authority of such ruling and proclamation over three thousand families went upon the lands, made their selections, and stuck their stakes for a home, only to find themselves confronted by angry and threatening Indians, whose title has not yet been legally extinguished; and, by what is still worse for the settler, though undoubtedly proper and justifiable, a ruling from the Department suspending further settlement, and an order from the Executive to retire from the reservation. In this conduct there must have been a blunder somewhere.

Fourthly, we note the thousands of acres of pine and mineral lands in Michigan and other States, for which certificates for patents have been issued by registers of local government land districts, in violation of instructions, and contrary to the rules and regulations of the General Land Department at Washington. This has been done for the benefit of favored syndicates, who were permitted to purchase at private entry, for cash, at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, lands to which the general public were denied access by the known rules of the office, which required the lands to be proclaimed in market by the President, and to be offered at public auction. During the last session of Congress a Michigan Senator undertook to secure the passage of a bill confirming these titles, and by tacking it on as an amendment to House Bill 7004 "to repeal the present pre-emption law," and by arousing the fears of the honest farmers of the State that all titles were in danger, succeeded in getting it through the Senate by a majority of two; but when it reached the House the members had been aroused to the situation, and the amended bill was left on the Speaker's table.

In relation to these lands thus held by virtue of such irregular sales the former

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Secretary of the Interior rendered various and conflicting opinions, the very latest being in the last week of his term, and in favor of issuing the patents, but leaving the question involved in such obscurity that the present Secretary has very properly suspended all action affecting these lands until an investigation is had. Meanwhile the lands are being stripped as rapidly as possible of their valuable pine timber.

Fifthly, the fraudulent practices permitted under the "Timber Act," which applies only to the timbered lands of the States of Oregon, Nebraska, California, and the Territory of Washington, demand investigation. The conditions of this act are that the land shall be chiefly valuable for timber and unfit for cultivation; that no one person or association shall be permitted to enter more than one hundred and sixty acres; that the entry shall not be made for speculation nor for the benefit of any other person than the party making the entry. The applicant is required to swear, among other things, that he has made no contract or agreement by which the title that he may receive from the United States shall enure to the benefit of any person except himself. These provisions are hardly noticed. Large operators cause their employés and procure other persons to make affidavits, enter the lands, and then convey to their employers. In this manner large tracts of timber lands are secured and controlled by individuals and firms contrary to the intention of the statute. Some wealthy corporation advances the money to pay for the making of a government survey of some well-timbered township, having their men engaged and ready to file their claims on the choicest selections as soon as the surveyor runs the lines, and before outsiders, as other people are termed, know anything about the lands. The money advanced to make the survey is paid back in land. A tract of five hundred million feet secured in this manner is not unusual; so that by reason of inefficient laws, or through the connivance of officials in the execution thereof, the government, in this as in all other cases, parts with its choicest lands for the merest trifle to scheming speculators by unfair and unlawful means.

Sixthly, there are the abuses practiced under the pre-emption law. This law grew out of the "log-cabin, hard-cider, and 'coon-skin" campaign of 1840. Within the State of Minnesota alone, during the past three years, over 150,000 acres of government lands were taken under this act fraudulently, investigation showing that out of one hundred and seventy-four claims, in two only had even the forms of the law been complied with, and this in a region mainly valuable for its timber, and, in the meaning of the law, not subject to pre-emption. Yet somehow these pre-emptors hold, and the lands are lost to the government.

A few specimens of reports made by "special agents," detailed to examine into the truthfulness of applications for final proof, will serve to show one method by which so-called pre-emption settlers seek to evade the law.

P.E. 2835. W. Borowick, sec. 7, S.E. ¼, 160 acres. Found no improvement of any kind.

P.E. 2831. M. Statucki, sec. 8, N.W. ¼, 160 acres. Found log hut five feet high, twelve feet square; no door; a hole cut for door; no floor; no chinking; some poles and bark for roof; not habitable, and never inhabited; no clearing or cultivation of land; no sign of settlement or human occupancy.

P.E. 2512. Rollin Ryder, sec. 18, N.E. ¼, 160 acres. Found small log pen seven feet square, two feet high; no cultivation; no ashes or sign of fire.

And so through the long list.

In many sections of the country the evasion of this law has become a regularly organized business; offices are opened, men employed, and paid wages to make pre-emption entries, agreements being made to transfer lands so acquired the moment the title vests in them.

But beyond making such agreements in violation of the law, it is well known at the Land Department that "these locations are in every respect fraudulent, the parties to them never making the required improvements, and seldom setting foot on the lands claimed, the title in many cases passing into the hands of dishonest speculators who are willing to become parties to perjury and fraud." They are made chiefly on lands valuable for timber, mineral, or water rights, in the interest and by the procurement of others, and not for the purpose of making a home as contemplated by the act.

Out of the possession of the government and into the hands of unscrupulous men the public lands are passing at a rate so extravagant in acreage and so insignificant in price as to give cause for alarm, and the subject demands investigation.

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For example: official figures show that for the year ending June 30, 1881, there were disposed of in all ways nearly eleven million acres—net price, fifty cents per acre; for the year ending June 30, 1882, seventeen million acres—net price forty-four cents per acre; for the year ending June 30, 1883, over twenty-three million acres; net price forty-eight cents per acre; and a grand total to last-named date of five hundred and ninety-two million acres; net price, thirty-eight cents per acre.

Notwithstanding this immense cession of lands, the government still retains an acreage worth looking after.

One hundred and forty-nine Indian reservations, covering one hundred and forty-four million acres, will soon be restored to settlement by some fair and equitable means. Seventy-three million acres of timber area and one billion acres of unsurveyed lands make the question of sufficient magnitude to warrant the most careful study as to the methods best calculated to protect, preserve, and dispose of this vast interest to the greatest advantage.

As when an individual holds title to lands, he will name no price on any particular parcel until he is in some way made acquainted with its value, so should the government exercise like precaution and some judgment in the disposition of its lands. There is urgent need of a thorough overhauling and complete revision of the present system, and a change in measures and methods. Our present Secretary of Interior has already shown a determination to enter upon this great work, and his efforts in that direction should meet with proper encouragement from the people. The first thing, then, to do is to withdraw from market all offered lands. Next, we should repeal the pre-emption, timber-culture, desert-land, timber, and stone acts, and revise the homestead laws. Then we should cause to be made by practical and experienced woodsmen such careful examination and appraisal as an individual owner would do of all the surveyed lands. At a cost not to exceed five cents per acre, the Department of the Interior can be furnished with a complete record and description of each forty-acre lot in the whole seventy millions of timber area it now owns—such reports showing in detail the nature of the soil; variety, quality, and quantity of timber; whether watered by stream, lake, or springs; if pine timber, the facilities for bringing logs to market, either by stream or by rail—in short, every item necessary to enable the Department to arrive at its actual value.

A scale of prices should then be placed on the timbered or mineral lands, on the basis of their relative and ascertained value. No homestead entry should be permitted where the value of the land is in the timber standing thereon, only lands suitable for agriculture and pasturage being open to such entry; none of these lands to be sold for cash without actual occupancy, the object of the government with reference to these being not to realize their value in money, but to reserve them for cultivation and permanent homes for the people.

Such amendment to the homestead law should be made that at any time after a continuous residence of not less than two years the settler may receive patent for his location by paying therefor one dollar per acre, and that no matter how long he might continue to reside thereon, no patent should ever issue until such sum be paid.

The conditions which existed at the time the present laws were enacted, and made them necessary and proper, are changed throughout the entire country. Then the pioneer was obliged to encounter dangers and endure hardships and privations without stint, and the home he rescued from the howling wolf or prowling Indian, and carved out of the unbroken forest, was dearly bought, though free. Long pilgrimages, hundreds of miles by ox team, were made; the family lived for years isolated from friends or neighbors; children were denied the privilege of schools and churches. Now all is changed. A whole neighborhood pack their household effects and live stock into a train of comfortable cars, and in forty-eight hours are unloaded within a few miles, and perhaps in plain view, of their homestead entry, on a broad expanse of fertile prairie, which has "only to be tickled with a hoe to laugh with a harvest." Any man who, after having the use of 160 acres of such land for, say, five years, free of rent, taxes, or interest, is unwilling to pay the government the small sum of one dollar per acre for a title in fee-simple, does not merit a home, and if unable, unless by reason of misfortune, has certainly mistaken his calling.

As most of the surveyed public lands have been at one time or another for some cause withdrawn from sale, it has been

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since 1820 the custom of the Land Department to restore them to market as occasion seemed to require, by Presidential proclamation and public auction sale, with an established minimum price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, and this without regard to its real value, no examination having been made prior to sale. Commencing at a corner township of the advertised tract, the government subdivisions are read over by the Register of the Land Office in the district where the lands lie. As the reading progresses, bids are receivable; and after the entire list has been read, any and all lands embraced therein remaining unsold are subject to private purchase at the minimum price. As the intent of advertising is to give all the people an equal chance to secure lands, and the auction sale is to enable the government to realize by active competition among buyers something like their value, let us attend one of these sales, observe the manner in which they are conducted, and note the result in dollars to the United States Treasury. We must, however, understand that several weeks or months before the public are notified, it has come, in some mysterious manner, to the knowledge of a few capitalists that certain townships of land are soon to be restored in the usual way. At once they are actively though quietly engaged, sending off crews of two or three men each, practiced land-lookers, on whose judgment they can rely, to make careful examination and report on each forty-acre lot, each crew working within separate and prescribed limits.

After the proclamation other individuals or firms undertake, in like manner, similar examinations, so far as the limited time will admit or their means justify.

On the night preceding the day of sale those who are regarded as bidders at the so-called auction are assembled at the village hotel, and the scene is one of extreme though cautious activity. Verily, says the outside spectator, "on the morrow the bidding will be spirited, and the choice lots will be run up to a high figure." We enter the throng, and learn something of its purpose. That sleek-looking, self-contained gentleman engaged so earnestly in conversation with the smooth-visaged young man, with the twenty-four inch head and Napoleonic physique, is the representative of a New York syndicate of unlimited capital, having an estimate of each forty acres to be offered, and hungry for pine. The younger man is recognized as the shrewdest land-dealer in Michigan, and is well informed about the lands. They are now "sizing" each other up as to information and ability to purchase. Here, again, is a man whose whole exterior tells of hardship and exposure, a land-examiner who has been in the woods for weeks exploring on his own account, and who has a pocketful of "minutes," which he is ready to sell for cash, or an interest in the lands, the latter preferred. His information is probably reliable and of value. This glib-tongued, red-nosed person, with the uncertain eye and anxious look, is also a land-examiner with information for sale. Beware of him. He is on the watch for tenderfeet. His minutes are made up from hearsay and his general knowledge of the country, and compiled at his lodgings. As he "draws on his imagination for his facts," he describes only the choicest selections, holds them at a good round price, and sells for what he can get. Notice the gentleman who in his general "make-up" reminds one of the "briefless barrister." He wanders about, listening closely, and occasionally dropping with well-assumed carelessness a word to indicate his intention to invest heavily on the morrow. His plan is to hold aloof, refuse to join any combination, hoping that some one will be weak enough to buy him off from bidding at all. And if he has the courage to run up the price on a few pieces at the opening of the sale, he will succeed. Some one will be deputized to induce him to retire; he names his price, transfers his bids, and gracefully abandons the unequal contest. To the efforts of this adventurer is the government generally indebted for whatever it may realize at the sale above the minimum price. All the other conflicting interests having made the best terms possible, and agreed not to bid against each other—in fact, conspired against the interests of the public—the sale is a sham. The choicest lands are gone at the lowest figure, the remainder left on hand, subject to purchase at the same price.

Another evil requiring prompt and vigorous action is the constantly increasing encroachments on the public lands by timber trespassers, who have been treated with great lenity, and undoubtedly encouraged thereby to continue their depredations. Of late years it has been the practice of the Land Department to send out "special timber agents" to look after these trespass-

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ers, and although a vast amount of property is reported taken and carried away, the Treasury is not the gainer thereby. The men employed are either incompetent or worse. Note the result of their labors for the years 1881–2:

For 1881 these agents reported trespass to the value of $225,472. The government received on account thereof $41,679 97, at an expense of $40,000.

For the year 1882 there were 817 cases reported, recapitulating as follows:

Feet of lumber	222,734,585	
Number of railroad ties	2,434,525	
Sticks of square timber	1,926	
Cords of bark	650	
Posts	11,050	
Hop poles	20,000	
Shingles	575,000	
Cords of wood	79,139	
Sugar-pine shakes	1,110,000	
Pickets	65,000	
Estimated market value		$2,044,277 92
Realized on the above through the courts and paid to receivers		38,583 27
Unaccounted for		$2,005,694 65

Such a result would discourage the most persistent stickler for his rights. There is a bad leak somewhere, which can and should be stopped. It is hardly to be wondered at that the Commissioner of Lands under the administration just closed recommended the discontinuance of this branch of the service. The honorable Commissioner offers as a further reason that "such a system of espionage is not in keeping with the spirit of the republic," and says, "everything which might appear like oppression of the people has been carefully avoided." Truly a very convenient system for the timber thief.

By what code of morals, or on what grounds of public policy, should the citizens of a country be thus encouraged to steal? Undoubtedly the Commissioner meant well, but was not his sympathy bestowed on the wrong class of people? Equal justice to all is not oppression.

Our public officers are in charge of a public trust to be administered for the benefit of the whole people. A sentimentalism which looks on and permits the wholesale and wanton destruction and waste of that trust is, we hope, a thing of the past.

By no means should we abandon a strict surveillance of the public lands. The special timber agents should be continued. It should be made a part of their duty to make such examination and appraisal as are indicated in this article, and only men who are competent and practical woodsmen should be appointed to such office.

The time has come when, as affecting our land policy, all sentiment should be laid aside, and a policy adopted vigorous in protecting and conservative in disposing of the public domain. There are strong indications that such a policy is soon to be inaugurated, "and your petitioners, the people, will ever pray."

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

SINCE on my suit, alas!
My lady sweet doth frown,
I lay where she may pass,
A wild rose down.

But first, lest it should grieve,
Thus to be placed so low,
Into its heart I breathe
All my heart's woe.

"Her nature is so sweet,
Save only unto me,
Even her little feet
Will not wound thee!

"Where thine own color glows
Warm on her dainty cheek,
She'll lift thee, happy rose!
Then, dear rose, speak!

"My intercessor be,
And in her tiny ear
Whisper, 'He loveth thee,
Who sent me, dear!'"

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SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—A COMEDY.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE—*An Old-fashioned House.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, *followed by three or four awkward Servants.*

HARD. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

OMNES. Ay, ay.

HARD. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

OMNES. No, no.

HARD. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

DIG. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—



DIGGORY IN THE MILITIA.

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HARD. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

DIG. By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

HARD. Blockhead! Is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlor? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

DIG. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

HARD. Diggory, you are too talkative.—Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

DIG. Then ecod your worship must not tell the story of old Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

HARD. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please (*to Diggory.*)—Eh, why don't you move?

DIG. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

HARD. What, will nobody move?

FIRST SERVANT. I'm not to leave this place.

SECOND SERVANT. I'm sure it's no place of mine.

THIRD SERVANT. Nor mine, for sartain.

DIG. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.



"BY THE ELEVENS, MY PLACE IS GONE QUITE OUT OF MY HEAD."

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HARD. You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again— But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in in the mean time and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate. [*Exit* HARDCASTLE.

DIG. By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

ROGER. I know that my place is to be everywhere.

FIRST SERVANT. Where the devil is mine?

SECOND SERVANT. My place is to be nowhere at all; and so I'ze go about my business. [*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frighted, different ways.*



Enter SERVANT *with candles, showing in* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

SERVANT. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome! This way.

HAST. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique but creditable.

MARL. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

HAST. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimneypiece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame a reckoning confoundedly.

MARL. Travellers, George, must pay in all places; the only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries, in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

HAST. You have lived very much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised, that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

MARL. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have

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learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman, except my mother. But among females of another class, you know—

HAST. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

MARL. They are of *us*, you know.

HAST. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

MARL. Why, man, that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

HAST. If you could but say half the fine things to them, that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker—

MARL. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them; they freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle; but to me, a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

HAST. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

MARL. Never; unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, and cousins, and at last to blunt out the broad staring question of, Madam, will you marry me? No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

HAST. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

MARL. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low; answer yes or no to all her demands. But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father's again.

HAST. I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

MARL. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you; the family don't know you; as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honor do the rest.

HAST. My dear Marlow— But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

MARL. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward unprepossessing visage of mine, can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury Lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

HARD. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you are heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

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MARL. (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To him.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To Hastings.*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.



"A MODEST WOMAN, DREST OUT IN ALL HER FINERY."

HARD. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

HAST. I fancy, Charles, you're right; the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

HARD. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

MARL. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

HARD. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the

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Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

MARL. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

HARD. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

HAST. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

HARD. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

MARL. The girls like finery.

HARD. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So—

MARL. What, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the mean time; it would help us to carry on the siege with vigor.

HARD. Punch, sir! (*Aside.*) This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

MARL. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty Hall, you know.



Enter ROGER *with a cup.*

HARD. Here's a cup, sir.

MARL. (*Aside.*) So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

HARD. (*Taking the cup.*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. (*Drinks.*)

MARL. (*Aside.*) A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humor him a little. Sir, my service to you. (*Drinks.*)

HAST. (*Aside.*) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

MARL. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose.

HARD. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there is no business "for us that sell ale."

HAST. So, then, you have no turn for politics, I find.

HARD. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people, but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about Hyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

HAST. So that with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good pleasant bustling life of it.

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HARD. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlor.

MARL. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

HARD. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

MARL. (*Aside.*) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

HAST. So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. (*Drinks.*)

HARD. Good, very good; thank you; ha! ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

MARL. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

HARD. For supper, sir! (*Aside.*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

MARL. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

HARD. (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*To him.*) Why, really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cook-maid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

MARL. You do, do you?



"MY DOROTHY AND THE COOK-MAID SETTLE THESE THINGS BETWEEN THEM."

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HARD. Entirely. By-the-by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

MARL. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir?

HARD. O no, sir, none in the least; yet I don't know how; our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

HAST. Let's see your list of the larder, then. I ask it as a favor. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

MARL. (*To* HARDCASTLE, *who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

HARD. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it's drawn out.—Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

HAST. (*Aside.*) All upon the high rope! His uncle a colonel! we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

MARL. (*Perusing.*) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole joiner's company, or the corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

HAST. But let's hear it.

MARL. (*Reading.*) For the first course at the top, a pig, and pruin sauce.

HAST. Damn your pig, I say.

MARL. And damn your pruin sauce, say I.

HARD. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with pruin sauce is very good eating.

MARL. At the bottom a calf's tongue and brains.

HAST. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir, I don't like them.

MARL. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves.

HARD. (*Aside.*) Their impudence confounds me. (*To them.*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

MARL. Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a Florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

HAST. Confound your made dishes; I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

HARD. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to—

MARL. Why really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

HARD. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

MARL. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

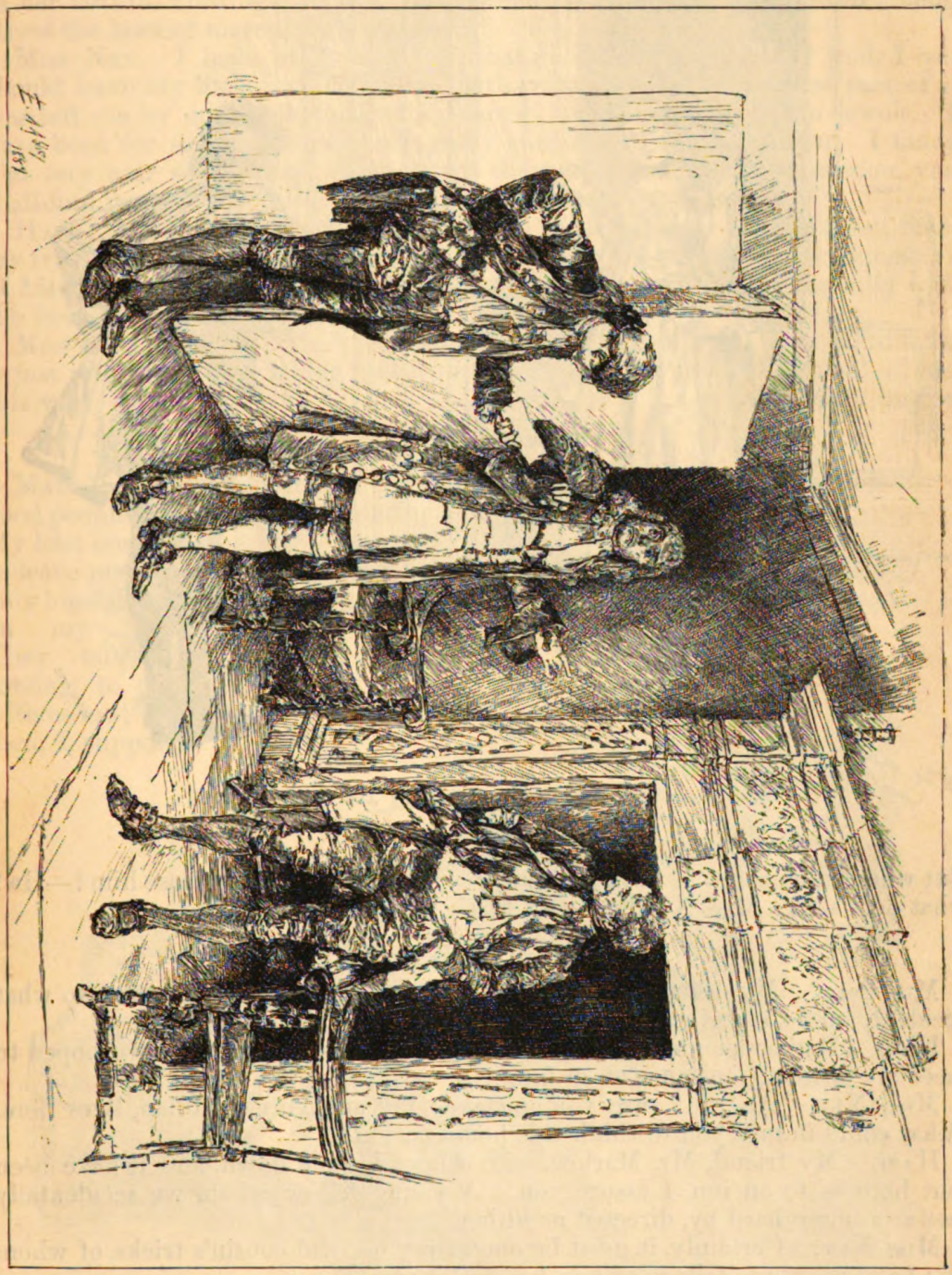
HARD. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

MARL. You see I'm resolved on it. (*Aside.*) A very troublesome fellow this, as I ever met with.

HARD. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*Aside.*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence. [*Exeunt* MARLOW *and* HARDCASTLE.

HAST. (*Alone.*) So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome.

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"WHAT'S HERE? FOR THE FIRST COURSE; FOR THE SECOND COURSE."

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"HA! WHAT DO I SEE? MISS NEVILLE, BY ALL THAT'S HAPPY!"

But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him?—Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Nev. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hast. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

Miss Nev. An inn! sure you mistake; my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hast. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss Nev. Certainly, it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often; ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He whom your aunt intends for you? he of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss Nev. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

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HAST. Thou dear dissembler! you must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with their journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

MISS NEV. I have often told you, that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

HAST. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the mean time, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

MISS NEV. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him?—This, this way— [*They confer.*

Enter MARLOW.

MARL. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose,



"THOU DEAR DISSEMBLER."

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we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family.—What have we got here?

HAST. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think is just alighted?

MARL. Can not guess.

HAST. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighborhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stept into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

MARL. (*Aside.*) I have been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

HAST. Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

MARL. Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter.—But our dresses, George, you know are in disorder.—What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow?—To-morrow at her own house.—It will be every bit as convenient—and rather more respectful.—To-morrow let it be.

[*Offering to go.*

MISS NEV. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardor of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

MARL. O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

HAST. Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

MARL. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, *as returned from walking.*

HAST. (*Introducing them.*) Miss Hardcastle. Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

MISS HARD. (*Aside.*) Now for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir. I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

MARL. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry—madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

HAST. (*To him.*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

MISS HARD. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

MARL. (*Gathering courage.*) I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

MISS NEV. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

HAST. (*To him.*) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance forever.

MARL. (*To him.*) Hem! Stand by me, then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

MISS HARD. An observer like you upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than approve.

MARL. Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

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"PARDON ME, MADAM, I—I—I—AS YET HAVE STUDIED—ONLY—TO DESERVE THEM."

HAST. (*To him.*) Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life.—Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

MARL. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. (*To him.*) Zounds! George, sure you won't go? How can you leave us?

HAST. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. (*To him.*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little *tête-à-tête* of our own. [*Exeunt.*

MISS HARD. (*After a pause.*) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir: the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

MARL. (*Relapsing into timidity.*) Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to deserve them.

MISS HARD. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

MARL. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex. But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

MISS HARD. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it forever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

MARL. It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish—for—um—a—um—

MISS HARD. I understand you, sir. There must be some who, wanting a

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"HA! HA! HA! WAS THERE EVER SUCH A SOBER, SENTIMENTAL INTERVIEW?"

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relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

MARL. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing—a—

MISS HARD. (*Aside.*) Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon such occasions! (*To him.*) You were going to observe, sir—

MARL. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

MISS HARD. (*Aside.*) I vow and so do I. (*To him.*) You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, sir.

MARL. Yes, madam. In this age of hypocrisy there are few who upon strict inquiry do not—a—a—a—

MISS HARD. I understand you perfectly, sir.

MARL. (*Aside.*) Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

MISS HARD. You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

MARL. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

MISS HARD. Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force—pray, sir, go on.

MARL. Yes, madam. I was saying—that there are some occasions—when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the—and puts us—upon a—a—a—

MISS HARD. I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

MARL. Yes, madam. Morally speaking, madam.—But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

MISS HARD. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

MARL. Yes, madam, I was—but she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honor to attend you?

MISS HARD. Well then, I'll follow.

MARL. (*Aside.*) This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*

MISS HARD. (*Alone.*) Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody? That, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit.*

MEXICAN POLITICS.

"DIOS y Libertad," "Independencia y Libertad," "Libertad en la Constitucion." Such are the invocations that attend the publication of all the laws of Mexico, and one department of its government can not address a communication to another without concluding with one of these imposing phrases. The Mexicans are not wanting in patriotic spirit. They are proud of their struggles for independence and against foreign invaders. Yet, with a constitution, organic laws, and election laws in nearly all respects equal to those of the United States, and in some respects even better, the only liberty the Mexicans have enjoyed since the close of their long struggle for independence has been that of being governed by an autocrat born in Mexico instead of in Spain, presenting the most striking proof that

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the nature of a government has little dependence upon its form. The revolutions that have hitherto convulsed Mexico have involved little or no constitutional principle, but have been mainly struggles for power between rival chiefs, each sustained by a following that cared for little but pay and plunder; and Mexico has been ruled by men who either obtained or held their power by the sword. Though but one of these called himself *Emperor*, as did Iturbide, and but one ordered himself addressed as *Serene Highness*, as did Santa Anna, though nearly all have called themselves *President*, and gone through the form of an election and constitutional canvass of the vote by Congress, the character of all has been the same—that of despots whose will is limited only by the spirit of the age and the patience of the people.

There is no cause for wonder in this. The wonder is rather that anything is left of Mexican patriotism. Let the proud American who looks with contempt upon poor Mexico to-day, because behind us in what he calls "progress," read her history from the time the curate Hidalgo first unfurled the banner of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and ask himself what his country would be to-day if its liberties had had such a cradling and such a nursing. Since the close in 1821 of her eleven years' war of independence, Mexico has had over fifty rulers, counting juntas, regencies, triumvirates, and executive committees. Nearly all of these rulers have been generals of the army, and nearly every one has ejected his predecessor before fairly settled in the throne. Her Washingtons and Jeffersons, her Greenes, Schuylers, and Hamiltons, were nearly all captured and shot before their work was half done. Her Jacksons and Calhouns, her Scotts, Websters, and Taylors, her Lincolns, her Grants, and her Shermans, have nearly all in turn warred against each other, and nearly all in turn have been shot or banished as they fell into the hands of the adverse party. And during all this time a similar struggle over the Governorship has been going on in nearly every state.

Mexico is nominally governed by a Congress, first called September 14, 1813, which has probably seen as many vicissitudes as any assembly on earth has ever seen in the same time. It has been chased here and there, dissolved, expelled, recalled, and remodelled, until it has finally settled down into an established institution. It now consists of a Senate of about sixty members, which meets in a room in the National Palace, and a Chamber of Deputies of some two hundred and twenty members, which meets in the old Theatre of Iturbide, over half a mile from the National Palace. In appearance this Congress could hardly be distinguished from that of the United States. Fully nine-tenths of its members are of pure white blood, and the other tenth have no more color than fashion demands of a stylish brunette. No traces of rusticity, coarseness, ignorance, or stupidity are visible, nor is there any sign of what is generally known as Mexican costume. Both bodies are composed of eminent soldiers, scholars, lawyers, and members of other professions, with young men whose talents have attracted notice; and the members show a degree of politeness and dignity that would improve many of our State Legislatures. Their conversation in the lobbies and on the floor shows an extraordinary degree of culture and education, and both bodies are the last to which one would look for subserviency to the Executive.

Theoretically this Congress is elected by the people. Practically it is elected by the President. A note to the officer in command of the military district, or to the political chief—a civil officer whose actual powers are co-extensive with the requirements of any emergency—recommending a certain person as a suitable subject for a Congressman, rarely fails. Should it fail, the error is easily corrected in the canvass, or still more easily in the final returns. In the federal district—the city of Mexico and its environs—the elective system is still more charmingly simple. Should there be two candidates, which is rarely the case, the defeated candidate is the last one on earth to complain or contest the seat.

A Congress so elected can be nothing but a ratifying committee. Especially must it be so in a country like Mexico, with a vast ignorant lower class taking no interest in public affairs in time of peace, with no middle class worthy of mention, and with an upper class too small to resist the army, which must be kept up to restrain the turbulent part of the lower class. Under such circumstances it is quite useless for a representative to be independ-

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PORFIRIO DIAZ.

ent. The result would be the loss of a good position, with $250 a month for doing next to nothing. And should he find himself, upon some pretext, banished to Yucatan or languishing in prison, his nominal constituents are the last ones on earth to whom he can look for redress.

The visitor in the galleries of the Mexican Congress sees at once the effect of this. Day after day the Houses meet, and adjourn in a few moments after hearing the minutes of the last meeting and a formal communication or two from some state legislature or officer. Occasionally a bill is passed. But it goes as a matter of course, the members taking no interest in it. Many do not even hear their names called, and their assent is assumed; others give a delicate nod or little wave of the hand; while others merely smile at the secretary, as if conscious of the absurdity of the ceremony. The Congressman cares no more for the "dear people" than the people care for him. Respect for them can only get him into trouble, whereas respect for the President will insure his return. His constituents trouble him with no letters, instructions, resolutions, or petitions; and he in return spares them the infliction of public documents, printed speeches, papers, and all other evidences of his regard.

This subserviency of Congress to the

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Executive is fully recognized by the people, and when they want some change in the laws it is not to Congress, but to the President, that the petition is presented, although by the constitution a bare majority may pass a bill over the veto.

The state governments are all managed upon the same principle, and the republic is an aggregation of monarchies ruled by a central monarch, whose will has until the past year known no control but the sword of the successful revolutionist. The press, of course, is muzzled, one part being well paid to sound the praises of the administration and approve all of its acts, the others not daring to complain. The telegraph has never dared to flash half the truth, and even correspondents have been extremely cautious about writing it.

General Porfirio Diaz surprised the country with its first three years of genuine peace, and when, in December, 1880, he delivered the government to General Manuel Gonzales, it was the third peaceable transmission of the supreme authority that Mexico had seen in her sixty years of independence, and the first that had really been made from principle and not from fear. He delivered to Gonzales a country in a state of unwonted prosperity, with every one looking hopefully to the future, in full confidence that the troubles of his country were at last over.

The performances of Gonzales in the execution of this high trust read more like romance than history, and when in December last he drove away from the National Palace, after surrendering the government again to Diaz, it was amid a sea of scowling faces, with none to say a word in his behalf. Yet, with all his crimes, he has done much for Mexico. A man of advanced ideas, of great energy, and extraordinary personal bravery, he seems to have had steadily in view the progress and prosperity of his country. His great trouble has been an inordinate desire to prosper along with her. No man ever had a grander opportunity to enshrine his memory in the fondest recollections of a people than had Manual Gonzales during his four years of power. Rarely has Fortune tried so hard to befriend a man; but he would not let her. He has, however, linked his name forever with one of the fondest memories of his people, though not in the way he intended. Under him first awoke the spirit of constitutional freedom, against him the feeble Congress first dared assert its independence, and he, the boldest and most self-willed of all Mexico's line of tyrants, was compelled to recognize it. Under him Mexico passed through its greatest revolution—its greatest because its first one of peace, its greatest because for the first time eloquence and reason were arrayed against a brave soldier surrounded by his legions, yet won, unarmed, the victory.

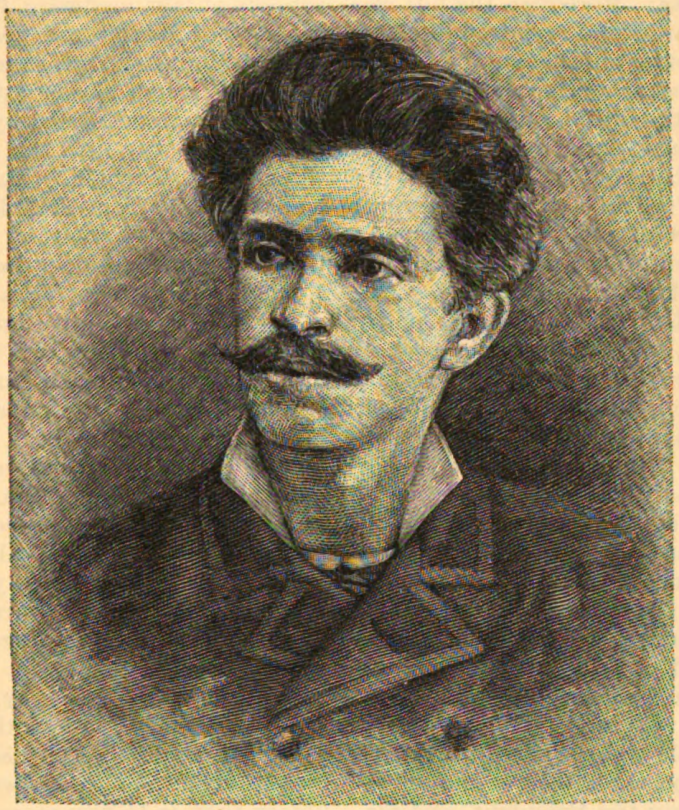
The great debate in the Mexican Congress in November, 1884, can never fade from the memories of those who were fortunate enough to attend it. The world, which judges the importance of revolutions mainly by the amount of blood shed, has heard little of it; but from that debate will date whatever constitutional liberty Mexico may in future enjoy.

In 1823, and again in 1824, Mexico borrowed of English capitalists some twenty-two millions of dollars, giving therefor its bonds for thirty-two millions, the difference of ten millions being absorbed in discount, commissions, advance of interest, and other devices of the money-lender. With part of the second loan, part of the first was paid off, reducing the whole debt to twenty-six and a half millions; an ingenious shave of the money-lender also reducing the amount actually received by Mexico on the whole transaction to fourteen and a half millions. Of this last sum two and a quarter millions were lost in the failure of one of the banks that made the loan; and the rest was squandered in the purchase of worthless ships, arms, and old trumpery, fit only to sell to a new and verdant republic in haste to acquire anything that would make even a show of power. Though Mexico does not feel like starving her own servants to pay a debt of that kind, she has shown no disposition to repudiate it. On the contrary, she has made several conversions of it into new bonds. But under the inexorable laws of compound interest the debt has nearly quadrupled.

In September, 1884, an agreement was made with the English bondholders by Mr. Noetzlin, an agent of Mexico, for a new conversion by the issue of new bonds to the amount of eighty-six millions of dollars. Early in November a committee of the Chamber of Deputies reported in favor of the agreement, and submitted a bill for the execution of its provisions. The world probably believes that the de-

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feat of that bill meant repudiation. But there was nothing of the kind in it. Among other objectionable features were three, the very least of which would have sealed its fate in a Congress of the United States; and all objectionable features were so artfully incorporated in the agreement and accompanying bill that it was impossible, under the rules and the decision of the chair as sustained by the government majority in the chamber, to reach them by amendment.



SALVATOR DIAZ MIRON.

One of these three features was that the bonds were to be executed in London, and bear the revenue stamp of England, Mexico to pay all expenses of the conversion. As a contract valid where it is made is valid the world over, and as Mexico has plenty of revenue stamps of her own which cost her nothing, this amounted simply to a request to Mexico to make England a handsome present. Another provision was the mortgage of ten per cent. of the revenues, by custom-house certificates, to pay the interest on the new bonds. Nations of self-respect are not in the habit of giving security, especially for old debts; and as Mexico had in this way already mortgaged her revenues to the American railroads and other enterprises until the remainder was barely sufficient to pay the army and civil service, the people can hardly be blamed for objecting to another mortgage. It is sufficient to add that the "stealing clause" of the agreement amounted to over thirteen millions of dollars, which sum was allowed for the expenses of the conversion, without any limit upon the nature of the expenses, their adjustment, or the discount at which the bonds were to be sold to pay them.

This debt may long be a source of trouble to Mexico, but will no doubt be paid as soon as the country can afford it. Its fate is a matter of little consequence compared with the enduring results of which it was but the provocation. It made Mexico awake from the sleep of years. Without yawning or rubbing her eyes, she sprang at a bound into the middle of the floor. She stands there to-day, dazzled and amazed at the sudden light. She may not know just what to do, but she will never return to finish her nap.

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Gonzales had ordered the bill passed, and every one supposed it would pass as a matter of course. Over and over again the writer was told by Mexicans well acquainted with their system that he was wasting his time attending Congress in hopes of hearing any speaking; that Congress would pass the bill, for they dared not do otherwise. Moreover, the bill was favored by a large and respectable class; by some because just in the main, however bad in detail; by others because it would restore abroad the fallen credit of Mexico, which was then in sore need of restoration. It was believed to be favored by the beloved "Porfirio," and was approved by a large part of the native press and nearly all of the foreign press at the capital, including the two American newspapers there published, and also by many native lawyers, statesmen, and nearly all foreigners there residing. Nowhere had anything like opposition been developed, the few editorials and letters that appeared in a part of the press being of the deploring kind, tacitly admitting the fact of its passage and deploring its necessity.

When the question was opened to debate, a feeble, sickly-looking young man of about twenty-six years old arose and walked to the long-silent tribune amid a general hush of curiosity. In a speech of little over half an hour, with impetuous utterance and nervous gesture, he swept the whole subject, dwelling with bitter scorn upon the faults of the agreement, denouncing the President, and picturing the miseries of the country under his rule in language that no one had ever dared to use in Mexico, and closed by proposing the postponement of the whole subject until after the inauguration of General Diaz. No one unacquainted with Mexican politics can understand the heroism required to make that speech, without knowing how it would be received by the people, but knowing too well how it would be received at court. There was none of the rashness of youth, no desire for notoriety, about it, nothing but the deepest earnestness. Judging it as all oratory should be judged, by the situation, by the boldness, the sincerity of the speaker, and the strong impress of personality in which words, however brilliant, are lost, and judging it, above all, by its effect, it may be doubted if anything ever delivered in America excelled that speech. The very first note was a blast of defiance in which he predicted yet defied the consequences of his independence, and he remained consistent and defiant to the end, apparently with nothing to gain, but everything to lose, by his opposition.

This speech brought in a moment a new troop of actors upon the stage of Mexican politics. In the various universities and schools of law, medicine, fine arts, etc., in the city of Mexico are nearly four thousand students, though some of their number make much higher estimates. Hundreds of them, attracted by curiosity, had found their way into the galleries of the Theatre of Iturbide. Many had come, book in hand, from the Alameda or other public parks, where they wander to and fro studying aloud, quite regardless of strangers' presence. It is foolish to say what they might have done under other circumstances. But two things are certain—that the Mexican students had never before taken any interest in politics, and that there had been no concert of action among them before they came to the Theatre. Other speakers might have aroused them, but none could have done so like Miron, a mere boy like themselves, and with the ink scarcely dry upon his own college diploma, bursting upon the scene like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, and astounding even the oldest listeners by his audacity, brilliancy, and fervor.

No theatre ever rang with such applause as shook the four galleries when Miron closed, and then and there was born a power that is to-day more feared and respected than any other civil power in the land, and bids fair to continue the most important factor in the political regeneration of Mexico. In less than twenty-four hours the students were organized, and took entire charge of the campaign, arousing the people, showering fiery circulars from the galleries of the Theatre upon the members below, and scattering them along the streets. The galleries were completely in their control. Their very first performance, the complete extinction by groaning, hooting, and "guying" out of his wits of one of their own professors, an able and powerful speaker, who attempted to reply to Miron, gave them the first idea of their power. In two days two hundred policemen, scattered about the galleries, could not keep order enough to let a speaker in favor of the bill be heard, and in two more the glitter of long lines of bayonets and sa-

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bres in the streets outside was equally ineffective. The students, nearly all armed with pistols, boldly attacked both soldiers and police, and carried off and concealed so well their killed and wounded that their numbers are not known to-day.



GUILLERMO PRIETO.

By the time the chairman got courage enough to order the galleries cleared, the minority, at first a mere handful, had, under the encouragement of the students and the people they aroused, grown large enough to threaten to leave and break the quorum if the galleries were expelled. Three times the chair fulfilled its threat, and three times the minority kept its word and broke up the session. At the close of the seventh day of the debate, when the chamber had several times in vain ordered the soldiers away from its doors; when long lines of infantry stood ready in the plaza, and regiments of cavalry were drawn up in the Alameda; when all windows were bolted and barred, and huge padlocks that would stand half a day's siege hung everywhere in sight; when rumors came thick and fast that the army was revolting here and there—the government ordered a retreat. One of the majority, which at first was so overpowering, but which had day after day been steadily crumbling away, introduced a resolution suspending further action until after the inauguration of Diaz, as at first proposed by young Miron. It was passed with a roar of acclamation, the whole chamber rising to its feet with a unanimous and long-drawn *Si!* This was equivalent to an indefinite postponement, and sealed forever the fate of that agreement. For days afterward the city was given up to parades, illuminations, and rejoicing of all sorts, not for the defeat of the bill, but for the victory over the government, which had been as complete as it was unexpected.

Considering the small amount of practice a representative can here have in speaking, the fluency, vigor, and composure shown by most of the speakers in this debate were marvellous. The writer had heard some excellent speaking in the courts, but here were men who had no

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such practice. He knew, too, that the upper class of Mexicans are highly educated and extremely fluent in conversation. But he had always supposed something more was necessary to make one cool, fluent, and logical in a long speech before a crowd, and especially before such an opposition as the galleries of that Theatre offered to all who favored the bill.

The most effective speakers were Miron, the youngest, and Guillermo Prieto, the oldest, member of the Chamber of Deputies. Miron has the clearest, most penetrating voice imaginable, with the most perfect articulation, intonation, and modulation, and speaks with a rapid rush of language, pure, crisp, and elegant. From first to last in his two speeches he made never a slip nor a flaw in language or grammar. But yesterday unknown, his name is to-day a household word in Mexico, not because he proved himself a natural orator, but because, friendless and alone, without knowing what support he would have, or whether he would spend the night in prison or on the way to exile in Yucatan, he dared to do what no one in Mexico ever before had dared to do.

Prieto is an aged, feeble man, who had worn the gilded collar many a time before, and now for the first time, on the very verge of the grave, shook it off. He is a slow, earnest talker, at times intensely pathetic, abounding in good sense and great readiness and richness of illustration. He faltered at times from weakness, and twice had to be led from the hall.

There were many others whose names will live long in Mexico—Duret, Viñez, Ramos Cadena, and others, all excelling in the first requisite of eloquence, the power of making the hearer feel that the orator believes every word he utters. There could be no happier illustration of the old Roman distinction between *eloquentia* and *loquentia* than that debate afforded—a distinction too much lost sight of in modern times. They abounded, too, in bold and effective ways of saying things. Romero, only one day after he had voted with the government majority, suddenly arose and spoke against the bill, exclaiming in ringing tones, "Is this the Roman Senate, and is this the voice of Tiberius that the committee brings us?" Viñez, when the bill had passed upon the vote in general, but, under the rules, passed to discussion and vote article by article, said: "We have lost the battle of the plains; now comes the war in the mountains. Day after day and week after week, while my strength lasts, from rock to rock, from tree to tree, I, for one, will fight it out." "A great day is this, when shines for the first time the sun of our sovereignty," said Prieto, when the bill was killed, but the rest of his words were drowned in the uproar that followed.

Possibly this brilliant outburst of the spirit of liberty may be like the lightning's flash, glittering for an instant in the full play of freedom, to return at once to its chains. But no one can believe it who during those seven exciting days mingled with the students and the people they aroused. Since then the students have perfected their organization, extended it to other cities, and issued a paper devoted entirely to politics. From their societies they have expelled every member who favored that bill, and have driven from the universities three professors for the same reason. One of them, Justo Sierra, professor of history, a gentleman, a scholar, and previously popular with the students, struggled for over two months to hold his place, sustained by all the influence of the popular new President Diaz; but he too at last succumbed. At the last municipal election in the city of Mexico the students' organization appeared in full force, voted themselves, made others vote, and enforced all the election laws. This was the first time such a thing had been known in the country. They have announced their intention of managing all elections in future, and have organized societies for this purpose in all the large cities having universities. They are afraid of nothing; are proud of the part they have played. Their pride has been well nourished by praise. They form now a leaven in society that no future ruler can afford to ignore.

With severe simplicity General Porfirio Diaz was inaugurated President on December 1, 1884, at half past eight in the morning, amid the roar of cannon, the clangor of cathedral bells, and one universal smile of joy. Rarely has a ruler entered a path so beset with difficulties. With an army and civil service unpaid, a treasury stripped of its last cent, a national credit at zero, with no resources but the confidence of the people, he was expected to do everything. So far he has done exceedingly well. He knows what his people need; he has the intelligence and the nerve necessary to carry out his convictions. But there are problems of peace

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far harder than any of war; and he who led raw levies of half-starved and half-naked Indians to victory against the well-drilled legions of France, whose sword flashed brightest where death most rioted, may fail to govern to their satisfaction a people who thus far have been governed only by the sword. He is expected to give them constitutional government, whereas to enjoy it they must be able to give it and secure it to themselves. General Diaz will no doubt do much for Mexico, but much of it he will have to do by virtue of a power that may pass to a very different successor, and the principle that guides an Aurelian may be no check upon a Commodus. One can see little hope for true republican government in Mexico until a middle class is built up, which with the upper class will afford solid support to a representative who dares to be independent. Until then the tremendous inertia of the lower class will be a drag upon progress that no amount of intellect or good intentions on the part of a ruler can permanently remove. Yet such a middle class is already forming, and with the inflow of foreign enterprise it will grow rapidly. The upper class, which is quite the equal of our own in intelligence, culture, and education, will be only too glad to co-operate with it. This upper class knows perfectly well what good government is, and deeply feels the humiliation of its country, but is not large enough to enforce its opinions. The intelligence of the land will surely prevail now that it has been allowed an opportunity.

A PURITAN INDEED.

THE scene of this old story opens half an hour before the church service on a certain Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1644, in the great hall of Governor Theophilus Eaton's stately house in New Haven. Beside a high-backed chair near the middle of the room stood a lady with her head bent, her hands clasped before her, and her eyes fixed upon the floor. Her dress of black satin, with its slashed sleeves and high white ruff, as well as the embroidered cap which entirely concealed her hair, was such as befitted the wife of the chief man of the colony.

The hall was the principal apartment in the house, according to the good old custom of the Puritans' native land; and around Mrs. Eaton the "drawing-table," round table, great chair with needlework, high stools, low chairs, Turkey carpet, and great brass andirons, which are all enumerated in the inventory taken years after, must have been the furnishings of a large and hospitable room. Here the family ate, and here the household, which we are told sometimes numbered thirty persons, assembled twice a day for prayers.

About the lady and over the whole house reigned the awful silence of the Sabbath, a day which, in New Haven, must have been peculiarly oppressive, for its colonists had tarried but a short time in Massachusetts, where they landed, finding the laws and customs there far too lax for their ideal of a Christian commonwealth.

Mrs. Eaton stood still even when the door of the study at the side of the hall opened, and a tall, handsome man, with his broad hat in his hand, came in and crossed the space between himself and her.

"Ann," he said, in a deep, quiet voice, "why are you not prepared for the service of God?"

His wife raised her head and looked at him. Her great dark eyes had a strange look, her face was thin and haggard, and the lines about her mouth were tightly drawn.

"I shall never be ready for the service of God again," she said, slowly.

The Governor's face grew severe and surprised. "This is uncomely language," he said, sternly, "and I fear lest a righteous Judge hold you accountable of blasphemy. Go, prepare for repentance in His house, that He punish us not for this presumptuous sin."

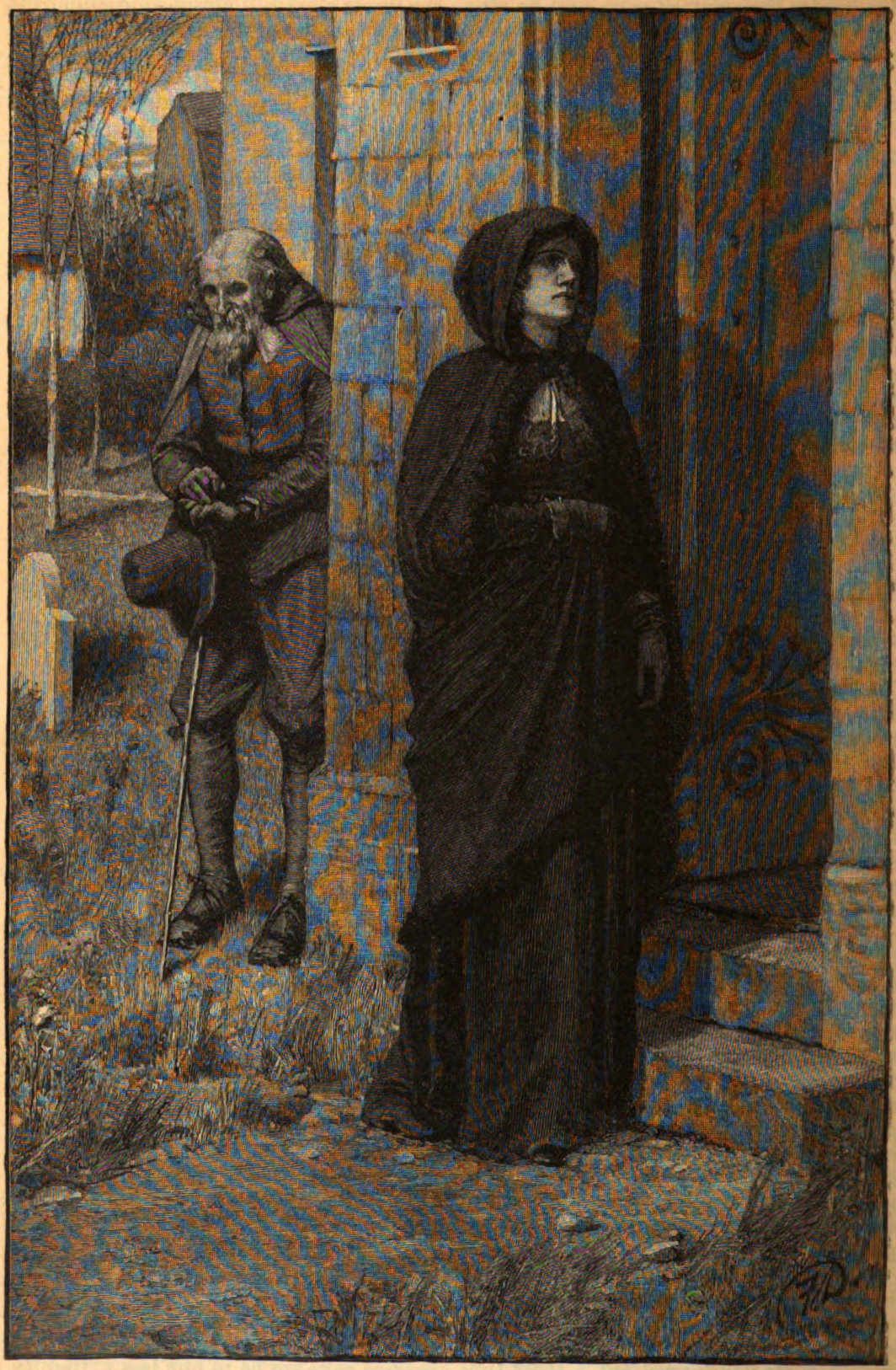
Mrs. Eaton's eyes, which had been fixed upon his face, filled slowly with tears, and her hands worked nervously. "I can not go," she said.

"Wherefore?" asked the Governor.

"I am not well," she answered, sinking into the chair beside her.

"God doth not exempt us from His service save we be in our last extremity. Your illness is not so great you can be spared. Go."

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THE EXCOMMUNICATED.—[SEE PAGE 776.]

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Against the Governor's look of authority none ever stood, and Mrs. Eaton rose and passed without another word from the room.

Governor Eaton was fifty-three years old, but as he stood there after his wife had gone, an observer might have seen much of that comeliness left which had caused a young maid long ago in his youth to die of love for him. One of his contemporaries has left on record that his face had a majesty which can not be described, a look which could hardly be missing from a man who had lived a life of such austere conscientiousness. He had seen many changes since his quiet boyhood as the son of a minister in Oxfordshire. He adopted the career of a merchant in London, and was for years the agent of the King of England to the King of Denmark. Rich, honored, successful, at the age of forty-five he left forever his native land. His life-long friend, the Rev. John Davenport, a distinguished divine, being obliged to leave England for his opinions, Eaton and several others of his parishioners accompanied him, founding in New Haven in 1638 a colony which bought its land of the Indians, had no charter from England, and ruled its affairs solely by the laws given in the Scriptures.

Theophilus Eaton, the richest, most influential and esteemed among its members, was naturally elected the Governor —a position which he held by unanimous choice until his death. A serious man he must needs have been, a terror to evil-doers; but that he was patient, humble in spirit, even-tempered, hospitable, and a helper to the widow and orphan, has also come down to us. His was an age of sternness and repression of feeling, and no one could have better adjured another to ignore pain than the man who a few years before, having to undergo an operation from which even the surgeon shrank, had calmly said, "Proceed; God calls you to do and me to suffer."

Unlike the Puritans of Massachusetts, the New Haven colonists made no strict rules regarding dress, and the Governor, like his wife, "maintained a port in some measure answerable to his place." His house, whose size may be imagined from its twenty-one fire-places, was the stateliest in the village, and his dress, half English, half Dutch, in its independence of Popish France, was rich, almost courtly. He wore the wide ruff, short cloak, and full sleeve ruffles of his time; his shoe-buckles were of heavy silver wrought in gold, and his long waistcoat was trimmed with lace. His hair was worn close, according to the Puritan custom, and his grave blue eyes had the steadiness and dignity of the impartial judge.

In the mean time, while he waited, with a subdued rustle and light steps the members of his household congregated in the hall. There was the Governor's mother, a venerable lady, for whom he immediately provided a chair; his daughter, gentle Mary Eaton, the child of his first wife, whose short life had ended in Mary's babyhood; and her friend Mary Launce, the granddaughter of the Earl of Rivers, a ward of Eaton's kinsman, Governor Hopkins, of Hartford. Standing quietly by their grandmother were the two children Hannah and Theophilus, quaint little figures in a period when childhood was like a stranger and pilgrim. One son, the pride of the family, was away at Harvard College, then in its infancy. With a slow step down the great oak staircase came the lady of the house. The Governor courteously went forward to receive her, but she did not seem to notice him. Her eyes were fixed and wide open, and her cheeks were white. The family started, the Governor leading, his mother on his arm, Mrs. Eaton following, a child on either side, and after the family a line of decorous servants. Other decorous people were walking through the green lanes which were to be some time the streets of a city. Mr. Gregson, the magistrate, with his wife and family; Ezekiel Cheever, the first New England schoolmaster, a terror to erring youth, whose salary had just been raised from twenty to thirty pounds a year; pious and beloved Mr. Newman, the ruling elder; and across the field the Rev. John Davenport, in his gown and bands, and the close black cap which could not hide the short curls of his hair, was walking immediately through the passage, "eight feet wide," which, that the pastor might have a private way to the meeting-house, the court decreed should be cut off from the unused land of Owen Rowe, who never came over, but figured later as one of the regicides in England.

The meeting-house was fitly placed in the centre of the settlement, and appears to have been a square structure, with two stories. On its top a turret with balus-

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trade was occupied by the drummers who called the people together for service on Sundays, for court and general meetings on special occasions, and, beating at sunrise and sunset, ushered in the new day with military honors, and bowed it out, as it were, with rigid courtesy when its course was run.

When the sentry had replaced the drummers in the turret, and the congregation were seated, the men and women on different sides of the aisle and in strict order of rank, the youths and maidens in the gallery, the pastor opened with prayer; then a psalm, given out line by line by the ruling elder, was sung; after which Mr. Hooke preached. He was a talented and ambitious man, afterward chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, and to his long sermon on Justification the congregation listened with the same rapt quiet as if they had not given ear to a still more extended exposition of Calvin's views from the Rev. Mr. Davenport in the morning. The sermon was never too long; it was for this they had given up home and country and friends.

Governor Eaton, as was the custom, wrote steadily his notes of the discourse as it proceeded. At last, however, it came to an end, as the long sunbeams slanted in at the windows and touched the armor and fowling-pieces of the soldiers near the door, and crept down the worn face and satin dress of Mrs. Eaton on the first seat. After the prayer which followed, the pastor announced that the rite of baptism would be performed upon a brother who had come to repentance, and had confessed his faith. There was a moment's pause. Then Mrs. Eaton rose from her seat, and with her head haughtily raised, passed down the aisle and out of the door. A perceptible shiver ran through the house. The service proceeded, the Governor, as all saw who stole an involuntary look at his erect figure, apparently noticing nothing. Unmoved, when the contribution was to be given he rose and laid the paper which signified his offering in the deacon's box below the pulpit, and no one who followed in the orderly file to do likewise saw a change in his face. There was not one who did not think of Mrs. Eaton when the time came for dealing with cases of offense and discipline, knowing that in the future the pride of the proudest woman in New Haven would be brought low for this scorn of the Church of God.

At home that evening at sunset prayer was said by the Governor for his household, but his wife was not present.

After sunset in those days Sunday ended, and neighbors called upon one another and enjoyed the most social hour of the whole week, but this evening Governor Eaton went to his room. Gravely and sternly he reasoned with his wife, but though drowned in tears and sobs, her heart he found hardened. Mrs. Eaton was secretly a Baptist, and to be one of that abhorred faith there was a social ostracism.

A week passed by. Mrs. Eaton was irritable almost beyond forbearance; especially against the quiet Mary did her anger burn. Servants quivered before her sharp tongue, and grew careless under the rule of one they could not please. This temper was no sudden thing, but whereas it was formerly occasional, it had now become habitual. She would spend almost a whole day in tears, rising from her bed to lash with unreasoning reproaches children and servants, mother-in-law, friends. Only the calm, grave eyes of the Governor she could not meet; before his stern face she trembled, and as her restless glance turned from his her breath came in long gasping sobs.

The Sunday came again. This time, without a word of opposition, she stood ready in the hall while the drums still beat outside. She spoke to no one, but the strained look in her face had deepened, and the effort she was making to be calm was evidently painful. The Governor's mother was lame and did not go, so this morning in complete silence he walked with his wife to the church door. "Control yourself this day, Ann," he said. "Make no unseemly disturbance in God's house."

The long service began and stretched away in dreary length through prayer and chapter and psalm. Mrs. Eaton sat staring before her in a tense, unnatural quiet. After the sermon began she stirred a little, her lips moved. Once when Mr. Davenport said something against anabaptism, she said, quite low, "It is not so." And when the pastor remarked, "I will be brief," she said, "I pray you be so."

These things appeared at her trial by the testimony of her little son, who was too small to be banished as yet to the gallery.

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When they were at home, where she went in silence, the cold noonday meal began, at which grace was usually said before and after meat.

"I rejoice, daughter," said old Mrs. Eaton, "if thou hast this day received God's word with meekness."

Mrs. Eaton turned, and, with no warning, she raised her hand and struck the speaker twice in the face. Every one rose to his feet. The Governor, paler than any one had ever seen him, seized his wife's hands. She lifted her miserable eyes to his face as he held her.

"I am afflicted! I am afflicted!" she cried, in a voice so loud that it reached far down the quiet street. Governor Eaton gazed down into his wife's face with a look none of the frightened family would ever forget, but something he saw in her strange eyes made the anger die out of his.

"My wife," he said, in a low voice, "come to your room."

He went to the service as usual in the afternoon, but his solitary evening prayers were prolonged that night.

A season of rest restored somewhat Mrs. Eaton's excited nerves, although still the children and servants grew restless under her bursts of anger and wearing irritability. She went no more to the meeting-house until that August day, about a month after her outbreak, when she was called before the church, charged with leaving the service when baptism was to be administered, and staying away altogether. It then appeared that Lady Moody, a woman who had been excommunicated by the Salem church in 1643 for not believing in infant baptism, on her way to the Dutch in Long Island had passed some time in New Haven, and had talked with Mrs. Eaton and lent her a book which set forth her views. Mrs. Eaton became convinced of their truth, but for a year brooded over them in secret. At this meeting she spoke unreservedly of them, and it must have been a relief to her tortured soul. She was asked for reasons for her belief, when she laid Lady Moody's book in the elder's hand.

The point which seems to have troubled her most was that whereas formerly she had believed that baptism had taken the place of circumcision, and in that way children might be baptized, now she could not think so; therefore, to her, infant baptism was unlawful.

Mr. Davenport examined the book, refuting that error and others to the satisfaction of all but Mrs. Eaton. She sat, answering nothing, but evidently unconvinced. Fearing she had not understood, he had it all written out in a "fair hand," and requested Governor Eaton, with Mr. Gregson and Mr. Hooke, to read the book and the refutal to her at her home, that she might object as each point came up. With a sad persistence the Governor adjured her to object or yield, but the haughty silence of the accused met unchanged alike the prayers, explanations, and even commands of himself and his associates. Humiliating it must have been to Governor Eaton, but we sincerely believe it was to him a matter too serious for pride. Discouraged, they went on to the end, but she spoke no word. The magistrate rose to go. "I fear," he said, solemnly, looking at the proud, tearless face, "I greatly fear, as doth our pastor, lest God has seen that you would not seek the light, Mrs. Eaton, and now He will not give you a heart to receive it."

They waited some weeks after this, but she showed no sign of repentance. The walls of her solitary sleeping-room, hung with blue tapestry, might have heard the sound of weeping and sobs of despair, but a stubborn quiet characterized her outwardly.

Graver grew Governor Eaton, but in his duties he flagged not. There was no trial by jury, and he presided over the general court and all minor proceedings, town-meetings and the like, with unfailing application. Every sentinel who slept at his post, every farmer whose cow was lost, every man who drank "strong waters," every woman who spoke careless words against her neighbor, every tradesman who overcharged for shoes or cloth, every child who told a falsehood, came before him and received his sentence or admonition, given with the same serious attention that had marked the man when he stood with the other commissioners in Boston one year before and signed the Articles of Confederation between the United Colonies of New England, which was the seed of the American Union.

Rumors of Mrs. Eaton's "scandalous walking" in her own family, however, began to gain ground, and Rev. Mr. Davenport, Mr. Hooke, and the magistrate, Mr. Gregson, called upon her to investigate them. They found upon questioning the household that

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the reports were too true: she had charged Mary Eaton with being the ruin of Mary Launce's soul, she had abused the "neager" Anthony, and the other servants, she had shown disrespect to Rev. Mr. Davenport's words in church, she had struck old Mrs. Eaton and Mary, and had committed some seventeen other similar misdemeanors, all showing an ungodly, unstable, and self-willed temper. Before bringing their report to the church the three men had an interview with the unruly member. They adjured her to repent in private that the matter might not be made public.

"I beseech you, Mrs. Eaton," said Mr. Gregson, "that you repent your impenitency and hardness of heart. I adjure you that you importune the Lord for help to see the evil of your ways, that this matter go not to extremity."

"I deny," exclaimed Mrs. Eaton, violently, "that any right lieth in you, Mr. Gregson, to concern yourself with God's dealings with me or my most miserable life. This matter is between me and the church. It is no subject for magistrates."

"It is the good of your soul, Mrs. Eaton, that I desire with all servants of Christ," answered Mr. Gregson.

"You labor in vain," she answered, haughtily. "It doth much amaze me, sirs, since you will receive no other answer from me, that the church doth not proceed," she added, turning to the two clergymen, and so saying left the room.

Of course after this in the Puritan days there was but one thing to do. She was called before the church, and standing by her seat, she heard her many offenses read to the congregation. Then being asked if she objected to any of the charges, she sat down without a word.

There was no pride in her face that day. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her head was not once raised. Her husband sat in his place, seemingly as cold and stern as usual. The members were asked by Mr. Hooke if these facts warranted excommunication. Upon this the Rev. Mr. Davenport rose. He had labored to save the wife of his friend, and although perhaps the most rigid of all the ministers of New England, he now argued very earnestly that the offenses did not warrant the extremity of discipline; that perhaps they did not proceed from a habitual frame of sinning, nor could they be counted so high as public scandals; he advised that a public, solemn admonition be given instead. The vote was taken, and every hand was raised in approval. Mrs. Eaton slowly rose.

"I pray you," she said, in a voice choked with sobs—"I beseech you that you pass no censure on me. Not at this time, at least, not now!"

"Daughter," replied Mr. Davenport, "seeing this matter is public, it may not pass without the rebuke of the church, the rule being that those who openly sin must openly be rebuked. Thou must hear the church. Therefore, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and with the consent of this church, I do charge thee, Mrs. Eaton, to attend unto the several rules that you have broken, and to judge yourself by them, and to hold forth your repentance according to God as you will answer it at the great day of Jesus Christ."

After that sad time three-quarters of a year passed away while the church anxiously waited for a convincing sign of a spiritual change in her. To be sure, she sent to the elder soon after her admonition a writing, but it was found insufficient in acknowledgment or repentance. In vain the church leaders explained, conjured, and bewailed the hardness of her heart. Sometimes she wept, oftener she was silent, occasionally she confessed that the proper repentance was not in her. Mr. Gregson's questions she refused to answer, and his presence she ignored.

In the mean time, and for some time previous, the colonial prosperity languished. New Haven had been intended as a great port of mercantile dealing with England, but the high hopes of this were dwindling away. To commerce were these men bred, and agriculture was strange to them. There was much sickness, and poverty, which threatened to be want, was looking them in the face in that time before they had accommodated their merchant habits to the life of agriculturists. So now their stately houses by the waterside were, in their neighbors' opinion, a reproach to them in view of their owners' business failures and lessening fortunes. The churches of Hartford and Massachusetts blamed the New Haven body for slowness in proceeding with Mrs. Eaton's case; so after a final effort to convince her of her error, which was again unsuccessful (except that she sent another paper more unsatisfactory than before), on the 20th of May, 1645, on the Lord's Day, after

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the contribution, she was called to answer for herself before the church in public assembly.

It must have been an impressive scene. The primitive meeting-house, with its blank small-paned windows and its plain wooden seats, was filled with a striking assemblage. In the pulpit were clergymen whose names were famous in the greatest of England's universities, and before them, dressed in fine clothing, often worn and faded by the suns of New England, were laymen of courtly bearing, many of whom, like their Governor, had stood before kings; women, once stately, showing in face and form that they were growing old before their time by unaccustomed toil; soldiers in armor, with heavy fowling-pieces; and, sitting below the pulpit, the visiting elders of other churches, with hard faces and mercy for neither sinners nor sin.

When the time came the long list of charges was read, and Mrs. Eaton rose to answer for herself. A thrill ran through the house when the people saw her, the amber light of May falling on her as she stood. Tall and haughty she had always looked, but not like this. Her eyes shone brighter than the gems which lay about her neck, and her cheeks were scarlet. Her cap of rich lace and her velvet dress with the wide lace collar, replacing her usual stiff ruff, set off the strange beauty of her face.

She spoke at first very low, but as she raised her voice wonder fell upon the throng. She was talking, at this solemn hour, of her girlish life in England, the Bishop of Chester's daughter. She spoke of her father, her sisters, and with wonderful tenderness of their love of her, how, being but delicate in health, she was spared all care, sorrow, and hardship; how green the grass grew around the cathedral; how the lanes led away into the country; and how the flowers looked in spring.

Spell-bound the elders sat, while over the house tears rose in stern eyes, and sobs came from women's hearts at the reminder of their unforgotten home.

"Daughter," the Rev. Mr. Davenport said, solemnly, "peace! These are empty words."

The spell was broken. Ashamed of their emotion, the hearts of all grew harder than before, and a wave of righteous indignation went through the house, in sympathy with the elders, as one after another they rose and spoke in condemnation of her scandalous disrespect, those from a distance saying that in their own churches it would not have been passed over so long.

Mrs. Eaton still stood in her place, looking before her as if she did not hear them. The vote of excommunication was passed unanimously, but when in the awful hush of the darkening room the pastor began to pronounce the sentence which would cut off its victim from all human and even Divine sympathy, Governor Eaton rose in his place, and gravely stood. So with the two standing, the chief ornament of the church and its most unprofitable member, man and wife, amid a sudden burst of tears from the assemblage, the sad, stern words were said, and Mrs. Eaton might never enter the house of God again.

All through the summer which followed, the builders worked on a ship upon which the hopes of the planters centred, for they were gathering their whole energies and resources for a last great commercial enterprise.

One Sunday afternoon late in the fall Mrs. Eaton, left alone as usual, roamed restlessly through the house. She stood a moment by the window in the sumptuous green chamber looking out at the leafless trees, then turned away wearily and gazed round the room.

After a time she passed out of the house, and walked in the chilly air toward the meeting-house. A sound of singing came from within, and she went near the door. When the hymn ended, another listener stood there, old Thomas Fugill, whose beautiful handwriting in the court records has come down to our time, but who, for falsifying the reports to his own advantage in a piece of land, was dismissed from his office and excommunicated. A pitiful figure he stands out from the remoteness of that day, described by himself in his own weak defense as having failed by reason of a low voice, a dull ear, and slow apprehensions. A prophecy of winter was in the air, but the sun was shining into the open entrance of the meeting-house. A soldier within, looking over his shoulder, and seeing the strange pair, moved noiselessly in his seat, and Mrs. Eaton left the door.

When she came home, the evening meal was finished, and the candles had been for some time lighted. The Sabbath was over. The family were gathered in the hall, and Mr. Gregson stood with the Governor in

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the centre, discussing the price of venison, for the purchase of which for the colony he was the recently appointed commissioner. A great log blazed on the hearth.

At first no one noticed Mrs. Eaton in the dark by the door, and she watched the groups talking in low tones, all happy, she thought, forgetting her, the outcast wife and mother.

Mary saw her first, and going to her quickly, "Oh, mother! it is late, and thou art surely cold," she said. "We knew not what had befallen thee."

But Mrs. Eaton's burning eyes were fixed on Mr. Gregson, to whom she had not spoken since the action of the church against her. Turning, he bowed low to her.

"I trust, Mrs. Eaton," he said, coming nearer with the Governor, "that after this long space your anger against me, in that I unwittingly and for conscience' sake offended, may be at last healed, seeing that I go hence in the great ship before many days."

"Healed!" said Mrs. Eaton, keeping her strange eyes upon him, and speaking quite low. "It can not be healed unless it may be that you give me back mine ancient place, the love that hath wandered from me, the respect which was mine own before your feigned friendship betrayed even unto the stranger the unhappy secrets of my home; unless you can remove from my sight the averted heads, the cold eyes; unless, Mr. Gregson, you can make me as I was, not lonely and unloved, despised, outcast, and become a companion of the deceiver and the thief because God hath laid His afflicting hand upon me. And I pray Him," she continued, lifting her thin hand and raising her eyes—"I pray Him, as He is a God of justice, that He mete out to you the measure wherewith He hath dealt with me. I beseech Him that He send on *you* the weak body, the wasting fever and sickness, the unstable brain that guideth the tongue aside from what it would, and leadeth the faith in God astray. And when *you* shall be thus weakened and cast down in body and soul, may it be counted unto *you* as sin, and may you become the lowest of the earth, as you have made me!"

"Peace!" commanded the Governor, in a low, stern voice, taking his wife's hands as he had done months before. "Thou must go in quiet to thy room." And still keeping his eyes on hers, "My daughter Mary," he continued, "go with thy mother, and stay with her until she is at rest."

But the worst was already over, and the authority which could control her even in her moments of greatest excitement gradually resumed its sway. The wild eyes lost their glare, and slowly filled with tears. The miserable woman went with her husband to the staircase and departed with Mary. They could hear her sobs in the hush as she mounted the steps. After a few moments the Governor spoke.

"Brother Gregson," he said, "doubtless this seemeth the very work of Satan. She who but now reviled in this place hath done you a wrong, because you were not the cause of her condemnation, but only one of the instruments of the church for conscience' sake. And inasmuch as she held the doctrines of heresy a year and told me not, and scorned the service of the Lord in His temple, her punishment is just. 'If thy hand offend thee, cut it off; it is better for thee to enter into life maimed than having two hands to go into hell.' Yet the sickness whereof she spoke is true, also; and I remember me that since that season of fever and prostration in our midst, when, as you know, the depression of mind in all the afflicted was great, she hath not been so sound in brain. Yea, I have oft seen the fires of madness in her eyes. And of late I have remembered me of how ordered and godly a mind she was possessed of yore. It is known to you all that she was accounted of especial parts, both in meditation and the reading of many books.

"And I have brought her unto a strange land which her soul abhorreth, unto a place of privation and cold, in the which she hath not the consolation of a free exercise of her religion, as we, seeing she is not of our faith. Therefore I beseech you that you will count her words in some measure to be of no offense to thee, because of her infirmity."

The winter was very severe. The harbor was frozen to an unprecedented distance, and in January, when the ship was ready to sail, history tells us that the ice was cut with saws by the colonists for three miles to allow her to reach the sea. On board they placed wheat and West India hides, beaver, and their family plate to the value of five thousand pounds, but more precious than these were the seventy souls who embarked in her. Among them were the godly Mrs. Goodyear, the wife of

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the Deputy-Governor, the brave Captain Turner, military commander of the colony, Mr. Lamberton, a prominent man and master of the ship, and Mr. Gregson, one of whose objects was to obtain a charter for New Haven.

When all was ready the people walked out upon the ice, and kneeling there, the Rev. John Davenport prayed for a safe voyage, but added these memorable words: "Lord, if it be Thy pleasure to bury these our friends in the bottom of the sea, they are Thine: save them."

And then amid tears and prayers the great ship, whose name no historian has preserved, weighed anchor and sailed.

Nine or ten weeks was the time allowed for a passage in those days. But spring came, and no news was heard of her arrival; other vessels from England came up the harbor, but none had seen Lamberton's ship, and a great anxiety darkened the colony. Except for the hope deferred, there was more peace in the Governor's home than had been known for years. Mrs. Eaton during the winter had improved in health, and seemed almost like her old self, and she asked eagerly of all who came if anything had been heard from the ship.

Many a time on Sundays now she walked the shore, and the guard, pacing two by two through the faint green lanes, often saw her stand with her hand shading her eyes looking earnestly out to sea.

Little was said at home. The Governor, quiet and grave, as usual, went his way through a week given to the greatest and pettiest interests of the colony, until Saturday night, when he read a sermon, examined his household in points of doctrine, patiently explaining all difficulties; and on Sunday sat all day at the meeting-house, often this winter in bitter cold, with never-wearying zeal. But he and every one gradually came to the sad certainty that they should see their friends no more.

On a never-to-be-forgotten day in the next June, in the afternoon, after a thunder-storm had cooled the air, the people of New Haven were walking on the shore, soberly enjoying the beauty of the declining day. The Governor and his family were there, the children and maidens quietly talking in low tones, the Governor and his wife pacing slowly up and down near them. Mrs. Eaton had been speaking for the first time of her remorse for the words she had said to the magistrate who had never returned.

"Could I but know," she said, "that I had no hand in his death, my soul might better rest. But I fear me lest God hath heard my wicked prayer for his sickness, and my repentance is of no avail. Ask Him, thou, my husband, who art nearer to Him than I, that He absolve me from this great sin."

"I beseech Him thus morning and evening," answered the Governor.

"Had I died in my sinless youth, before ever I had lived to do this wrong, it had been well with me," said Mrs. Eaton, sadly.

"Some count it a great matter to die well," replied the Governor. "But I am sure it is a greater matter to live well. All our care should be while we have our life to use it well, and so when death puts an end to that, it will put an end to all our cares."

Then, standing still, they looked out at the water in silence. Groups passed them; the waves at a little distance were touched with gold.

"Let us even go back to our own country," said Mrs. Eaton.

"No man, having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God," replied the Governor, in his grave, stern voice.

In a moment more something large and dark lifted itself out of the sea before them, shaped like a keel. And instantly three masts rose from it, and then the white wings of its sails. The hearts of all stood still, but a child's voice cried, "There's a brave ship!"

The groups on the beach were rooted to the spot, while, sailing before the wind, Lamberton's ship, as they had seen it last, rode in solemn stillness slowly nearer, nearer to the shore. Some afterward affirmed it came so close they could have thrown a stone on board. On deck a man stood leaning against a mast, clearly defined, looking off at the sea.

Then, as they gazed, she passed; the maintop seemed suddenly blown off; the masts broke; the vessel flew before the wind; a great smoke rose from her farther side; the keel sank, and the smoke that was closing around it cleared away. The ship was gone. Trembling, the people fell upon their knees and tried to pray.

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" Mrs. Eaton was saying, with white lips. "Mine eyes have seen that he was standing well in body when the hand of the Lord took him in the tempest."

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Mr. Davenport in the pulpit the next Sunday declared that God, for the quieting of their afflicted spirits, had condescended to show them, in this extraordinary spectacle, how He had disposed of those friends for whom so many prayers were continually made.

Half a century after, there were those living who had seen the phantom ship on that eventful day.

Nine years passed away, in which the Dutch grew more aggressive, the Indians more troublesome, and the colony but little increased. The planters, however, had turned their active attention to agriculture, all hope of New Haven becoming the great American commercial port having failed.

In Governor Eaton's home there had been much change. Old Mrs. Eaton was dead, and her worn body had been laid in the grave-yard behind the meeting-house, where many another settler now had found his resting-place. Mary was married. Her husband was Valentine Hill, who had formerly been a deacon of the first church in Boston. Her patient efforts to please her mother, which end she had declared long before to be the strongest wish of her heart, were appreciated in Mrs. Eaton's declining years. Mary Launce also was married, becoming the second wife of the Rev. John Sherman, of Watertown, and mother to his six children, to whom, history tells us, were added in after-years twenty of her own. This experience seems not to have shortened her life, for she was still alive forty years after Governor Eaton's death. Her husband was a great astronomer and mathematician for his day; a wise, kind man. One of his lineage affixed the name of Sherman to the Declaration of Independence. Hannah and Theophilus were grown to maturity now, the daughter a greater comfort to her father and mother than the son appears to have been. Samuel the eldest, who graduated from Harvard College in 1649, was in 1655 the magistrate of a year, fitted by talents and disposition to be a successor to his honored father, over whom no change but that of added years had apparently come. This son had been destined for the ministry, but a throat affection, which injured his voice, had obliged him to give up that profession, to his father's great disappointment. He was newly married, when in this year both himself and his wife were stricken down by a malignant fever. Hannah lay, not so seriously ill, in another room, and Mrs. Eaton watched at her son's bedside, hoping against hope.

On a Sunday afternoon, just before the service, the wandering mind of the young man came back. It was the awakening that sometimes comes just before death. Looking up into his father's eyes, "Sir," he said, "what shall we do?"

With a grave, unaltered face, Governor Eaton replied, "Look up to God." And it being the time for the service, he prepared to go. Passing Mary, who was weeping bitterly, "Remember the sixth commandment; hurt not yourself with immoderate grief," he said. "Remember Job, who said, 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' You may mark what note the spirit of God put upon it: 'In all this Job sinned not nor charged God foolishly.' God accounts it a charging Him foolishly when we do not submit unto Him patiently."

Still calm, he went to the church, though he knew he might never see his beloved son again. A messenger came in just before the first prayer, and whispered to the minister, who, rising, said, "It hath been told me that the prayers for a sick person we should change for one dead." But still Governor Eaton wrote steadily, after the pastor, through all the weary length of his sermon, and gave no sign of grief, although one has said that this was the sorest trial which befell him in the days of the years of his pilgrimage. He had prayers in his home that night as usual; and at the funeral, where the beloved son and his young wife were both laid to rest, with a dispassionate face he said to the people, who, according to the custom, had walked reverently to the grave but held no service there, "Friends, I do thank you for your love and help, and for this testimony of respect unto me and mine. 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

But that evening, going in to see his daughter Hannah, as she lay sick, he stood some time by the bed and did not speak. She, looking up, was awed by the sight of tears in her father's eyes. Slowly they rolled down his cheeks, though he did not move.

"It hath been showed me," he said at last, "that there is a difference between a

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sullen silence or a stupid senselessness under the hand of God, and a child-like submission thereunto." And as he turned away she heard the almost awful sound of a strong man's grief.

So Governor Eaton, in spite of the unnatural tension of his moral nature, comes within the reach of our human sympathy.

Two years later the signs of age had visibly increased; the erect figure stooped slightly, the voice sounded old. He was sixty-seven. Well might a contemporary say of him that he had applied himself to the low and mean things of New England with a dexterity, humility, and constancy which no temptations could prevail upon to cease and look back toward Europe again.

It was on the evening of January 7, that having charged all the household to be attentive to their mistress, who was ill, after prayers the Governor went out silently by himself into the cold air. Upon that walk under the winter stars we may not follow him. What thoughts came to the conscientious, God-fearing man, what reminiscences of his early life, what doubts, it may be, of the stern laws which had not preserved the virtue of the colonists, what questionings whether God were indeed merely a God of unswerving justice, who can tell?

Mrs. Eaton awakened and asked for him. "I pray you," she said to the women who were to watch with her that night, "request the Governor to come in ere he retires." There was no need; when he entered the house he went directly to his wife's room. As he stood by her bedside, "Methinks you look sad," she said.

"The differences in the church of Hartford make me so," he answered.

His wife looked up again with the flush of fever in her face, and repeated, but very gently, the old petition, "Let us even go back to our own country."

"You may, Ann," replied the Governor, laying his hand upon hers with an unaccustomed caress. "Some time thou mayst go, but I shall die here. Goodnight."

Those were the last words she ever heard him speak. He went to his room, and about midnight the women heard a low groan. One was immediately sent to him, who asked how he was.

"Very ill," he answered, and turning his face away, so died. "Loosing anchor," as the quaint old author has it, "from *New* Haven for the *better*."

On the 11th of January, 1658, he was buried with the simple rites of his faith in a grave just behind the pulpit window.

Two years afterward Mrs. Eaton died in London, where she had gone with her daughter, who, marrying William Jones, Esq., a London lawyer, came back with him, after her mother's death, to live in the house of the father she had loved so well. In Governor Eaton's will, which being found in his desk signed by no witnesses, was yet confirmed by the magistrates, he equally divided his possessions, of which he had but about ten dollars in money, although much property in land and plate, and gave legacies to all his life-long friends. To his wife he left the customary proportion of his estate, and added, "And in token of my love, fifty pounds over and above her thirds."

Such was Theophilus Eaton, a typical Puritan in that he tested by a life of flawless consistency the principles of the mistaken and joyless faith of his age.

WHEN DAY MEETS NIGHT.

OUT to the west the spent day kisses night,
And with one parting glow of passion dies
In gold and red; a woman's wistful eyes
Look out across the hills, a band of light
Plays on her parted hair, there softly dwells,
And throws a glory o'er her girlish dream;
The sheep slow nestle down beside the stream,
And cattle wander with their tinkling bells.

The clouds, sun-flush'd, cling 'round the day's decline;
The woman's eyes grow tender; shadows creep;
Gold turns to gray; a sharp dividing line
Parts earth and heaven. Adown the western height
The calm cold dark has kiss'd the day to sleep;
The wistful eyes look out across the night.

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INDIAN SUMMER.

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XI.

COLVILLE had not done what he meant in going to Mrs. Bowen's; in fact, he had done just what he had not meant to do, as he distinctly perceived in coming away. It was then that in a luminous retrospect he discovered his motive to have been a wish to atone to her for behavior that must have distressed her, or at least to explain it to her. She had not let him do this at once; an instant willingness to hear and to condone was not in a woman's nature; she had to make him feel, by the infliction of a degree of punishment, that she had suffered. But before she ended she had made it clear that she was ready to grant him a tacit pardon, and he had answered with a silly sarcasm the question that was to have led to peace. He could not help seeing that throughout the whole Carnival adventure she had yielded her cherished reluctances to please him, to show him that she was not stiff or prudish, to convince him that she would not be a killjoy through her devotion to conventionalities which she thought he despised. He could not help seeing that he had abused her delicate generosity, insulted her subtile concessions. He strolled along down the Arno, feeling flat and mean, as a man always does after a contest with a woman in which he has got the victory; our sex can preserve its self-respect only through defeat in such a case. It gave him no pleasure to remember that the glamour of the night before seemed still to rest on Imogene unbroken; that, indeed, was rather an added pain. He surprised himself in the midst of his poignant reflections by a yawn. Clearly the time was past when these ideal troubles could keep him awake, and there was, after all, a sort of brutal consolation in the fact. He was forty-one years old, and he was sleepy, whatever capacity for suffering remained to him. He went to his hotel to catch a little nap before lunch. When he woke it was dinner-time. The mists of slumber still hung about him, and the events of the last forty-eight hours showed vast and shapelessly threatening through them.

When the drama of the *table d'hôte* reached its climax of roast chestnuts and butter, he determined to walk over to San Marco and pay a visit to Mr. Waters. He found the old minister from Haddam East Village, Massachusetts, Italianate outwardly in almost ludicrous degree. He wore a fur-lined overcoat in-doors; his feet, cased in thick woollen shoes, rested on a strip of carpet laid before his table; a man who had lived for forty years in the pungent atmosphere of an air-tight stove, succeeding a quarter of a century of roaring hearth fires, contented himself with the spare heat of a scaldino, which he held his clasped hands over in the very Italian manner; the lamp that cast its light on the book open before him was the classic *lucerna*, with three beaks, fed with olive oil. He looked up at his visitor over his spectacles, without recognizing him, till Colville spoke. Then, after their greeting, "Is it snowing heavily?" he asked.

"It isn't snowing at all. What made you think that?"

"Perhaps I was drowsing over my book and dreamed it. We become very strange and interesting studies to ourselves as we live along."

He took up the metaphysical consideration with the promptness of a man who has no small-talk, and who speaks of the mind and soul as if they were the gossip of the neighborhood.

"At times the forty winters that I passed in Haddam East Village seem like an alien experience, and I find myself pitying the life I lived there quite as if it were the life of some one else. It seems incredible that men should still inhabit such climates."

"Then you're not homesick for Haddam East Village?"

"Ah! for the good and striving souls there, yes; especially the souls of some women there. They used to think that it was I who gave them consolation and spiritual purpose, but it was they who really imparted it. Women souls—how beautiful they sometimes are! They seem truly like angelic essences. I trust that I shall meet them somewhere some time, but it will never be in Haddam East Village. Yes, I must have been dreaming when you came in. I thought that I was by my fire there, and all round over the hills and in the streets the snow was deep and falling still. How distinctly," he said, closing his eyes, as artists do in looking at a picture, "I can see the black

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wavering lines of the walls in the fields sinking into the drifts! the snow billowed over the graves by the church where I preached! the banks of snow around the houses! the white desolation everywhere! I ask myself at times if the people are still there. Yes, I feel as blessedly remote from that terrible winter as if I had died away from it and were in the weather of heaven."

"Then you have no reproach for feeble-spirited fellow-citizens who abandon their native climate and come to live in Italy?"

The old man drew his fur coat closer about him and shrugged his shoulders in true Florentine fashion. "There may be something to say against those who do so in the heyday of life, but I shall not be the one to say it. The race must yet revert in its decrepitude, as I have in mine, to the climates of the South. Since I have been in Italy I have realized what used to occur to me dimly at home—the cruel disproportion between the end gained and the means expended in reclaiming the savage North. Half the human endeavor, half the human suffering, would have made the whole South Protestant and the whole East Christian, and our civilization would now be there. No, I shall never go back to New England. New England? New Ireland—New Canada! Half the farms in Haddam are in the hands of our Irish friends, and the labor on the rest is half done by French Canadians. That is all right and well. New England must come to me here, by way of the great middle West and the Pacific coast."

Colville smiled at the Emersonian touch, but he said, gravely, "I can never quite reconcile myself to the thought of dying out of my own country."

"Why not? It is very unimportant where one dies. A moment after your breath is gone you are in exile forever—or at home forever."

Colville sat musing upon this phase of Americanism, as he had upon many others. At last he broke the silence they had both let fall, far away from the topic they had touched.

"Well," he asked, "how did you enjoy the veglione?"

"Oh, I'm too old to go to such places for pleasure," said the minister, simply. "But it was very interesting, and certainly very striking; especially when I went back, toward daylight, after seeing Mrs. Bowen home."

"Did you go back?" demanded Colville, in some amaze.

"Oh yes. I felt that my experience was incomplete without some knowledge of how the Carnival ended at such a place."

"Oh! And do you still feel that Savonarola was mistaken?"

"There seemed to be rather more boisterousness toward the close, and, if I might judge, the excitement grew a little unwholesome. But I really don't feel myself very well qualified to decide. My own life has been passed in circumstances so widely different that I am at a certain disadvantage."

"Yes," said Colville, with a smile, "I dare say the Carnival at Haddam East Village was quite another thing."

The old man smiled responsively. "I suppose that some of my former parishioners might have been scandalized at my presence at a Carnival ball, had they known the fact merely in the abstract; but in my letters home I shall try to set it before them in an instructive light. I should say that the worst thing about such a scene of revelry would be that it took us too much out of our inner quiet. But I suppose the same remark might apply to almost any form of social entertainment."

"Yes."

"But human nature is so constituted that some means of expansion must be provided, or a violent explosion takes place. The only question is, what means are most innocent. I have been looking about," added the old man, quietly, "at the theatres lately."

"Have you?" asked Colville, opening his eyes in suppressed surprise.

"Yes; with a view to determining the degree of harmless amusement that may be derived from them. It's rather a difficult question. I should be inclined to say, however, that I don't think the ballet can ever be instrumental for good."

Colville could not deny himself the pleasure of saying, "Well, not the highest, I suppose."

"No," said Mr. Waters, in apparent unconsciousness of the irony. "But I think the Church has made a mistake in condemning the theatre in toto. It appears to me that it might always have countenanced a certain order of comedy, in which the motive and plot are unobjectionable. Though I don't deny that there are moods when all laughter seems low and unworthy and incompatible with the most

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advanced state of being. And I confess," he went on, with a dreamy thoughtfulness, "that I have very great misgivings in regard to tragedy. The glare that it throws upon the play of the passions—jealousy in its anguish, revenge glutting itself, envy eating its heart, hopeless love—their nakedness is terrible. The terror may be salutary; it may be very mischievous. I am afraid that I have left some of my inquiries till it is too late. I seem to have no longer the materials of judgment left in me. If I were still a young man like you—"

"Am I still a young man?" interrupted Colville, sadly.

"You are young enough to respond to the appeals that sometimes find me silent. If I were of your age I should certainly investigate some of these interesting problems."

"Ah, but if you become personally interested in the problems, it's as bad as if you hadn't the materials of judgment left; you're prejudiced. Besides, I doubt my youthfulness very much."

"You are fifty, I presume?" suggested Mr. Waters, in a leading way.

"Not very near—only too near," laughed Colville. "I'm forty-one."

"You are younger than I supposed. But I remember now that at your age I had the same feeling which you intimate. It seemed to me then that I had really passed the bound which separates us from the farther possibility of youth. But I've lived long enough since to know that I was mistaken. At forty, one has still a great part of youth before him—perhaps the richest and sweetest part. By that time the turmoil of ideas and sensations is over; we see clearly and feel consciously. We are in a sort of quiet in which we peacefully enjoy. We have enlarged our perspective sufficiently to perceive things in their true proportion and relation; we are no longer tormented with the lurking fear of death, which darkens and imbitters our earlier years; we have got into the habit of life; we have often been ailing and we have not died. Then we have time enough behind us to supply us with the materials of reverie and reminiscence; the terrible solitude of inexperience is broken; we have learned to smile at many things besides the fear of death. We ought also to have learned pity and patience. Yes," the old man concluded, in cheerful self-corroboration, "it is a beautiful age."

"But it doesn't look so beautiful as it is," Colville protested. "People in that rosy prime don't produce the effect of garlanded striplings upon the world at large. The women laugh at us; they think we are fat old fellows; they don't recognize the slender and elegant youth that resides in our unwieldy bulk."

"You take my meaning a little awry. Besides, I doubt if even the ground you assume is tenable. If a woman has lived long enough to be truly young herself, she won't find a man at forty either decrepit or grotesque. He can even make himself youthful to a girl of thought and imagination."

"Yes," Colville assented, with a certain discomfort.

"But to be truly young at forty," resumed Mr. Waters, "a man should be already married."

"Yes?"

"I sometimes feel," continued the old man, "that I made a mistake in yielding to a disappointment that I met with early in life, and in not permitting myself the chance of retrieval. I have missed a beautiful and consoling experience in my devotion to a barren regret."

Colville said nothing, but he experienced a mixed feeling of amusement, of repulsion, and of curiosity at this.

"We are put into the world to be of it. I am more and more convinced of that. We have scarcely a right to separate ourselves from the common lot in any way. I justify myself for having lived alone only as a widower might. I—lost her. It was a great while ago."

"Yes," said Colville, after the pause which ensued, "I agree with you that one has no right to isolate himself, to refuse his portion of the common lot; but the effects of even a rebuff may last so long that one has no heart to put out his hand a second time—for a second rap over the knuckles. Oh, I know how trivial it is in the retrospect, and how what is called a disappointment is something to be humbly grateful for in most cases; but for a while it certainly makes you doubtful whether you were ever really intended to share the common lot." He was aware of an insincerity in his words; he hoped that it might not be perceptible, but he did not greatly care.

Mr. Waters took no notice of what he had been saying. He resumed from another point. "But I should say that it

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would be unwise for a man of mature life to seek his happiness with one much younger than himself. I don't deny that there are cases in which the disparity of years counts for little or nothing, but, generally speaking, people ought to be as equally mated in age as possible. They ought to start with the same advantages of ignorance. A young girl can only live her life through a community of feeling, an equality of inexperience in the man she gives her heart to. If he is tired of things that still delight her, the chances of unhappiness are increased."

"Yes, that's true," answered Colville, gravely. "It's apt to be a mistake and a wrong."

"Oh, not always—not always," said the old minister. "We mustn't look at it in that way quite. Wrongs are of the will." He seemed to lapse into a greater intimacy of feeling with Colville. "Have you seen Mrs. Bowen to-day? Or—ah! true! I think you told me."

"No," said Colville. "Have we spoken of her? But I have seen her."

"And was the little one well?"

"Very much better."

"Pretty creatures, both of them," said the minister, with as fresh a pleasure in his recognition of the fact as if he had not said nearly the same thing once before. "You've noticed the very remarkable resemblance between mother and daughter?"

"Oh yes."

"There is a gentleness in Mrs. Bowen which seems to me the last refinement of a gracious spirit," suggested Mr. Waters. "I have never met any lady who reconciled more exquisitely what is charming in society with what is lovely in nature."

"Yes," said Colville. "Mrs. Bowen always had that gentle manner. I used to know her here as a girl a great while ago."

"Did you? I wonder you allowed her to become Mrs. Bowen."

This sprightliness of Mr. Waters amused Colville greatly. "At that time I was preoccupied with my great mistake, and I had no eyes for Mrs. Bowen."

"It isn't too late yet," said Mr. Waters, with open insinuation.

A bachelor of forty is always flattered by any suggestion of marriage; the suggestion that a beautiful and charming woman would marry him is too much for whatever reserves of modesty and wisdom he may have stored up. Colville took leave of the old minister in better humor with himself than he had been for forty-eight hours, or than he had any very good reason for being now.

Mr. Waters came with him to the head of the stairs and held up the lamp for him to see. The light fell upon the white locks thinly straggling from beneath his velvet skull-cap, and he looked like some mediæval scholar of those who lived and died for learning in Florence when letters were a passion there almost as strong as love.

The next day Colville would have liked to go at once and ask about Effie, but upon the whole he thought he would not go till after he had been at the reception where he was going in the afternoon. It was an artist who was giving the reception; he had a number of pictures to show, and there was to be tea. There are artists and artists. This painter was one who had a distinct social importance. It was felt to be rather a nice thing to be asked to his reception; one was sure at least to meet the nicest people.

This reason prevailed with Colville so far as it related to Mrs. Bowen, whom he felt that he would like to tell he had been there. He would speak to her of this person and that—very respected and recognized social figures—so that she might see he was not the outlaw, the Bohemian, he must sometimes have appeared to her. It would not be going too far to say that something like an obscure intention to show himself the next Sunday at the English chapel, where Mrs. Bowen went, was forming itself in his mind. As he went along it began to seem not impossible that she would be at the reception. If Effie's indisposition was no more serious than it appeared yesterday, very probably Mrs. Bowen would be there. He even believed that he recognized her carriage among those which were drawn up in front of the old palace, under the painter's studio windows.

There were a great number of people of the four nationalities that mostly consort in Italy. There were English and Americans and Russians and the sort of Italians resulting from the native intermarriages with them; here and there were Italians of pure blood, borderers upon the foreign life through a literary interest, or an artistic relation, or a matrimonial intention; here and there, also, the large stomach of a German advanced the bounds of the new empire and the new ideal of duty. There were no Frenchmen; one

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may meet them in more strictly Italian assemblages, but it is as if the sorrows and uncertainties of France in these times discouraged them from the international society in which they were always an infrequent element. It is not, of course, imaginable that as Frenchmen they have doubts of their merits, but that they have their misgivings as to the intelligence of others. The language that prevailed was English—in fact, one heard no other—and the tea which our civilization carries everywhere with it steamed from the cups in all hands. This beverage, in fact, becomes a formidable factor in the life of a Florentine winter. One finds it at all houses, and more or less mechanically drinks it.

"I am turning out a terrible tea toper," said Colville, stirring his cup in front of the old lady whom his relations to the ladies at Palazzo Pinti had interested so much. "I don't think I drink less than ten cups a day; seventy cups a week is a low average for me. I'm really beginning to look down at my boots a little anxiously."

Mrs. Amsden laughed. She had not been in America for forty years, but she liked the American way of talking better than any other. "Oh, didn't you hear about Inglehart when he was here? He was so good-natured that he used to drink all the tea people offered him, and then the young ladies made tea for him in his studio when they went to look at his pictures. It almost killed him. By the time spring came he trembled so that the brush flew out of his hands when he took it up. He had to hurry off to Venice to save his life. It's just as bad at the Italian houses; they've learned to like tea."

"When I was here before, they never offered you anything but coffee," said Colville. "They took tea for medicine, and there was an old joke that I thought I should die of, I heard it so often, about the Italian that said to the English woman when she offered him tea, 'Grazie; sto bene.'"

"Oh, that's all changed now."

"Yes; I've seen the tea, and I haven't heard the joke."

The flavor of Colville's talk apparently encouraged his companion to believe that he would like to make fun of their host's paintings with her; but whether he liked them, or whether he was principled against that sort of return for hospitality, he chose to reply seriously to some ironical lures she threw out.

"Oh, if you're going to be good," she exclaimed, "I shall have nothing more to say to you. Here comes Mr. Thurston; I can make *him* abuse the pictures. There! You had better go away to a young lady I see alone over yonder, though I don't know what you will do with *one* alone." She laughed and shook her head in a way that had once been arch and lively, but that was now puckery and infirm—it is affecting to see these things in women—and welcomed the old gentleman who came up and superseded Colville.

The latter turned, with his cup still in his hand, and wandered about through the company, hoping he might see Mrs. Bowen among the groups peering at the pictures or solidly blocking the view in front of them. He did not find her, but he found Imogene Graham standing somewhat apart near a window. He saw her face light up at sight of him, and then darken again as he approached.

"Isn't this rather an unnatural state of things?" he asked when he had come up. "I ought to be obliged to fight my way to you through successive phalanxes of young men crowding round with cups of tea outstretched in their imploring hands. Have you *had* some tea?"

"Thank you, no; I don't wish any," said the young girl, so coldly that he could not help noticing, though commonly he was man enough to notice very few things.

"How is Effie to-day?" he asked, quickly.

"Oh, quite well," said Imogene.

"I don't see Mrs. Bowen," he ventured further.

"No," answered the girl, still very lifelessly; "I came with Mrs. Fleming." She looked about the room as if not to look at him.

He now perceived a distinct intention to snub him. He smiled. "Have you seen the pictures? There are two or three really lovely ones."

"Mrs. Fleming will be here in a moment, I suppose," said Imogene, evasively, but not with all her first coldness.

"Let us steal a march on her," said Colville, briskly. "When she comes, you can tell her that I showed you the pictures."

"I don't know," faltered the girl.

"Perhaps it isn't necessary you should," he suggested.

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She glanced at him with questioning trepidation.

"The respective duties of chaperon and protégée are rather undefined. When the chaperon isn't there to command, the protégée isn't there to obey. I suppose you'd know if you were at home?"

"Oh yes!"

"Let me imagine myself at a loan exhibition in Buffalo. Ah! that appeal is irresistible. You'll come, I see."

She hesitated; she looked at the nearest picture, then followed him to another. He now did what he had refused to do for the old lady who tempted him to it; he made fun of the pictures a little, but so amiably and with so much justice to their good points that the painter himself would not have minded his jesting. From time to time he made Imogene smile, but in her eyes lurked a look of uneasiness, and her manner expressed a struggle against his will which might have had its pathos for him in different circumstances, but now it only incited him to make her forget herself more and more; he treated her as one does a child that is out of sorts—coaxingly, ironically.

When they had made the round of the rooms, Mrs. Fleming was not at the window where she had left Imogene; the girl detected the top of her bonnet still in the next room.

"The chaperon is never there when you come back with the protégée," said Colville. "It seems to be the nature of the chaperon."

Imogene turned very grave. "I think I ought to go to her," she murmured.

"Oh no; she ought to come to you; I stand out for protégées' rights."

"I suppose she will come directly."

"She sees me with you; she knows you are safe."

"Oh, of course," said the girl. After a constraint which she marked by rather a long silence, she added, "How strange a roomful of talking sounds, doesn't it? Just like a great caldron boiling up and bubbling over. Wouldn't you like to know what they're all saying?"

"Oh, it's quite bad enough to see them," replied Colville, frivolously.

"I think a company of gentlemen with their hats off look very queer, don't you?" she asked, after another interval.

"Well, really," said Colville, laughing, "I don't know that the spectacle ever suggested any metaphysical speculations to me. I rather think they look queerer with their hats on."

"Oh yes."

"Though there is not very much to choose. We're a queer-looking set, anyway."

He got himself another cup of tea, and coming back to her, allowed her to make the efforts to keep up the conversation, and was not without a malicious pleasure in her struggles. They interested him as social exercises which, however abrupt and undexterous now, were destined, with time and practice, to become the finesse of a woman of society, and to be accepted, even while they were still abrupt and undexterous, as touches of character. He had broken up that coldness with which she had met him at first, and now he let her adjust the fragments as she could to the new situation. He wore that air of a gentleman who has been talking a long time to a lady, and who will not dispute her possession with a new-comer.

But no one came, though, as he cast his eyes carelessly over the company, he found that it had been increased by the accession of eight or ten young fellows, with a refreshing light of originality in their faces, and little touches of difference from the other men in their dress.

"Oh, there are the Inglehart boys!" cried the girl, with a flash of excitement.

There was a sensation of interest and friendliness in the company as these young fellows, after their moment of social intimidation, began to gather round the pictures, and to fling their praise and blame about, and talk the delightful shop of the studio.

The sight of their fresh young faces, the sound of their voices, struck a pang of regret that was almost envy to Colville's heart.

Imogene followed them with eager eyes. "Oh," she sighed, "shouldn't you like to be an artist?"

"I should, very much."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I forgot. I knew you were an architect."

"I should say I used to be, if you hadn't objected to my perfects and preterits."

What came next seemed almost an accident.

"I didn't suppose you cared for my objections, so long as I amused you." She suddenly glanced at him, as if terrified at her own words.

"Have you been trying to amuse me?" he asked.

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"Oh no. I thought—"

"Oh, then," said Colville, sharply, "you meant that I was amusing myself with you?" She glanced at him in terror of his divination, but could not protest. "Has any one told you that?" he pursued, with sudden angry suspicion.

"No, *no* one," began Imogene. She glanced about her, frightened. They stood quite alone where they were; the people had mostly wandered off into the other rooms. "Oh, don't—I didn't mean—I didn't intend to say anything—"

"But you *have* said something—something that surprises me from *you*, and hurts me. I wish to know whether you say it from yourself."

"I don't know—yes. That is, not—Oh, I wish Mrs. Fleming—"

She looked as if another word of pursuit would put it beyond her power to control herself.

"Let me take you to Mrs. Fleming," said Colville, with freezing hauteur, and led the way where the top of Mrs. Fleming's bonnet still showed itself. He took leave at once, and hastily parting with his host, found himself in the street, whirled in many emotions. The girl had not said that from herself, but it was from some woman; he knew that by the directness of the phrase and its excess, for he had noticed that women, who like to beat about the bush in small matters, have a prodigious straightforwardness in more vital affairs, and will even call gray black in order clearly to establish the presence of the black in that color. He could hardly keep himself from going to Palazzo Pinti.

But he contrived to go to his hotel instead, where he ate a moody dinner, and then, after an hour's solitary bitterness in his room, went out and passed the evening at the theatre. The play was one of those fleering comedies which render contemptible for the time all honest and earnest intention, and which surely are a whiff from the bottomless pit itself. It made him laugh at the serious strain of self-question that had mingled with his resentment; it made him laugh even at his resentment, and with its humor in his thoughts, sent him off to sleep in a sottish acceptance of whatever was trivial in himself as the only thing that was real and lasting.

He slept late, and when Paolo brought up his breakfast, he brought with it a letter which he said had been left with the porter an hour before. A faint appealing perfume of violets exhaled from the note, and mingled with the steaming odors of the coffee and boiled milk, when Colville, after a glance at the unfamiliar handwriting of the superscription, broke the seal.

"DEAR MR. COLVILLE,—I don't know what you will think of my writing to you, but perhaps you can't think worse of me than you do already, and anything will be better than the misery that I am in. I have not been asleep all night. I hate myself for telling you, but I do want you to understand how I have felt. I would give worlds if I could take back the words that you say wounded you. I didn't mean to wound you. Nobody is to blame for them but me; nobody ever breathed a word about you that was meant in unkindness.

"I am not ashamed of writing this, *whatever* you think, and I will sign my name in full. IMOGENE GRAHAM."

Colville had commonly a good appetite for his breakfast, but now he let his coffee stand long untasted. There were several things about this note that touched him—the child-like simplicity and directness, the generous courage, even the imperfection and crudity of the literature. However he saw it afterward, he saw it then in its true intention. He respected that intention; through all the sophistications in which life had wrapped him, it awed him a little. He realized that if he had been younger he would have gone to Imogene herself with her letter. He felt for the moment a rush of the emotion which he would once not have stopped to examine, which he would not have been capable of examining. But now his duty was clear; he must go to Mrs. Bowen. In the noblest human purpose there is always some admixture, however slight, of less noble motive, and Colville was not without the willingness to see whatever embarrassment she might feel when he showed her the letter, and to invoke her finest tact to aid him in re-assuring the child.

She was alone in her drawing-room, and she told him in response to his inquiry for their health that Imogene and Effie had gone out to drive. She looked so pretty in the quiet house dress in which she rose from the sofa and stood, letting him come the whole way to greet her, that he did not think of any other look in

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her, but afterward he remembered an evidence of inner tumult in her brightened eyes.

He said, smiling, "I'm so glad to see you alone," and this brought still another look into her face, which also he afterward remembered. She did not reply, but made a sound in her throat like a bird when it stirs itself for flight or song. It was a strange, indefinite little note, in which Colville thought he detected trepidation at the time, and recalled for the sort of expectation suggested in it. She stood waiting for him to go on.

"I have come to get you to help me out of trouble."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Bowen, with a vague smile. "I always supposed you would be able to help yourself out of trouble. Or perhaps wouldn't mind it if you were in it."

"Oh yes, I mind it very much," returned Colville, refusing her banter, if it were banter. "Especially this sort of trouble, which involves some one else in the discomfort." He went on abruptly: "I have been held up to a young lady as a person who was amusing himself with her, and I was so absurd as to be angry when she told me, and demanded the name of my friend, whoever it was. My behavior seems to have given the young lady a bad night, and this morning she writes to tell me so, and to take all the blame on herself, and to assure me that no harm was meant me by any one. Of course I don't want her to be distressed about it. Perhaps you can guess who has been writing to me."

Colville said all this looking down, in a fashion he had. When he looked up he saw a severity in Mrs. Bowen's pretty face such as he had not seen there before.

"I didn't know she had been writing to you, but I know that you are talking of Imogene. She told me what she had said to you yesterday, and I blamed her for it, but I'm not sure that it wasn't best."

"Oh, indeed!" said Colville. "Perhaps you can tell me who put the idea into her head?"

"Yes; I did."

A dead silence ensued, in which the fragments of the situation broken by these words revolved before Colville's thought with kaleidoscopic variety, and he passed through all the phases of anger, resentment, wounded self-love, and accusing shame.

At last, "I suppose you had your reasons," he said, simply.

"I am in her mother's place here," she replied, tightening the grip of one little hand upon another, where she held them laid against the side of her waist.

"Yes, I know that," said Colville; "but what reason had you to warn her against me as a person who was amusing himself with her? I don't like the phrase; but she seems to have got it from you; I use it at third hand."

"I don't like the phrase, either; I didn't invent it."

"You used it."

"No, it wasn't I who used it. I should have been glad to use another, if I could," said Mrs. Bowen, with perfect steadiness.

"Then you mean to say that you believe I've been trifling with the feelings of this child?"

"I mean to say nothing. You are very much older; and she is a romantic girl, very extravagant. You have tried to make her like you."

"I certainly have. I have tried to make Effie Bowen like me, too."

Mrs. Bowen passed this over in serenity that he felt was not far from contempt.

He gave a laugh that did not express enjoyment.

"You have no right to laugh!" she cried, losing herself a little, and so making her first gain upon him.

"It appears not. Perhaps you will tell me what I am to do about this letter?"

"That is for you to decide." She recovered herself, and lost ground with him in proportion.

"I thought perhaps that since you were able to judge my motives so clearly, you might be able to advise me."

"I don't judge your motives," Mrs. Bowen began. She added suddenly, as if by an after-thought, "I don't think you had any."

"I'm obliged to you."

"But you are as much to blame as if you had."

"And perhaps I'm as much to blame as if I had really wronged somebody?"

"Yes."

"It's rather paradoxical. You don't wish me to see her any more?"

"I haven't any wish about it; you must not *say* that I have," said Mrs. Bowen, with dignity.

Colville smiled. "May I *ask* if you have?"

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"Not for myself."

"You put me on very short allowance of conjecture."

"I will not let you trifle with the matter!" she cried. "You have made me speak, when a word, a look, ought to have been enough. Oh, I didn't think you had the miserable vanity to wish it!"

Colville stood thinking a long time, and she waiting. "I see that everything is at an end. I am going away from Florence. Good-by, Mrs. Bowen." He approached her, holding out his hand. But if he expected to be rewarded for this, nothing of the kind happened. She shrank swiftly back.

"No, no. You shall not touch me."

He paused a moment, gazing keenly at her face, in which, whatever other feeling showed, there was certainly no fear of him. Then with a slight bow he left the room.

Mrs. Bowen ran from it by another door, and shut herself into her own room. When she returned to the salotto, Imogene and Effie were just coming in. The child went to lay aside her hat and sacque; the girl, after a glance at Mrs. Bowen's face, lingered inquiringly.

"Mr. Colville came here with your letter, Imogene."

"Yes," said Imogene, faintly. "Do you think I oughtn't to have written it?"

"Oh, it makes no difference now. He is going away from Florence."

"Yes?" breathed the girl.

"I spoke openly with him."

"Yes?"

"I didn't spare him. I made him think I hated and despised him."

Imogene was silent. Then she said, "I know that whatever you have done, you have acted for the best."

"Yes, I have a right that you should say that—I have a right that you should always say it. I think he has behaved very foolishly, but I don't blame him—"

"No; I was to blame."

"I don't *know* that he was to blame, and I won't let you think he was."

"Oh, he is the best man in the world!"

"He gave up at once; he didn't try to defend himself. It's nothing for you to lose a friend at your age; but at mine—"

"I *know* it, Mrs. Bowen."

"And I wouldn't even shake hands with him when he was going; I—"

"Oh, I don't see how you could be so hard!" cried Imogene. She put up her hands to her face and broke into tears. Mrs. Bowen watched her, dry-eyed, with her lips parted, and an intensity of question in her face.

"Imogene," she said at last, "I wish you to promise me one thing."

"Yes."

"Not to write to Mr. Colville again."

"No, no; indeed I won't, Mrs. Bowen!" The girl came up to kiss her; Mrs. Bowen turned her cheek.

Imogene was going from the room, when Mrs. Bowen spoke again: "But I wish you to promise me this only because you don't feel sure of yourself about him. If you care for him—if you think you care for him—then I leave you perfectly free."

The girl looked up, scared. "No, no; I'd rather you wouldn't leave me free—you mustn't; I shouldn't know what to do."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Bowen.

They both waited a moment, as if each were staying for the other to speak. Then Imogene asked, "Is he—going soon?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Bowen. "Why should he want to delay? He had better go at once. And I hope he will go home—as far from Florence as he can. I should think he would *hate* the place."

"Yes," said the girl, with a quivering sigh; "it must be hateful to him." She paused, and then she rushed on with bitter self-reproach: "And I—*I* have helped to make it so! Oh, Mrs. Bowen, perhaps it's *I* who have been trifling with *him*? Trying to make him believe—no, not trying to do that, but letting him see that I sympathized— Oh, do you think I have?"

"You know what you have been doing, Imogene," said Mrs. Bowen, with the hardness it surprises men to know women use with each other, they seem such tender creatures in the abstract. "You have no need to ask me."

"No, no."

"As you say, I warned you from the first."

"Oh yes; you did."

"I couldn't do more than hint; it was too much to expect—"

"Oh, yes, yes."

"And if you couldn't take my hints, I was helpless."

"Yes; I see it."

"I was only afraid of saying too much, and all through that miserable veglione business I was trying to please you and him, because I was afraid I *had* said too much—gone too far. I wanted to show

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you that I disdained to be suspicious, that I was ashamed to suppose that a girl of your age could care for the admiration of a man of his."

"Oh, I didn't care for his admiration. I admired *him*—and pitied him."

Mrs. Bowen apparently would not be kept now from saying all that had been rankling in her breast. "I didn't approve of going to the veglione. A great many people would be shocked if they knew I went; I wouldn't at all like to have it known. But I was not going to have him thinking that I was severe with you, and wanted to deny you any really harmless pleasure."

"Oh, who could think that? You're only too good to me. You see," said the girl, "what a return I have made for your trust! I knew you didn't want to go to the veglione. If I hadn't been the most selfish girl in the world I wouldn't have let you. But I did. I *forced* you to go, and then, after we got there, I seized every advantage, and abused your kindness till I wonder I didn't sink through the floor. Yes! I ought to have refused to dance—if I'd had a spark of generosity or gratitude I would have done it; and I ought to have come straight back to you the instant the waltz was done. And now see what has come of it! I've made you think he was trifling with me, and I've made him think that I'm a false and hollow-hearted thing."

"You know best what you have done, Imogene," said Mrs. Bowen, with a smiling tearfulness that was somehow very bitter. She rose from the sofa, as if to indicate that there was no more to be said, and Imogene, with a fresh burst of grief, rushed away to her own room.

She dropped on her knees beside her bed, and stretched out her arms upon it, an image of that desolation of soul which, when we are young, seems limitless, but which in later life we know has comparatively narrow bounds beyond the clouds that rest so blackly around us.

XII.

In his room Colville was devouring as best he might the chagrin with which he had come away from Palazzo Pinti, while he packed his trunk for departure. Now that the thing was over, the worst was passed. Again he observed that his emotions had no longer the continuity that the emotions of his youth possessed. As he remembered, a painful or pleasant impression used to last indefinitely; but here he was with this humiliating affair hot in his mind, shrugging his shoulders with a sense of relief, almost a sense of escape. Does the soul really wear out with the body? The question flitted across his mind as he took down a pair of trousers, and noticed that they were considerably frayed about the feet; he determined to give them to Paolo, and this reminded him to ring for Paolo, and send word to the office that he was going to take the evening train for Rome.

He went on packing, and putting away with the different garments the unpleasant thoughts that he knew he should be sure to unpack with them in Rome; but they would then have less poignancy. For the present he was doing the best he could, and he was not making any sort of pretenses. When his trunk was locked he kindled himself a fire, and sat down before it to think of Imogene. He began with her, but presently it seemed to be Mrs. Bowen that he was thinking of; then he knew he was dropping off to sleep by the manner in which their two ideas mixed. The fatigues and excitements of the week had been great, but he would not give way; it was too disgraceful.

Some one rapped at his door. He called out "Avanti!" and he would have been less surprised to see either of those ladies than Paolo with the account he had ordered to be made out. It was a long, pendulous, minutely itemed affair, such as the traveller's recklessness in candles and fire-wood comes to in the books of the Continental landlord, and it almost swept the floor when its volume was unrolled. But it was not the sum total that dismayed Colville when he glanced at the final figure; that, indeed, was not so very great, with all the items; it was the conviction, suddenly flashing upon him, that he had not money enough by him to pay it. His watch, held close to the fire, told him that it was five o'clock; the banks had been closed an hour, and this was Saturday afternoon.

The squalid accident had all the effect of intention, as he viewed it from without himself, and considered that the money ought to have been the first thing in his thoughts after he determined to go away. He must get the money somehow, and be off to Rome by the seven-o'clock train. A whimsical suggestion, which was so

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good a bit of irony that it made him smile, flashed across him: he might borrow it of Mrs. Bowen. She was, in fact, the only person in Florence with whom he was at all on borrowing terms, and a sad sense of the sweetness of her lost friendship followed upon the antic notion. No; for once he could not go to Mrs. Bowen. He recollected now the many pleasant talks they had had together, confidential in virtue of their old acquaintance, and harmlessly intimate in many things. He recalled how, when he was feeling dull from the Florentine air, she had told him to take a little quinine, and he had found immediate advantage in it. These memories did not strike him as grotesque or ludicrous; he only felt their pathos. He was ashamed even to seem in any wise recreant farther. If she should ever hear that he had lingered for thirty-six hours in Florence after he had told her he was going away, what could she think but that he had repented his decision? He determined to go down to the office of the hotel, and see if he could not make some arrangement with the landlord. It would be extremely distasteful, but his ample letter of credit would be at least a voucher of his final ability to pay. As a desperate resort, he could go and try to get the money of Mr. Waters.

He put on his coat and hat, and opened the door to some one who was just in act to knock at it, and whom he struck against in the obscurity.

"I beg your pardon," said the visitor.

"Mr. Waters! Is it possible?" cried Colville, feeling something fateful in the chance. "I was just going to see you."

"I'm fortunate in meeting you, then. Shall we go to my room?" he asked, at a hesitation in Colville's manner.

"No, no," said the latter; "come in here." He led the way back into his room, and struck a match to light the candles on his chimney. Their dim rays fell upon the disorder his packing had left. "You must excuse the look of things," he said. "The fact is, I'm just going away. I'm going to Rome at seven o'clock."

"Isn't this rather sudden?" asked the minister, with less excitement than the fact might perhaps have been expected to create in a friend. "I thought you intended to pass the winter in Florence."

"Yes, I did — sit down, please — but I find myself obliged to cut my stay short. Won't you take off your coat?" he asked, taking off his own.

"Thank you; I've formed the habit of keeping it on in-doors," said Mr. Waters. "And I oughtn't to stay long, if you're to be off so soon."

Colville gave a very uncomfortable laugh. "Why, the fact is, I'm not off so very soon unless you help me."

"Ah?" returned the old gentleman, with polite interest.

"Yes, I find myself in the absurd position of a man who has reckoned without his host. I have made all my plans for going, and have had my hotel bill sent to me in pursuance of that idea, and now I discover that I not only haven't money enough to pay it and get to Rome, but I haven't much more than half enough to pay it. I have credit galore," he said, trying to give the situation a touch of liveliness, "but the bank is shut."

Mr. Waters listened to the statement with a silence concerning which Colville was obliged to form his conjectures. "That is unfortunate," he said, sympathetically, but not encouragingly.

Colville pushed on desperately. "It is, unless you can help me, Mr. Waters. I want you to lend me fifty dollars for as many hours."

Mr. Waters shook his head with a compassionate smile. "I haven't fifty francs in cash. You are welcome to what there is. I'm very forgetful about money matters, and haven't been to the bankers."

"Oh, don't excuse yourself to me, unless you wish to imbitter my shame. I'm obliged to you for offering to share your destitution with me. I must try to run my face with the landlord," said Colville.

"Oh no," said Mr. Waters, gently. "Is there such haste as all that?"

"Yes; I must go at once."

"I don't like to have you apply to a stranger," said the old man, with fatherly kindness. "Can't you remain over till Monday? I had a little excursion to propose."

"No; I can't possibly stay; I must go to-night," cried Colville.

The minister rose. "Then I really mustn't detain you, I suppose. Good-by." He offered his hand. Colville took it, but could not let it go at once. "I would like extremely to tell you why I'm leaving Florence in such haste. But I don't see what good it would do, for I don't want you to persuade me to stay."

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The old gentleman looked at him with friendly interest.

"The fact is," Colville proceeded, as if he had been encouraged to do so, "I have had the misfortune—yes, I'm afraid I've had the fault—to make myself very displeasing to Mrs. Bowen, and in such a way that the very least I can do is to take myself off as far and as soon as I conveniently can."

"Yes?" said Mr. Waters, with the cheerful note of incredulity in his voice with which one is apt to respond to others' confession of extremity. "Is it so bad as that? I've just seen Mrs. Bowen, and she told me you were going."

"Oh," said Colville, with a disagreeable sensation, "perhaps she told you why I was going?"

"No," answered Mr. Waters; "she didn't do that." Colville imagined a consciousness in him which perhaps did not exist. "She didn't allude to the subject farther than to state the fact, when I mentioned that I was coming to see you."

Colville had dropped his hand. "She was very forbearing," he said, with bitterness that might well have been incomprehensible to Mr. Waters upon any theory but one.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "you are precipitate; perhaps you have mistaken; perhaps you have been hasty. These things are often the result of impulse in women. I have often wondered how they could make up their minds; I believe they certainly ought to be allowed to change them at least once."

Colville turned very red. "What in the world do you mean? Do you imagine that I have been offering myself to Mrs. Bowen?"

"Wasn't it that which you wished to—which you said you would like to tell me?"

Colville was suddenly silent, on the verge of a self-derisive laugh. When he spoke he said, gently: "No, it wasn't that. I never thought of offering myself to her. We have always been very good friends. But now I'm afraid we can't be friends any more—at least we can't be acquaintances."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Waters. He waited awhile as if for Colville to say more, but the latter remained silent, and the old man gave his hand again in farewell. "I must really be going. I hope you won't think me intrusive in my mistaken conjecture?"

"Oh no."

"It was what I supposed you had been telling me—"

"I understand. You mustn't be troubled," said Colville, though he had to own to himself that it seemed superfluous to make this request of Mr. Waters, who was taking the affair with all the serenity of age concerning matters of sentiment. "I wish you were going to Rome with me," he added, to disembarrass the moment of parting.

"Thank you. But I shall not go to Rome for some years. Shall you come back on your way in the spring?"

"No; I shall not come to Florence again," said Colville, sadly.

"Ah, I'm sorry. Good-by, my dear young friend. It's been a great pleasure to know you." Colville walked down to the door of the hotel with his visitor, and parted with him there. As he turned back he met the landlord, who asked him if he would have the omnibus for the station. The landlord bowed smilingly, after his kind, and rubbed his hands. He said he hoped Colville was pleased with his hotel, and ran to his desk in the little office to get some cards for him, so that he might recommend it accurately to American families.

Colville looked absently at the cards. "The fact is," he said to the little bowing, smiling man, "I don't know but I shall be obliged to postpone my going till Monday." He smiled too, trying to give the fact a jocose effect, and added, "I find myself out of money, and I've no means of paying your bill till I can see my bankers."

After all his heroic intention, this was as near as he could come to asking the landlord to let him send the money from Rome.

The little man set his head on one side. "Oh, well, occupy the room until Monday, then," he cried, hospitably. "It is quite at your disposition. You will not want the omnibus?"

"No, I shall not want the omnibus," said Colville, with a laugh, doubtless not perfectly intelligible to the landlord, who respectfully joined him in it.

He did not mean to stop that night without writing to Mrs. Bowen, and assuring her that though an accident had kept him in Florence till Monday, she need not be afraid of seeing him again. But he could not go back to his room yet; he wandered about the town, trying to pick him-

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self up from the ruin into which he had fallen again, and wondering with a sort of alien compassion what was to become of his aimless, empty existence. As he passed through the Piazza San Marco he had half a mind to pick a pebble from the gardened margin of the fountain there and toss it against the Rev. Mr. Waters's window, and when he put his skull-cap out, to ask that optimistic agnostic what a man had best do with a life that had ceased to interest him. But, for the time being, he got rid of himself as he best could by going to the opera. They professed to give *Rigoletto*, but it was all Mrs. Bowen and Imogene Graham to Colville.

It was so late when he got back to his hotel that the outer gate was shut, and he had to wake up the poor little porter, as on that night when he returned from Madame Uccelli's. The porter was again equal to his duty, and contrived to light a new candle to show him the way to his room. The repetition, almost mechanical, of this small chicane made Colville smile, and this apparently encouraged the porter to ask, as if he supposed him to have been in society somewhere,

"You have amused yourself this evening?"

"Oh, very much."

"I am glad. There is a letter for you."

"A letter! Where?"

"I sent it to your room. It came just before midnight."

XIII.

Mrs. Bowen sat before the hearth in her salon, with her hands fallen in her lap. At thirty-eight the emotions engrave themselves more deeply in the face than they do in our first youth, or than they will when we have really aged, and the pretty woman looked haggard.

Imogene came in, wearing a long blue robe, flung on as if with desperate haste; her thick hair fell crazily out of a careless knot, down her back. "I couldn't sleep," she said, with quivering lips, at the sight of which Mrs. Bowen's involuntary smile hardened. "Isn't it eleven yet?" she added, with a glance at the clock. "It seems years since I went to bed."

"It's been a long day," Mrs. Bowen admitted. She did not ask Imogene why she could not sleep, perhaps because she knew already, and was too honest to affect ignorance.

The girl dropped into a chair opposite her, and began to pull her fingers through the long tangle of her hair, while she drew her breath in sighs that broke at times on her lips; some tears fell down her cheeks unheeded. "Mrs. Bowen," she said at length, "I should like to know what right we have to drive any one from Florence? I should think people would call it rather a high-handed proceeding if it were known."

Mrs. Bowen met this feebleness promptly. "It isn't likely to be known. But we are not driving Mr. Colville away."

"He is going."

"Yes; he said he would go."

"Don't you believe he will go?"

"I believe he will do what he says."

"He has been very kind to us all; he has been as *good!*"

"No one feels that more than I," said Mrs. Bowen, with a slight tremor in her voice. She faltered a moment. "I can't let you say those things to me, Imogene."

"No; I know it's wrong. I didn't know what I was saying. Oh, I wish I could tell what I ought to do! I wish I could make up my mind. Oh, I can't let him go—*so*. I—I don't know what to think any more. Once it was clear, but now I'm not sure; no, I'm not sure."

"Not sure about what?"

"I think I am the one to go away, if any one."

"You know you can't go away," said Mrs. Bowen, with weary patience.

"No, of course not. Well, I shall never see any one like him."

Mrs. Bowen made a start in her chair, as if she had no longer the power to remain quiet, but only placed herself a little more rigidly in it.

"No," the girl went on, as if uttering a hopeless reverie. "He made every moment interesting. He was always thinking of us—he never thought of himself. He did as much for Effie as for any one; he tried just as hard to make himself interesting to her. He was unselfish. I have seen him at places being kind to the stupidest people. You never caught him choosing out the stylish or attractive ones, or trying to shine at anybody's expense. Oh, he's a true gentleman—I shall always say it. How delicate he was, never catching you up, or if you said a foolish thing, trying to turn it against you. No, never, never, never! Oh dear! And now, what can he think of me? Oh, how frivolous and fickle and selfish he must think me!"

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"Imogene!" Mrs. Bowen cried out, but quelled herself again.

"Yes," pursued the girl, in the same dreary monotone. "He thinks I couldn't appreciate him because he was old. He thinks that I cared for his not being handsome! Perhaps—perhaps—" She began to catch her breath in the effort to keep back the sobs that were coming. "Oh, I can't bear it! I would rather die than let him think it—such a thing as that!" She bent her head aside, and cried upon the two hands with which she clutched the top of her chair.

Mrs. Bowen sat looking at her distractedly. From time to time she seemed to silence a word upon her lips, and in fact she did not speak.

Imogene lifted her head at last, and softly dried her eyes. Then, as she pushed her handkerchief back into the pocket of her robe, "What sort of looking girl was that other one?"

"That other one?"

"Yes; you know what I mean: the one who behaved so badly to him before."

"Imogene!" said Mrs. Bowen, severely, "this is nonsense, and I can't let you go on so. I might pretend not to know what you mean; but I won't do that; and I tell you that there is no sort of likeness—of comparison—"

"No, no," wailed the girl, "there *is* none. I feel that. She had nothing to warn her—he hadn't suffered then; he was young; he was able to bear it—you said it yourself, Mrs. Bowen. But now—*now*, what will he do? He could make fun of that, and not hate her so much, because she didn't know how much harm she was doing. But I did; and what can he think of me?"

Mrs. Bowen looked across the barrier between them, that kept her from taking Imogene into her arms, and laughing and kissing away her craze, with cold dislike, and only said, "You know whether you've really anything to accuse yourself of, Imogene. I can't and won't consider Mr. Colville in the matter; I *didn't* consider him in what I said to-day. And I tell you again that I will not interfere with you in the slightest degree beyond appearances and the responsibility I feel to your mother. And it's for you to know your own mind. You are old enough. I will do what you say. It's for you to be sure that you wish what you say."

"Yes," said Imogene, huskily, and she let an interval that was long to them both elapse before she said anything more. "Have I always done what you thought best, Mrs. Bowen?"

"Yes; I have never complained of you."

"Then why can't you tell me now what you think best?"

"Because there is nothing to be done. It is all over."

"But if it were not, would you tell me?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I—couldn't."

"Then I take back my promise not to write to Mr. Colville. I am going to ask him to stay."

"Have you made up your mind to that, Imogene?" asked Mrs. Bowen, showing no sign of excitement, except to take a faster hold of her own wrists with the slim hands in which she had caught them.

"Yes."

"You know the position it places you in?"

"What position?"

"Has he offered himself to you?"

"No!" The girl's face blazed.

"Then, after what's passed, this is the same as offering yourself to him."

Imogene turned white. "I must write to him, unless you forbid me."

"Certainly I shall not forbid you." Mrs. Bowen rose and went to her writing-desk. "But if you have fully made up your mind to this step, and are ready for the consequences, whatever they are—" She stopped, before sitting down, and looked back over her shoulder at Imogene.

"Yes," said the girl, who had also risen.

"Then I will write to Mr. Colville for you, and render the proceeding as little objectionable as possible."

Imogene made no reply. She stood motionless while Mrs. Bowen wrote,

"Is this what you wished?" asked the latter, offering the sheet.

"DEAR MR. COLVILLE,—I have reasons for wishing to recall my consent to your going away. Will you not come and lunch with us to-morrow, and try to forget everything that has passed during a few days?

"Yours very sincerely,

"EVALINA BOWEN."

"Yes, that will do," gasped Imogene.

Mrs. Bowen rang the bell for the porter, and stood with her back to the girl, wait-

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ing for him at the salon door. He came after a delay that sufficiently intimated the lateness of the hour. "This letter must go at once to the Hôtel d'Atene," said Mrs. Bowen, peremptorily.

"You shall be served," said the porter, with fortitude.

As Mrs. Bowen turned, Imogene ran toward her with clasped hands. "Oh, how merciful—how good—"

Mrs. Bowen shrank back. "Don't touch me, Imogene, please!"

It was her letter which Colville found on his table and read by the struggling light of his newly acquired candle. Then he sat down and replied to it.

"DEAR MRS. BOWEN,—I know that you mean some sort of kindness by me, and I hope you will not think me prompted by any poor resentment in declining to-morrow's lunch. I am satisfied that it is best for me to go; and I am ashamed not to be gone already. But a ridiculous accident has kept me, and when I came in and found your note I was just going to write and ask your patience with my presence in Florence till Monday morning.

"Yours sincerely,

"THEODORE COLVILLE."

He took his note down to the porter, who had lain down again in his little booth, but sprang up with a cheerful request to be commanded. Colville consulted him upon the propriety of sending the note to Palazzo Pinti at once, and the porter, with his head laid in deprecation upon one of his lifted shoulders, owned that it was perhaps the very least little bit in the world late.

"Send it the first thing in the morning, then," said Colville.

Mrs. Bowen received it by the servant who brought her coffee to the room, and she sent it without any word to Imogene. The girl came instantly back with it. She was fully dressed, as if she had been up a long time, and she wore a very plain, dull dress, in which one of her own sex might have read the expression of a potential self-devotion.

"It's just as I wish it, Mrs. Bowen," she said, in a low key of impassioned resolution. "*Now*, my conscience is at rest. And you have done this for me, Mrs. Bowen!" She stood timidly with the door in her hand, watching Mrs. Bowen's slight smile; then, as if at some sign in it, she flew to the bed and kissed her, and so fled out of the room again.

Colville slept late, and awoke with a vague sense of self-reproach, which faded afterward to such poor satisfaction as comes to us from the consciousness of having made the best of a bad business; some pangs of softer regret mixed with this. At first he felt a stupid obligation to keep indoors, and he really did not go out till after lunch. The sunshine had looked cold from his window, and with the bright fire which he found necessary in his room, he fancied a bitterness in the gusts that caught up the dust in the piazza, and blew it against the line of cabs on the other side; but when he got out into the weather he found the breeze mild and the sun warm. The streets were thronged with people, and at all the corners there were groups of cloaked and overcoated talkers, soaking themselves full of the sunshine. The air throbbed, as always, with the sound of bells, but it was a mellower and opener sound than before, and looking at the purple bulk of one of those hills which seem to rest like clouds at the end of each avenue in Florence, Colville saw that it was clear of snow. He was going up through Via Cavour to find Mr. Waters and propose a walk, but he met him before he had got half-way to San Marco.

The old man was at a momentary stand-still looking up at the Riccardi Palace, and he received Colville with apparent forgetfulness of anything odd in his being still in Florence. "Upon the whole," he said, without preliminary talk of any sort, as Colville turned and joined him in walking on, "I don't know any homicide that more distinctly proves the futility of assassination as a political measure than that over yonder." He nodded his head sidewise toward the palace as he shuffled actively along at Colville's elbow. "You might say that the moment when Lorenzino killed Alessandro was the most auspicious for a deed of that kind. The Medici had only recently been restored; Alessandro was the first ruler in Florence who had worn a title; no more reckless, brutal, and insolent tyrant ever lived, and his right, even such as the Medici might have, to play the despot was involved in the doubt of his origin; the heroism of the great siege ought still to have survived in the people who withstood the forces of the whole German Empire for fifteen months. It seems as if the

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taking off of that single wretch should have ended the whole Medicean domination; but there was not a voice raised to second the homicide's appeal to the old love of liberty in Florence. The Medici party were able to impose a boy of eighteen upon the most fiery democracy that ever existed, and to hunt down and destroy Alessandro's murderer at their leisure. No," added the old man, thoughtfully, "I think that the friends of progress must abandon assassination as invariably useless. The trouble was not that Alessandro was alive, but that Florence was dead. Assassination always comes too early or too late in any popular movement. It may be," said Mr. Waters, with a carefulness to do justice to assassination which made Colville smile, "that the modern scientific spirits may be able to evolve something useful from the principle, but considering the enormous abuses and perversions to which it is liable, I am very doubtful of it—very doubtful."

Colville laughed. "I like your way of bringing a fresh mind to all these questions in history and morals, whether they are conventionally settled or not. Don't you think the modern scientific spirit could evolve something useful out of the old classic idea of suicide?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Waters; "I haven't yet thought it over. The worst thing about suicide—and this must always rank it below political assassination—is that its interest is purely personal. No man ever kills himself for the good of others."

"That's certainly against it. We oughtn't to countenance such an abominably selfish practice. But you can't bring that charge against euthanasy. What have you to say of that?"

"I have heard one of the most benevolent and tender-hearted men I ever knew defend it in cases of hopeless suffering. But I don't know that I should be prepared to take his ground. There appears to be something so sacred about human life that we must respect it even in spite of the prayers of the sufferer who asks us to end his irremediable misery."

"Well," said Colville, "I suspect we must at least class murder with the ballet as a means of good. One might say there was still some virtue in the primal, eldest curse against bloodshed."

"Oh, I don't by any means deny those things," said the old man, with the air of wishing to be scrupulously just. "Which way are you walking?"

"Your way, if you will let me," replied Colville. "I was going to your house to ask you to take a walk with me."

"Ah, that's good. I was reading of the great siege last night, and I thought of taking a look at Michelangelo's bastions. Let us go together, if you don't think you'll find it too fatiguing."

"I shall be ashamed to complain if I do."

"And you didn't go to Rome, after all?" said Mr. Waters.

"No; I couldn't face the landlord with a petition so preposterous as mine. I told him that I found I had no money to pay his bill till I had seen my banker, and as he didn't propose that I should send him the amount back from Rome, I staid. Landlords have their limitations; they are not imaginative, as a class."

"Well, a day more will make no great difference to you, I suppose," said the old man, "and a day less would have been a loss to me. I shall miss you."

"Shall you, indeed?" asked Colville, with a grateful stir of the heart. "It's very nice of you to say that."

"Oh no. I meet few people who are willing to look at life objectively with me, and I have fancied some such willingness in you. What I chiefly miss, over here, is a philosophic lift in the human mind, but probably that is because my opportunities of meeting the best minds are few, and my means of conversing with them are small. If I had not the whole past with me, I should feel lonely at times."

"And is the past such good company always?"

"Yes; in a sense it is. The past is humanity set free from circumstance, and history studied where it was once life is the past rehumanized."

As if he found this rarefied air too thin for his lungs, Colville made some ineffectual gasps at response, and the old man continued: "What I mean is that I meet here the characters I read of, and commune with them before their errors were committed, before they had condemned themselves to failure, while they were still wise and sane, and still active and vital forces."

"Did they all fail? I thought some of the bad fellows had a pretty fair worldly success?"

The blossom of decay."

"Oh! what black pessimism!"

"Not at all! Men fail, but man succeeds.

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I don't know what it all means, or any part of it; but I have had moods in which it seemed as if the whole secret of the mystery were about to flash upon me. Walking along in the full sun, in the midst of men, or sometimes in the solitude of midnight, poring over a book, and thinking of quite other things, I have felt that I had almost surprised it."

"But never quite?"

"Oh, it isn't too late yet."

"I hope you won't have your revelation before I get away from Florence, or I shall see them burning you here like the great *frate*."

They had been walking down the Via Calzioli from the Duomo, and now they came out into the Piazza della Signoria, suddenly, as one always seems to do, upon the rise of the old palace and the leap of its tower into the blue air. The history of all Florence is there, with memories of every great time in bronze or marble, but the supreme presence is the martyr who hangs forever from the gibbet over the quenchless fire in the midst.

"Ah, they *had* to kill him!" sighed the old man. "It has always been so with the benefactors. They have always meant mankind more good than any one generation can bear, and it must turn upon them and destroy them."

"How will it be with you, then, when you have read us 'the riddle of the painful earth'?"

"That will be so simple that every one will accept it willingly and gladly, and wonder that no one happened to think of it before. And perhaps the world is now grown old enough and docile enough to receive the truth without resentment."

"I take back my charge of pessimism," said Colville. "You are an optimist of the deepest dye."

They walked out of the piazza and down to the Lung' Arno, through the corridor of the Uffizzi, where the illustrious Florentines stand in marble under the arches, all reconciled and peaceful and equal at last. Colville shivered a little as he passed between the silent ranks of the statues.

"I can't stand those fellows, to-day. They seem to feel such a smirk satisfaction at having got out of it all."

They issued upon the river, and he went to the parapet and looked down on the water. "I wonder," he mused aloud, "if it has the same Sunday look to these Sabbathless Italians as it has to us?"

"No; nature isn't puritan," replied the old minister.

"Not at Haddam East Village?"

"No: there less than here; for she's had to make a harder fight for her life there."

"Ah, then you believe in nature—you're a friend of nature?" asked Colville, following the lines of an oily swirl in the current with indolent eye.

"Only up to a certain point." Mr. Waters seemed to be patient of any direction which the other might be giving the talk. "Nature is a savage. She has good impulses, but you can't trust her altogether."

"Do you know," said Colville, "I don't think there's very much of her left in us after we reach a certain point in life. She drives us on at a great pace for a while, and then some fine morning we wake up and find that nature has got tired of us and has left us to taste and conscience. And taste and conscience are by no means so certain of what they want you to do as nature was."

"Yes," said the minister, "I see what you mean." He joined Colville in leaning on the parapet, and he looked out on the river as if he saw his meaning there. "But by the time we reach that point in life most of us have got the direction which nature meant us to take, and there's no longer any need of her driving us on."

"And what about the unlucky fellows who haven't got the direction, or haven't kept it?"

"They had better go back to it."

"But if nature herself seemed to change her mind about you?"

"Ah, you mean persons of weak will. They are a great curse to themselves and to everybody else."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Colville. "I've seen cases in which a strong will looked very much more like the devil."

"Yes, a perverted will. But there can be no good without a strong will. A weak will means inconstancy. It means, even in good, good attempted and relinquished, which is always a terrible thing, because it is sure to betray some one who relied upon its accomplishment."

"And in evil? Perhaps the evil attempted and relinquished turns into good."

"Oh, never!" replied the minister, fervently. "There is something very mysterious in what we call evil. Apparently it has infinitely greater force and persistence than good. I don't know why it should be so. But so it appears."

"You'll have the reason of that along

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with the rest of the secret when your revelation comes," said Colville, with a smile. He lifted his eyes from the river, and looked up over the clustering roofs beyond it to the hills beyond them, flecked to the crest of their purple slopes with the white of villas and villages. As if something in the beauty of the wonderful prospect had suggested the vision of its opposite, he said, dreamily: "I don't think I shall go to Rome to-morrow, after all. I will go to Des Vaches! Where did you say you were walking, Mr. Waters? Oh yes! You told me. I will cross the bridge with you. But I couldn't stand anything quite so vigorous as the associations of the siege this afternoon. I'm going to the Boboli Gardens, to debauch myself with a final sense of nerveless despotism, as it expressed itself in marble allegory and formal alleys. The fact is that if I stay with you any longer I shall tell you something that I'm too old to tell and you're too old to hear." The old man smiled, but offered no urgence or comment, and at the thither end of the bridge Colville said, hastily: "Good-by. If you ever come to Des Vaches, look me up."

"Good-by," said the minister. "Perhaps we shall meet in Florence again."

"No, no. Whatever happens, that won't."

They shook hands and parted. Colville stood a moment, watching the slight bent figure of the old man as he moved briskly up the Via de' Bardi, turning his head from side to side, to look at the palaces as he passed, and so losing himself in the dim, cavernous curve of the street. As soon as he was out of sight, Colville had an impulse to hurry after him and rejoin him; then he felt like turning about and going back to his hotel.

But he shook himself together into the shape of resolution, however slight and transient. "I must do *something* I intended to do," he said, between his set teeth, and pushed on up through the Via Guicciardini. "I will go to the Boboli because I *said* I would."

As he walked along he seemed to himself to be merely crumbling away in this impulse and that, in one abortive intent and another. What did it all mean? Had he been his whole life one of those weak wills which are a curse to themselves and others, and most a curse when they mean the best? Was that the secret of his failure in life? But for many years he had seemed to succeed, to be as other men were, hard, practical men; he had once made a good newspaper, which was certainly not a dream of romance. Had he given that up at last because he was a weak will? And now was he running away from Florence because his will was weak? He could look back to that squalid tragedy of his youth and see that a more violent, a more determined man could have possessed himself of the girl whom he had lost. And now would it not be more manly, if more brutal, to stay here, where a hope, however fleeting, however fitful, of what might have been, had revisited him in the love of this young girl? He felt sure, if anything were sure, that something in him, in spite of their wide disparity of years, had captured her fancy, and now in his abasement he felt again the charm of his own power over her. They were no farther apart in years than many a husband and wife; they would grow more and more together; there was youth enough in his heart yet; and who was pushing him away from her, forbidding him this treasure that he had but to put out his hand and make his own? Some one whom through all his thoughts of another he was trying to please, but whom he had made finally and inexorably his enemy. Better stay, then, something said to him; and when he answered, "I will," something else reminded him that this also was not willing but unwilling.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE following very characteristic letters from Mr. Carlyle are now published for the first time. They were addressed to Judge Beverly Tucker, of Virginia, in response to letters and pamphlets received from him; and the second letter is the most complete, serious, and restrained expression of Carlyle's view of American slavery that we have seen. As the gentleman to whom the Magazine is indebted for these valuable papers truly remarks, "the issue is a dead one—dead before my day, thank God!" But Carlyle's estimate of the

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issue, however strange and even repugnant it may now seem to Americans both in the Northern and Southern States, was that of a man of great sincerity who had studied man in history much more profoundly than most of his fellows.

Before the reader reads the letter it is but fair to suggest to him Carlyle's general view of human society, and to recall the circumstances under which he wrote. In making the suggestion the Easy Chair has had the advantage of conversation with one of the most thorough, sympathetic, and perceptive of the students of Carlyle, and one of his personal friends.

The chief letter was written in 1850, when Carlyle was publishing the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, his most direct and vigorous and biting onslaught upon "Sir Jabesh Windbag" and "government by talk" in England—the sharp awakening cry of a strong man in "a blatant land" who felt that he was in a minority of one. It was the year of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law in this country, the darkest and angriest hour of the tremendous anti-slavery agitation. The letter was written to a Virginian, a slave-holder, a man of high character, of ability and accomplishment, and of eminent official position, who had recently delivered a speech at the Southern Convention which met at Nashville in 1850.

Carlyle's stern and arbitrary nature, his melancholic temperament and ill health, his severe training as a Scotch peasant by poor and austere parents to whom the "thus saith the Lord" of the Hebrew Scriptures was the final word in all things, the atmosphere of Calvinistic fatalism in which he was bred, and his long and exhaustive study of the interior currents as well as the hideous spectacle of the French Revolution, had developed the conviction that anarchic forces were at work in modern society which could not be mollified nor diverted nor in any manner affected by "rose-water." The imminent, ever-present conflict was that of anarchy and authority, and as anarchy is the end of liberty, progress, and civilization, and as order is the cardinal condition of society, and order rests upon authority, every wise man who would serve God and shame the devil should stand by authority, subjection, obedience — order, which is heaven's first law.

Government by the majority was, to this view, absurd, because it involved the frightful fallacy that one man is as good and wise as another, that darkness is the same as light, that the vote of Judas and of Jesus should be of equal weight. On the contrary, Carlyle believed that intelligence, character, superiority, natural leadership, should rule—wisdom, not numbers; brains, not brawn. The modern movements for liberty and independence, from his point of view, were really insurrections against essential authority. The French Revolution was the triumph of numbers, of the majority, of the count of ignorant heads. But liberty, independence, civilization, humanity itself, perished under it like wild flowers under the hoof of a mad bull. This French revolutionary spirit was the tendency of the time. Kings were to be discrowned because they were kings. Equality meant contempt of authority. Independence was brutal self-assertion. Liberty was likely to become mere license.

Now in America there was a vast system of slavery coeval with the civilized settlement of the country. It was vitally intertwined with the social, industrial, and political life of half of the Union. The subject race were barbarians at home, and absolutely inferior to the master race in America. Events beyond its responsibility had imposed duties upon the master race which it could not rightfully evade. Slavery, as it was, was not, indeed, a satisfactory system, but in the actual situation the questions presented by it were profound and obscure. The cry that slavery was wrong and ought to be at once abolished was a mere shriek of sentimentality, not a thoughtful dealing with one of the most complicated and difficult of human problems. The master race concerned must repel external interference, and solve the problem for itself, wisely, humanely, justly, and always in the light of the supreme principle of subordination, obedience, renunciation, authority.

This was Carlyle's point of view, and in this sense he writes solemnly, temperately, even cautiously, although positively, to a Virginian gentleman who had invited an expression of his opinion. He suggests no measure, no remedy, except that he hints vaguely a suggestion which reveals at once his practical ignorance of slavery as it actually was. There is none of the old "Quashee" sneer in the letter, but neither is there any sign or word of sympathy with the slave. Indeed, Carlyle's impatience with Humanitarianism seemed often to make him forgetful of humanity. His admiration of human brutes like the older Frederick of Prussia, and his Irish policy of submerging the island, the fervor of his praise for all manifestations of brute force, and his pealing scorn of "rose-water philanthropy," undoubtedly alienated from him the sympathy of many of the most practically humane and beneficent men of his time.

The Easy Chair need not say how entirely it differs from the views of Carlyle. He seemed never to perceive that the agitations for liberty and independence which were shaking Europe, and seemed to him to threaten anarchy, were not wanton insurrections. He insisted justly that justice could not be done among men without supreme authority and due obedience. But in his assertions he forgot what he has himself shown more wonderfully than any man, that the French Revolution itself, with all its cruel inhumanity, was a blind and brutal effort for life of those whom the injustice of authority had blinded and brutalized. Carlyle laid his powerful and

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"THE OTTER HUNT."—See "An Otter Hunt in the Hebrides."
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AN INDIAN JOURNEY.

IT took form and shape in a certain studio standing among the green things of September, one afternoon when a wood fire was a happy thing to look at and sit near, and when ideas of long drives over a quiet country were perhaps accented by glimpses without of a level meadow and a vagrant garden full of stillness and color.

From the wide-open door of this studio one can see a path, a flight of steps, an arch of trees, the dense green of box bordering, and then a wide and verdant meadow with pine-trees, a fringe of willows and the faint shimmer of a stream in the distance. To the left the meadow-lands seem to roll on in contented fertility, but here and there rise belts or curving lines of woodland, remnants, no doubt, of the old forests of Miles Standish's day. The river takes its own course pleasantly through these, and if you leave the studio and go down a quiet, shady walk and out between the hay-stacks to the road, you may reach in ten minutes the bridge, the rising slope, and the rocky hill-top where, one May morning long ago, a company of gentlemen, with Mr. Standish prominent among them, made a memorable purchase.

We had lingered on this bridge one day, talking in an idle fashion of the early Pilgrim times when that party came from Duxbury to survey the land now known as East Bridgewater, then the fishing ground of old Massasoit and his men, and it was an easy transition from talking of the country to planning a drive across it, when, although perhaps our keenest joy would be in the wild flowers on the wayside, the old houses, old furniture, and eighteenth-century associations we might find, there should still be much of Pilgrim interest. We had no intention, I am sure, of making any aboriginal investigations, and yet we found that everywhere suggestions of the Indian in his most picturesque as well as warlike moments confronted us; not the red man of Cooper's novels, exactly, nor the hunted, half-civilized, bedraggled creature of the plains; rather the Indian of legendary lore, the gaunt, bold figure that confronted Captain Standish and his men, the brave, pathetic chieftain who pledged and kept his faith with the white man, and as well the Indian who destroyed villages and tortured captives, yet who left in that fair and fertile region names that are like music in the ears and rhyme upon the tongue, whose haunts yet are to be seen with the glamour of his best hours upon them—silent lakes and dim forest lands, hill-tops and plains that are called by his names, and still have the pensive charm and grace of his sovereignty about them—and whose stories are fast vanishing into obscurity. Indeed, in this very journey they were often dimmed by the more fascinating associations of our own forefathers—an eighteenth-century interior, the sight of an old gown, a high-backed chair, a bit of early English china, putting out, as it were, the light of the wigwam, "the plumage of rare birds," or couch of leopard-skin which belonged to the days of the Indian Princess Wetamoo.

We made no very definite plans, but knew that we should drive from Bridgewater to Nonquit—the latter looking on our map a reasonable destination, and, as we knew, beloved of painters. The rocks where Standish and his friends made the purchase of Bridgewater were really our starting-point. They rise to the left of an old mill, and are characterized by nothing specially significant, unless the neighborhood of a fine old house and the outlook of quiet country are suggestive of days gone by. The story of the purchase is interesting and strongly typical of that time. The colonists at Duxbury and Plymouth were anxious to extend their lands;

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it was well known among them that Massasoit, the chief of Poconocket, valued that part of the country for its fertility and the usefulness of its streams. No doubt Mr. Standish and his friends Southworth and John Alden rode over through the pine woods and across the fields to make a survey of the ground before they entered upon its purchase. We know that they went on to Namasket—the Middleborough of to-day, where Massasoit's wigwam was situated, and had friendly and pleasant interviews with the chief (who, says an old chronicler, "had his face painted a sad red"), but it was not until May of 1649 that the purchase of the country, blooming, well-timbered, and widely fertile, was made.

Miles Standish and the other thrifty Englishmen had decidedly the best of the bargain. They received seven miles of land east and west, north and south, with every privilege of woods and streams, meadows and underwoods, paying Ousamequin, as Massasoit was often called, with a curious collection of articles.

In the only published history of Bridgewater that we came across, the old treaty is given, with its quaint effect marred by correct English and a systematic arrangement. By good luck we had the original paper in our hands, and a strange old document it is,* having had a history of its own since that May morning when Standish laid it out upon the rocks in the bright spring sunshine for Massasoit's approval and that of the company of buyers.

It is written on one sheet of the stiff, coarse-grained paper used in that day, the handwriting evidently Standish's or Southworth's, and sets forth in careful terms what the Indians are to give up, and below, written evidently without very special deliberation, since corrections are made, are the following articles in place of purchase-money:

7 coats, a yard and a half in each coat,	Myles Standish,
9 hatchets,	Samuel Nash,
8 hoes,	Constant Southworth.
20 knives,	
4 Moose-skins	
10 yards and a half of cotton.	

Standish has written his name carelessly, at least with less precision than Nash and Southworth, but the name had for us a curious fascination, bringing to mind the brave, strong-minded Pilgrim of that day, with his sturdy common-sense, his courageous heart, his anxious love-making. It seemed easy to picture him foremost in the group. As we drove across the bridge we could fancy how, that crooked "Myles Standish" having been written, he let his gaze sweep the country. We wondered if he thought of the time when his young wife Rose had come there with him, or did he think of how her successor, Barbara, would like this hunting ground of the Indians as a home?

We left the Wanacoto Hill, where the treaty was signed, in the golden part of one afternoon, turning our horse's head toward the country known now as the Lowlands.

Down this road, beneath these very trees, marched a quickly summoned band of Bridgewater men and lads in the March of 1675. War had burst upon that quiet, unprotected country. King Philip, anxious to avenge his brother's death, as well, no doubt, as to profit himself, broke his treaty of peace with the white men, and war was let loose upon the land.

Those war times were certainly a change from the days when the Pilgrims rode peacefully across this country to visit Massasoit and his men in their wigwams at the Middleborough of to-day. The old chief of the Wampanoags was always called, and with justice, the friend of the Pilgrims. In his old age Massasoit took his two sons, Wamsutta and Pometacome (Alexander and Philip), to Plymouth, where, in the presence of the Governor, they swore eternal fidelity to the English.

The story of that time is almost startling in its romantic incident, cast as it is against a background of gray Puritanism, commonplace, uneventful lives of toil, and monotonous activity in field or forge, or at the fireside. It began to be whispered, about the year 1670, that Alexander and Philip, the old chieftain's sons, were only too anxious for an excuse for war. Alexander was suspected of some special intrigue, and Winslow ordered his arrest. The Indian king is described as a man of most majestic bearing, and a pride which was only second to his love of country and his race. To be taken captive to Plymouth fairly broke his heart. He attempted but slight resistance; it would seem that his spirit was too crushed for any outbreak; but at his side marched Wetamoo, his wife, who is

* I am indebted for the loan of the old treaty to Mr. Harris, of Bridgewater.

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DEATH OF THE INDIAN CHIEF ALEXANDER.

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EVENING PRIMROSE.

described as the most striking feminine figure in that company of Wampanoags. From the first she cherished the bitterest, most vindictive spirit against her husband's captors, and when she saw him sink into illness, her anger knew no bounds. The question of how to end his captivity was soon settled. For it was evident that the Indian chief was dying. He prayed so earnestly to be taken back to Namasket that his captors could not but yield in the face of the dread messenger of Death. So a melancholy procession set forth.

An old chronicle gives the story of his last hours. It was in sight of the Namasket River he died.

"They took the unhappy king upon a litter, and entered the trails of the forest. They reached the banks of the river. There they took canoes and crossed over. It soon became manifest that their monarch was dying. They placed him on a grassy mound beneath a majestic tree, and in silence the warriors gathered around to witness the departure of his spirit to the realms of the red man's immortality."

Driving over that still and peaceful country, it seemed almost impossible to realize that two hundred years ago "the roads ran blood" and "the woods were strewn with bones," that the air was full of smoke and fire and the lamentations of women and children, driven forth or tortured in their homes. It seems marvellous indeed that any one escaped who was taken into captivity. Mrs. Rowlandson, the wife of a clergyman at Lancaster, wrote a pitiful account of her captivity, which endured some time before she was taken to Namasket, where she met King Philip. In an old letter of the time we read that the country looked most "fair and fruitful." In the midst of its bloom were the wigwams of Philip and his sister-in-law Wetamoo. Of the latter Mrs. Rowlandson has much to say in a naïve way, she having been the servant of the haughty squaw during her captivity. "A proud and severe dame she was, bestowing every day in dressing herself nearly as much time as any of the gentry in the land, powdering her hair and painting her face, going with necklaces, and jewels in her ears and bracelets upon her arms."

Just before entering Middleborough we turned to the right, driving through woods where the roads were scarcely broad enough to admit more than our phaeton. Then we passed on into denser woodland still, where among many odors the fragrance of the clethra was curiously distinct, the lovely pale blossom showing white in the dimness of the wood, and sending forth its sweetness delicately upon the evening air. The pine-trees so silent on either side, and all the dimness and quiet seemed full of this subtle, luxurious odor. It gave us a strange feeling of intrusion, as though the woods and that fair sweet blossom were living their own lives for a while, and wanted no touch from any other. In the patches of grass upon the road the yellow evening primrose was opening to greet us, laying back its petals as though ready for the dainty revel of its evening life.

The Middleborough of to-day is like a dozen other New England towns, with wide, quiet highways, plenty of shade, and stretches of green or flowers before every door. There are business streets at disjointed angles, where once the wigwams of the Wampanoags stood, and where now, in warm weather, conversation in the shop doorways seems to be the most active employment of the hour; but it was only a gentle hum of talk.

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MISS DOLLY NASH.

Leaving the woods, we passed Muttock Hill, where once the famous mansion of Oliver, the Tory judge, stood in all its glory of Gothic arch and English timber, with the rose-trees sent from Devonshire to Madam Oliver coloring its porticoes. The Olivers were a famous family at that time. The judge was known to be a stanch and loyal servant of the English king, and he entertained right royally in

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WILD PARSLEY.

the old mansion on Muttock Hill. There was a banqueting hall said to be well worth the name. An old family servant who lived far into this century used to tell of its shining floor and oaken seats, and the glitter of its waxen lights. The chairs were of English oak, with crowns carved upon them; the table, a splendid piece of the same wood, with feet like claws grasping a ball. So noted were Madam Oliver's gatherings that the leading ladies in the land thought it no hardship to come thirty miles to attend one. Innumerable are the stories told of the guests at those rollicksome banquets. Of one beauty from Boston it is said that for two nights previous to a ball at the Olivers', she slept with her hands tied above her head to whiten them, and another colonial belle sat upright in an arm-chair, instead of taking her beauty-sleep, that her coiffure might not be disturbed, the hair-dresser having been compelled to do his work overnight. Thither, riding on a pillion or in a chariot, came frequently charming Miss Dolly Nash, for whose favor so many suitors sighed vainly, and who dispensed her smiles judiciously, and made the honor of a dance almost like a royal gift. Miss Dolly was a wit as well as a beauty, and had been at the English court six months, so that her "ton" was considered perfect. She wore the newest fashions of 1760, and though she might have been far prettier but for paint and powder, the sparkle of her eyes and the light of her smile were said to be so entrancing that two English officers fought a duel over the question as to which one had received the softest glance of the evening.

At Oliver House charming Mistress Nash was always led out by the host, and as the floor of the ball-room was noted for its waxen polish (three maids having charge of it), we can fancy that the old judge, a trifle gouty, and not very keen in his vision, had to be careful how he stepped, for to blunder, with Miss Dolly's dainty hand in his, would have been unpardonable indeed. We can fancy the scene very readily: the hoops and towering coiffures of the fine dames of Massachusetts, the wigs and satin ruffles of the sterner sex, the wax lights, the darkly shining floor, and the figure of the judge leading forth lovely, imperious Dolly, while every eye was turned upon them; even the musicians, who scraped away at the upper end of the room, were not insensible to so much feminine charm, and down upon the scene comes the shout of a horseman who had ridden from Boston, and was galloping up Muttock Hill, swinging his hat and shouting loudly, "Long life to the royal heir of Great Britain!" for that day a ship had brought the news of the birth of George the Fourth.

As we went down the hill we seemed to have a vision of that glowing period, and then to see the lights of Oliver House go out, the fair faces and splendid figures vanish, the laughter, the sighs, the love-making, and the witticisms of that gallant day die away forever.

When the Revolution broke out, Judge Oliver did not hesitate to avow his Tory principles, which so enraged the people of Middleborough that they determined to set fire to his stately dwelling. Some one—whom it is not known—conveyed the news

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secretly to the judge, who was in Boston, and he rode out under cover of the night, and entering his own home like a thief, stole into the great banqueting hall and the library, and carried away with him whatever of papers and money and jewels he could secrete about his person. He was only just in time. Early the next morning a mob came up the hill, headed by a patriotic young carpenter, and the fine mansion was ransacked and burned to the ground, the judge and his immediate family escaping to England. While there it was said that although he frequently entertained American guests, he never referred in any way to his life among the colonists.

Early the next day we set forth to drive through the town, and view Muttock Hill and its fair surroundings by daylight. How amiable and calmly ordered the place looked! The air was deliciously soft and warm—not a hint as yet of autumn in the trees that bordered either side of the wide roads—a gentle lingering of summer everywhere—the last warm kiss of her blooming lips upon the earth that is so soon to stir with autumn winds and colors, and the sky held all the placid blue of June, reflected in the little shining, gayly wandering river which flows away at one side of the Muttock bridge to emerge in the quiet ponds or lakes; at the other, to reach by noisier pathways the river Taunton, and so add its drop to the widely rolling sea.

It was still early in the day, but we had a good drive before us, and also wanted time for way-side haltings, so we presently drove away from Middleborough, leaving its secluded streets and shady roads in all the quiet of a Puritan Sunday, and out across another bridge, where the river widened in its course, and away to the left in the direction of Rochester, Wareham, and Marion.

Everywhere along this part of the road the golden-rod was in bravest array, and indeed the land was strongly yellow, what with some late dandelions, the hawk-weed in the hedges, the primroses, and on all sides the golden-rod and the triumphant sunflower. There were only the usual variations, the break in the fields, the change from tall sheaves of corn now bound together, and showing places for the activity of little mice, to level pasture, from closely verdant banks to straggling fences, where, happily, however, the clematis gave a touch of grace and sweetness. "Traveller's-



CHICCORY.

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joy," I have heard it called, and the name seemed appropriate when the delicate tufts greeted our eyes in some otherwise monotonous line of fence or pathway; and it was on this road, just before entering the woodland, that we met thick clusters of the evening primrose, and remembered that it was long ago sent to England from America. How well worth half an hour it is to watch this flower when it is beginning to open to its evening life! The divisions of the calyx gradually unfold, the flower shows tenderly, and sometimes the final laying back of the petals is accompanied by a little soft, vibrating sound—the laugh of welcome as the blossom gayly looks you in the face. The clover was very thick and very rich in color all along here, which is not always the case in the New England September, and we looked to see if it belied its name of "husbandman's barometer." If rain were coming, we knew there would be a drawing together of the leaflets; but every "leaf of three" we saw lay open, happily, and, moreover, there were no signs of rain in the pipe of the robin which greeted us. There was plenty of loose-strife along this bank, and some impatience and wild parsley, fairly luxuriating with its delicate green and white flowers almost in the roadway, and there were some vines of briony, carefully following out their law, and twined from left to right, as instinctively doing Nature's bidding as the poppy in the corn field, which hangs its head when the rain or damp may chill it, and springs up again to greet the needed warmth of the sun. But of all the blooming spots before we plunged into the woods again, the most perfect was where a tiny brook flowed to the right, and into which we forded, that our horse might be refreshed. At the first glance it seemed almost as though some one—long ago, perhaps—had made a garden there, for on either side, in warm reds and yellows and intensest purple, the wild flowers grew together. The cardinal was especially fine, and speedwell, chicory, thoroughwort, clover, and primroses were assembled—a bold and happy little band, narcissus-like reflecting their glories in the stream.

At length we found ourselves in sandier roads, and blown across the waving corn fields, the meadows purpling with hair-grass, and strong of mint and rue, came the scent of the ocean. We were nearing the sea, as every fresh breath told us, and the sun was going to set like a dying conqueror, for overhead the sky held quivering lights ready to flash forth in a blaze of his commander's glory.

I think I never saw a place whose history seemed so unimpressive as Marion's, yet it has the faculty or charm of dispelling all cravings for historical associations. Its background seems to be of to-day, in a quaint setting, and, for the rest, there is the beautiful stretch of water, and away to the right, cool, shady walks, with old bits of orchard, red-boughed and green, and the daintiest of wild flowers; above all, the pimpernel, usually found in perfection nearer corn fields. But here, we observed, things grew with a happy license. The sight of the dainty pink-eyed pimpernel, with its petals open, and no hint of bad weather given in its glance, made us think of the old-time idea that the pimpernel was a cure for the blues, it being worn near the heart when time lagged or dull spirits were imminent. We walked out early in the cool of a delicious morning on a road that might have been in the heart of an inland country but for the dancing water visible between the boughs of the trees and in the gaps along the road. Sail-boats were dotting the sun-lit expanse of water, and the festive air of a party just setting forth animated the beach, and made the morning ring with young laughter and light-hearted voices. Who is it that can talk of the perfection of a cloudless sky, we wondered, when we drove away on toward Mattapoisett and Fairhaven. For my part, the serenest blue that ever shone above Lombardy was enhanced by little flecks of clouds, drifts of careless white such as were above us on that journey. To watch them full in form, breaking into curves or tiny points, drifting leisurely, or shining with spots of blue between, was infinite delight, and the earth seemed in some fashion so respondent, we fancied the warmth and color below looked up at the idle loveliness and movement overhead with a thrill, a vibrating answer to the joyous freedom expressed by that fair autumn sky. Earth and sky seemed certainly to have their revel all to themselves that day. The journey was in and out of dim and quiet woods, along wide roadways lined with verdure, and though we met almost no one, there was less of the sense of absolute quiet which had so strong-

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OLD ROADWAY WITH ORCHARD.

ly marked the first part of our journey. The blitheness of the weather, the whiffs of sea air, the constant recurrence of the thrush's note above us, gave a joyousness to the scene that had all the effect of animation, and when we reached Mattapoisett it was with a sense that the little village rather disturbed some happy communings with nature; we seemed to leave behind us sweet voices and harmonious signs when we entered the street of the town with its rows of shops and houses, its people coming and going, its waterways bustling with activity, and its prompt suggestions of old Indian days.

A level road, groups of maple-trees, long lines of oak and elm, the prettiest roads that we had driven over, led us to Fairhaven—a town which in our earlier history was famous for its whaling and fishing interests, and which is still sufficiently suggestive of the same to make it ex-

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ceedingly picturesque. A long bridge leads from the town to the city of New Bedford, and the waters between were dotted with innumerable ships, many with sails set, others lying in cool spots of the harbor, but altogether between the verdant shores of Fairhaven and the hilly streets of New Bedford presenting a picture of life and color which put an end, it seemed to us, to the quiet of our journey.

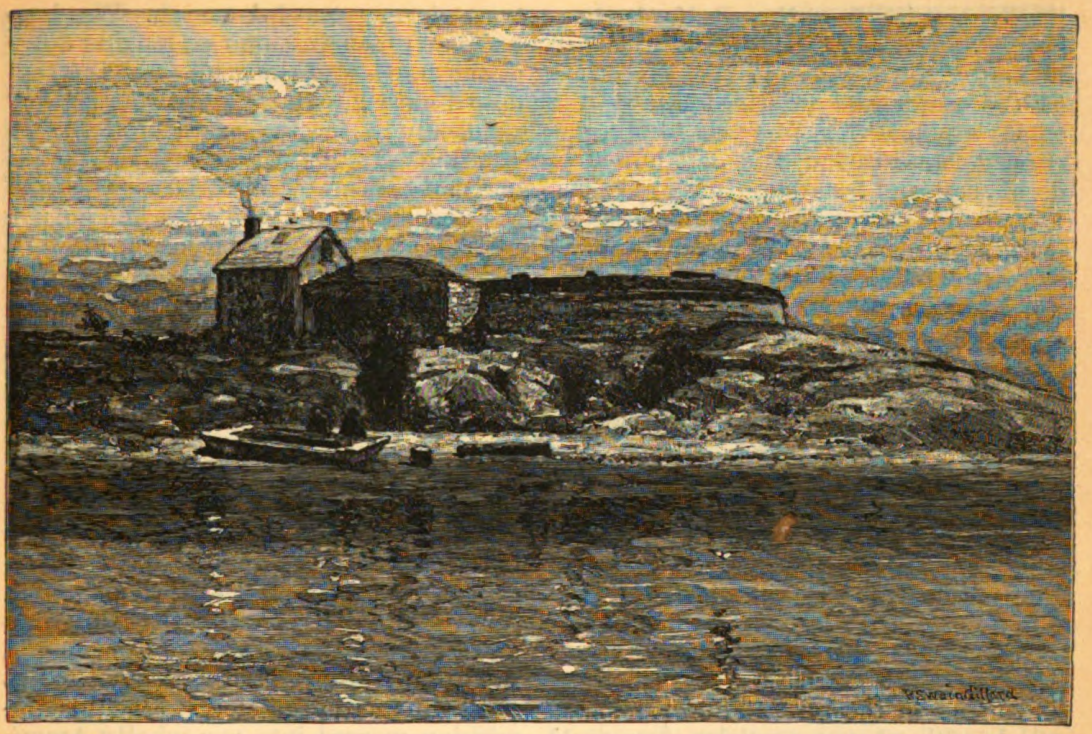
There is a great charm about Fairhaven. Its streets are wide as country roads, and yet built up enough to satisfy the demands of the town, with comfortable dwellings, fine gardens, and a general air of peace and prosperity. The associations of the town, with its days of shipping and fishing, linger, giving a quaint charm to many households, and no one can long forget the old whaling days, when every other man was a captain, or at least seafaring, and life was reckoned by the length of voyages, the recurrence of storms or calms, the departures and the home-comings of those who went forth across the waters.

Indian traditions, as might be expected, dissolve into mist before the tales to be told or listened to in old Fairhaven, for its history and associations are so strongly of the last century. Wonderful are the attics in this town! Shall we soon forget one in particular where we spent a rainy afternoon turning over old boxes, bringing to light East Indian curiosities, shawls and scarfs, big fans, a gown like that of Copley's "Lady Wentworth," strings of beads, high-heeled boots, but best of all, packets of old letters and some quaint little volumes, note-books and journals, and an eighteenth-century love story in large type on well-margined pages. This attic extended half-way across the L of an old house, and its dormer-windows looked down upon a part of a village street, a wharf, and some signs of shipping. There was an old spinet at one end of it, and when we moved the boxes out of the way, and opened it, what curious little tinkling sounds, like the ghost of some minuet or gavotte, were produced! If one could only overcome a sense of intrusion, how enchanting such investigations, the turning over of old pages, the feeling of the old silks and satins, might be! but in the fast darkening attic, among all those signs of other lives, what strangers and intruders we were like! We wondered very much about the girl who wrote some of the letters and wore some of these garments. She had come hither a bride, and wrote to somebody of a reception given her by her husband's friends. "Everybody is very civil, and I wear my new gowns a great deal," she writes. "When we went to dine with the B——s I was kissed by all present, which was very friendly, I am sure. .... Thank you for the piece of lute-string sent and the box of sweetmeats. Sallie Tabor comes over from Bedford often, and she has spun a good piece of cloth for me. Joel sent me a shawl of white silk, which the Captain brought from China. I will wear it to church with my lilac satin." In an old book a few months' expenses of a clerical gentleman are put down as follows, primly and carefully written:

Jan.	Oil cake of Hayden	50
	For spinning done by Polly Nash, 12 runs	$1 00
	2 pds butter, beating flax by Scipio	26
	Pair shoes for self	1 50
	Killing hog by Ashael	17
	Pint rum at Bardwell's	do
Feb.	Postage for letter	17
	3 yds broadcloth	10 00
Apr.	Cow bought of Tobey	15 00
	Pruning apple-trees	67
	A day's work by a woman Taylor	25
	Equipping John for training	2 25
May.	Plough	6 17
	Expenses to and from Boston	2 16

This gentleman's salary and perquisites amounted to something under four hundred dollars, upon which, however, he married, and appears to have lived with considerable comfort and ease, since the balance was in his favor some three dollars when the year closed! Times, however, have changed, although the houses in this part of the country nearly all maintain traces of their first period of architecture, and have about them a look of permanence in home comfort which is very alluring. There are wide, coolly matted hallways, with doors at either end, the one often leading directly to the street, and the other to some sweet old-fashioned garden, with shade trees and box walks, and a tangle of all the flowers known to the days of our great-grandmothers. The staircases have slender balustrades painted white, and with polished dark wood railings; jars of blue and white brought from over the seas stand in windows on the landings; upstairs there are tall old chests of drawers with brass handles and

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FORT PHŒNIX.

claw feet, prim high-backed chairs, and carpets, oftentimes of homespun, whose colors have faded out to appropriate hues. The quaintly carved cabinets, curious wicker-work, and Indian draperies all tell of old sea-going days, and in the drawing-rooms corner cupboards reveal treasures which the young people of to-day are gladly bringing to light. Small old Indian ivories, amulets, and the like, we saw, worth their weight in gold, heaped up in a great shining lacquered bowl, and which decorated one end of a chimney-piece, which of itself was fascinating. The old tiles had been there over a hundred years, and told a Scriptural story in pictures crudely wrought in blue traceries upon a dull white ground. The wood-work in this room was of Indian red, the windows deep and cushioned in faded green, and the walls were hung with old portraits, a stately lady of George the Third's day smiling upon her grandson across the room, whose curling locks and carefully arranged stock and embroidered shirt front were of a period thirty years later. There was a work-box on a shelf in this room full of girlish trifles over a century old; a little book about the language of flowers was tucked in among reels of silk and linen thread; a netted purse, half finished, was in one compartment, with some old coins tied up carefully in the end, while in the largest division were a pair of pretty white gloves which the girl who wore them had embroidered, and which, when worn, must have reached almost to the short puffed sleeves she wore.

Fairhaven wakes up wonderfully with the morning sunshine. Before we left we drove out to visit its specially historic site, old Fort Phœnix, of Revolutionary fame. Many are the stories told by old inhabitants of the attack made upon their village in 1778, and some are full of romance and incident. The British troops landed at Clark's Cove, opposite, and marched around to the Acushnet River, and over the bridge and down the east side into Sconticut. New Bedford was in a state of tumult and fright, and up Union and County streets the scenes were terrible, but although Fairhaven was well frightened, and some lives and houses sacrificed, yet the little fort gallantly resisted the attack, and it is said the village was really saved in this fashion: Major Israel Fearing was in command, and the day on which the English had determined to burn the village a fisherman risked his

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life by escaping from New Bedford, where he was a prisoner, and getting across to his native town, where he speedily reached the major and informed him of the enemy's plan. The fort was feebly garrisoned, but Fearing was determined to do his best and bravest. In an old notebook loaned us was the following account: "The men were placed behind houses and stores where the major supposed the British would land. They suffered them to reach the shore with their boats before a musket was discharged, and they were then in great numbers beginning to land, and had set fire to two or three stores within one hundred yards of Major Fearing and his men, who fired upon and routed them. By the screams and tracks of blood it is supposed many were wounded." The people of the village, however, were naturally in a tumult of fright. Captain John Alden's farm was attacked just as he was endeavoring to conceal some of his stores, others suffered with their lives, and many of the inhabitants fled to the woods with whatever articles they could lay quick hands upon.

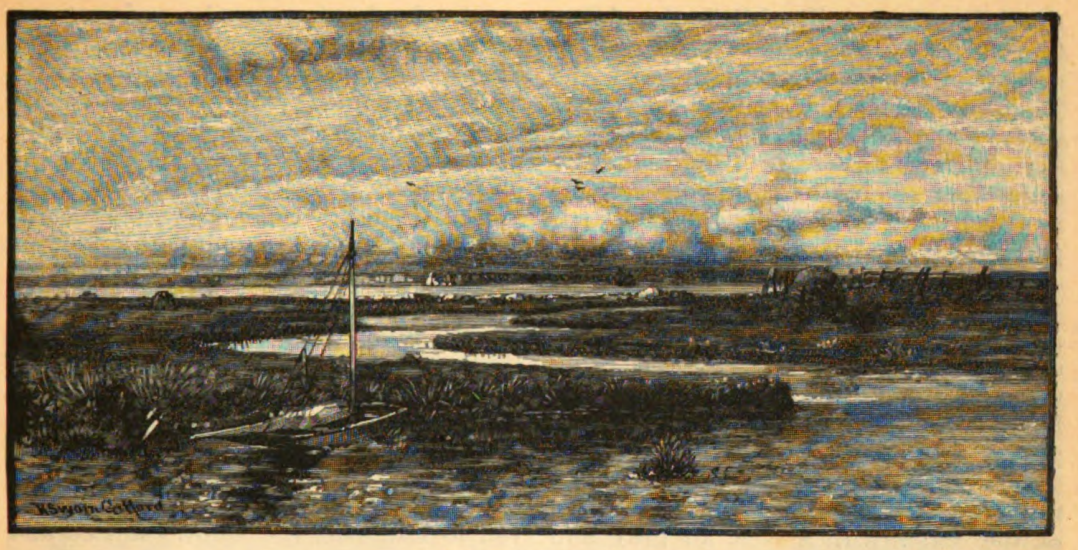
The fort as it now stands on an eminence to the right of the town presents a rather dismantled appearance so far as its military aspect is concerned, but it commands a superb view of the bay and the ocean, and has a certain character given it by the few guns pointing over the parapet, and the magazine at one side where Major Fearing's ammunition was stored. A grassy road leads up to it, and the entrance is now peaceful enough. We clambered up to the wall, and sat looking down at the beach and the roads and the sail-dotted harbor with great satisfaction and thankfulness for the peace of 1883. In whaling days this shore was a very active one, but seems now to be largely devoted to pleasure-seekers, who come and go, picnicking about the grounds of the old fort, whence they can look across at New Bedford, rising steeply, its shores crowded with shipping, its church spires and tall buildings shining in the sun.

It was late in the afternoon when we drove across the long bridge and into the busy, hilly streets of New Bedford. Through the lower part of the town its shipping interests were many; every other lounger in shop or house doorway seemed to have been born or bred to a sea-faring life. Portuguese, Italian, and French types mingled freely with the Hibernian and Yankee, giving a tone of Continental life to the New England settlement. But away up in the quieter streets this impression merged into one wholly American. The fine dwelling-houses set in the quiet of their gardens, the stores, banks, and public buildings, all presented a picture of thrift and comfort and solid domestic prosperity; yet New Bedford can tell many a tale of the past when life was anxious and unsettled, in the days when it was all known by the more melodious name of Acushnet, when the Quaker colonists settled there to escape the newer persecutions of their adopted country. We



TWILIGHT—SALT MILLS AT DARTMOUTH.

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"MARSHY BENDS."

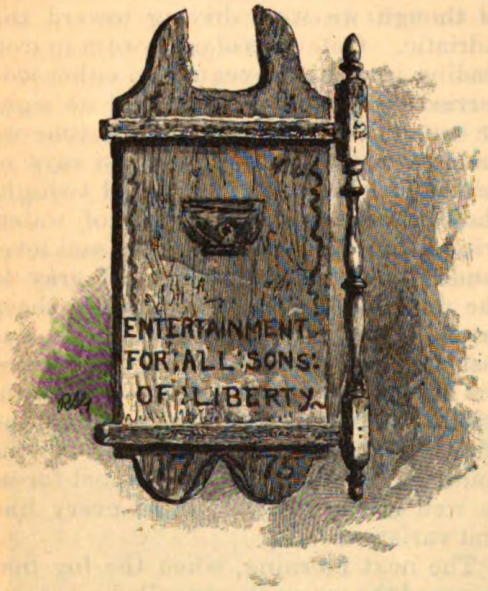
wished that our holiday was not so near its close as we drove away and out upon the Dartmouth road, for New Bedford would have repaid a longer stay. The streets now so busily occupied with commerce are full of interesting landmarks, and in many instances the old houses have not yet given way to the new, while there are records of eventful and typical periods of the country's history which belong to New Bedford, and give the town a permanent character in the Massachusetts of yesterday and to-day. From New Bedford to Dartmouth village we drove along a wide highway singularly straight, and white in the afternoon light. But for the gayety of the few gardens we passed there would have been little color anywhere, but it was in this region that the sunflower began to grow rampant. Taller and taller were the stalks, and bolder and more given to nodding over fences the great deep-hued blossoms, until one garden seemed in the fast-gathering dusk to have a strange mid-air world of color; but the most light-hearted, careless plant down here was the "ragged-sailor"; tall, slim, and purplish-red, it grew in rows and clusters all along the borders of poorer gardens, and ran wild along some parts of the road. But the sense of color vanished soon, a soft twilight faded into that sort of dusk which is not darkness, and yet gives the effect of a world of dimness —to the woodlands a strange feeling of silence, impenetrable solitude, and density. Ahead of us stretched a long white road, bordered closely on either side by greens, and where it rose and fell in gentle undulations as like an Italian roadway as though we were driving toward the Adriatic. Gateways of open-work in iron leading into silent avenues on either side carried on this impression, and no sight or sound disturbed it, for by the time we had reached Dartmouth the last rays of sunset had died away; the cool twilight showed us a marshy stretch of water, windmills on a far-away shore, and level lands stretching yellowish and gray to the water's edge, pollards rising in sharp brief lines, a reedy bank shining in one last spot of light, and when we crossed the bridge and were curving to the southwest and Nonquit, we felt strongly all the charm of the country we were in—the country Swain Gifford has painted for us so well because he knows its every line and variation.

The next morning, when the fog that screened the water slowly rolled away, we saw a wonderful gleaming, glowing country, stretches of moor and meadow land broken into by beltings of trees and ridges green and brown in spots, or lying golden with the cassia plant like English broom upon them. At the water's edge there were marshy bends, whence seemed to flow forth ripples of light that reached on to the bolder waters where the sun gleamed as on a broken mirror, and the white sails of boats went in and out catching sunlight and shadow in swift succession. But away from this strong effect are bits

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that bring the pencils of Gifford and Sartain quickly to mind; old roadways with orchard trees, and windmills with the jagged outlet of water, or the cone-shaped roofs of the salt-works rising against the sky, and everywhere in form and color suggesting, as nothing else upon our journey had done, the Old World—Holland, perhaps, or some parts of France. A peasant from the Loir-and-Cher would have "come" admirably in one brown field we passed, where the background was of gray sky and pale green foliage; and crossing the stone bridge toward Dartmouth village there was all the setting of a Dutch picture—the sombre tones mingling with vivid green, the broken lands with windmills active in the distance, and the curve of the water with a boat all gray and brown and dingy green anchored in its one strong spot of light.

We left Nonquit—which is but a small community, a settlement of cottages and



SIGN AT THE OLD INN, MIDDLEBOROUGH.

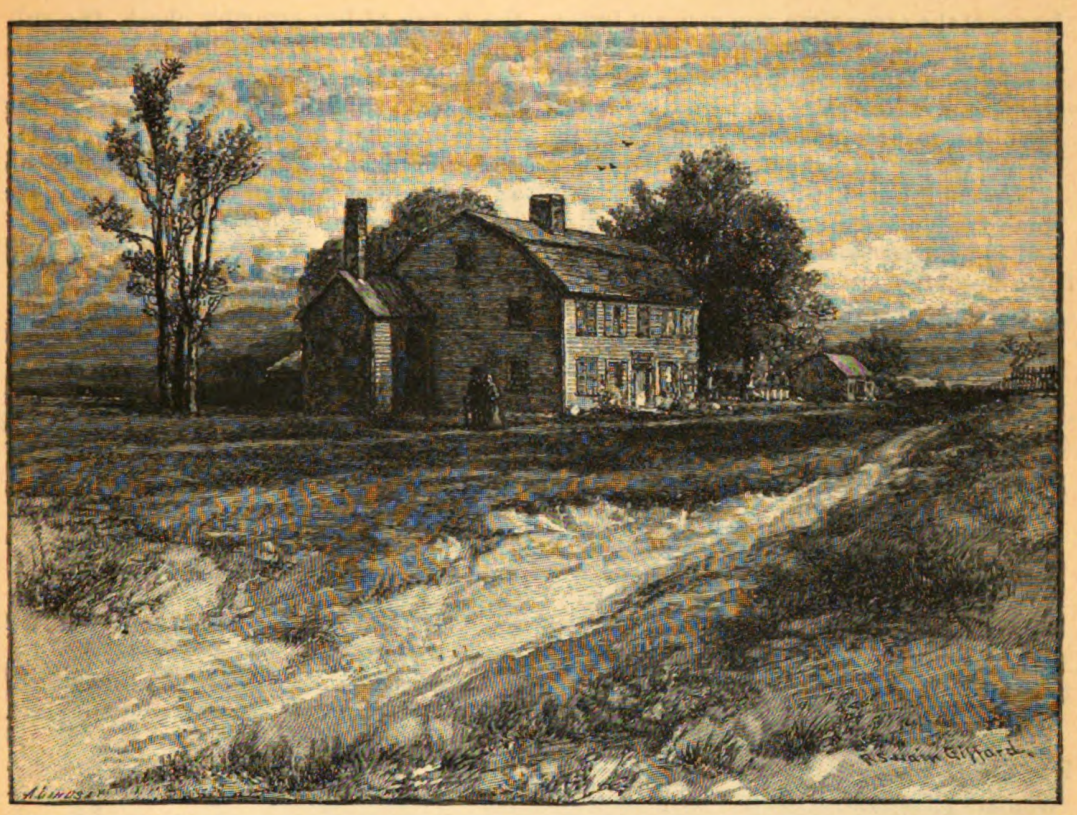
studios delightfully grouped together—and drove back to Dartmouth at an hour when everything was smiling and high in key. The dahlias in an old walled garden we had left in dimness the night before hung now like red stains upon the gray stones below. The sky above was daintily rimmed and flecked with white, and as we turned into the village street of Dartmouth a flock of birds went sweeping overhead, whirring noisily, and seeming to give farewell to the summer-time in exultant mood and melody. The street is irregularly lined with trees; there are houses at intervals, with spaces of tangled gardens between, corn patches, and some placid shady spots. Only here and there a human figure came in view; then it moved so idly that no animation seemed added to the scene, and we fell back involuntarily to thinking of the country in its Indian days, when Nonquit, King Philip's uncle, ruled here. Our drive that afternoon carried on such associations, for we passed the Acushnet River, went across Long Plain—the wide and level lands of the Indian—and round into the lake country. Thence from Fairhaven to Lakeville the country is rich and impressive. The road, when Long Plain is passed, leads you to the lakes—Quitticus great and little, Long Pond, and Assawamsett. They inclose all the most famous country of old Indian times in that region, and, with their belts of forest land, lie so silent, so sombre, and so grandly, impressively alone that one almost feels that the spell of the red man rests upon them never to be lifted. Even the little steamer that ploughs its way from the Namasket River to the lakes in summer-time does not take away from the silence and solemnity that incloses them. To the right of Quitticus the hills rise abruptly and densely wooded, but the water's edge is marked by little reedy brakes that lie pale green in the sunlight, and seem only waiting for the Indian's light foot to press, just as the still surface of the water seems waiting for the swift touch of his canoe.

From this "country of the waters" we reached Middleborough again one evening about dusk, and the next day set forth for the last portion of our journey. We drove around to the old church, which stands upon a green, and is somewhat heavier in form than many buildings of its time. It used to be noted for its many windows and their leaded panes, but these have long since given place to more modern glass. Some of them have been preserved by lovers of antiquity in the neighborhood, and one was shown to us that morning.

Nearly opposite the church stands a house which is one of the last links with the Middleborough of Revolutionary times.

The building is long and low, and presents an exterior of many windows, a tall-

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OLD INN, MIDDLEBOROUGH.

chimneyed wing, and a general air of faded reds and yellows on the shingles. It is a comfortable dwelling-house now, but in 1775 it was an inn known to every man or woman who rode from Boston to Middleborough, or from Plymouth to the great city. And from its upper story was swung the first sign-board which openly proclaimed sentiments of liberty and rebellion; and a daring thing it was in those days when Oliver was judge, and the country half full of vindictive Tories. By the kindness of the present owner we were shown through the house, which has been preserved as nearly in its original form as possible. The parlor retains the wainscot, the great fire-place, and, above all for picturesqueness, the deep-seated square windows, the tiny latticed panes of glass. At one side runs a shelf and panel which formerly led into the tap-room of the inn—a small place where the landlord had his "ain fireside," and comfortably talked politics and had his pipe and his glass with a congenial neighbor. As we stood in the doorway of the tap-room and looked at the dark walls, we thought of the brave and enterprising spirit of mine host, who refused to draw beer for any one who would not acknowledge the justice of the sign-board swung without. The kitchen showed the ponderous cross-beams of 1690, when it was built, with Dutch bricks and English wood-work, and the fire-place was worthy of the Christmas roasts it had given. The front hall and entrance looked like some quaint picture, the slender-balustered staircase winding around and up to a low-ceilinged hall and rooms in the second story.

That sign-board of audacious republicanism has been preserved, and we looked at it with special interest, faded, cracked, and battered as it is.

Our host showed us some old pamphlets and papers which, as he took them from a secretary near one of the deep windows, seemed to have lain there all their century of existence. In one of these was a curious political editorial, which as a type of its kind is worth recalling.

"Have you not," it began, addressing the government, "laid a plan to lessen the trade of Great Britain, and don't you

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know at the same time you can not lessen it? And that all the trade of America as it relates to Great Britain is but a drop to the ocean. Now, sirs, *is* it kind, *is* it benevolent, *is* it pious, *is* it holy? Oh, Mr. President, try to turn before it is too late."

We had heard, though vaguely, that some Indians, remnants of an old tribe, had journeyed to Middleborough to work up a claim for land they had upon the government, and on our way to Bridgewater we came suddenly upon their tents. We left the phaeton and went into the pine grove, feeling a little doubtful of our reception. Three women were at work in the only tent which was occupied. Of these, one was an aged, hideously ugly creature, whose shrivelled face and long arms and brown hands were visible out of a mass of coarse red and gray wrappings. At her side was a younger woman busily plaiting straw. But the third, whom we noticed last, because she was half concealed behind a piece of furniture, was, when she rose, the most impressive savage figure one could imagine. Whatever grace or beauty belongs to the Indian type this woman possessed, with a luxury of form and color, a dignity of bearing, a defiance of manner, not marred by the sullenness with which she greeted us. As soon as we spoke she flung herself down upon a loose heap of skins, evidently willing to talk, but determined to do so in a comfortable position. The splendid physique of the woman was more apparent as she rested there in an attitude of the most completely indolent grace, her strong dark arms and hands clasped above her head, the curve of her swarthy cheek, the sullen fire of her eyes, showing to perfect advantage as she indifferently answered our questions. She it was, we learned afterward, who had organized the movement, and indeed she looked quite capable of any persistent and relentless enterprise. Had they come from far? we questioned. Oh yes, a long distance; but when this was said we had to revive the conversation, the magnificent young Indian at our feet apparently taking not the smallest interest in our presence or enlightenment. By dint, however, of some purchases we warmed her into some animation, and learned that they meant to stay there until they had accomplished something with their claim. While she talked she looked at us from under her half-veiled eyelids with a curious kind of contempt, as though she felt our race entirely inferior to her own, and I am not sure but that as we drove away a sense of her superiority did not impress us more than anything else. We talked of it afterward as a curious and fitting ending to our journey.

The lights of Bridgewater in the distance seemed to us almost as though they might have been from the lamps of Pilgrim days. Again we were driving past the hill of Wanacoto; again across the fertile lands of the early settlers. All our journeying might have seemed a dream but for the sudden sense of familiarity with which our horse turned her head toward the gateway which led to home, to the studio in the garden, to the long white house with its many windows alight, and the hospitable door thrown widely open.



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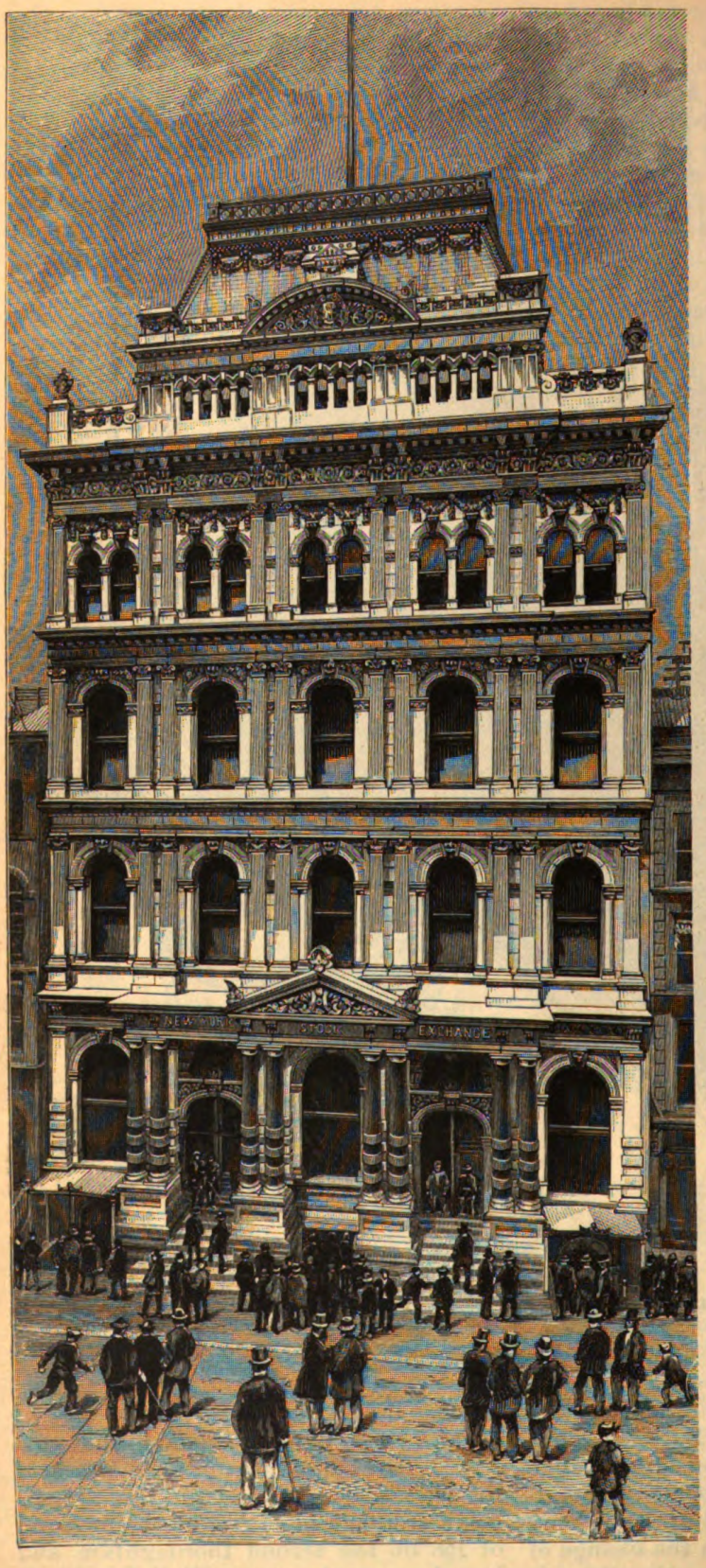


J. EDWARD SIMMONS, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.
From a drawing by F. Dielman.

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE New York Stock Exchange is a building, an association, an exchange of securities for currency or its representatives. Ordinarily speaking, it signifies the body of men by whom the change of securities for valuable considerations is effected in an edifice devoted to that purpose. This edifice occupies a portion of the space between Broad and New streets, has a frontage of 65 feet on the first and of 158 on the second thoroughfare, and has also an entrance on Wall Street. It

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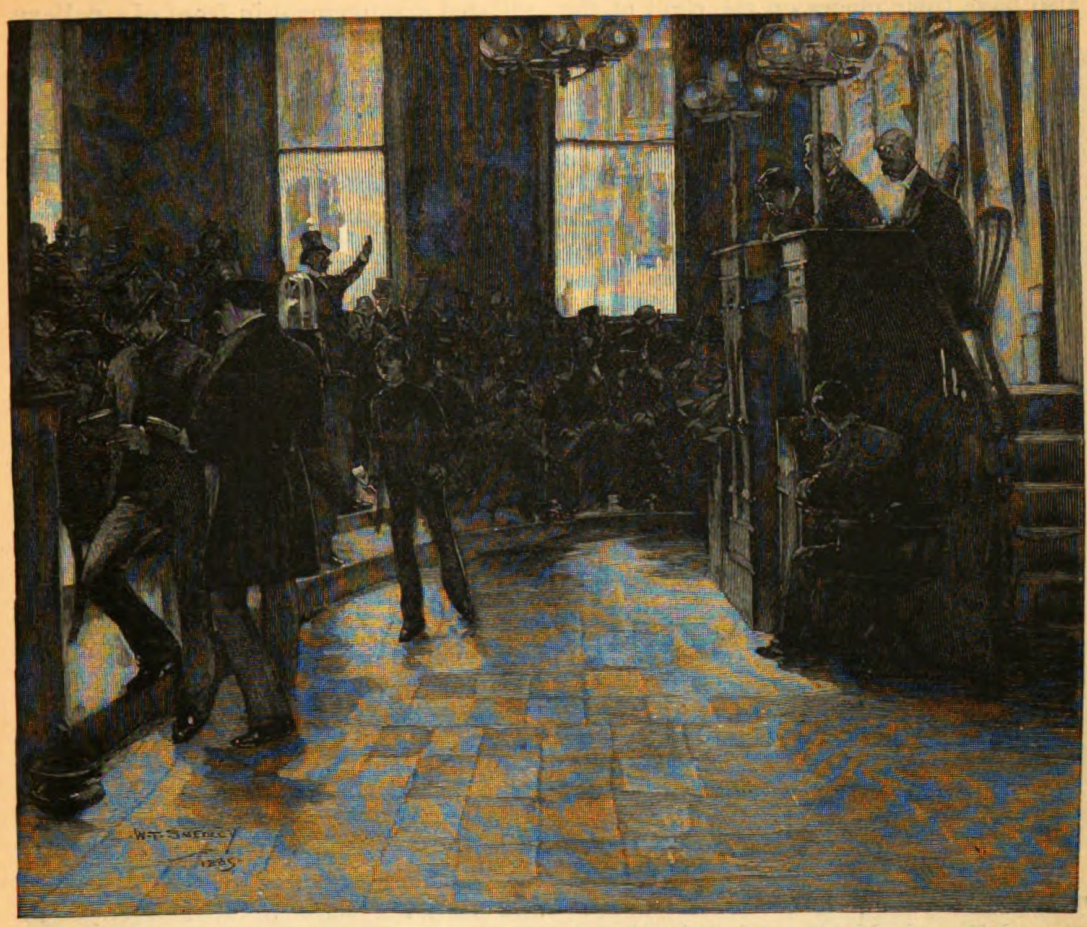


THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

is a solid and unpretentious but imposing structure, designed by James Renwick, the architect of Grace Church and the Roman Catholic Cathedral. Improved arrangements that will give an additional six-sevenths to the floor of the Exchange—now 53 by 140 in size—have been projected by the Governing Committee, and will doubtless be effected. The legal title to all the real estate owned and occupied by the association known as the New York Stock Exchange is vested in the New York Stock Exchange Building Company, of which Donald Mackay is president. The cost of the whole is over $1,800,000, and the amount annually expended by the Committee of Arrangements for its preservation and for the salaries of the different individuals employed therein ranges from $150,000 to $200,000.

Strangers are not admitted to the ground-floor except by courtesy. Entering from Wall Street, the Board Room, with its Babel of voices, is on the right, or New Street side. On the left, or Broad Street side, is the Long Room, devoted to telegraphic apparatus and subscribers who pay $100 per annum for the privilege of using it. A door through the partition affords direct ingress to the parlor sacred to brokers, who therein indulge

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THE BOND ROOM.

in some reading, more smoking, and incessant draught and chess playing. Stock-brokerage and the latter abound in shrewd combinations. Between the Board and Long rooms are telephonic and telegraphic instruments of communication with near and distant offices. The famous Callahan "ticker," whose patent was purchased of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company by the Western Union Telegraph Company, and which prints its electric messages on endless strips of paper, is perpetually at work during the hours of business. Its owners yearly pay $18,000 to the Stock Exchange for the privilege of giving information about transactions in the market. The Commercial Telegram Company also enjoy the same privileges on the same terms.

Inspection of the Board Room, littered with torn memoranda of executed orders, after the day's proceedings are over, discovers that the several stocks have their respective locations upon the floor. Here is St. Paul; a board informs us what the price of the last sale was and how many shares were sold on the day previous. Next comes Northwest. At the south end is Reading, also the New York Central. A row of sign pillars runs along the middle of the room from end to end. On the first we find, to the south, Lake Shore, Wabash Preferred, and Common. This stock is not in active demand; the figures show what was bid and what was asked, without any sales. On the second pillar is New Jersey Central and Denver and Rio Grande. In like manner prices and sales of the previous day are recorded of the Oregon Transcontinental and Texas Pacific on the third pillar, of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas and the Louisville and Nashville on the fourth, of the Central Pacific and Manhattan Consolidated (Elevated) Railway on the fifth. Omaha Preferred, Western Union Telegraph, and Union Pacific

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also have their places on the right of the chairman's rostrum. Mining stocks are sold at the north end of the room. On the New-Street side are the Canadian Pacific, Minnesota and St. Louis, Alton and



D. C. HAYS, TREASURER OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

Terre Haute, Rome and Watertown, Erie Second Consols, Mobile and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio, Rock Island, Pacific Mail, Ohio and Mississippi, Missouri Pacific, Ohio Central, sundry Southern roads, the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, and the Michigan Central. The names and figures of all these stocks indicate the vital relation of the Stock Exchange to the commerce and development of the country.

A bulletin-board apprises the brokers that certain of their number have been allowed extended time in which to settle with their creditors, and who are proposed for re-admission or election to the board. Two annunciators also attract notice. These instruments are covered with numbered knobs, one of them running from 1 to 340. A member is wanted outside; but no voice is strong enough to outscreech that Indian hubbub of bids and offers. The messenger whistles through a tube to the boy behind the annunciator; he replies, "Well?" and receives the order, "Put up 24"—the number of the broker wanted; 24 is put up; by pulling the knob bearing that number it instantly appears under the raised section of a tessellated arrangement in front of a gallery —of which there are two—allotted to spectators. The eye of the broker catches the silent announcement, which is discontinued when it has served its purpose.

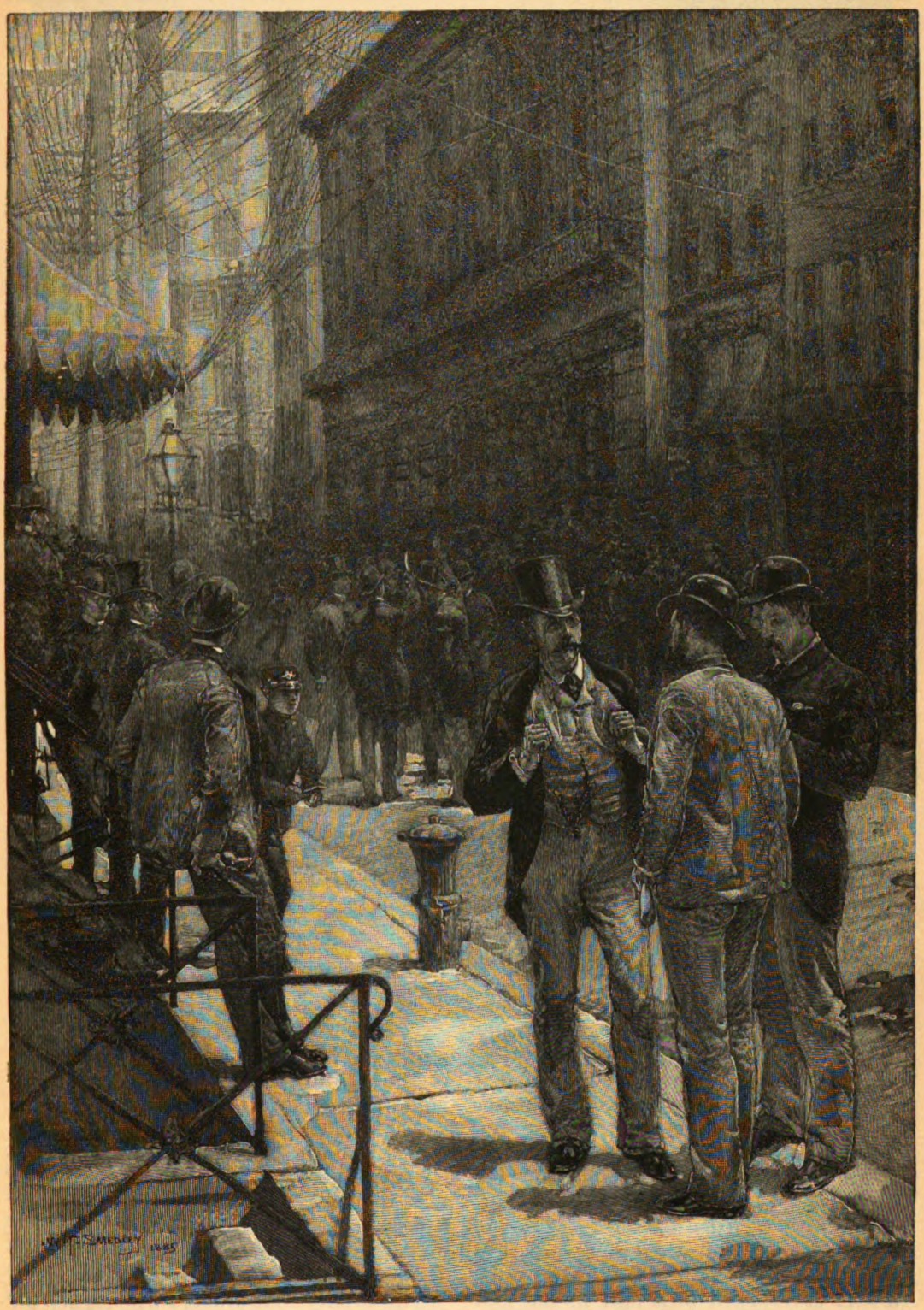
On the New Street side is a corridor, railed off from the Board Room, accessible to subscribers at $100 per annum, clerks and messengers, and permitting direct contact of client with agent. Three chandeliers, filled with 198 electric lamps, diffuse clear, soft, and abundant light when needed. The arrangements for heating and cooling the room are no less admirable. The ventilating apparatus is as effective as it is necessary, and cost $30,000. Not only does it supply pure air, but perfumes it at the same time. "What bouquet have you this morning, doctor?" is not an uncommon inquiry of the superintendent. Washington and also New York time is kept at the Stock Exchange. Punctually at 10 A.M. the gong strikes for the opening of business, at 2.15 P.M. for deliveries, and at 3 P.M. for the cessation of traffic.

In the second story is the office of the Committee on the Stock List, the Bond Room, where railroad bonds and bank stocks are bought and sold, the office of the President and that of the Secretary, and last, not least in attractiveness to strangers, the galleries, from which may be witnessed scenes compared with which street fights are nothing in point of earnestness and interest. In the third story are the rooms of the several committees, the assistant secretary, the stenographer, and the Glee Club. Mammon has some music in him. The sixteen (more or less) members of the club voice it in excellent style. Their annual concerts in Chickering Hall are fashionably and largely attended, and are sometimes repeated. Truth compels the statement that they engage the best vocal and instrumental assistance. Still, on organ and piano they are amateur experts.

The vaults under the building are among the strongest in the world, and contain 1032 safes for securities. Citizens not connected with the Stock Exchange hire about 400 of them. There are also rooms for messengers and members, with lavatories, closets, and other conveniences on the same floor.

Such are the present quarters of the New York Stock Exchange. They are in startling contrast with those of the

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ON NEW STREET.

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twenty-four brokers who met under a buttonwood-tree in front of what is now No. 60 Wall Street in 1792, and there created what has grown into the present organization. Their association was as crude as the resources of the country. Business was chiefly done at the Tontine Coffee-house, a favorite resort for merchants, at the corner of Wall and Water streets. The commercial revival following the war



GEORGE W. ELY, SECRETARY OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

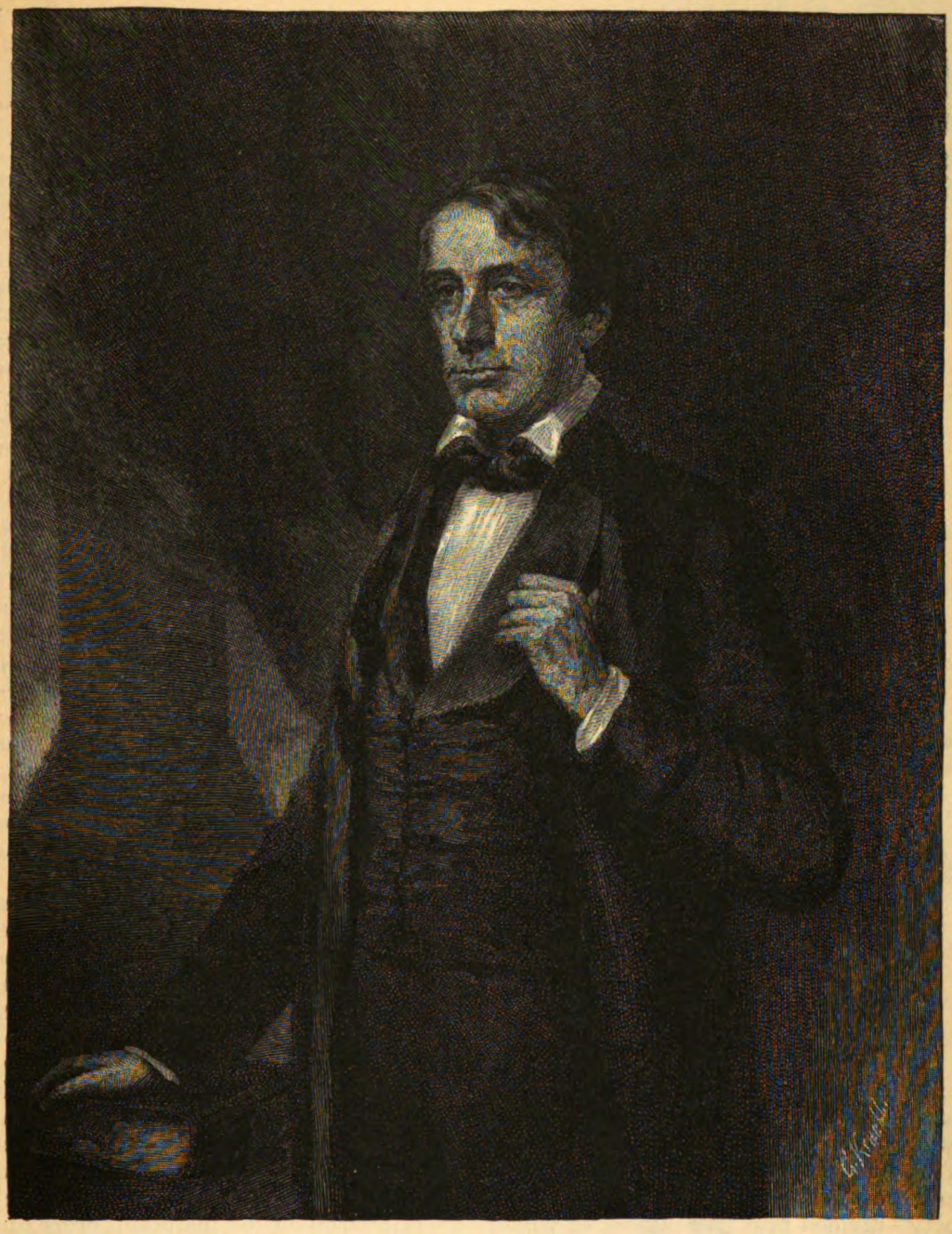
of 1812–15 made better organization an urgent need. The character and importance of current transactions called for a precise and binding system. In 1817 the New York Stock and Exchange Board was constituted after the model of that in Philadelphia, and its meetings were held, after 1820, in the office of Samuel J. Beebe, 47 Wall Street, next in a room in the rear of Leonard Bleecker's, and subsequently in the domicile of the old *Courier and Enquirer*. In May, 1817, it removed to an upper room in the Merchants' Exchange, on Wall and William streets. Thence it was ousted by the great fire of 1835, and for some years afterward held its sessions in a hall in Jauncey Court. In 1842 it returned to a hall in the new Merchants' Exchange, now the Custom-house. The board was then a close corporation, but an eminently honorable one, and decidedly averse to any publication of its doings. The Open Board of Brokers, gotten up in the rotunda, in or about 1837, tried to force themselves into the association, and, failing in that, cut away the beams and dug out the bricks of the regular Board Room, in order to insert their heads and learn what was being done. In 1853 the board removed to rooms on the top floor of the Corn Exchange Bank, at the corner of Beaver Street, and from thence into Dan Lord's building, on Beaver, above William, near Exchange Place, where it was located in the panic of 1857, and also at the outbreak of the great rebellion.

In 1863, a second Open Board of Brokers, the first being defunct, was established in a dismal William Street basement, denominated the "Coal Hole." This soon had several hundred members, and did an immense business. Thence it passed into a fine hall on Broad Street—within one door of the Stock Exchange, which had fixed its quarters in the edifice now occupied, and which was built for its use in December, 1865—and by 1869 had acquired fully one-half the speculative business done on "the street." Warfare between the old and the new was annoying to both. Negotiation followed, and ended in consolidation. The government department of the old board was absorbed at the same time. Since then all have enjoyed equal rights and privileges in the same structure.

The members of the New York Stock Exchange are *sui generis*. In number they are eleven hundred. This limit was reached in November, 1879. They constitute an association, not a legalized corporation. In 1871 a perfect charter was drawn up by business men for the incorporation of the Stock Exchange. Tweed was then in the zenith of his legislative power. Thinking that the application presented an opportunity for making money, he caused false names to be inserted in place of the true, had it passed by the New York Legislature, and signed by the Governor. A hundred thousand dollars, or thereabouts, was asked for this superserviceable meddling, but both demand and charter were rejected by the indignant members.

The twenty-four brokers who signed an agreement not to buy or sell stocks for less than one-fourth of one per cent. commission, and to prefer each other in negotiations, increased in number slowly. Only

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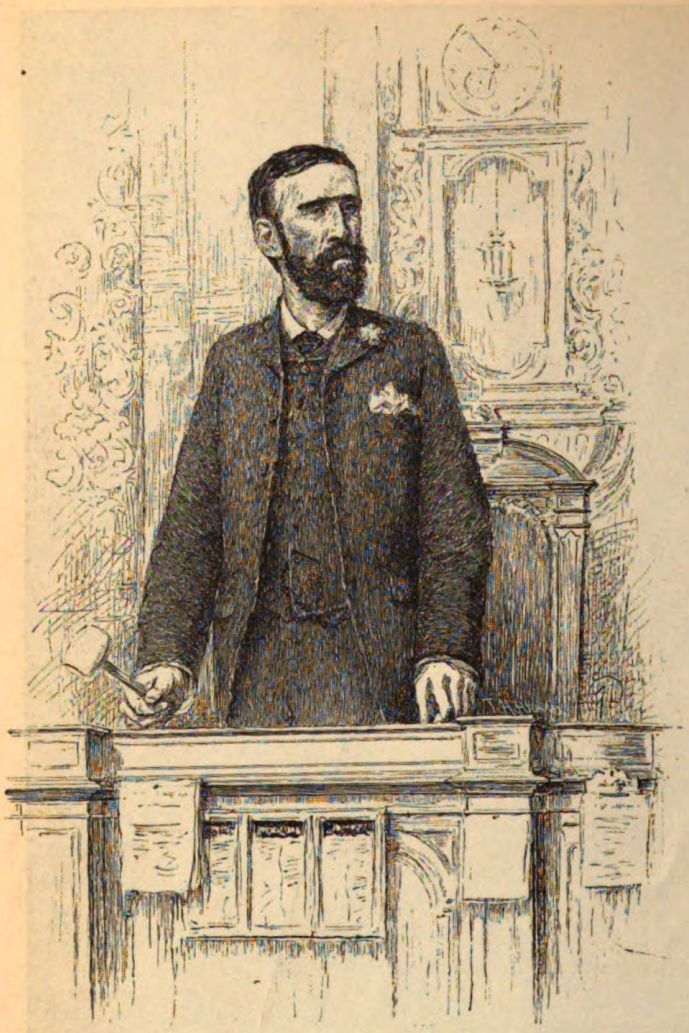


JACOB LITTLE.

twenty-five adopted the constitution of 1817. Among the thirty-nine who had signed it in revised form in 1821 were Nathaniel Prime, Leonard Bleecker, and other experienced bankers of the highest reputation. Exquisitely sensitive in matters of honor, scrupulous in regard for right, dignified and urbane in manners, they were worthy of the utmost confidence and regard. J. L. Joseph, whose firm was the agent of the Rothschilds, joined them in 1824, and the celebrated Jacob Little in 1825. Large accessions were received during the civil war, at the consolidation of the boards in 1869, and again in 1879, when the present maximum was attained.

The form of government under which the Stock Exchange acted for many years was that of pure democracy. Consolidation with the "government department"

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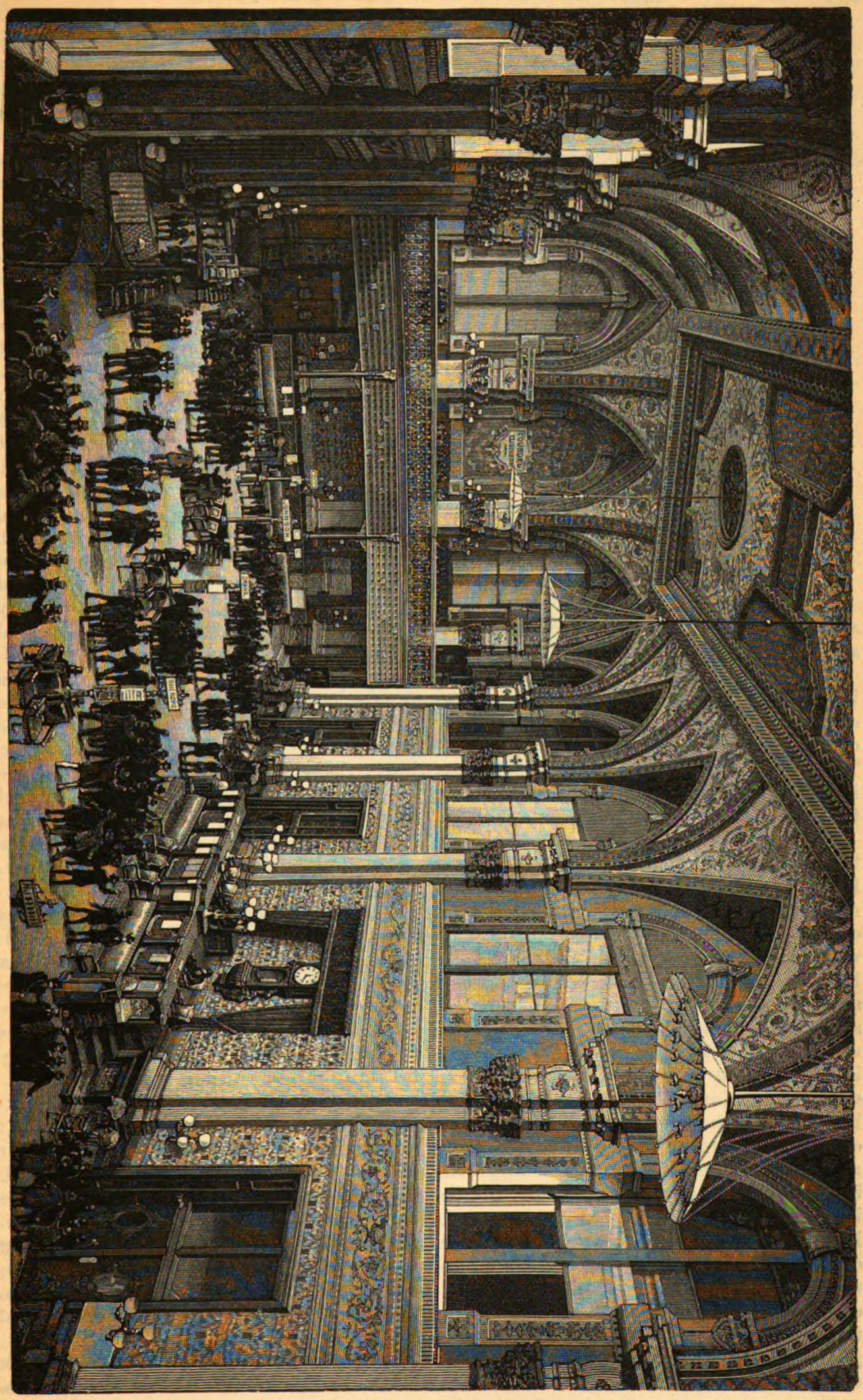
CHAIRMAN JAMES MITCHELL.
From a drawing by F. Dielman.

on May 1, 1869, and with the "Open Board of Stock-Brokers" on the 8th of the same month, brought with it the adoption of a republican constitution, by which the government is vested in a committee of forty—divided into four classes, of which one goes out of power every year—and in its President and Treasurer. These constitute the Governing Committee, and, with the Vice-President and Secretary, are the officers of the Exchange. The President, Secretary, Treasurer, Chairman, and Vice-Chairman are annually elected by ballot of all the members present and voting, on the second Monday in May. The Governing Committee chooses the Vice-President, and also appoints the Roll-Keeper. Vacancies are filled by election, either of the whole body or of the Governing Committee. Administrative and judicial powers are intrusted to the latter, whose decision in all cases is final.

The President of the New York Stock Exchange, elected in May, 1884, and unanimously re-elected in 1885, is J. Edward Simmons, a gentleman of the highest respectability, of established reputation, solid attainments, and enviable popularity. James Mitchell, the Chairman since the consolidation in 1869; Alexander Henriques, the Vice-Chairman since 1880; D. C. Hays, the Treasurer since 1866; Commodore James D. Smith, the Vice-President; and George W. Ely, Assistant Secretary from 1874, and Secretary since 1883—all possess the same characteristics. The services of the President are gratuitous, although their importance is such as to require his constant care and attention.

The President sees to the enforcement of the rules and regulations, cares for the general interests of the Exchange, presides over it when he chooses, and is a member and the presiding officer of the Governing Committee. In his absence the Vice-President assumes the same power and functions. The Chairman presides over the board when assembled for business, calls the stocks and bonds as they are printed on the list, maintains order, and enforces the rules. In his absence the Vice-Chairman discharges these duties. Neither, while presiding, can operate in stocks. The Secretary has charge of the books, papers, and correspondence of the Exchange, keeps record of the opening and closing of the different transfer books for dividends, elections, etc., of the various corporations in which it is interested, and posts the amount and date of such dividends upon the bulletin-board. The Roll-Keeper preserves a list of the members, and of the fines imposed upon them. He

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INTERIOR OF NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

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W. E. CONNOR.

also collects the latter, and reports semi-annually to the Exchange.

Applications for membership are publicly announced, together with the name of the member nominating, and the name of the member seconding the applicant. The nominators are asked in committee if they recommend the applicant—whom they must have known for twelve months—in all respects, and if they would accept his uncertified check for $20,000. The latter query is crucial. The nominee is requested to state his age, whether he be a citizen of the United States, what his business has been, whether he ever failed in business; if so, the cause of his failure, amount of indebtedness, and nature of settlement. He must also produce the release from his creditors. He is asked, if indebted, what judgments have been given against him; if not in debt, whether he pays for the membership and the accompanying initiation fee with his own means; whether his health be and has been uniformly good; whether his life be insured, and if not, for what reason; what kind of business he purposes to do; alone or in partnership. A copy of his statement is forwarded to him, and is read and certified by him as correct. Any willful misstatement upon a material point subjects him to lasting ineligibility for admission, or to deprivation of membership, as the case may be. Not less than eight hundred admitted men have been thus questioned by A. M. Cahoone, Chairman of the Committee on Admissions. "The best policy is honesty," is the cardinal maxim of the Stock Exchange. Financial morality satisfies its requirements. Further than that is beyond its chosen province.

An elected member must sign the constitution and by-laws, pledge himself to abide by the same, pay an initiation fee of $20,000, or, if admitted by transfer, of $1000 in addition to the price of his membership. All new members are now admitted through transfer. In 1792 no initiation fee was demanded; in 1823, only $25; in 1827, $100; in 1833, $150; in 1842, $350; in 1862, $3000, and for clerks, $1500. Thence it rose in 1866 to $10,000, at which figure it stood until 1879, when it was raised to $20,000. There is little hazard in predicting a future rise to $100,000. Even at that figure it would be little if any higher than such a privilege has cost at the Paris Bourse. It ought to imply corresponding guarantee of the capital and character of the broker. The semi-annual dues amount to $25. Ten dollars for the Gratuity Fund are charged to the account of each on the death of one of the members. Fines also are charged in the half-yearly bills, and are levied on the exuberant and indiscreet at the rate of from twenty-five cents to ten dollars, at the discretion of the presiding officer, for such offenses as knocking off hats, throwing paper wads, standing on chairs, smoking in the halls (five dollars), indecorous language, interrupting the presiding officer while calling stocks, or calling up a stock not on the regular list. The revenue from fines is quite large. Some New York stock-brokers compensate themselves for strict legality in one direction by breaking minor rules in others.

A single membership in the Stock Exchange has sold as high as $32,500. At an average of $30,000 the whole number of memberships is worth $33,000,000. Some of the brokers are very rich; others comparatively poor. Estimating the average capital at $100,000, and multiplying this by 1100, we have $110,000,000, which, added to the value of the memberships, gives $143,000,000 as the capital invested by the members.

Generally speaking, brokers are of three classes. The first does a regular commission business; never speculates, except on

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occasions, and succeeds best. The second are the scalpers, who buy and sell in the hope of making one-eighth or one-quarter of one per cent. profit. These are the physiognomists of the institution. Reading the faces of associates who have large orposed of traders in particular stocks, by whose rise and fall they strive to enrich themselves, in some instances closing contracts every day. One trader in Northwest for sixteen years is said to have accumulated a handsome fortune. The ideal



W. H. VANDERBILT.

ders, they buy with the intention of selling to them at a rise. The scalpers are busiest when there are more brokers than business. Too smart to live, they usually die of pecuniary atrophy. The guerrillas are a sub-class of the scalpers, few in number, and by making specialty of dealing in inactive stocks have formerly fixed the unsavory appellations of "Hell's Kitchen" and "Robbers' Roost" upon certain localities of the floor. The third class is combroker is cool, imperturbable, unreadable, knowing or accurately guessing the movements of the great operators, able to buy the most stock with the least fluctuation, covering his tracks in the execution of a large order by purchasing in small quantities, and by shrewd selling at the same time. Washington E. Connor, partner and broker of Jay Gould, does presumably the largest brokerage business in the Exchange.

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The compensation paid to commission brokers ought to be satisfactory. It is one-eighth of one per cent. upon the purchase and upon the sale of all securities other than government bonds, estimated at par value, when made for a party who is not a member of the Exchange. No business can be done for less than this rate to non-members. The minimum rate charged to members is one-thirty-second of one per cent., except where one member merely buys or sells for another (giving up his principal on the day of the transaction), and does not receive or deliver the stock, in which case the rate must not be less than one-fiftieth of one per cent. The commission on mining stocks selling in the market at $5 per share or less is $3 12½ per 100 shares; if at more than $5 and not over $10 per share, $6 25; if more than $10 per share, $12 50. To members of the Exchange the minimum commission charged is $2 per 100 shares. Contracts for a longer period than three days carry six per



C. J. OSBORNE.

cent. interest. Any violation, direct or indirect, of these laws—even the *offering* to do business at less than these rates—is punishable by expulsion from the Exchange, and sale forthwith by the Committee on Admissions of the membership of the offender. The commission broker who carries stock for his customer and furnishes most of the money occasionally charges one-fourth of one per cent., or $25 per 100 shares. Ten bonds, at par of $1000 each, are reckoned equivalent to 100 shares, and are subject to the same commissions.

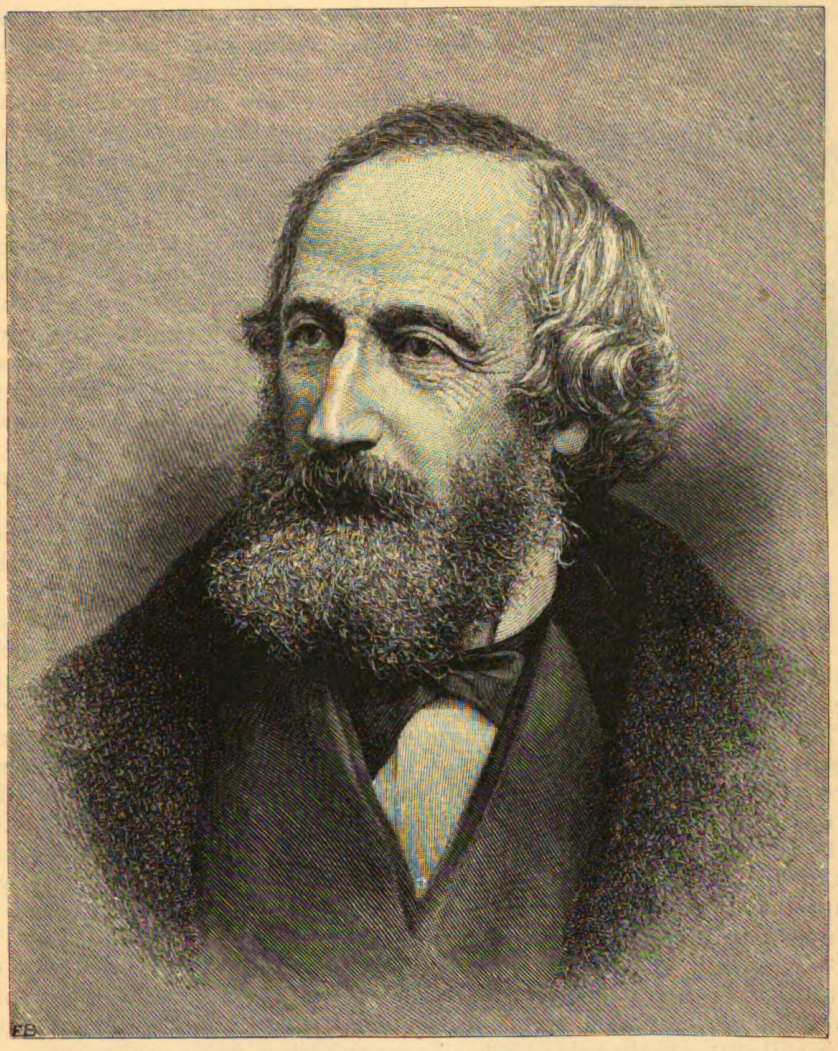
What compensation will these rates afford to brokers? For the year ending December 31, 1881, the transactions of the Stock Exchange are computed to have amounted to $12,816,246,600. Checks for this enormous amount were drawn and paid. The commissions thereon at one-fourth of one per cent. would be $32,040,616; which, divided equally among 1100 brokers, would give to each the snug little sum of $29,127. This, as related to the cost of his seat, is almost or quite equal to the Israelite's "shent per shent." Not all the brokers receive this remuneration; some receive five or six times as much. Profit is proportioned to size of sales and purchases. It is impossible, without possession of an abstract of each broker's business, to accurately estimate the amount of fictitious sales, or sales on "margins," as compared with sales to *bona fide* investors. It can not, we judge, be less, and is probably much more, than one-half of the whole.

Brokers may be either principals or agents, or both. Not all the great operators, such as A. W. Morse, Jacob Little, John Tobin, L. and A. G. Jerome, Daniel Drew, W. S. Woodward, Cornelius Vanderbilt, James Fisk, Jun., W. Belden, H. M. Smith, D. P. Morgan, D. O. Mills, C. F. Woerishoffer, William H. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Cyrus W. Field, James Keene, and Russell Sage, have been members of the Exchange. The last-named, as also C. F. Woerishoffer and others, are distinguished illustrations of the trading and commission broker combined in one. Examples are not uncommon of operators, even of brokers, selling "short" the stocks in which they are interested as directors. The Vanderbilts are reputedly as free from this vice as any of the money magnates in the street. One of the most popular brokers and large operators—bull or bear as an excellent judgment may dictate—is C. J. Osborne.

Stock-brokers have a dialect of their own that is caviare to the crowd. Like the trade-marks and "shop" terms of merchants, it must be explained to be intelligible to the multitude. It is pithy, pungent, scintillating, and sometimes rank. It precisely characterizes every variation and aspect of the market. A broker or

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operator is "long of stocks" when "carrying" or holding them for a rise; "loads" himself by buying heavily, perhaps in "blocks" composed of any number of shares—say 5000 or 10,000—bought in a



CYRUS W. FIELD.

lump, and is therefore a "bull," whose natural action is to lower his horns and give things a hoist. He "forces quotations" when he wishes to keep up the price of a stock; "balloons" it to a height above its intrinsic value by imaginative stories, fictitious sales, and kindred methods; takes "a flier," or small side venture, that does not employ his entire capital; "flies kites" when he expands his credit beyond judicious bounds; "holds the market" when he buys sufficient stock to prevent the price from declining; "milks the street" when he holds certain stocks so skillfully that he raises or depresses prices at pleasure, and thus absorbs some of the accessible cash in the street; buys when the "market is sick" from over-speculation; keenly examines "points"—theories or facts—on which to base speculation; "unloads" when he sells what has been carried for some time; has a "swimming market" when all is buoyant; "spills stock" when he throws great quantities upon the market, either from necessity or to "break," *i. e.*, lower, the price. He "saddles the market" by foisting a certain stock upon it, and is "out of" any stock when he has sold what he held of it.

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Brokers and operators are "bears" when they have sold stock, and particularly stock that they did not own, contracting to deliver it at some future time.



ADDISON CAMMACK.

They are then "short of the market." The disposition of the bear is to pull things down. The Wall Street bear is often found "gunning a stock" by putting forth all his strength and craft to break down the price, and especially when aware that a certain house is heavily loaded and can not resist his attack. He "buys in" by purchasing stock to meet a "short" contract, or to return borrowed stock; "covers," or "covers his shorts," by buying stock to fulfill his contract on the day of delivery. This is a self-protective measure, and is called "covering short sales." A "drop" in the price of a stock is to a bear the next best thing to a "break." He rejoices in an "off" market when prices fall. He "sells out" a man by forcing down the price of a stock that the person is carrying so low that he is obliged to let it go, and perhaps to fail. He groans lustily when the bulls get a "twist on the shorts" by artificially raising prices, and "squeezing," or compelling the bears to settle at ruinous rates. Neither "bull" nor "bear" is an altogether safe "critter." The latter, however, is reputed to be about four times as mischievous as the former, inasmuch as he rudely sells another man's property, whereas the bull contents himself with carrying his own.

The bear occasionally finds himself in a "corner," where it is impossible to buy the stock of which he is "short," and which he must deliver at a specified time. He growls and begs, but must pay what the holders of his contracts are willing to accept. Some relief is afforded by a "let up," or the withdrawal from the market of the "clique," or "pool," or combination of operators that cornered him. A "squeal in the pool" is the revelation of its secrets by one of its members, and a "leak in the pool" is when one of the parties sells out his interest without the knowledge of the others. Either form of defection yields some mitigation to the bear's sufferings. Very popular among the members of this special zoological class is the most extensive operator of their number—one whose strength of character defies opposition—A. Cammack.

Brokers demand "ten up," or a deposit of ten per cent. on the selling value of the stock, in order to insure the fulfillment of contracts. A "wash"—one hand washing the other—is an arrangement between brokers whereby one fictitiously buys what the other fictitiously sells of a certain stock, to keep up or advance the price, and thus to lay a foundation for real sales. "To wipe out an operator" is to confuse and overreach him so that he utterly fails. Sometimes the broker or operator is caught by "traps," or worthless securities. In that event he runs the risk of classification as a "gosling," or a "lame duck," who can not meet his engagements, or a "dead duck," who is absolutely bankrupt. He may even degenerate into a "gutter snipe," or "curbstone" broker, who belongs to no regular organization, has no office where comparisons may be made and notices served (as all members of the Stock Exchange must have), does business mainly upon the sidewalk, and is supremely happy in the light and warmth of the Subscribers' Room or corridor when he can raise shekels sufficient to pay for them. Quoting the vernacular of the Board Room: "The gutter snipe carries his office in his hat. Where one buys of another in New Street, and the market goes up, the buyer is on hand immediately after breakfast, but the seller and his office are absent, and *wikey wersa*." These last words are our old friends *vice versa* in guise of Romaic pronunciation.

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Brokers are nothing if not classical—extremely so.

The technology of the Stock Exchange is too large for full quotation. "Conversions" are the exchanges of bonds for equivalent shares of stock, such bonds being called "convertibles." "Collaterals" are securities of any kind pledged for borrowed money. Pledging them is termed "hypothecation." A "good delivery" is of certificates of stock or bonds legally issued, bearing satisfactory power of attorney on the back or appended, and transferred agreeably to the laws of the Exchange. A "bad delivery" is the opposite, and involves the right of appeal to the Committee on Securities, and thence to the Governors. "Differences" are money balances paid where stock is not transferred—which seldom happens. To lend "flat" means without interest. To "water" stock is to increase its quantity and impair its quality. To "pass a dividend" is not to pay it. There are other slang phrases used in connection with the business of stock privileges, which is not "recognized" by or done publicly at the Exchange. Privileges to receive or to deliver securities are bought and sold outside the institution. Russell Sage is the king operator in these peculiar transactions. Stock privileges are "puts" and "calls," or combinations of both. A "put" is the privilege of putting or selling to the one



RUSSELL SAGE.

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who sells it a certain quantity of a specified stock at a designated price within a fixed time. A "call" is the privilege of calling for or buying a certain stock at a specified price within a given time. The seller of the put must be ready to buy, and of the call to sell, whenever called upon. A "straddle" is the option of either buying or selling; it combines the put and call in one, and differs from the "spread" in that the market price at the time of purchase is filled into the latter, while in the "straddle" the price may vary from that of the market, by agreement or otherwise. The cost of stock privileges varies with the length of time they have to run, the difference between the prices named in them from those current on the day the privileges are sold, the activity of the market, and other conditions, and is from one per cent. to three per cent. of the amount involved. Experts affirm that they have a duplex character—that of policies of insurance and that of tickets in a lottery. In exceptional cases only are they means of profit to any but those who issue them. Even the latter—with the exception of the shrewd operator now so conspicuous in the business, and possibly not even of him—are likely to come to grief, as the large majority of their predecessors have done. The gain of the holder is dependent, first, on favorable turns in the market, and next, on his ability and promptness in utilizing them. Keen intellect, prevision, nerve, watchfulness, and tigerish spring at opportunity must unite to prevent the loss of what is invested in them. "Don't," is the best advice to those who seek advice about fooling with them.

The activities of stock-brokerage involve exhaustive drain of vital energy. The nervous force necessarily expended in rapid reasoning and quick decision is often directed into other channels to relieve the overtasked brain. The younger section of the broker tribe indulges in an annual regatta of its rowing association, in base-ball contests with the callow athletes of popular colleges, or in friendly struggles among themselves, in which the "Good Boys" are pitted against the "Bad Boys," in go-as-you-please pedestrian matches in the Central Park, in Bacchic dances to the entrancing music of Italian organ-grinders, in tremendous attempts at Græco-Roman wrestling, and in exasperating "tug-of-war" contests at either end of a stout rope. It also revels, in company with the elder, in the concerts of the Glee Club, and never fails to make the annual song festival at Chickering Hall, or the less frequent one in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, a grand success in respect of enthusiasm, flowers, and numbers. At the Christmas season it luxuriates in the blowing of tin horns and bugles, smashing of broker hats, pelting with blown bladders, wet towels, and surreptitious snow-balls, and in the sly insertion of the cooling crystals between the collars and necks of unsuspecting brethren. Hot pennies are sometimes substituted. If the victim whose spinal column glows with unwonted heat be of dynamite temperament, a fierce explosion is the inevitable result. This same juvenile section is addicted to horse-play with unconscious intruders into the Board Room, and with subjects of practical jokes. The clothes of both grow rapidly worse for wear, and are badly marked with uncertain quotations of stocks in still more uncertain figures in chalk. This is all the more incongruous in view of the faultless and almost dudish attire of many of the members. Fashionable tailors can not crave better advertisement, nor florists more striking coign of vantage, from which to display their choicest wares.

This class of gentlemen reveals remarkably affectionate interest in the advent of a new-comer to the broker household, circulates tidings of the joyful event, congratulates the blushing *père*, and takes up a collection for the purchase of some appropriate or inappropriate present to the infantine monarch. They are also somewhat prone to the hazing of new members, and are not always discreet in the choice of methods. If the welcome be peculiarly hearty, the novice may receive a free ride around the Board Room, the transfer of quotations from the blackboard to the back of his coat, and see the necessity of new orders to his hatter and tailor. In vain does the Chairman use his gavel on such occasions. The spirit of fun is riotous, and does not hesitate to run off with that symbol of authority. At other times it may leave him alone in his glory to call the list in awesome silence to empty benches. These irrepressibles welcome some visitors with profound respect. Prince Hohenlohe is regarded in silence; "God Save the Queen" is sung with enthusiasm in presence of Sergeant Ballan-

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CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL IN THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

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tine; and loud applause greets a brief speech from "Tom Brown." Oscar Wilde does not fare as well. The cheers are derisive, the jostling severe, and the sunflower knight finds it difficult to keep his æsthetic legs. A Manitoba insurance agent, looking like a Russian bear in his fur cap and hairy coat, enters the gallery. He is a blizzard to the brokers. They rub their hands, swing their arms, and outdo the pantomime of a half-frozen stage-driver. Eloquence affects them strangely when it springs from their own officers. Cat-calls, cheers, howls, and whistles testify to their high appreciation. The less there is of it, the better they like it. "I am sorry," is an exordium that evokes conflicting counsels, such as "Hire a hall," etc., etc. "Thank you," was the staple speech of one of the best secretaries the Exchange ever had, and never failed to bring down the house. The hilarity and practical jocosity at rare intervals overleap due bounds, and provoke fistic encounters, in which case the impromptu Sullivans and Morrisseys are parted, and then punished by temporary suspension from all privileges of the Exchange.

Repartee is piquant, always pointed, sometimes Falstaffian. In dull times the lovers of fun amuse themselves with parodies of election tickets, railroad regulations, and corporation circulars. Of the latter, that of the Great Bric-à-brac Company is a specimen. It proposed the manufacture of antique china, bric-à-brac, and bronzes out of old fruit cans, broken crockery, old iron, tin-foil tobacco wrappers, and other refuse. Domestic discussions were possibly reflected in it.

As a rule, the stock-brokers are a self-indulgent, genial, expensive, and generous class of fellow-citizens. They dine well, dress well, bubble over with animal spirits, bear bravely the reverses of fortune, and enjoy robust health. Many of them are graduates of colleges; few are rough and uneducated. Composed of the best blood of the people, they are not, as a whole, distinguished for literary achievements. Stephen H. Thayer is a contributor to the departments of poetry and criticism in the *Christian Union*, Brayton Ives is represented by newspaper editorials and by contributions to the *North American Review*, Strong Wadsworth is one of the ablest writers in *Johnson's Cyclopædia*, and Edmund C. Stedman, the American Rogers, is accomplished and brilliant in poetry and prose.

Failures in business are not so common with brokers as with their clients. One of the more prominent is credited with the assertion that "if there were no fools, most of the members of the Stock Exchange would have to retire from business." Not two per cent. of the latter become insolvent, but as folly is a constant quantity in human nature, the percentage of its exponents is much higher.

The employés of the New York Stock Exchange merit passing notice. Of these and of paid officials there are about 178. The employés, numbering over 160, receive salaries varying from $200 upward, and include about fifty pages, called "graybacks," from the color of their uniforms. These run errands from the floor of the Exchange to the telegraph department, whence some seventy-five blue-clad messengers convey messages and packages to and from the offices of the members. The pay-roll of the financial year ending in 1884 exhibits an expenditure of $119,082 for salaries.

One sergeant of police and ten privates are constantly on duty at the Stock Exchange, except on Sundays and holidays. On the 23d of May, 1884, thirty-five police officers were on hand; and in seasons of great excitement all the force available is sent down to protect the interests of this dominant financial institution.

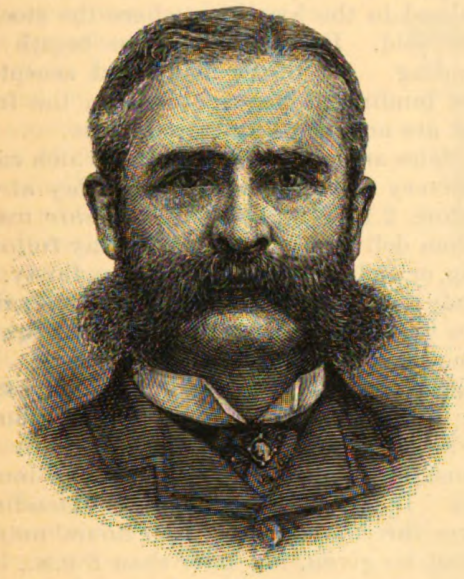
The securities bought and sold at the New York Stock Exchange are certificates of stock, and bonds issued under national, State, or municipal authority, or by corporations doing business as common carriers, or in banking, mining, manufacturing, or other industrial pursuits. Securities evidencing debt and contracting to pay specified sums of money on a future day are denominated bonds. Certificates of shares (stocks) in the capital stock of corporations represent the cash contributed to each particular enterprise at the risk of the investors. In Great Britain railroad bonds are termed debentures, and are rarely secured by mortgage. "Stock" means public funds or government securities representing money loaned to the nation; and also the capital stock of railroad or other companies not distributed into shares. Petroleum stocks are excluded from the Stock Exchange.

Before any issue of bonds or stock is admitted to the privileges of the Exchange,

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it must pass the scrutiny of the Committee on the Stock List, and receive the approval of the Governing Committee.

Certificates of stock must be indorsed with an irrevocable power of attorney, containing a full bill of sale and a power of substitution, to constitute them a good delivery. Stocks and bonds—such as those of the Illinois Central, Cleveland and Pittsburgh, Harlem, and New York and New



BRAYTON IVES.

Haven railroads—that pass into the hands of permanent investors are infrequent subjects of traffic in the Exchange. Speculative or active stocks are commonly those of corporations ruled by directors in their own interest. History shows that such directors have, in some instances, by indirect methods, awarded building contracts to themselves, built railroads by means of "rings," turned them over, in more or less finished condition, at a profit of sixty or one hundred per cent. to themselves, to the company, and then have raised or depressed the price of stock at pleasure.

Government, State, and railroad bonds, bank stocks, and other securities are called twice a day in the Bond Room—at 11 A.M. and 1.45 P.M. Chairman Mitchell, whose memory is longer than his list of over six hundred securities, usually presides in the morning, and the vice-chairman in the afternoon. Stocks are not called in the Board Room. Formerly all bonds and shares were called in regular sequence, transactions effected in each as it was reached, and daily business closed with the exhaustion of the list. The secretary recorded all sales, and the members approved his minutes, which were final evidence of the terms of the contracts.

The cash value of the annual transactions of New York stock-brokers defies ordinary comprehension. On the 25th of February, 1881, 721,303 shares of stocks on the regular list were sold on the floor of the Exchange, 848,940 shares on November 22, 1882, and 3,022,407 in the week ending March 26, 1881. The largest single sale recorded is that of W. H. Vanderbilt to a syndicate of American and foreign bankers and railroad operators. Public sentiment being decidedly averse to the control of the New York Central Railroad by a single family, he, in deference to it, sold less than half his interest in it. But what he did sell amounted to the enormous sum of thirty million dollars. One hundred and fifty thousand shares, at 120, were sold outright, and the option of a hundred thousand more at the same price was subsequently taken up by the same purchasers. The securities daily bought and loaned are paid for by checks on city banks. The yearly business of the New York Clearing-house exceeds fifty billion dollars, and the principal part of this is from the transactions of the New York Stock Exchange. The London system of settlements twice a month by the payment of differences has failed of adoption in our chief money mart, and is certainly neither so safe nor so judicious as that of cash payments.

The methods of business in this national monetary institution are precise, positive, and suited to its nature. At 9.50 A.M. the members may enter the Board Room; at 10 the gavel of the presiding officer announces that it is open for business; at 3 P.M., precisely, it is closed. A fine of fifty dollars is imposed for each offense in public trading before or after these hours, and any contract thus made will not be recognized or enforced by the Governing Committee.

Collected in groups, like spring chickens in a rural boarding-house keeper's hen-yard, New York Central, Northwestern, Milwaukee and St. Paul, being special points of attraction, no sooner does the gavel fall than a dozen blending thunder-storms break loose. The air is rent by explosive cries, shrieks, yells, hoots,

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irregularly rising and falling in gusts ungovernable, broken only by the deep bellowings of broad-chested sons of Boanerges. And thus for five long hours the tempest rages, with accompaniment of flitting forms, fierce gestures, uplifted hands, tossing heads, and other inexplicable confusions that shroud the innocent spectator in appalling mystery. Here and there are individuals cool and collected as if in church, but they only throw the anarchic uproar into more striking relief. "Mad, sirs!—mad as March hares!" But there is wondrous method in this madness. Each offers the stock he has to sell—cries it loudly, number of shares, price. Buyers name the prices and conditions they bid for desired stocks. Hundreds are vociferating at the same moment; every ear is attent to what the owner wishes to catch. The brokers take it all in, sometimes buy and sell without looking at each other, so familiar are they with each other's voices; cry out while scribbling memoranda, "Take 'em," "Sold," "I bought 500 of you at 97," and afterward report to principals who the active traffickers were, thus supplying them with data for guessing at the trend of the market. In the Bond Room comparative order reigns. All are seated. Occasionally manners are free, laughter loud, and jokes practical. The bids and offers to sell are intelligible. Between bond calls the brokers who deal in these securities transact business in one corner of the Board Room, to which they descend by an elevator, with the stock-brokers from whom they receive orders. There the voices of the traffickers are torn into tattered shreds of sound, which convey no more meaning to the uneducated ear than the gutturals of so many Choctaws. At times the noise is terrible, especially in panics.

Heard by participants in the crushing throng, the sounds are distinct enough. "Five hundred [New York Central] at 85—at 4⅞." "Take 'em," shouts a buyer. "One hundred [Chicago and Northwestern] at 84, cash." "Eighty-three and three-quarters for 100," with shake of uplifted hand from buyer. "Sold," rejoins the seller. "Five thousand [Northern Pacific Preferred] at 42, buyer 30." "I'll give 41 for the lot." "Sold." "Hundred [Lake Shore] at ½, buyer 3." "Three-eighths, seller 3, for 100." (Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western) "—any part of 1000 at ½, cash." "One hundred at ⅜." "I will give 117 for 500" (Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy). "Sold the lot." "I'll give ¾ [41¾] for 300" (New Jersey Central). "I'll loan 200." "I'll take 100, flat." "Fifty [Rock Island] at '10½." "Hundred at ⅝." "I'll sell 500 more." "Take 'em." "Give it for 500 more." "Sold." "What's the price?" (Lake Shore). "Three-eighths—½." "What ⅜?" "Why, 65⅜." "I'll give ⅜ for 1000." "Sold the lot." Bids are monosyllabic as possible. Names of stocks are not vocalized in the localities where the stocks are sold. Brokers waste no breath in trading. All offers made and accepted are binding. The securities on the free list are not called unless asked for.

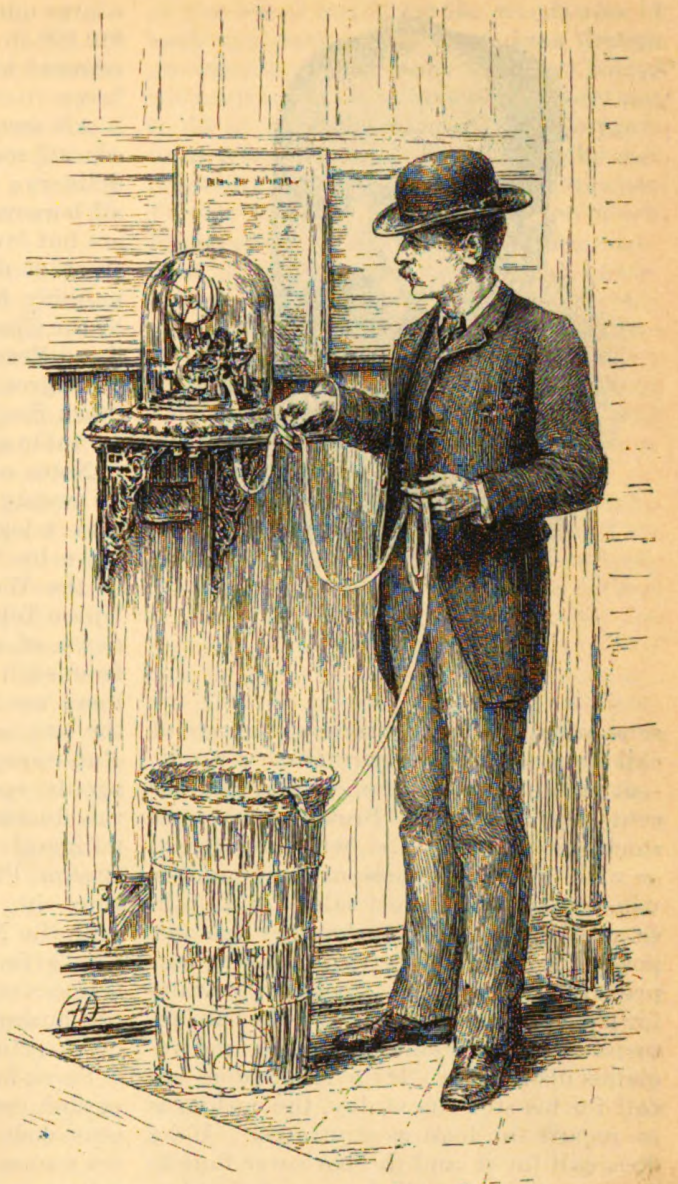
Sales are either for *cash*, in which case delivery is made on the same day at or before 2.15 P.M., or in the *regular way*, when delivery is made on the day following, or on *time*, usually three, ten, thirty, or sixty days. More frequently option sales are for three days: when stock is cliqued they may be for thirty or sixty days. In option sales the delivery of the stock within the specified time may be at the buyer's option or at the seller's option. It must be within sixty days at the longest. In all option contracts extending over three days twenty-four hours' notice must be given, not later than 2 P.M., before securities can be delivered or demanded.

The sixty days limitation of contracts originated in one of the famous speculative ventures of Jacob Little soon after the panic of 1857. He had sold large blocks of Erie, seller's option, at six and twelve months. The "happy family," composed of the most eminent members of the board, combined against him. The day of settlement came; Erie shares had been run up to a high figure. At 2 P.M. the brokers prophesied that the Napoleon of finance would meet his Waterloo. At 1 P.M. he stepped into the Erie office, presented a mass of convertible bonds that he had quietly purchased in England, and demanded the instantaneous exchange of share equivalents for them. The requisition was met. Little returned to his office, fulfilled his contracts, broke the corner, and was Wellington and Napoleon in one. The convertibles were his Blücher and night. To prevent the repetition of such victories the present option limit was adopted by the Exchange.

Strictly legitimate use of the Stock Ex-

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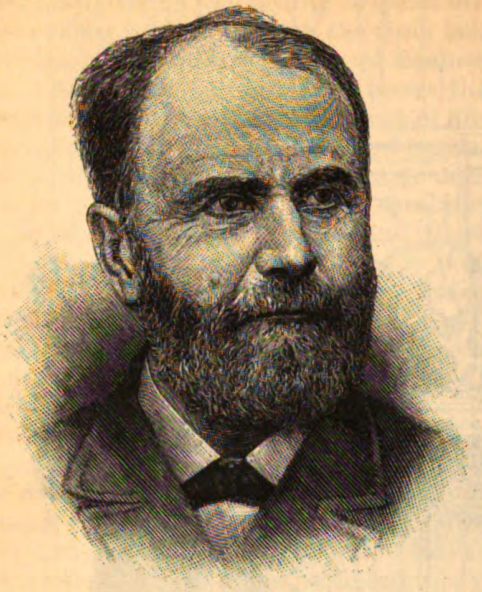
change is when the investor who buys for permanent holding pays the full price of the stock transferred to him and takes it away. Speculators who desire to find a more direct and easy way to affluence than that of patient toil, and therefore wish to buy more stock than they can pay for, are accommodated by brokers, who provide the money by means of a loan on the hypothecation of the securities. Loans are easily obtained in ordinary times to an amount within twenty per cent. of the market value of these collaterals. The speculator advances the difference between the current price and the sum borrowed. This difference is the *margin*. The margin is a magnificent instrument of stock speculation. Twenty per cent. is ample. Some brokers require much less. Ten per cent. is the rule. Traders not in the Exchange offer to do business for customers on a margin as narrow as one per cent. Just as long as the loan can be continued or renewed the broker may carry the stock until his client wishes to realize. Decline in current price decreases the margin and increases the risk of carrying. Therefore the broker calls for more margin from his principal. If it is not forth-coming, he sells out the stock to save himself from loss. If a number of brokers, similarly circumstanced, unload at the same time, the market is correspondingly depressed.



THE TICKER.

The financial institutions loaning most largely to brokers are the Farmers' Loan, Union, and United States Trust Companies, the Bank of the State of New York, the Fourth National, Union, Merchants', Mechanics', Gallatin, Leather Manufacturers', Importers' and Traders' Banks, the Bank of America, and the Bank of North America. The brokers also lend stocks and money to each other. Call loans of money on stock collaterals are commonly made at the north end of the Board Room. This used to be done on the sidewalk. The loan is usually about eighty or ninety per cent. of the market value of the collaterals, and bears interest at different rates, according to the condition of the money market. Statute law prohibits more than six per cent. per annum. Borrowers therefore pay commissions of one-eighth, one-quarter, one-half, of one per cent., or even one per cent., per diem—365 per cent. per annum—in panics to those who borrow for them. For weeks together the monetary stringency has been such as to command the higher rates. At other sea-

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S. V. WHITE.

sons, when the market is easy, the rate of call loans scarcely averages three per cent. —at present it is about one and a half per cent. — per annum. Brokers also loan stocks, either "flat," *i. e.*, without interest, or with interest, to those of their number who have made "short sales," or, in other words, have sold stocks they did not possess. The borrower pays the current price and delivers his stock; then waits for a drop in the price, buys as he can, returns an equal quantity of stock, and reclaims his money. If the lender does not call for his stock next day, the custom is to regard the loan as continued. If he does call for it, and the borrower fails to respond, then the Chairman of the Exchange may publicly purchase it under the rule, and charge the difference, if any, to the delinquent. Or the borrower may borrow the stock of another who has it to lend, and continue the process until the price falls and he can satisfactorily close his contract. The rates paid for the loan of scarce stock are sometimes extraordinary. Thus, in a recent scarcity of Northern Pacific Preferred, a Philadelphia owner hired a special train to New York, appeared at the Stock Exchange, loaned at two or three per cent. per diem, and soon returned worth several thousand dollars more than when he came. In the Lackawanna corner engineered by Deacon S. V. White, another Philadelphian loaned a large quantity of the stock, cleared about $10,000 in a few hours, and complacently retraced his steps to the City of Brotherly Love.

All securities sold are actually delivered; all securities bought are paid for on delivery; all borrowed stock is returned; all borrowed money is refunded. There are but few exceptions to these rules. In cases of default the stocks involved are publicly bought or sold, under the rule, by the Chairman, the contracts closed, and the differences paid. "You must do as you agree," is the homely iron law of the Stock Exchange. Refusal subjects to inexorable suspension or expulsion.

Notes of sales as they occur are made by twenty-four quotation clerks, who are also telegraph operators, and send the news by "sounders" to the main offices of the Western Union and Commercial Union Telegraph Companies. Thence the news of sales is sent by "transmitter" from each office over the tickers, of which there are many hundreds in and out of the city, in the offices—private, in hotels, club rooms, etc.—of their patrons. There agents, speculators, and investors watch the fluctuations as they follow, and intelligently issue orders to their brokers. Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities are thus in instantaneous communication with the New York market. Publicity is also given to the history of each day's transactions by a printer who makes it his business, and who distributes copies of his printed list to subscribers.

Stock-brokers also establish private telegraph codes between themselves and clients, codes in which certain words stand for names, phrases, numbers, etc. Thus, "Boxwood of London wants capsicum," that is, 10,000 shares of a known stock. "Sell 1000 Bouncer," "Buy 500 Zulu," "Loan Hickory Toadstool," "Take all that Godly Goodbub has to sell," "Close out Sandringham sharp," are telegrams that recipients holding the key fully understand.

Four telegraph companies—the Western Union, Baltimore and Ohio, Bankers' and Merchants', and Mutual Union—receive and deliver messages at the Stock Exchange by public wires, and also by about one hundred private ones, owned by different persons. On one day, in the space of five hours, 5727 telegrams were received from or dispatched to various parts of the country; and 1904 messages

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sent by messengers to people in the neighborhood of the building. Such is the accuracy of the service that it is asserted mistakes have not occurred in the delivery of a million and a half of messages that would involve the loss of five hundred dollars. From one to two millions are annually paid by brokers for communications with European correspondents.

The ideal business of the New York Stock Exchange is unquestionably as legitimate as that of the Produce Exchange, or of any intermediary between the seller and the buyer. That there are grave evils incident to its operation is equally unquestionable. The war for the preservation of the national Union largely converted the American people into a nation of speculators. The rage for sudden wealth was further intensified by the discoveries of mineral oil and the precious metals. These created innumerable companies for the exploitation of mines, the construction of railroads, and other objects. Sudden and violent fluctuations in the price of stocks, and the daily report thereof in the newspapers, aggravate the speculative spirit. Considerations of morality and prudence are set at naught by those who will be rich, and who dream of opulence by other methods than the slow and steady measures of their fathers. Professional men, merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, farmers, widows, and spinsters, blinded by the glare of success, and hoping to strengthen their slender income, have adventured their savings upon the treacherous sea of Wall Street, and lost them all. To them the Exchange Building is a whited sepulchre in which fortunes lie entombed, a sea in which voracious sharks rend or swallow the little fish who dare to enter its troubled waters, a gambling saloon where deceit and desperation wait upon the players. It may have been such to them, simply because they made it such, not because they availed themselves of its real functions.

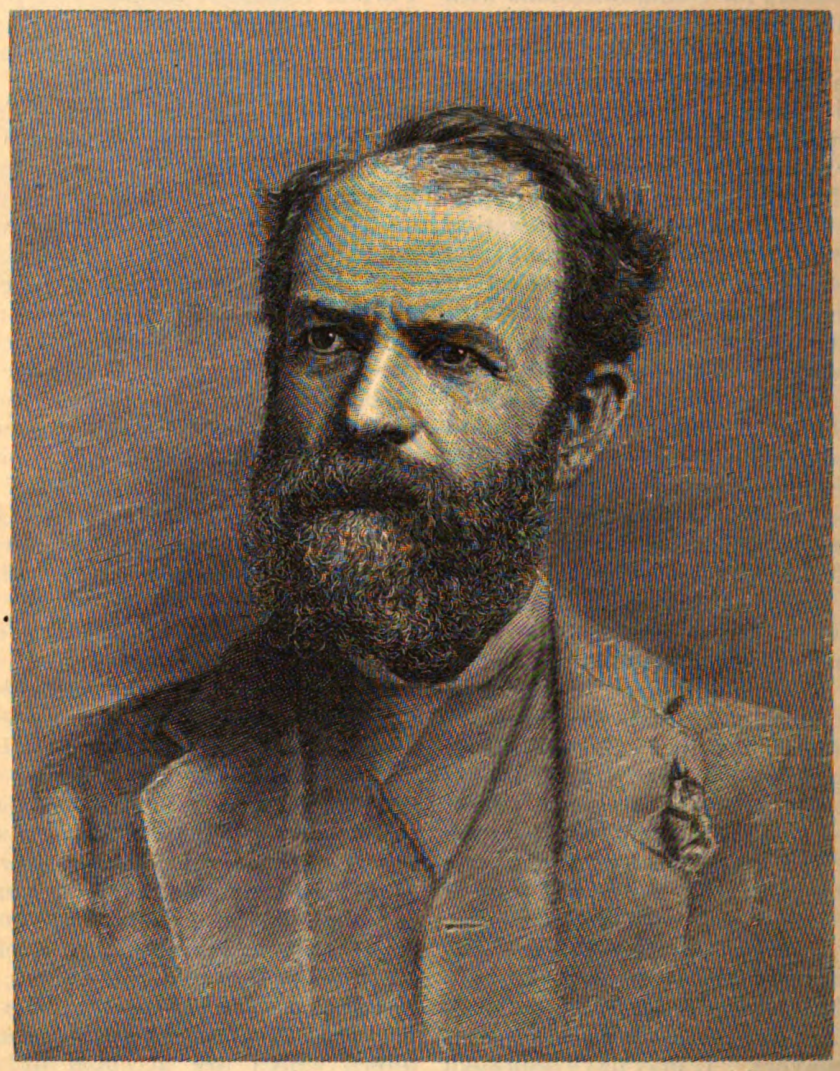
An immense amount of gambling is done in piratical relation to it, and in spite of the strenuous exertions of the stock-brokers to prevent it. The "bucket shops" situated in the large towns and cities of the country are the instruments by which it is carried on. The proprietors of these nefarious establishments surreptitiously obtain quotations from the Stock Exchange. Tickers are refused to them by the Western Union unless four members of the board vouch for the worthiness of each applicant. The quotations desired are furnished by persons who have bound themselves to that telegraph company not to do so, and who have obtained injunctions from the courts restraining the corporation from removing their instruments. Former insolvent members of the Stock Exchange, now known as "exempt members," are among the users of the knowledge thus acquired. Because of this grievance the Chicago Board of Trade has compelled the Western Union to remove its tickers from their offices—a precedent that the New York Stock Exchange will probably follow unless this grievance be redressed.

In these bucket shops a blackboard, with list of stocks at prices quoted in New York inscribed thereon, is displayed. Speculative clerks and others are invited to bet upon these quotations, under the pretense of the put and call system. For example, one is induced to buy, on a margin of $1 per share, five shares of Missouri, Kansas, and Texas stock at 16¼. If it rises to 17¼, he gets back his margin and gains $5. If it drops to 15¼, he loses his margin or bet. The secret of ruin in thousands of instances is to be found in the gambling of bucket shops. Yet the wealthy patronize and are fleeced by them. Quirk of Knaveville keeps a bucket shop, and receives the quotations. He confidentially informs his trusting patrons that he has certain knowledge that an inactive stock is about to rise in price—say the Denver and Rio Grande, now selling at 9—and persuades them to venture $1 per share to the extent of 15,000 shares. This done, he telegraphs to a broker to "sell 3000, D. and R. G.—quick, quick," in blocks from 8¾ to 8. The selling broker, alone or with assistance, makes his offers, which are accepted by another broker to whom Quirk has telegraphed to buy the stocks offered at those prices. The last quotation, 8, fixes the price. The telegraph announces it at Knaveville. The $15,000 margin, minus the one-fourth of one per cent. brokerage on the fictitious sales, is swept into the swindler's pocket.

While the Stock Exchange has legitimate and invaluable uses, it is none the less true that it has been and is converted into a gambling arena by the great speculative operators, most of whom have sprung from the lower walks of rural life, who control the management of railroads

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whose stocks are active. The facts of good or bad harvests, freight or passenger traffic, rates of transportation, can not explain the fluctuations of their prices. The secret is to be found in the parlors of directors. There flaming reports of prosperity are prepared, and unearned dividends declared, to "bull" the stock. There accounts are "cooked" so as to exhibit decreased earnings, needless expenses for rolling stock and improvements of permanent way incurred, floating debts swelled, acceptances issued for discount, and that will purposely be allowed to go to protest when due, earned dividends passed, evil prophecies uttered, to "bear" the stock. By "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," the conspirators acquire colossal wealth. The New York *Times* of July 31, 1884, devotes the whole of its first page to the history of the Union Pacific Railroad, in which it affirms that Jay Gould, after the panic of 1873, purchased



JAY GOULD.

a controlling interest, buying, it is said, at 15 to 20, and eventually selling at 90 to par. Its securities then and for some time afterward were dividend-paying, by virtue of good management and high traffic charges. This fact he and his associates—for Jay Gould is often multitudinous—resolved to turn to their own account. He bought up the dishonored bonds of the Kansas Pacific for much less than par (40 and upward), and its almost worthless

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stock for next to nothing—1 to 4; and also purchased the securities of the Denver Pacific. Next he proposed the consolidation of the three roads under the title of the Union Pacific; effected the consolidation in 1880; loaded the old Union Pacific with $14,000,000 of Kansas Pacific bonds, $10,000,000 of Kansas Pacific stock, and $4,000,000 Denver Pacific stock, and received new certificates of the same quantity and face value as the old ones. Next this original genius and his fellow-directors, who knew his plans and possibly shared his profits, issued over ten millions of additional stock, and in 1879 and 1883 over seven millions of Union Pacific bonds. Such is the current report.

How was this series of feats accomplished? "Jay Gould pays for his knowledge," remarked a Wall Street veteran. He does retain the best legal talent in his service. He also employs the powers of the subtlest intellect in the market. "Matched orders" raise or depress prices without regard to intrinsic values. Brokers are intermediary agents. Orders to buy or sell stocks may come through half a dozen hands before reaching them. The fingers that pull the wires which set the puppets dancing are often enveloped in densest darkness. Cash advances from the principal owners of Kansas Pacific pay the coupons next due. Provision is made for the payment of those past due. Kansas Pacific credit rises. Its stock is dead—no demand for it at 4. Brokers receive orders to buy large blocks at 4, and those orders are "matched" by instructions to other brokers to sell equal quantities at 4. The stock is galvanized. Next come orders to buy at 5, 6, 10, 12, and orders to sell at the same figures. Again come purchases and sales at 20, 40, 60. Kansas Pacific is extremely active. It leaps up to 105—ten per cent. higher than Union Pacific—and is really worth no more than when at 5. Long before the top notch is reached other speculators buy this active stock at rising prices. The owners unload much of their burden, to the tune of shekels clinking into their coffers. Of course they are obliged to support the stock, and to buy what may be offered while prices are advancing. A consolidated mortgage for twenty-nine or thirty millions upon the Kansas Pacific is next issued, and new bonds, guaranteed by the Union Pacific, exchanged for the old ones. Money is advanced to pay the first six months' interest. This imparts to the road an appearance of strength. Better conditions of trade do really raise its value, but by no means to the extent fictitiously indicated. Blocks of bonds and shares are transferred to confiding investors during this interesting process, and what remain in possession of the manipulators are of greater worth than the original Kansas Pacific bonds and stock.

Corners of stocks are affairs in which few except gambling speculators are injured, and in which legitimate stockholders may profit from higher prices. They occur in stocks of which the amount issuable or issued is known, and which have been oversold. Too many operators have made contracts for future delivery, or borrowed stocks which they have sold and delivered. The bulls, in clique or pool, ascertaining or estimating the extent of the "shorts," quietly buy up all the stock in the market, and when the contracts of the bears mature, drive those animals into a corner.

Excessive stock speculation causes stringency in the money market, compels brokers who carry stocks with scanty supply of clients' funds to realize quickly, and thus forces prices below the normal standard. It aggravates panics by making it the interest and habit of the bears to circulate alarming rumors of trouble in banks, and of important firms about to suspend. Suspicion is intensified by remembrance of former failures. All stocks sympathize. The bears are then "wreckers."

On the principle that charity begins at home, the New York Stock Exchange has established a gratuity fund, amounting at present to $700,000. It also makes a voluntary gift of $10,000, free from all claims, to the heirs of a deceased member. One-half is paid to the widow and one-half to the children; if there be no widow, the whole is paid to the children; if there be neither widow nor children, the whole is paid to his legal representatives. His membership is sold, and the proceeds—less any dues or balances of unfulfilled contracts against his name—paid to his heirs. Of the income of the Stock Exchange from fees, dues, fines, and rentals, amounting to $300,000, one moiety, after defraying all expenses, is appropriated to the gratuity fund, and the other in rebate to the members. The natural increase of the gratuity fund will soon render further assessments unnecessary.

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INDIAN SUMMER.

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XIV.

WHEN Colville entered the beautiful old garden, its benison of peace fell upon his tumult, and he began to breathe a freer air, reverting to his purpose to be gone in the morning and resting in it, as he strolled up the broad curve of its alley from the gate. He had not been there since he walked there with one now more like a ghost to him than any of the dead who had since died. It was there that she had refused him: he recalled with a grim smile the awkwardness of getting back with her to the gate from the point, far within the garden, where he had spoken. Except that this had happened in the fall, and now it was early spring, there seemed no change since then; the long years that had elapsed were like a winter between.

He met people in groups and singly loitering through the paths, and chiefly speaking English; but no one spoke to him, and no one invaded the solitude in which he walked. But the garden itself seemed to know him, and to give him a tacit recognition; the great, foolish grotto before the gate, with its statues by Bandinelli, and the fantastic effects of drapery and flesh in party-colored statues lifted high on either side of the avenue; the vast shoulder of wall, covered thick with ivy and myrtle, which he passed on his way to the amphitheatre behind the palace; the alternate figures and urns on their pedestals in the hemicycle, as if the urns were placed there to receive the ashes of the figures when they became extinct; the white statues or the colossal busts set at the ends of the long alleys against black curtains of foliage; the big fountain with its group in the centre of the little lake, and the meadow, quiet and sad, that stretched away on one side from this; the keen light under the levels of the dense pines and ilexes; the paths striking straight on either hand from the avenue through which he sauntered, and the walk that coiled itself through the depths of the plantations; all knew him; and from them, and from the winter neglect which was upon the place, distilled a subtle influence, a charm, an appeal, belonging to that combination of artifice and nature which is perfect only in an Italian garden under an Italian sky. He was right in the name which he mockingly gave the effect before he felt it; it was a debauch, delicate, refined, of unserious pensiveness, a smiling melancholy, in which he walked emancipated from his harassing hopes, and keeping only his shadowy regrets.

Colville did not care to scale the easy height from which you have the magnificent view, conscious of many photographs, of Florence. He wandered about the skirts of that silent meadow, and seeing himself unseen, he invaded its borders far enough to pluck one of those large scarlet anemones, such as he had given his gentle enemy. It was tilting there in the breeze above the unkempt grass; and the grass was beginning to feel the spring, and to stir and stretch itself after its winter sleep; it was sprinkled with violets, but these he did not molest. He came back to a stained and mossy stone bench on the avenue, fronting a pair of rustic youths carved in stone, who had not yet finished some game in which he remembered seeing them engaged when he was there before. He had not walked fast, but he had walked far, and was warm enough to like the whiffs of soft wind on his uncovered head. The spring was coming; that was its breath, which you know unmistakably in Italy after all the kisses that winter gives. Some birds were singing in the trees. Down an alley into which he could look, between the high walls of green, he could see two people in flirtation: he waited patiently till the young man should put his arm round the girl's waist for the fleeting embrace, from which she pushed it and fled farther down the path.

"Yes, it's spring," thought Colville; and then, with the selfishness of the troubled soul, he wished that it might be winter still and indefinitely. It occurred to him now that he should not go back to Des Vaches, for he did not know what he should do there. He would go to New York; though he did not know what he should do in New York, either.

He became tired of looking at the people who passed, and of speculating about them through the second consciousness which enveloped the sad substance of his misgivings like an atmosphere; and he let his eyelids fall, as he leaned his head back against the tree behind his bench. Then their voices pursued him through the twilight that he had made himself,

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and forced him to the same weary conjecture as if he had seen their faces. He heard gay laughter, and laughter that affected gayety; the tones of young men in earnest disquisition reached him through the veil, and the talk, falling to whisper, of girls, with the names of men in it; sums of money, a hundred francs, forty thousand francs, came in high tones; a husband and wife went by quarrelling in the false security of English, and snapping at each other as confidingly as if in the sanctuary of home. The man bade the woman not be a fool, and she asked him how she was to endure his company if she was not a fool.

Colville opened his eyes to look after them, when a voice that he knew called out, "Why, it *is* Mr. Colville!"

It was Mrs. Amsden, and pausing with her, as if they had passed him in doubt, and arrested themselves when they had got a little way by, were Effie Bowen and Imogene Graham. The old lady had the child by the hand, and the girl stood a few paces apart from them. She was one of those beauties who have the property of looking very plain at times, and Colville, who had seen her in more than one transformation, now beheld her somehow clumsy of feature, and with the youth gone from her aspect. She seemed a woman of thirty, and she wore an unbecoming walking dress of a fashion that contributed to this effect of age. Colville was aware afterward of having wished that she was really as old and plain as she looked.

He had to come forward, and put on the conventional delight of a gentleman meeting lady friends.

"It's remarkable how your having your eyes shut estranged you," said Mrs. Amsden. "Now if you had let me see you oftener in church, where people close their eyes a good deal for one purpose or another, I should have known you at once."

"I hope you haven't lost a great deal of time, as it is, Mrs. Amsden," said Colville. "Of course I should have had my eyes open if I had known you were going by."

"Oh, don't apologize!" cried the old thing, with ready enjoyment of his tone.

"I don't apologize for not being recognizable; I apologize for being visible," said Colville, with some shapeless impression that he ought to excuse his continued presence in Florence to Imogene, but keeping his eyes upon Mrs. Amsden, to whom what he said could not be intelligible. "I ought to be in Turin to-day."

"In Turin! Are you going away from Florence?"

"I'm going home."

"Why, did *you* know that?" asked the old lady of Imogene, who slightly nodded, and then of Effie, who also assented. "Really, the silence of the Bowen family in regard to the affairs of others is extraordinary. There never was a family more eminently qualified to live in Florence. I dare say that if I saw a little more of them, I might hope to reach the years of discretion myself some day. *Why* are you going away? (You see I haven't reached them yet!) Are you tired of Florence already?"

"No," said Colville, passively; "Florence is tired of me."

"You're quite sure?"

"Yes; there's no mistaking one of her sex on such a point."

Mrs. Amsden laughed. "Ah, a great many people mistake us, both ways. And you're really going back to America? What in the world for?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Is America fonder of you than Florence?"

"She's never told her love. I suspect it's merely that she's more used to me."

They were walking, without any volition of his, down the slope of the broad avenue to the fountain, where he had already been.

"Is your mother well?" he asked of the little girl. It seemed to him that he had better not speak to Imogene, who still kept that little distance from the rest, and get away as soon as he decently could.

"She has a headache," said Effie.

"Oh, I'm sorry," returned Colville.

"Yes, she deputed me to take her young people out for an airing," said Mrs. Amsden; "and Miss Graham decided us for the Boboli, where she hadn't been yet. I've done what I could to make the place attractive. But what is an old woman to do for a girl in a garden? We ought to have brought some other young people—some of the Inglehart boys. But we're respectable, we Americans abroad; we're decorous, above all things; and I don't know about meeting *you* here, Mr. Colville. It has a very bad appearance. Are you sure that you didn't know I was to go by here at exactly half past four?"

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"I was living from breath to breath in the expectation of seeing you. You must have noticed how eagerly I was looking out for you."

"Yes, and with a single red anemone in your hand, so that I should know you without being obliged to put on my spectacles."

"You divine everything, Mrs. Amsden," he said, giving her the flower.

"I shall make my brags to Mrs. Bowen when I see her," said the old lady. "How far into the country did you walk for this?"

"As far as the meadow yonder."

They had got down to the sheet of water from which the sea-horses of the fountain sprang, and the old lady sank upon a bench near it. Colville held out his hand toward Effie. "I saw a lot of violets over there in the grass."

"Did you?" She put her hand eagerly into his, and they strolled off together. After a first motion to accompany them, Imogene sat down beside Mrs. Amsden, answering quietly the talk of the old lady, and seeming in no wise concerned about the expedition for violets. Except for a dull first glance, she did not look that way. Colville stood in the border of the grass, and the child ran quickly hither and thither in it, stooping from time to time upon the flowers. Then she came out to where he stood, and showed her bunch of violets, looking up into the face which he bent upon her, while he trifled with his cane. He had a very fatherly air with her.

"I think I'll go and see what they've found," said Imogene, irrelevantly, to a remark of Mrs. Amsden's about the expensiveness of Madame Bossi's bonnets.

"Well," said the old lady. Imogene started, and the little girl ran to meet her. She detained Effie with her admiration of the violets till Colville lounged reluctantly up. "Go and show them to Mrs. Amsden," she said, giving back the violets, which she had been smelling. The child ran on. "Mr. Colville, I want to speak with you."

"Yes," said Colville, helplessly.

"Why are you going away?"

"Why? Oh, I've accomplished the objects—or no-objects—I came for," he said, with dreary triviality, "and I must hurry away to other fields of activity." He kept his eyes on her face, which he saw full of a passionate intensity, working to some sort of overflow.

"That is not true, and you needn't say it to spare me. You are going away because Mrs. Bowen said something to you about me."

"Not quite that," returned Colville, gently.

"No; it was something that she said to me about you. But it's the same thing. It makes no difference. I ask you not to go for that."

"Do you know what you are saying, Imogene?"

"Yes."

Colville waited a long moment. "Then, I thank you, you dear girl, and I am going to-morrow, all the same. But I sha'n't forget this; whatever my life is to be, this will make it less unworthy and less unhappy. If it could buy anything to give you joy, to add some little grace to the good that must come to you, I would give it. Some day you'll meet the young fellow whom you're to make immortal, and you must tell him of an old fellow who knew you afar off, and understood how to worship you for an angel of pity and unselfishness. Ah, I hope he'll understand, too! Good-by." If he was to fly, that was the sole instant. He took her hand, and said again, "Good-by." And then he suddenly cried, "Imogene, do you wish me to stay?"

"Yes!" said the girl, pouring all the intensity of her face into that whisper.

"Even if there had been nothing said to make me go away—should you still wish me to stay?"

"Yes."

He looked her in the starry, lucid eyes, where a divine fervor deepened. He sighed in nerveless perplexity; it was she who had the courage.

"It's a mistake! You mustn't! I am too old for you! It would be a wrong and a cruelty! Yes, you must let me go, and forget me. I have been to blame. If Mrs. Bowen has blamed me, she was right—I deserved it; I deserved all she could say against me."

"She never said anything against you. Do you think I would have let her? No; it was I that said it, and I blamed you. It was because I thought that you were—you were"—

"Trifling with you? How could you think that?"

"Yes, I know now how it was, and it makes you seem all the grander to me. Did you think I cared for your being old-

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er than I was? I never cared for it—I never hardly thought of it after the very first. I tried to make you understand that, and how it hurt me to have you speak of it. Don't you think that I could see how good you were? Do you suppose that all I want is to be happy? I don't care for that—I despise it, and I always hate myself for seeking my own pleasure, if I find myself doing it. I have seen enough of life to know what *that* comes to! And what hurt me worst of all was that you seemed to believe that I cared for nothing but amusing myself, when I wished to be something better, higher. It's nothing whether you are of my age or not, if—if—you care for me."

"Imogene!"

"All that I ask is to be with you, and try to make you forget what's been sad in your life, and try to be of use to you in whatever you are doing, and I shall be prouder and gladder of that than anything that people *call* happiness."

Colville stood holding her hand, while she uttered these ideas and incoherent repetitions of them, with a deep sense of powerlessness. "If I believed that I could keep you from regretting this—"

"What should I regret? I won't let you depreciate yourself—make yourself out not good enough for the best. Oh, I know how it happened! But now you shall never think of it again. No; I will not let you. That is the only way you could make me regret anything."

"I am going to stay," said Colville. "But on my own terms. I will be bound to you, but you shall not be bound to me."

"You doubt me! I would rather have you go! No; stay. And let me prove to you how wrong you are. I mustn't ask more than that. Only give me the chance to show you how different I am from what you think—how different you are too."

"Yes. But you must be free."

"Well."

"What are they doing so long there?" asked Mrs. Amsden of Effie, putting her glasses to her eyes. "I can't see."

"They are just holding hands," said the child, with an easy satisfaction in the explanation, which perhaps the old lady did not share. "He always holds my hand when he is with me."

"Does he, indeed?" exclaimed Mrs. Amsden, with a cackle. She added, "That's very polite of him, isn't it? You must be a great favorite with Mr. Colville. You will miss him when he's gone."

"Yes. He's very nice."

Colville and Imogene returned, coming slowly across the loose, neglected grass toward the old woman's seat. She rose as they came up.

"You don't seem to have succeeded so well in getting flowers for Miss Graham as for the other ladies. But perhaps you didn't find her favorite over there. What is your favorite flower, Miss Graham? Don't say you have none! I didn't know that I preferred scarlet anemones. Were there no forget-me-nots over there in the grass?"

"There was no occasion for them," answered Colville.

"You always did make such pretty speeches!" said the old lady. "And they have such an Orphic character, too; you can interpret them in so many different ways. Should you mind saying just what you meant by that one?"

"Yes, very much," replied Colville.

The old lady laughed with cheerful resignation. She would as lief report that reply of his as another. Even more than a man whom she could entangle in his speech she liked a man who could slip through the toils with unfailing ease. Her talk with such a man was the last consolation which remained to her from a life of harmless coquetries.

"I will refer it to Mrs. Bowen," she said. "She is a very wise woman, and she used to know you a great while ago."

"If you like, I will do it for you, Mrs. Amsden. I'm going to see her."

"To renew your adieux? Well, why not? Parting is such sweet sorrow! And if I were a young man I would go to say good-by to Mrs. Bowen as often as she would let me. Now tell me honestly, Mr. Colville, did you ever see such an exquisite, perfect *creature*?"

"Oh, that's asking a good deal."

"What?"

"To tell you a thing honestly. How did you come here, Mrs. Amsden?"

"In Mrs. Bowen's carriage. I sent it round from the Pitti entrance to the Porta Romana. It's waiting there now, I suppose."

"I thought you had been corrupted somehow. Your zeal is carriage-bought. It *is* a delightful vehicle. Do you think you could give me a lift home in it?"

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"Yes, indeed. I have always a seat for you in my carriage. To Hotel d'Atene?"

"No; to Palazzo Pinti."

"This is deliciously mysterious," said Mrs. Amsden, drawing her shawl up about her shoulders, which, if no longer rounded, had still a charming droop. One realizes in looking at such old ladies that there are women who could manage their own skeletons winningly. She put up her glasses, which were an old-fashioned sort, held to the nose by a handle, and perused the different persons of the group. "Mr. Colville concealing an inward trepidation under a bold front; Miss Graham agitated but firm; the child as much puzzled as the old woman. I feel that we are a very interesting group—almost dramatic."

"Oh, call us a passage from a modern novel," suggested Colville, "if you're in the romantic mood. One of Mr. James's."

"Don't you think we ought to be rather more of the great world for that? I hardly feel up to Mr. James. I should have said Howells. Only nothing happens in that case!"

"Oh, very well; that's the most comfortable way. If it's only Howells, there's no reason why I shouldn't go with Miss Graham to show her the view of Florence from the cypress grove up yonder."

"No; he's very particular when he's on Italian ground," said Mrs. Amsden, rising. "You must come another time with Miss Graham, and bring Mrs. Bowen. It's quite time we were going home."

The light under the limbs of the trees had begun to grow more liquid. The currents of warm breeze streaming through the cooler body of the air had ceased to ruffle the lakelet round the fountain, and the naiads rode their sea-horses through a perfect calm. A damp, pierced with the fresh odor of the water and of the springing grass, descended upon them. The saunterers through the different paths and alleys were issuing upon the main avenues, and tending in gathering force toward the gate.

They found Mrs. Bowen's carriage there, and drove first to her house, beyond which Mrs. Amsden lived in a direct line. On the way Colville kept up with her the bantering talk that they always carried on together, and found in it a respite from the formless future pressing close upon him. He sat with Effie on the front seat, and he would not look at Imogene's face, which, nevertheless, was present to some inner vision. When the porter opened the iron gate below, and rang Mrs. Bowen's bell, and Effie sprang up the stairs before them to give her mother the news of Mr. Colville's coming, the girl stole her hand into his.

"Shall you—tell her?"

"Of course. She must know without an instant's delay."

"Yes, yes; that is right. Oh!— Shall I go with you?"

"Yes; come!"

XV.

Mrs. Bowen came in to them, looking pale and pain-worn, as she did that evening when she would not let Colville go away with the other tea-taking callers to whom she had made her headache an excuse. The eyelids which she had always a little difficulty in lifting were heavy with suffering, and her pretty smile had an effect of very great remoteness. But there was no consciousness of anything unusual or unexpected in his presence expressed in her looks or manner. Colville had meant to take Imogene by the hand and confront Mrs. Bowen with an immediate declaration of what had happened; but he found this impossible, at least in the form of his intention; he took, instead, the hand of conventional welcome which she gave him, and he obeyed her in taking provisionally the seat to which she invited him. At the same time the order of his words was dispersed in that wonder whether she suspected anything with which he listened to her placid talk about the weather; she said she had thought it was a chilly day out-doors; but her headaches always made her very sensitive.

"Yes," said Colville, "I supposed it was cold myself till I went out, for I woke with a twinge of rheumatism." He felt a strong desire to excuse, to justify, what had happened, and he went on, with a painful sense of Imogene's eyes bent in bewildered deference upon him. "I started out for a walk with Mr. Waters, but I left him after we got across the Ponte Vecchio; he went up to look at the Michelangelo bastions, and I strolled over to the Boboli Gardens—where I found your young people."

He had certainly brought himself to the point, but he seemed actually farther from it than at first, and he made a desperate

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plunge, trying at the same time to keep something of his habitual nonchalance. "But that doesn't account for my being here. Imogene accounts for that. She has allowed me to stay in Florence."

Mrs. Bowen could not turn paler than her headache had left her, and she now underwent no change of complexion. But her throat was not clear enough to say to the end, "Allowed you to stay in—" The trouble in her throat arrested her again.

Colville became very red. He put out his hand and took Imogene's, and now his eyes and Mrs. Bowen's met in the kind of glance in which people intercept and turn each other aside before they have reached a resting-place in each other's souls. But at the girl's touch his courage revived—in some physical sort. "Yes; and if she will let me stay with her, we are not going to part again."

Mrs. Bowen did not answer at once, and in the hush Colville heard the breathing of all three.

"Of course," he said, "we wished you to know at once, and I came in with Imogene to tell you."

"What do you wish me," asked Mrs. Bowen, "to do?"

Colville forced a nervous laugh. "Really, I'm so little used to this sort of affair that I don't know whether I have any wish. Imogene is here with you, and I suppose I supposed you would wish to do something."

"I will do whatever you think best."

"Thank you: that's very kind of you." He fell into a silence, in which he was able only to wish that he knew what was best, and from which he came to the surface with, "Imogene's family ought to know, of course."

"Yes; they put her in my charge. They will have to know. Shall I write to them?"

"Why, if you will."

"Oh, certainly."

"Thank you."

He had taken to stroking with his right hand the hand of Imogene which he held in his left, and now he looked round at her with a glance which it was a relief not to have her meet. "And till we can hear from them, I suppose you will let me come to see her?"

"You know you have always been welcome here."

"Thank you very much." It seemed as if there ought to be something else to say, but Colville could not think of anything, except: "We wish to act in every way with your approval, Mrs. Bowen. And I know that you are very particular in some things"—the words, now that they were said, struck him as unfortunate and even vulgar—"and I shouldn't wish to annoy you—"

"Oh, I understand. I think it will be—I have no doubt you will know how to manage all that. It isn't as if you were both—"

"Young?" asked Colville. "No; one of us is quite old enough to be thoroughly up in the *convenances*. We are qualified, I'm afraid, as far as that goes," he added, bitterly, "to set all Florence an example of correct behavior."

He knew there must be pain in the face which he would not look at; he kept looking at Mrs. Bowen's face, in which certainly there was not much pleasure, either.

There was another silence, which became very oppressive before it ended in a question from Mrs. Bowen, who stirred slightly in her chair, and bent forward as if about to rise in asking it. "Shall you wish to consider it an engagement?"

Colville felt Imogene's hand tremble in his, but he received no definite prompting from the tremor. "I don't believe I know what you mean."

"I mean, till you have heard from Imogene's mother."

"I hadn't thought of that. Perhaps under the circumstances—" The tremor died out of the hand he held; it lay lax between his. "What do you say, Imogene?"

"I can't say anything. Whatever you think will be right—for me."

"I wish to do what will seem right and fair to your mother."

"Yes."

Colville heaved a hopeless sigh. Then, with a deep inward humiliation, he said, "Perhaps, if you know Imogene's mother, Mrs. Bowen, you can suggest—advise—You—"

"You must excuse me; I can't suggest or advise anything. I must leave you perfectly free." She rose from her chair, and they both rose too, from the sofa on which he had seated himself at Imogene's side. "I shall have to leave you, I'm afraid; my head aches still a little. Imogene!" She advanced toward the girl, who stood passively letting her come the whole distance. As if sensible of the rebuff expressed in this attitude, she halted

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a very little. Then she added, "I hope you will be very happy," and suddenly cast her arms round the girl, and stood long pressing her face into her neck. When she released her, Colville trembled lest she should be going to give him her hand in congratulation. But she only bowed slightly to him, with a sidelong, aversive glance, and walked out of the room with a slow, rigid pace, like one that controls a tendency to giddiness.

Imogene threw herself on Colville's breast. It gave him a shock, as if he were letting her do herself some wrong. But she gripped him fast, and began to sob and to cry. "Oh! oh! oh!"

"What is it?—what is it, my poor girl?" he murmured. "Are you unhappy? Are you sorry? Let it all end, then!"

"No, no; it isn't that! But I am very unhappy—yes, very, very unhappy! Oh, I didn't suppose I should ever feel so toward any one. I hate her!"

"You hate her?" gasped Colville.

"Yes, I hate her. And she—she is so good to me! It must be that I've done her some deadly wrong, without knowing it, or I couldn't hate her as I know I do."

"Oh no," said Colville, soothingly; "that's just your fancy. You haven't harmed her, and you don't hate her."

"Yes, yes, I do! You can't understand how I feel toward her."

"But you can't feel so toward her long," he urged, dealing as he might with what was wholly a mystery to him. "She is so good—"

"It only makes my badness worse, and makes me hate her more."

"I don't understand. But you're excited now. When you're calmer you'll feel differently, of course. I've kept you restless and nervous a long time, poor child; but now our peace begins, and everything will be bright and—" He stopped: the words had such a very hollow sound.

She pushed herself from him, and dried her eyes. "Oh yes."

"And, Imogene—perhaps—perhaps—Or, no; never mind now. I must go away—" She looked at him, frightened but submissive. "But I will be back to-night, or perhaps to-morrow morning. I want to think—to give you time to think. I don't want to be selfish about you—I want to consider you, all the more because you won't consider yourself. Good-by." He stooped over and kissed her hair. Even in this he felt like a thief; he could not look at the face she lifted to his.

Mrs. Bowen sent word from her room that she was not coming to dinner, and Imogene did not come till the dessert was put on. Then she found Effie Bowen sitting alone at the table, and served in serious formality by the man, whom she had apparently felt it right to repress, for they were both silent. The little girl had not known how to deny herself an excess of the less wholesome dishes, and she was perhaps anticipating the regret which this indulgence was to bring, for she was very pensive.

"Isn't mamma coming at *all*?" she asked, plaintively, when Imogene sat down, and refused everything but a cup of coffee. "Well," she went on, "I can't make out what is coming to this family. You were all crying last night because Mr. Colville was going away, and now, when he's going to stay, it's just as bad. I don't think you make it very pleasant for *him*. I should think he would be perfectly puzzled by it, after he's done so much to please you all. I don't believe he thinks it's very polite. I suppose it *is* polite, but it doesn't seem so. And he's always so cheerful and nice. I should think he would want to visit in some family where there was more amusement. There used to be plenty in this family, but now it's as dismal! The first of the winter you and mamma used to be so pleasant when he came, and would try everything to amuse him, and would let me come in to get some of the good of it; but now you seem to fly every which way as soon as he comes in sight of the house, and I'm poked off in holes and corners before he can open his lips. And I've borne it about as long as I can. I would rather be back in Vevay. Or anywhere." At this point her own pathos overwhelmed her, and the tears rolling down her cheeks moistened the crumbs of pastry at the corners of her pretty mouth. "What was so strange, I should like to know, about his staying, that mamma should pop up like a ghost, when I told her he had come home with us, and grab me by the wrist, and twitch me about, and ask me all sorts of questions I couldn't answer, and frighten me almost to death? I haven't got over it yet. And I don't think it's very nice. It used to be a very polite family, and pleasant with each other, and always having something agreeable going on in it; but if it keeps on *very* much longer

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in this way, I shall think the Bowens are beginning to lose their good-breeding. I suppose that if Mr. Colville were to go down on his knees to mamma and ask her to let him take me somewhere now, she wouldn't do it." She pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket, and dried her eyes on a ball of it. "I don't see what *you've* been crying about, Imogene. *You've* got nothing to worry you."

"I'm not very well, Effie," returned the girl, gently. "I haven't been well all day."

"It seems to me that nobody is well any more. I don't believe Florence is a very healthy place. Or at least this house isn't. *I* think it must be the drainage. If we keep on, I suppose we shall all have diphtheria. Don't you, Imogene?"

"Yes," asserted the girl, distractedly.

"The girls had it at Vevay frightfully. And none of them were as strong afterward. Some of the parents came and took them away; but Madame Schebres never let mamma know. Do you think that was right?"

"No; it was very wrong."

"I suppose Mr. Colville will have it if we do. That is, if he keeps coming here. Is he coming any more?"

"Yes; he's coming to-morrow morning."

"*Is* he?" A smile flickered over the rueful face. "What time is he coming?"

"I don't know exactly," said Imogene, listlessly stirring her coffee. "Some time in the forenoon."

"Do you suppose he's going to take us anywhere?"

"Yes—I think so. I can't tell exactly."

"If he asks me to go somewhere, will you tease mamma? She always lets you, Imogene, and it seems sometimes as if she just took a pleasure in denying me."

"You mustn't talk so of your mother, Effie."

"No; I wouldn't to *every*body. I know that she means for the best; but I don't believe she understands how much I suffer when she won't let me go with Mr. Colville. Don't you think he's about the nicest gentleman we know, Imogene?"

"Yes; he's very kind."

"And I think he's handsome. A good many people would consider him old-looking, and of course he isn't so young as Mr. Morton was, or the Inglehart boys; but that makes him all the easier to get along with. And his being just a little fat, that way, seems to suit so well with his character." The smiles were now playing across the child's face, and her eyes sparkling. "*I* think Mr. Colville would make a good Saint Nicholas—the kind they have going down chimneys in America. I'm going to tell him, for the next veglione. It would be such a nice surprise."

"No, better not tell him that," suggested Imogene.

"Do you think he wouldn't like it?"

"Yes."

"Well, it would become him. How old do you suppose he is, Imogene? Seventy-five?"

"What an idea!" cried the girl, fiercely. "He's forty-one."

"I didn't know they had those little jiggering lines at the corners of their eyes so quick. But forty-one is pretty old, isn't it? Is Mr. Waters—"

"Effie," said her mother's voice at the door behind her, "will you ring for Giovanni, and tell him to bring me a cup of coffee in here?" She spoke from the *portière* of the salotto.

"Yes, mamma. I'll bring it to you myself."

"Thank you, dear," Mrs. Bowen called from within.

The little girl softly pressed her hands together. "I *hope* she'll let me stay up! I feel so excited, and I hate to lie and think so long before I get to sleep. Couldn't you just hint a little to her that I might stay up? It's Sunday night."

"I can't, Effie," said Imogene. "I oughtn't to interfere with any of your mother's rules."

The child sighed submissively and took the coffee that Giovanni brought to her. She and Imogene went into the salotto together. Mrs. Bowen was at her writing-desk. "You can bring the coffee here, Effie," she said.

"Must I go to bed at once, mamma?" asked the child, setting the cup carefully down.

The mother looked distractedly up from her writing. "No; you may sit up awhile," she said, looking back to her writing.

"How long, mamma?" pleaded the little girl.

"Oh, till you're sleepy. It doesn't matter *now*."

She went on writing; from time to time she tore up what she had written.

Effie softly took a book from the table, and perching herself on a stiff, high chair, bent over it and began to read.

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Imogene sat by the hearth, where a small fire was pleasant in the in-door chill of an Italian house, even after so warm a day as that had been. She took some large beads of the strand she wore about her neck into her mouth, and pulled at the strand listlessly with her hand while she watched the fire. Her eyes wandered once to the child.

"What made you take such an uncomfortable chair, Effie?"

Effie shut her book over her hand. "It keeps me wakeful longer," she whispered, with a glance at her mother from the corner of her eye.

"I don't see why any one should wish to be wakeful," sighed the girl.

When Mrs. Bowen tore up one of her half-written pages, Imogene started nervously forward, and then relapsed again into her chair. At last Mrs. Bowen seemed to find the right phrases throughout, and she finished rather a long letter, and read it over to herself. Then she said, without leaving her desk, "Imogene, I've been trying to write to your mother. Will you look at this?"

She held the sheet over her shoulder, and Imogene came languidly and took it; Mrs. Bowen dropped her face forward on the desk, into her hands, while Imogene was reading.

"FLORENCE, *March* 10, 18—.

"DEAR MRS. GRAHAM,—I have some very important news to give you in regard to Imogene, and as there is no way of preparing you for it, I will tell you at once that it relates to her marriage.

"She has met at my house a gentleman whom I knew in Florence when I was here before, and of whom I never knew anything but good. We have seen him very often, and I have seen nothing in him that I could not approve. He is Mr. Theodore Colville, of Prairie des Vaches, Indiana, where he was for many years a newspaper editor; but he was born somewhere in New England. He is a very cultivated, interesting man, and though not exactly a society man, he is very agreeable and refined in his manners. I am sure his character is irreproachable, though he is not a member of any church. In regard to his means I know nothing whatever, and can only infer from his way of life that he is in easy circumstances.

"The whole matter has been a surprise to me, for Mr. Colville is some twenty-one or two years older than Imogene, who is very young in her feelings for a girl of her age. If I could have realized anything like a serious attachment between them sooner, I would have written before. Even now I do not know whether I am to consider them engaged or not. No doubt Imogene will write you more fully.

"Of course I would rather not have had anything of the kind happen while Imogene was under my charge, though I am sure that you will not think I have been careless or imprudent about her. I interfered as far as I could, at the first moment I could, but it appears that it was then too late to prevent what has followed. Yours sincerely,

"EVALINA BOWEN."

Imogene read the letter twice over, and then she said, "Why isn't he a society man?"

Probably Mrs. Bowen expected this sort of approach. "I don't think a society man would have undertaken to dance the Lancers as he did at Madame Uccelli's," she answered, patiently, without lifting her head.

Imogene winced, but "I should despise him if he were merely a society man," she said. "I have seen enough of them. I think it's better to be intellectual and good." Mrs. Bowen made no reply, and the girl went on. "And as to his being older, I don't see what difference it makes. If people are in sympathy, then they are of the same age, no difference how much older than one the other is. I have always heard that." She urged this as if it were a question.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bowen.

"And how should his having been a newspaper editor be anything against him?"

Mrs. Bowen lifted her face and stared at the girl in astonishment. "Who said it was against him?"

"You hint as much. The whole letter is against him."

"Imogene!"

"Yes! Every word! You make him out perfectly detestable. I don't know why you should hate *him*. He's done everything he could to satisfy you."

Mrs. Bowen rose from her desk, putting her hand to her forehead, as if to soften a shock of headache that her change of posture had sent there. "I will leave the letter with you, and you can send it or not, as you think best. It's merely a for-

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mality my writing to your mother. Perhaps you'll see it differently in the morning. Effie!" she called to the child, who with her book shut upon her hand had been staring at them and listening intently. "It's time to go to bed now."

When Effie stood before the glass in her mother's room, and Mrs. Bowen was braiding her hair and tying it up for the night, she asked, ruefully, "What's the matter with Imogene, mamma?"

"She isn't very happy to-night."

"*You* don't seem very happy either," said the child, watching her own face as it quivered in the mirror. "I should think that now Mr. Colville's concluded to stay, we would all be happy again. But we don't seem to. We're—we're perfectly demoralized!" It was one of the words she had picked up from Colville.

The quivering face in the glass broke in a passion of tears, and Effie sobbed herself to sleep.

Imogene sat down at Mrs. Bowen's desk, and pushing her letter away, began to write.

"FLORENCE, *March* 10, 18—.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I inclose a letter from Mrs. Bowen which will tell you better than I can what I wish to tell. I do not see how I can add anything that would give you more of an idea of him, or less, either. No person can be put down in cold black and white, and not seem like a mere inventory. I do not suppose you expected me to become engaged when you sent me out to Florence, and, as Mrs. Bowen says, I don't know whether I am engaged or not. I will leave it entirely to Mr. Colville; if he says we are engaged, we are. I am sure he will do what is best. I only know that he was going away from Florence because he thought I supposed he was not in earnest, and I asked him to stay.

"I am a good deal excited to-night, and can not write very clearly. But I will write soon again, and more at length.

"Perhaps something will be decided by that time. With much love to father,

"Your affectionate daughter,

"IMOGENE."

She put this letter into an envelope with Mrs. Bowen's, and leaving it unsealed to show her in the morning, she began to write again. This time she wrote to a girl with whom she had been on terms so intimate that when they left school they had agreed to know each other by names expressive of their extremely confidential friendship, and to address each other respectively as Diary and Journal. They were going to write every day, if only a line or two; and at the end of a year they were to meet and read over together the records of their lives as set down in these letters. They had never met since, though it was now three years since they parted, and they had not written since Imogene came abroad; that is, Imogene had not answered the only letter she had received from her friend in Florence. This friend was a very serious girl, and had wished to be a minister, but her family would not consent, or even accept the compromise of studying medicine, which she proposed, and she was still living at home in a small city of central New York. Imogene now addressed her:

"DEAR DIARY,—You can not think how far away the events of this day have pushed the feelings and ideas of the time when I agreed to write to you under this name. Till now it seems to me as if I had not changed in the least thing since we parted, and now I can hardly know myself for the same person. Oh, dear Di! something very wonderful has come into my life, and I feel that it rests with me to make it the greatest blessing to myself and others, or the greatest misery. If I prove unworthy of it or unequal to it, then I am sure that nothing but wretchedness will come of it.

"I am engaged—yes!—and to a man more than twice my own age. It is so easy to tell *you* this, for I know that your large-mindedness will receive it very differently from most people, and that you will see it as I do. He is the noblest of men, though he tries to conceal it under the light, ironical manner with which he has been faithful to a cruel disappointment. It was here in Florence, twenty years ago, that a girl—I am ashamed to call her a girl—trifled with the priceless treasure that has fallen to me, and flung it away. *You*, Di, will understand how I was first fascinated with the idea of trying to atone to him here for all the wrong he had suffered. At first it was only the vaguest suggestion—something like what I had read in a poem or novel—that had nothing to do with me personally, but it grew upon me more and more the more I saw of him, and felt the witchery of his

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light, indifferent manner, which I learned to see was tense with the anguish he had suffered. She had killed his youth; she had spoiled his life: if I could revive them, restore them! It came upon me like a great flash of light at last, and as soon as this thought took possession of me, I felt my whole being elevated and purified by it, and I was enabled to put aside with contempt the selfish considerations that had occurred to me at first. At first the difference between our ages was very shocking to me; for I had always imagined it would be some one young; but when this light broke upon me, I saw that *he* was young, younger even than I, as a man is at the same age with a girl. Sometimes, with my experiences, the fancies and flirtations that every one has and *must* have, however one despises them, I felt so *old* beside him; for he had been true to one love all his life, and he had not wavered for a moment. If I could make him forget it, if I could lift every feather's weight of sorrow from his breast, if I could help him to complete the destiny, grand and beautiful as it would have been, which another had arrested, broken off—don't you see, Di dear, how rich my reward would be?

"And he, how forbearing, how considerate, how anxious for me, how full of generous warning he has been! always putting me in mind, at every step, of the difference in years between us; never thinking of himself, and shrinking so much from even seeming to control me or sway me, that I don't know really whether I have not made all the advances!

"I can not write his name yet, and you must not ask it till I can; and I can not tell you anything about his looks or his life without seeming to degrade him, somehow, and make him a common man like others.

"How can I make myself his companion in everything? How can I convince him that there is no sacrifice for me, and that he alone is giving up? These are the thoughts that keep whirling through my mind. I hope I shall be helped, and I hope that I shall be tried, for that is the only way for me to be helped. I feel strong enough for anything that people can say. I should *welcome* criticism and opposition from any quarter. But I can see that *he* is very sensitive—it comes from his keen sense of the ridiculous—and if I suffer it will be on account of this grand, unselfish nature, and I shall be glad of that.

"I know you will understand me, Di, and I am not afraid of your laughing at these ravings. But if you did I should not care. It is such a comfort to say these things about him, to exalt him, and get him in the true light at last.

"Your faithful JOURNAL.

"I shall tell him about you, one of the first things, and perhaps he can suggest some way out of your trouble, he has had so much experience of every kind. You will worship him, as I do, when you see him; for you will feel at once that he understands you, and that is such a *rest*.

"J."

Before Imogene fell asleep, Mrs. Bowen came to her in the dark, and softly closed the door that opened from the girl's room into Effie's. She sat down on the bed, and began to speak at once, as if she knew Imogene must be awake. "I thought you would come to *me*, Imogene; but as you didn't, I have come to you, for if you can go to sleep with hard thoughts of me to-night, I can't let you. You need me for your friend, and I wish to be your friend; it would be wicked in me to be anything else. I would give the world if your mother were here; but I tried to make my letter to her everything that it should be. If you don't think it is, I will write it over in the morning."

"No," said the girl, coldly; "it will do very well. I don't wish to trouble you so much."

"Oh, how can you speak so to me? Do you think that I blame Mr. Colville? Is that it? I don't ask you—I shall never ask you—how he came to remain, but I know that he has acted truthfully and delicately. I knew him long before you did, and no one need take his part with me." This was not perhaps what Mrs. Bowen meant to say when she began. "I have told you all along what I thought, but if you imagine that I am not satisfied with Mr. Colville, you are very much mistaken. I can't burst out into praises of him to your mother; that would be very patronizing, and very bad taste. Can't you see that it would?"

"Oh yes."

Mrs. Bowen lingered, as if she expected Imogene to say something more, but she did not, and Mrs. Bowen rose. "Then I hope we understand each other," she said, and went out of the room.

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XVI.

When Colville came in the morning, Mrs. Bowen received him. They shook hands, and their eyes met in the intercepting glance of the night before.

"Imogene will be here in a moment," she said, with a naturalness that made him awkward and conscious.

"Oh, there is no haste," he answered, uncouthly. "That is, I am very glad of the chance to speak a moment with you, and to ask your—to profit by what you think best. I know you are not very well pleased with me, and I don't know that I can ever put myself in a better light with you—the true light. It seems that there are some things we must not do even for the truth's sake. But that's neither here nor there. What I am most anxious for is not to take a shadow of advantage of this child's—of Imogene's inexperience, and her remoteness from her family. I feel that I must in some sort protect her from herself. Yes—that is my idea. But I have to do this in so many ways that I hardly know how to begin. I should be very willing, if you thought best, to go away and stay away till she has heard from her people, and let her have that time to think it all over again. She is very young—so much younger than I! Or, if you thought it better, I would stay, and let her remain free while I held myself bound to any decision of hers. I am anxious to do what is right. At the same time"—he smiled ruefully—"there is such a thing as being so *dis*interested that one may seem *un*interested. I may leave her so very free that she may begin to suspect that I want a little freedom myself. What shall I do? I wish to act with your approval."

Mrs. Bowen had listened with acquiescence and intelligence that might well have looked like sympathy, as she sat fingering the top of her hand-screen, with her eyelids fallen. She lifted them to say: "I have told you that I will not advise you in anyway. I can not. I have no longer any wish in this matter. I must still remain in the place of Imogene's mother; but I will do only what you wish. Please understand that, and don't ask me for advice any more. It is painful." She drew her lower lip in a little, and let the screen fall into her lap.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Bowen, to do anything—say anything—that is painful to you," Colville began. "You know that I would give the world to please you—" The words escaped him and left him staring at her.

"What are you saying to me, Theodore Colville?" she exclaimed, flashing a full-eyed glance upon him, and then breaking into a laugh, as unnatural for her. "Really, I don't believe you know!"

"Heaven knows I meant nothing but what I said," he answered, struggling stupidly with a confusion of desires which every man but no woman will understand. After eighteen hundred years, the man is still imperfectly monogamous. "Is there anything wrong in it?"

"Oh no! Not for you," she said, scornfully.

"I am very much in earnest," he went on, hopelessly, "in asking your opinion, your help, in regard to how I shall treat this affair."

"And I am still more in earnest in telling you that I will give you no opinion, no help. I forbid you to recur to the subject." He was silent, unable to drop his eyes from hers. "But for her," continued Mrs. Bowen, "I will do anything in my power. If she asks my advice I will give it, and I will give her all the help I can."

"Thank you," said Colville, vaguely.

"I will not have your thanks," promptly retorted Mrs. Bowen, "for I mean you no kindness. I am trying to do my duty to Imogene, and when that is ended, all is ended. There is no way now for you to please me—as you call it—except to keep her from regretting what she has done."

"Do you think I shall fail in that?" he demanded, indignantly.

"I can offer you no opinion. I can't tell what you will do."

"There are two ways of keeping her from regretting what she has done; and perhaps the simplest and best way would be to free her from the consequences, as far as they're involved in me," said Colville.

Mrs. Bowen dropped herself back in her arm-chair. "If you choose to force these things upon me, I am a woman, and can't help myself. Especially, I can't help myself against a guest."

"Oh, I will relieve you of my presence," said Colville. "I've no wish to force anything upon you—least of all myself." He rose, and moved toward the door.

She hastily intercepted him. "Do you think I will let you go without seeing Imogene? Do you understand me so little as

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that? It's *too late* for you to go! You know what I think of all this, and I know, better than you, what you think. I shall play my part, and you shall play yours. I have refused to give you advice or help, and I never shall do it. But I know what my duty to her is, and I will fulfill it. No matter how distasteful it is to either of us, you must come here as before. The house is as free to you as ever—freer. And we are to be as good friends as ever—better. You can see Imogene alone or in my presence; and, as far as I am concerned, you shall consider yourself engaged or not, as you choose. Do you understand?"

"Not in the least," said Colville, in the ghost of his old bantering manner. "But don't explain, or I shall make still less of it."

"I mean simply that I do it for Imogene, and not for you."

"Oh, I understand that you don't do it for me."

At this moment Imogene appeared between the folds of the *portière*, and her timid, embarrassed glance from Mrs. Bowen to Colville was the first gleam of consolation that had visited him since he parted with her the night before. A thrill of inexplicable pride and fondness passed through his heart, and even the compunction that followed could not spoil its sweetness. But if Mrs. Bowen discreetly turned her head aside that she need not witness a tender greeting between them, the precaution was unnecessary. He merely went forward and took the girl's hand, with a sigh of relief. "Good-morning, Imogene," he said, with a kind of compassionate admiration.

"Good-morning," she returned, half-inquiringly.

She did not take a seat near him, and turned, as if for instruction, to Mrs. Bowen. It was probably the force of habit. In any case, Mrs. Bowen's eyes gave no response. She bowed slightly to Colville, and began, "I must leave Imogene to entertain you for the present, Mr.—"

"No!" cried the girl, impetuously; "don't go." Mrs. Bowen stopped. "I wish to speak with you—with you and Mr. Colville together. I wish to say—I don't know how to say it exactly; but I wish to know— You asked him last night, Mrs. Bowen, whether he wished to consider it an engagement?"

"I thought perhaps you would rather hear from your mother—"

"Yes, I would be glad to know that my mother approved; but if she didn't, I couldn't help it. Mr. Colville said he was bound, but I was not. That can't be. I *wish* to be bound, if he is."

"I don't quite know what you expect me to say."

"Nothing," said Imogene. "I merely wished you to know. And I don't wish you to sacrifice anything to us. If you think best, Mr. Colville will not see me till I hear from home; though it won't make any difference with me *what* I hear."

"There's no reason why you shouldn't meet," said Mrs. Bowen, absently.

"If you wish it to have the same appearance as an Italian engagement—"

"No," said Mrs. Bowen, putting her hand to her head with a gesture she had; "that would be quite unnecessary. It would be ridiculous—under the circumstances. I have thought of it, and I have decided that the American way is the best."

"Very well, then," said Imogene, with the air of summing up; "then the only question is whether we shall make it known or not to other people."

This point seemed to give Mrs. Bowen greater pause than any. She was a long time silent, and Colville saw that Imogene was beginning to chafe at her indecision. Yet he did not see the moment to intervene in a debate in which he found himself somewhat ludicrously ignored, as if the affair were solely the concern of these two women, and none of his.

"Of course, Mrs. Bowen," said the girl, haughtily, "if it will be disagreeable to you to have it known—"

Mrs. Bowen blushed delicately—a blush of protest and of generous surprise, or so it seemed to Colville. "I was not thinking of myself, Imogene. I only wish to consider you. And I was thinking whether, at this distance from home, you wouldn't prefer to have your family's approval before you made it known."

"I am sure of their approval. Father will do what mother says, and she has always said that she would never interfere with me in—in—such a thing."

"Perhaps you would like all the more, then, to show her the deference of waiting for her consent."

Imogene started as if stopped short in swift career; it was not hard for Colville to perceive that she saw for the first time the reverse side of a magnanimous impulse. She suddenly turned to him.

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"I think Mrs. Bowen is right," he said, gravely, in answer to the eyes of Imogene. He continued, with a flicker of his wonted mood: "You must consider me a little in the matter. I have some small shreds of self-respect about me somewhere, and I would rather not be put in the attitude of defying your family, or ignoring them."

"No," said Imogene, in the same effect of arrest.

"When it isn't absolutely necessary," continued Colville. "Especially as you say there will be no opposition."

"Of course," Imogene assented; and in fact what he said was very just, and he knew it; but he could perceive that he had suffered loss with her. A furtive glance at Mrs. Bowen did not assure him that he had made a compensating gain in that direction, where, indeed, he had no right to wish for any.

"Well, then," the girl went on, "it shall be so. We will wait. It will only be waiting. I ought to have thought of you before: I make a bad beginning," she said, tremulously. "I supposed I *was* thinking of you; but I see that I was only thinking of myself." The tears stood in her eyes. Mrs. Bowen, quite overlooked in this apology, slipped from the room.

"Imogene!" said Colville, coming toward her.

She dropped herself upon his shoulder. "Oh, why, why, *why* am I so miserable?"

"Miserable, Imogene!" he murmured, stroking her beautiful hair.

"Yes, yes! Utterly miserable! It must be because I'm unworthy of you—unequal every way. If you think so, cast me off at once. Don't be weakly merciful!"

The words pierced his heart. "I would give the world to make you happy, my child!" he said, with perfidious truth, and a sigh that came from the bottom of his soul. "Sit down here by me," he said, moving to the sofa; and with whatever obscure sense of duty to her innocent self-abandon, he made a space between them, and reduced her embrace to a clasp of the hand she left with him. "Now tell me," he said, "what is it makes you unhappy?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, drying her averted eyes. "I suppose I am overwrought from not sleeping, and from thinking how we should arrange it all."

"And now that it's all arranged, can't you be cheerful again?"

"Yes."

"You're satisfied with the way we've arranged it? Because if—"

"Oh, perfectly—perfectly!" She hastily interrupted. "I wouldn't have it otherwise. Of course," she added, "it wasn't very pleasant having some one else suggest what I ought to have thought of myself, and seem more delicate about you than I was."

"Some one else?"

"You know! Mrs. Bowen."

"Oh! But I couldn't see that she was anxious to spare me. It occurred to me that she was concerned about your family."

"It led up to the other; it's all the same thing."

"Well, even in that case, I don't see why you should mind it. It was certainly very friendly of her, and I know that she has your interest at heart entirely."

"Yes, she knows how to make it seem so."

Colville hesitated in bewilderment. "Imogene!" he cried at last, "I don't understand this. Don't you think Mrs. Bowen likes you?"

"She detests me."

"Oh, no, no, no! That's too cruel an error. You mustn't think that. I can't let you. It's morbid. I'm sure that she's devotedly kind and good to you."

"Being kind and good isn't liking. I know what she thinks. But of course I can't expect to convince you of it; no one else could see it."

"No!" said Colville, with generous fervor. "Because it doesn't exist, and you mustn't imagine it. You are as sincerely and unselfishly regarded in this house as you could be in your own home. I'm sure of that. I know Mrs. Bowen. She has her little worldlinesses and unrealities of manner, but she is truth and loyalty itself. She would rather die than be false, or even unfair. I knew her long ago—"

"Yes," cried the girl, "long before you knew me!"

"And I know her to be the soul of honor," said Colville, ignoring the childish outburst. "Honor—like a man's," he added. "And, Imogene, I want you to promise me that you'll not think of her any more in that way. I want you to think of her as faithful and loving to you, for she is so. Will you do it?"

Imogene did not answer him at once. Then she turned upon him a face of radiant self-abnegation. "I will do anything you tell me. Only tell me things to do."

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The next time he came he again saw Mrs. Bowen alone before Imogene appeared. The conversation was confined to two sentences.

"Mr. Colville," she said, with perfectly tranquil point, while she tilted a shut book to and fro on her knee, "I will thank you not to defend me."

Had she overheard? Had Imogene told her? He answered, in a fury of resentment for her ingratitude that stupefied him, "I will never speak of you again."

Now they were enemies; he did not know how or why, but he said to himself, in the bitterness of his heart, that it was better so; and when Imogene appeared, and Mrs. Bowen vanished, as she did without another word to him, he folded the girl in a vindictive embrace.

"What is the matter?" she asked, pushing away from him.

"With me?"

"Yes; you seem so excited."

"Oh, nothing," he said, shrinking from the sharpness of that scrutiny in a woman's eyes which, when it begins the perusal of a man's soul, astonishes and intimidates him; he never perhaps becomes able to endure it with perfect self-control. "I suppose a slight degree of excitement in meeting you may be forgiven me." He smiled under the unrelaxed severity of her gaze.

"Was Mrs. Bowen saying anything about me?"

"Not a word," said Colville, glad of getting back to the firm truth again, even if it were mere literality.

"We have made it up," she said, her scrutiny changing to a lovely appeal for his approval. "What there was to make up."

"Yes?"

"I told her what you had said. And now it's all right between us, and you mustn't be troubled at that any more. I did it to please you."

She seemed to ask him with the last words whether she really had pleased him, as if something in his aspect suggested a doubt; and he hastened to re-assure her. "That was very good of you. I appreciate it highly. It's extremely gratifying."

She broke into a laugh of fond derision. "I don't believe you really cared about it, or else you're not thinking about it now. Sit down, here; I want to tell you of something I've thought out." She pulled him to the sofa, and put his arm about her waist, with a simple fearlessness and matter-of-course promptness that made him shudder. He felt that he ought to tell her not to do it, but he did not quite know how without wounding her. She took hold of his hand and drew his lax arm taut. Then she looked up into his eyes, as if some sense of his misgiving had conveyed itself to her, but she did not release her hold of his hand.

"Perhaps we oughtn't, if we're not engaged?" she suggested, with such utter trust in him as made his heart quake.

"Oh," he sighed, from a complexity of feeling that no explanation could wholly declare, "we're engaged enough for that, I suppose."

"I'm glad you think so," she answered, innocently. "I knew you wouldn't let me if it were not right." Having settled the question, "Of course," she continued, "we shall all do our best to keep our secret; but in spite of everything it may get out. Do you see?"

"Well?"

"Well, of course it will make a great deal of remark."

"Oh yes; you must be prepared for that, Imogene," said Colville, with as much gravity as he could make comport with his actual position.

"I am prepared for it, and prepared to despise it," answered the girl. "I shall have no trouble except the fear that you will mind it." She pressed his hand as if she expected him to say something to this.

"I shall never care for it," he said, and this was true enough. "My only care will be to keep you from regretting. I have tried from the first to make you see that I was very much older than you. It would be miserable enough if you came to see it too late."

"I have never seen it, and I never shall see it, because there's no such difference between us. It isn't the years that make us young or old—who is it says that? No matter, it's true. And I want you to believe it. I want you to feel that *I* am your youth—the youth you were robbed of—given back to you. Will you do it? Oh, if you could, I should be the happiest girl in the world." Tears of fervor dimmed the beautiful eyes which looked into his. "Don't speak!" she hurried on. "I won't let you till I have said it all. It's been this idea, this hope, with me always—ever since I knew what happened to you

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here long ago—that you might go back in my life and take up yours where it was broken off; that I might make your life what it would have been—complete your destiny—"

Colville wrenched himself loose from the hold that had been growing more tenderly close and clinging. "And do you think I could be such a vampire as to let you? Yes, yes: I have had my dreams of such a thing; but I see now how hideous they were. You shall make no such sacrifice to me. You must put away the fancies that could never be fulfilled, or if by some infernal magic they could, would only bring sorrow to you and shame to me. God forbid! And God forgive me if I have done or said anything to put this in your head! And thank God it isn't too late yet for you to take yourself back."

"Oh," she murmured. "Do you think it is self-sacrifice for me to give myself to *you*? It's self-glorification! You don't understand—I haven't told you what I mean, or else I've told it in such a way that I've made it hateful to you. Do you think I don't care for you except to be something to you? I'm not so generous as that. You are all the world to me. If I take myself back from you, as you say, what shall I do with myself?"

"Has it come to that?" asked Colville. He sat down again with her, and this time he put his arm around her and drew her to him, but it seemed to him he did it as if she were his child. "I was going to tell you just now that each of us lived to himself in this world, and that no one could hope to enter into the life of another and complete it. But now I see that I was partly wrong. We two are bound together, Imogene, and whether we become all in all or nothing to each other, we can have no separate fate."

The girl's eyes kindled with rapture. "Then let us never speak of it again. I was going to say something, but now I won't say it."

"Yes, say it."

"No; it will make you think that I am anxious on my own account about appearances before people."

"You poor child, I shall never think you are anxious on your own account about anything. What were you going to say?"

"Oh, nothing! It was only—are you invited to the Phillipses' fancy ball?"

"Yes," said Colville, silently making what he could of the diversion, "I believe so."

"And are you going—did you mean to go?" she asked, timidly.

"Good heavens, no! What in the world should I do at another fancy ball? I walked about with the airy grace of a bull in a china shop at the last one."

Imogene did not smile. She faintly sighed. "Well, then, I won't go either."

"Did you intend to go?"

"Oh no!"

"Why, of course you did, and it's very right you should. Did you want me to go?"

"It would bore you."

"Not if you're there." She gave his hand a grateful pressure. "Come, I'll go, of course, Imogene. A fancy ball to please you is a very different thing from a fancy ball in the abstract."

"Oh, what nice things you say! Do you know, I always admired your compliments. I think they're the most charming compliments in the world."

"I don't think they're half so pretty as yours; but they're more sincere."

"No, honestly. They flatter, and at the same time they make fun of the flattery a little; they make a person feel that you like them, even while you laugh at them."

"They appear to be rather an intricate kind of compliment—sort of *salsa agra-dolce* affair—*tutti frutti* style—species of moral mayonnaise."

"No—be quiet! You know what I mean. What were we talking about? Oh! I was going to say that the most fascinating thing about you always was that ironical way of yours."

"Have I an ironical way? You were going to tell me something more about the fancy ball."

"I don't care for it. I would rather talk about you."

"And I prefer the ball. It's a fresher topic—to me."

"Very well, then. But this I *will* say. No matter how happy you should be, I should always want you to keep that tone of persiflage. You've no idea how perfectly intoxicating it is."

"Oh yes, I have. It seems to have turned the loveliest and wisest head in the world."

"Oh, do you really think so? I would give anything if you did."

"What?"

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"Think I was pretty," she pleaded, with full eyes. "Do you?"

"No; but I think you are wise. Fifty per cent. of truth—it's a large average in compliments. What are you going to wear?"

"Wear? Oh! At the ball! Something Egyptian, I suppose. It's to be an Egyptian ball. Didn't you understand that?"

"Oh yes. But I supposed you could go in any sort of dress."

"You can't. You must go in some Egyptian character."

"How would Moses do? In the bulrushes, you know. You could be Pharaoh's daughter, and recognize me by my three hats. And toward the end of the evening, when I became very much bored, I could go round killing Egyptians."

"No, no. Be serious. Though I like you to joke, too. I shall always want you to joke. Shall you, always?"

"There may be emergencies when I shall fail—like family prayers, and grace before meat, and dangerous sickness."

"Why, of course. But I mean when we're together, and there's no reason why you shouldn't?"

"Oh, at such times I shall certainly joke."

"And before people, too. I won't have them saying that it's sobered you—that you used to be very gay, and now you're cross and never say anything."

"I will try to keep it up sufficiently to meet the public demand."

"And I shall want you to joke *me*, too. You must satirize me. It does more to show me my faults than anything else, and it will show other people how perfectly submissive I am, and how I think everything you do is just right."

"If I were to beat you a little in company, don't you think it would serve the same purpose?"

"No, no; be serious."

"About joking?"

"No, about me. I know that I'm very intense, and you must try to correct that tendency in me."

"I will, with pleasure. Which of *my* tendencies are you going to correct?"

"You have none."

"Well, then, neither have you. I'm not going to be outdone in civilities."

"Oh, if people could only hear you talk in this light way, and then know what *I* know!"

Colville broke out into a laugh at the deep sigh which accompanied these words. As a whole, the thing was grotesque and terrible to him, but, after a habit of his, he was finding a strange pleasure in its details.

"No, no," she pleaded. "Don't laugh. There are girls that would give their eyes for it."

"As pretty eyes as yours?"

"Do you think they're nice?"

"Yes, if they were not so mysterious."

"Mysterious?"

"Yes; I feel that your eyes can't really be as honest as they look. That was what puzzled me about them the first night I saw you."

"No—did it, really?"

"I went home saying to myself that no girl could be so sincere as that Miss Graham seemed."

"Did you say that?"

"Words to that effect."

"And what do you think now?"

"Ah, I don't know. You had better go as the Sphinx."

Imogene laughed in simple gayety of heart. "How far we've got from the ball!" she said, as if the remote excursion were a triumph. "What shall we really go as?"

"Isis and Osiris."

"Weren't they gods of some kind?"

"Little one-horse deities—not very much."

"It won't do to go as gods of any kind. They're always failures. People expect too much of them."

"Yes," said Colville. "That's human nature under all circumstances. But why go to an Egyptian ball at all?"

"Oh, we *must* go. If we both staid away it would make talk at once, and my object is to keep people in the dark till the very last moment. Of course it's unfortunate your having told Mrs. Amsden that you were going away, and then telling her just after you came back with me that you were going to stay. But it can't be helped now. And I don't really care for it. But don't you see why I want you to go to all these things?"

"*All* these things?"

"Yes; everything you're invited to after this. It's not merely for a blind as regards ourselves now, but if they see that you're very fond of all sorts of gayeties, they will see that you are—they will understand—"

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There was no need for her to complete the sentence. Colville rose. "Come, come, my dear child," he said, "why don't you end all this at once? I don't blame you. Heaven knows I blame no one but myself! I ought to have the strength to break away from this mistake, but I haven't. I couldn't bear to see you suffer from pain that I should give you even for your good. But do it yourself, Imogene, and for pity's sake don't forbear from any notion of sparing me. I have no wish except for your happiness. And now I tell you clearly that no appearance we can put on before the world will deceive the world. At the end of all our trouble I shall still be forty—"

She sprang to him and put her hand over his mouth. "I know what you're going to say, and I won't let you say it, for you've promised over and over again not to speak of that any more. Oh, do you think I care for the world, or what it will think or say?"

"Yes; very much."

"That shows how little you understand me. It's because I wish to *defy* the world—"

"Imogene! Be as honest with yourself as you are with me."

"I *am* honest."

"Look me in the eyes, then."

She did so for an instant, and then hid her face on his shoulder.

"You silly girl!" he said. "What is it you really do wish?"

"I wish there was no one in the world but you and me."

"Ah, you'd find it very crowded at times," said Colville, sadly. "Well, well," he added, "I'll go to your fandangoes, because you want me to go."

"That's all I wished you to say," she replied, lifting her head, and looking him radiantly in the face. "I don't want you to go at all! I only want you to promise that you'll come here every night that you're invited out, and read to Mrs. Bowen and me."

"Oh, I can't do that," said Colville; "I'm too fond of society. For example, I've been invited to an Egyptian fancy ball, and I couldn't think of giving that up."

"Oh, how delightful you are! They couldn't any of them talk like you."

He had learned to follow the processes of her thought now. "Perhaps they can when they come to my age."

"There!" she exclaimed, putting her hand on his mouth again, to remind him of another broken promise. "Why can't you give up the Egyptian ball?"

"Because I expect to meet a young lady there—a very beautiful young lady."

"But how shall you know her if she's disguised?"

"Why, I shall be disguised too, you know."

"Oh, what delicious nonsense you *do* talk! Sit down here and tell me what you are going to wear."

She tried to pull him back to the sofa. "What character shall you go in?"

"No, no," he said, resisting the gentle traction. "I can't; I have urgent business down-town."

"Oh! Business in *Florence!*"

"Well, if I staid, I should tell you what disguise I'm going to the ball in."

"I knew it was that. What do you think would be a good character for me?"

"I don't know. The serpent of old Nile would be pretty good for you."

"Oh, I know you don't think it!" she cried, fondly. She had now let him take her hand, and he stood holding it at arm's-length. Effie Bowen came into the room. "Good-by," said Imogene, with an instant assumption of society manner.

"Good-by," said Colville, and went out.

"Oh, Mr. Colville!" she called, before he got to the outer door.

"Yes," he said, starting back.

She met him midway of the dim corridor. "Only to—" She put her arms about his neck and sweetly kissed him.

Colville went out into the sunlight feeling like some strange, newly invented kind of scoundrel—a rascal of such recent origin and introduction that he had not yet had time to classify himself and ascertain the exact degree of his turpitude. The task employed his thoughts all that day, and kept him vibrating between an instinctive conviction of monstrous wickedness and a logical and well-reasoned perception that he had all the facts and materials for a perfectly good conscience. He was the betrothed lover of this poor child, whose affection he could not check without a degree of brutality for which only a better man would have the courage. When he thought of perhaps refusing her caresses, he imagined the shock it would give her, and the look of grief and mystification that would come into her eyes, and he

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found himself incapable of that cruel rectitude. He knew that these were the impulses of a white and loving soul; but at the end of all his argument they remained a terror to him, so that he lacked nothing but the will to fly from Florence and shun her altogether till she had heard from her family. This, he recalled, with bitter self-reproach, was what had been his first inspiration; he had spoken of it to Mrs. Bowen, and it had still everything in its favor except that it was impossible.

Imogene returned to the salotto, where the little girl was standing with her face to the window, drearily looking out; her back expressed an inner desolation, which revealed itself in her eyes when Imogene caught her head between her hands and tilted up her face to kiss it.

"What is the matter, Effie?" she demanded, gayly.

"Nothing."

"Oh yes, there is."

"Nothing that you will care for. As long as he's pleasant to you, you don't care what he does to me."

"What has he done to you?"

"He didn't take the slightest notice of me when I came into the room. He didn't speak to me, or even look at me."

Imogene caught the little grieving, quivering face to her breast. "He is a wicked, wicked wretch! And I will give him the awfulest scolding he ever had when he comes here again. I will teach him to neglect my pet! I will let him understand that if he doesn't notice you, he needn't notice me. I will tell you, Effie—I've just thought of a way. The next time he comes we will both receive him. We will sit up very stiffly on the sofa together, and just answer Yes, No, Yes, No, to everything he says, till he begins to take the hint, and learns how to behave himself. Will you?"

A smile glittered through the little girl's tears; but she asked, "Do you think it would be very polite?"

"No matter, polite or not, it's what he deserves. Of course, as soon as he begins to take the hint, we will be just as we always are."

Imogene dispatched a note, which Colville got the next morning, to tell him of his crime, and apprise him of his punishment, and of the sweet compunction that had pleaded for him in the breast of the child. If he did not think he could help play the comedy through, he must come prepared to offer Effie some sort of atonement.

It was easy to do this: to come with his pockets full of presents, and take the little girl on his lap, and pour out all his troubled heart in the caresses and tendernesses which would bring him no remorse. He humbled himself to her thoroughly, and with a strange sincerity in the harmless duplicity, and promised, if she would take him back into favor, that he would never offend again. Mrs. Bowen had sent word that she was not well enough to see him; she had another of her headaches; and he sent back a sympathetic and respectful message by Effie, who stood thoughtfully at her mother's pillow after she had delivered it, fingering the bouquet Colville had brought her, and putting her head first on this side and then on that to admire it.

"I think Mr. Colville and Imogene are much more affectionate than they used to be," she said.

Mrs. Bowen started up on her elbow. "What do you mean, Effie?"

"Oh, they're both so good to me."

"Yes," said her mother, dropping back to her pillow. "Both?"

"Yes. He's the *most* affectionate."

The mother turned her face the other way. "Then he must be," she murmured.

"What?" asked the child.

"Nothing. I didn't know I spoke."

The little girl stood awhile still playing with her flowers. "*I* think Mr. Colville is about the pleasantest gentleman that comes here. Don't you, mamma?"

"Yes."

"He's so interesting, and says such nice things. I don't know whether children ought to think of such things, but I wish I was going to marry some one like Mr. Colville. Of course I should want to be tolerably old if I did. How old do you think a person ought to be to marry him?"

"You mustn't talk of such things, Effie," said her mother.

"No; I suppose it isn't very nice." She picked out a bud in her bouquet, and kissed it; then she held the nosegay at arm's-length before her, and danced away with it.

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YOU might have known he was a Scotchman by the name of his little steamer; and if you had not known it by that, you would have known it as soon as you looked at him. Scotch, pure, unmitigated, unmistakable Scotch, was Donald Mackintosh, from the crown of his auburn head down to the soles of his big, awkward feet. Six feet two inches in his stockings he stood, and so straight that he looked taller even than that; blue-gray eyes full of a canny twinkle; freckles—yes, freckles that were really past the bounds of belief, for up into his hair they ran, and to the rims of his eyes; no pale, dull, equivocal freckles, such as might be mistaken for dingy spots of anything else, but brilliant golden-brown freckles, almost auburn like his hair. Once seen, never to be forgotten were Donald Mackintosh's freckles. All this does not sound like the description of a handsome man; but we are not through yet with what is to be said about Donald Mackintosh's looks. We have said nothing of his straight massive nose, his tawny curling beard, which shaded up to yellow around a broad and laughing mouth, where were perpetually flashing teeth of an even ivory whiteness a woman might have coveted. No, not handsome, but better than handsome, was Donald Mackintosh: he was superb. Everybody said so; nobody could have been found to dispute it—nobody but Donald himself: he thought, honestly thought, he was hideous. All that he could see on the rare occasions when he looked in a glass was an expanse of fiery red freckles, topped off with what he would have called a shock of red hair. Uglier than anything he had ever seen in his life, he said to himself many a time, and grew shyer and shyer and more afraid of women each time he said it; and all this while there was not a girl in Charlottetown that did not know him in her thoughts, if, indeed, she did not openly speak of him, as that "splendid Donald Mackintosh," or "the handsome *Heather Bell* captain." But nothing could have made Donald believe this, which was in one way a pity, though in another way not. If he had known how women admired him, he would have inevitably been more or less spoiled by it, wasted his time, and not have been so good a sailor. On the other hand, it was a pity to see him, forty years old, and alone in the world, not a chick nor a child of his own, nor any home except such miserable makeshifts as a sailor finds in inns or boarding-houses. It was a wonder that the warm-hearted fellow had kept a cheery nature and face all these years living thus. But the *Heather Bell* stood to him in place of wife, children, home. There is no passion in life so like the passion of a man for a woman as the passion of a sailor for his craft; and this passion Donald had to the full. It was odd how he came to be a born sailor. His father and his father's fathers, as far back as they knew, had been farmers—three generations of them—on the Prince Edward Island farm where Donald was born, and still more generations of them in old Scotland. Pure Scotch on both sides of the house for hundreds of years were the Mackintoshes, and the Gaelic tongue was to-day freer spoken in their houses than English.

The Mackintosh farm on Prince Edward Island was in the parish of Orwell Head, and Donald's earliest transgressions and earliest pleasures were runaway excursions to the wharves of that sleepy shore. To him Spruce Wharf was a centre of glorious maritime adventure. The small sloops that plied up and down the coast of the island, running in at the inlets, and stopping to gather up the farmers' produce and take it to Charlottetown markets, seemed to him as grand as Indiamen; and when, in his twelfth year, he found himself launched in life as a boy-of-all-work on one of these sloops, whose captain was a friend of his father's, he felt that his fortune was made. And so it was. He was in the line of promotion by virtue of his own enthusiasm. No plank too small for the born sailor to swim by. Before Donald was twenty-five he himself commanded one of these little coasting vessels. From this he took a great stride forward, and became first officer on the iron-clad steamer plying between Charlottetown and the mainland. The winter service on this boat was terrible, ploughing and cutting through nearly solid ice for long days and nights of storm. Donald did not like it. He felt himself lost out in the wild channel. His love was for the water near shore—for the bays, inlets, and river-mouths he had known since he was a child. He began to think

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he was not so much of a sailor as he had supposed, so great a shrinking grew up in him winter after winter from the perils and hardships of the mail steamer's route. But he persevered and bided his time, and in ten years had the luck to become owner and master of a trim little coasting steamer which had been known for years as the *Sally Wright*, making two trips a week from Charlottetown to Orwell Head —known as the *Sally Wright* no longer, however, for the first thing Donald did was to repaint her from stem to stern—white, with green and pink stripes; on her prow a cluster of pink heather blossoms, and *Heather Bell* in big letters on the side.

When he was asked where he got this fancy name, he said, lightly, "he did not know; it was a good Scotch name." This was not true. Donald knew very well. On the window-sill in his mother's kitchen had stood always a pot of pink heather. Come summer, come winter, the place was never left without a young heather growing, and the dainty pink bells were still to Donald the man, as they had been to Donald the child, the loveliest flowers in the world. But he would not for the profits of many a trip have told his comrade captains why he had named his boat the *Heather Bell*. He had a sentiment about the name which he himself hardly understood. It seemed out of all proportion to the occasion; but a day was coming when it would seem more like a prophecy than a mere sentiment. He had builded better than he knew when he chose that name for the thing nearest his heart.

Charlottetown is not a gay place; its standards and methods of amusement are simple and primitive. Among the summer pleasures of the young people, picnics still rank high, and picnic excursions by steamboat or sloop highest of all. Through June and July hardly a daily newspaper can be found which does not contain the advertisement of one or more of these excursions. After Donald made his little boat so fresh and gay with the pink and green colors, and gave her the winning new name, she came to be in great demand for these occasions. How much the captain's good looks had to do with the *Heather Bell's* popularity as a pleasure-boat it would not do to ask; but there was reason enough for her being liked aside from that. Sweet and fresh in and out, with white deck, the chairs and settees all painted green, and a gay streamer flying—white, with three green bars—and "Donald Mackintosh, Captain," in green letters, and below these a spray of pink heather, she looked more like a craft for festive sailing than for cruising about from one farm landing to another, picking up odds and ends of farm produce —eggs and butter and oats and wool—with now and then a passenger. Donald liked this slow cruising and the market-work best; but the picnic parties were profitable, and he took them whenever he could. He kept apart, however, from the merry-makers as much as possible, and was always glad at night when he had landed his noisy cargo safe back at the Charlottetown piers. This disposition on his part to hold himself aloof was greatly irritating to the Charlottetown girls, and to no one of them so much as to pretty Katie McCloud, who, because she was his second cousin, and had known him all her life, felt, and not without reason, that he ought to pay her something in the shape or semblance of attention when she was on board his boat, even if she were a member of a large and gay party, most of whom were strangers to him. There was another reason, too, but Katie had kept it so long locked in the bottom of her heart that she hardly realized its force and cogency, and if she had, would have laughed and put it as far from her thoughts as she could. The truth was, Katie had been in love with Donald ever since she was ten years old and he was twenty—a long time, seeing that she was now thirty and he forty; and never once, either in their youth or their middle age, had there been a word of love-making between them. All the same, deep in her heart the good little Katie had kept the image of Donald in sacred tenderness by itself. No other man's love-making, however earnest—and Katie had been by no means without lovers—had so much as touched this sentiment. She judged them all by this secret standard, and found them all wanting. She did not pine, neither did she take a step of forwardness, or even coquettish advance, to Donald.

She was too full of Scotch reticence for that. The only step she did take in hope of bringing him nearer to her was the going to Charlottetown to learn the milliner's trade. Poor Katie! if she had but known, she threw away her last chance when she did it. She reasoned that Donald was in Charlottetown far more than

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he was anywhere else; that if she staid at home on the farm, she could see him only by glimpses when the *Heather Bell* ran in at their landing—in and out and off again in an hour. What was that? And maybe a Sunday once or twice a year, and at a Christmas gathering. No wonder Katie thought that in the town where his business lay and he slept three nights a week she would have a far better chance; that he would be glad to come and see her in her tidy little shop. But when Donald heard what she had done, he said, gruffly: "Just like the rest; all for ribbons and laces and silly gear. I thought Katie 'd more sense. Why didn't she stay at home on the farm?" And he said as much to her when he first saw her in her new quarters. She tried to explain to him that she wanted to support herself, and she could not do it on the farm.

"No need—no need," said her relentless cousin; "there was plenty for all on the farm." And all the while he stood glowering at the counter spread with gay ribbons and artificial flowers, and Katie was ready to cry. This was in the first year of her life in Charlottetown. She was only twenty-two then. In the eight years since then matters had quieted down with Katie. It seemed certain that Donald would never marry. Everybody said so. And if a man had lived till forty without it, what else could be expected? If Katie had seen him seeking other women, her quiet and unrewarded devotion would no doubt have flamed up in jealous pain. But she knew that he gave to her as much as he gave to any—occasional and kindly courtesy, no less, no more. So the years slipped by, and in her patient industry Katie forgot how old she was growing, until suddenly, on her thirtieth birthday, something—the sight of a deepened line on her face, perhaps, or a pang of memory of the old childish past, such as birthdays always bring—something smote her with a sudden consciousness that life itself was slipping away, and she was alone. No husband, no child, no home, except as she earned each month, by fashioning bonnets and caps for the Charlottetown women, money enough to pay the rent of the two small rooms in which she slept, cooked, and plied her trade. Some tears rolled down Katie's face as she sat before her looking-glass thinking these unwelcome thoughts.

"I'll go to the Orwell Head picnic tomorrow," she said to herself. "It's so near the old place perhaps Donald 'll walk over home with me. It's long since he's seen the farm, I'll be bound."

Now Katie did not say to herself in so many words, "It will be like old times when we were young, and it may be something will stir in Donald's heart for me at the sight of the fields." Not only did she not say this; she did not know that she thought it; but it was there, all the same, a lurking, newly revived, vague, despairing sort of hope. And because it was there she spent half the day retrimming a bonnet and washing and ironing a gown to wear to the picnic; and after long and anxious pondering the matter, she deliberately took out of her best box of artificial flowers a bunch of white heather and added it to the bonnet trimming. It did not look overmuch like heather, and it did not suit the bonnet, of which Katie was dimly aware; but she wanted to say to Donald, "See, I put a sprig of heather in my bonnet in honor of your boat today." Simple little Katie!

It was a large and noisy picnic, of the very sort Donald most disliked, and he kept himself out of sight until the last moment, just before they swung round at Spruce Wharf. Then, as he stood on the upper deck giving orders about the flinging out ropes, Katie looked up at him from below, and called, in a half-whisper: "Oh, Donald, I was thinking I'd walk over home instead of staying here to the dance. Wouldn't ye be goin' with me, Donald? They'd be glad to see ye."

"Ay, Katie," answered Donald; "that will I, and be glad to be out of this;" and as soon as the boat was safely moored, he gave his orders to his mate for the day, and leaping down, joined the glad Katie, and before the picnickers had even missed them they were well out of sight, walking away briskly over the brown fields.

Katie was full of happiness. As she glanced up into Donald's face she found it handsomer and kinder than she had seen it, she thought, for many years.

"It was for this I came, Donald," she said, merrily. "When I heard the dance was to be in the Spruce Grove I made up my mind to come and surprise the folks. It's nigh six months since I've been home."

"Pity ye ever left it, my girl," said Donald, gravely. "The home's the place for women." But he said it in a pleasant tone, and his eyes rested affectionately on Katie's face.

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"Eh, but ye're bonny to-day, Katie; do ye know it?" he continued, his glance lingering on her fresh color and her smiling face. In his heart he was saying, "An' what is it makes her so young-looking to-day? It was an old face she had on the last time I saw her."

Happiness, Donald, happiness! Even those few minutes of it had worked the change.

Encouraged by this praise, Katie said, pointing to the flowers in her bonnet, "It's the heather ye're meanin', maybe, Donald, an' not me?"

"And it's not," he replied, earnestly, almost angrily, with a scornful glance at the flowers. "Ye'll not be callin' that heather. Did ye never see true heather, Katie? It's no more like the stalks ye've on yer head than a barrow's like my boat yonder."

Which was not true: the flowers were of the very best ever imported into Charlottetown, and were a better representation of heather than most artificial flowers are of the blossoms whose names they bear. Donald was not a judge; and if he had been, it was a cruel thing to say. Katie's eyes drooped: she had made a serious sacrifice in putting so dear a bunch of flowers on her bonnet—a bunch that she had, in her own mind, been sure Lady Gownas, of Gownas House, would buy for her summer bonnet. She had made this sacrifice purely to please Donald, and this was what had come of it. Poor Katie! However, nothing could trouble her long to-day, with Donald by her side in the sunny bright fields; and she would have him to herself till four in the afternoon.

As they drew near the farm-house a strange sound fell on their ears; it was as if a million of beehives were in full blast of buzzing in the air. At the same second both Donald and Katie paused, listening. "What can that be, now?" exclaimed Donald. Before the words had left his lips, Katie cried, "It's a bee!—Elspie's spinning bee."

The spinning bees are great fêtes among the industrious maidens of Prince Edward Island. After the spring shearings are over, the wool washed and carded and made into rolls, there begin to circulate invitations to spinning bees at the different farm-houses. Each girl carries her spinning-wheel on her shoulder. By eight o'clock in the morning all are gathered and at work: some of them have walked ten miles or more, and barefoot too, their shoes slung over the shoulder with the wheel. Once arrived, they waste no time. The rolls of wool are piled high in the corners of the rooms, and it is the ambition of each one to spin all she can before dark. At ten o'clock cakes and lemonade are served; at twelve, the dinner—thick soup, roast meat, vegetables, coffee and tea, and a pudding. All are seated at a long table, and the hostesses serve; at six o'clock comes supper, and then the day's work is done; after that a little chat or a ramble over the farm, and at eight o'clock all are off for home. No young men, no games, no dances, yet the girls look forward to the bees as their greatest spring pleasures, and no one grudges the time or the strength they take.

It was, indeed, a big bee that Elspie McCloud was having this June morning. Twenty young girls, all in long white aprons, were spinning away as if on a wager when Donald and Katie appeared at the door. The door opened directly into the large room where they were. Katie went first, Donald hanging back behind. "I think I'll not go in," he was shamefacedly saying, and halting on the step, when, above all the wheel whirring and yarn singing, came a glad cry:

"Why, there's Katie—Katie McCloud! and Donald Mackintosh! For pity's sake!" (the Prince Edward Islander's strongest ejaculation). "Come in! come in!" And in a second more a vision, it seemed to the dazed Donald, but it was not a vision at all, only a buxom young girl in a blue homespun gown, had seized him with one hand and Katie with the other, and drawn them both into the room, into the general whir and *mêlée* of wheels, merry faces, and still merrier voices. It was Elspie, Katie's youngest sister, Katie's special charge and care when she was a baby, and now her special pet. The greatest desire of Katie's heart was to have Elspie with her in Charlottetown, but the father and mother would not consent. What hugs and what kisses! Donald stood like a man in a dream. He did not know it, but from the moment his eyes first fell on Elspie's face they had followed it as iron follows the magnet. Were there ever such sweet gray eyes in the world? and such a pink and white skin? and hair yellow as gold? And what, oh, what did she wear tucked

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in at the belt of her white apron but a sprig of heather! Pink heather — true, genuine, actual pink heather, such as Donald had not seen for many a year. No wonder the eyes of the captain of the *Heather Bell* followed that spray of pink heather wherever it went flitting about from place to place, never long in one, for it was now time for dinner, and Donald and the old people were soon seated at a small table by themselves, not to embarrass the young girls, and Elspie and Katie together served the dinner; and though Elspie never once came to the small table, yet did Donald see every motion she made and hear every note of her lark's voice. He did not mistake what had happened to him. Middle-aged, inexperienced, sober-souled man as he was, he knew that at last he had got a wound—a life wound, if it were not healed—and the consciousness of it struck him more and more dumb, till his presence was like a damper on the festivities; so much so that when, at three in the afternoon, he and Katie took their departure, the door had no more than closed on them before Elspie exclaimed, pettishly: "An' indeed I wish Katie'd left Cousin Donald behind. I don't know what it is she thinks so much of him for. She's always sayin' there's none like him; an' it's lucky it's true. The great glowerin' steeple o' a man, with no word in his mouth!" And the young maidens all agreed with her. It was a strange thing for a man to come and go like that, with nothing to say for himself, they said, and he so handsome too.

"Handsome!" cried Elspie; "is it handsome!—the face all a spatter with the color of the hair! He's nice eyes of his own, but his skin's deesgustin'." Which speech, if Donald had overheard it, would have caused that there should never have been this story to tell. But luckily Donald did not. All that he bore away from the McCloud farm-house that June morning was a picture of a face and flitting figure, and the sound in his ears of a voice—a picture and a sound which he was destined to see and hear all his life.

He scarcely spoke on his way back to the boat, and Katie perplexed herself vainly trying to account for his silence. It must be, she thought, that he had been vexed by the sight of so many girls and the sound of their idle chatter. He would have liked it better if nobody but the family had been at home. What a shame for a man to live alone, as he did, and get into such unsocial ways! He grew more and more averse to society each year. Now if he were only married, and had a bright home, where people came and went, with a bit of a tea now and then, how good it would be for him!—take the stiffness out of his ways, and make him more as he used to be fifteen or even ten years ago. And so the good Katie went on in her placid mind, trotting along silently by his side, waiting for him to speak.

"Where did she get the heather?"

"What?" exclaimed Katie. The irrelevant question sounded like the speech of one talking in his sleep. "Oh!" she continued, "ye mean Elspie."

"Ay," said Donald. "She'd a bit of heather in her belt; the true heather, not sticks like yon," pointing a contemptuous finger toward Katie's bonnet. "Where did she get it?"

"Mother's always the heather growing in the house," answered Katie. "She says she's homesick unless she sees it. It was grandmother brought it over in the first, and it's never been let die out."

"My mother the same," said Donald. "It's the first blossom I remember, an' I'm thinking it will be the last," he continued, gazing at Katie absently; but his face did not look as if it were absently he gazed. There was a glow on his cheeks and an intense expression in his eyes which Katie had never seen there. They warmed her heart.

"Yes," she said, "one can never forget what one has loved in the youth."

"True, Katie, true. There's nothing like one's own and earliest," replied Donald, full of his new and thrilling emotion; and as he said it he reached out his hand and took hold of Katie's, as if they were boy and girl together. "Many's the time I've raced wi' ye this way, Katie," he said, affectionately.

"Ay, when I was a wee thing; an' ye always let go my hand at last, and pretended I could outrin ye," laughed Katie, blissful tears filling her eyes.

What a happy day was this! Had it not been an inspiration to bring Donald back to the old farm-house? Katie was sure it had. She was filled with sweet reveries, and so silent on the way home that her merry friends joked her unmercifully about her long walk inland with the captain.

It was late in the night, or rather it was

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early the next morning, when the *Heather Bell* reached her wharf.

"I'll go up with ye, Katie," said Donald. "It's not decent for ye to go alone."

And when he bade her good-night he looked half wistfully in her face, and said, "But it's a lonely house for ye to come to, Katie, an' not a soul but yourself in it," and he held her hand in his affectionately, as a cousin might.

Katie's heart beat like a hammer in her bosom at these words, but she answered, gravely, "Yes, it was sorely lonely at first, an' I wearied myself out to get them to give me Elspie to learn the business wi' me, but I'm more used to it now."

"That is what I was thinkin'," said Donald, "that if the two o' ye were here together, ye'd not be so lonely. Would she not like to come?"

"Ay, that would she," replied the unconscious Katie; "she pines to be with me; I'm more her mother than the mother herself; but they'll never consent."

"She's bonny," said Donald. "I'd not seen her since she was little."

"She's as good as she is bonny," said Katie, warmly, and that was the last word between Katie and Donald that night.

"As good as she is bonny." It rang in Donald's ears like a refrain of heavenly music as he strode away. "As good as she is bonny;" and how good must that be? She could not be as good as she was bonny, for she was the bonniest lass that ever drew breath. Gray eyes and golden hair and pink cheeks and pink heather all mingled in Donald's dreams that night in fantastic and impossible combinations, and more than once he waked in terror, with the sweat standing on his forehead from some nightmare fancy of danger to the *Heather Bell* and to Elspie, both being inextricably entangled together in his vision.

The visions did not fade with the day. They pursued Donald, and haunted his down-sitting and his up-rising. He tried to shake them off, drive them away, for when he came to think the thing over soberly, he called himself an old fool to be thus going daft about a child like Elspie.

"Barely twenty at the most, and me forty. She'd not look at an old fellow like me, and maybe 'twould be like a sin if she did," said Donald to himself over and over again. But it did no good. "As good as she is bonny, bonny, bonny," rang in his ears, and the blue eyes and golden hair and merry smile floated before his eyes. There was no help for it. Since the world began there have been but two roads out of this sort of mystic maze in which Donald now found himself lost—but two roads, one bright with joy, one dark with sorrow. And which road should it be Donald's fate to travel must be for the child Elspie to say. After a few days of bootless striving with himself, during which time he had spent more hours with Katie than he had for a year before—it was such a comfort to him to see in her face the subtle likeness to Elspie, and to hear her talk about plans of bringing her to Charlottetown for a visit if nothing more—after a few days of this, Captain Donald, one Saturday afternoon, sailing past Orwell Head, suddenly ran into the inlet where he had taken the picnic party, and mooring the *Heather Bell* at Spruce Wharf, announced to his astonished mate that he should lie by there till Monday.

It was a bold step of Captain Donald's. But he was not a man for half-and-half ways in anything; and he had said grimly to himself that this matter must be ended one way or the other—either he would win the child or lose her. He would know which. Girls had loved men twenty years older than themselves, and girls might again.

The Sunday passed off better than his utmost hopes. Everybody except Elspie was cordially glad to see him. Visitors were not so common at the Orwell Head farm-houses that they could fail of welcome. The McCloud boys were thankful to hear all that Donald had to tell, and with the old father and mother he had always been a prime favorite. It had been a sore disappointment to them, as year after year went by, to see that there seemed no likelihood of his becoming Katie's husband. As the day wore on, even Elspie relaxed a little from her indifferent attention to him, and began to perceive that, spite of the odious freckles, he was, as the girls had said, a handsome man.

Partly because of this, and partly from innate coquetry, she said, when he was taking leave, "Ye'll not be comin' again for another year, maybe?"

"Ye'll see, then!" laughed Donald, with a sudden wise impulse to refrain from giving the reply which sprang to his lips—"To-morrow, if ye'd ask me!"

And from the same wise, strangely wise

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impulse, he curbed his desire to go again the next Sunday and the next. Not until three weeks had passed did he go; and then Elspie was clearly and unmistakably glad to see him. This was all Donald wanted.

"I'll win her, the bonny thing!" he said to himself. "An' I'll not be long either."

And he was right. A girl would have been hard indeed that would not have been touched by the beaming, tender face which Donald wore, now that hope lighted it up. His masterful bearing, too, was a pleasure to the spirited Elspie, who had no liking for milksops, and had sent off more than one lover because he came crawling too humbly to her feet. Elspie had none of the gentle, quiet blood which ran in Katie's veins. She had even been called Firebrand in her younger, childish days, so hot was her temper, so hasty her tongue. But the firm rule of the Scottish household and the pressure of the stern Scotch Calvinism preached in their kirk had brought her well under her own control.

"Eh, but the bonny lass has hersel' well in hand," thought the admiring Donald more than once, as he saw her in some family discussion or controversy keep silence, with flushing cheeks, when sharp words rose to her tongue.

All this time Katie was plodding away at her millinery, inexpressibly cheered by Donald's new friendliness. He came often to see her, and told her with the greatest frankness of his visits at the farm. He would take her some day, he said; the trouble was, he could never be sure beforehand when it would answer for him to stop there. Katie sunned herself in this new familiar intercourse, and the thought of Donald running up to the old farm of a Sunday as if he were one of the brothers going home. In the contentment of these thoughts she grew younger and prettier; began to look as she did at twenty. And Donald, gazing scrutinizingly in her face one day, seeking, as he was always doing, for stray glimpses of resemblance to Elspie, saw this change, and impulsively told her of it.

"But ye're growin' young, Katie—d'ye know it?—young and bonny, my girl."

And Katie listened to the words with such sweet joy she feared her face would tell too much, and put up her hands to hide it, crying: "Ah, ye're tryin' to make me silly, you Donald, with such flatterin'. We're gettin' old, Donald, you an' me," she added, with a guilty little under-current of thought in her mind. "D'ye mind that I was thirty last month?"

"Ay," replied Donald, gloomily, his face darkening—"ay; I mind, by the same token, I'm forty. It's no need ye have to be callin' yerself old. But I'm old, an' no mistake." The thought, as Katie had put it, had been gall and wormwood to him. If Katie thought him old, what must he seem to Elspie!

It was early in June that Elspie had had the spinning bee to which Katie had brought the unwelcome Donald. The summer sped past, but a faster summer than any reckoned on the calendar of months and days was speeding in Elspie's heart. Such great love as Donald's reaches and warms its object as inevitably as the heat of a fire warms those near it. Early in June the spinning bee, and before the last flax was pulled, early in September, Elspie knew that she was restless till Donald came, glad when he was by her side, and strangely sorry when he went away. Still she was not ready to admit to herself that it was anything more than her natural liking for any pleasant friend who broke in on the lonely monotony of the farm life.

The final drying of the flax, which is an important crop on most of the Prince Edward Island farms, is put off until autumn. After its first drying in the fields where it grew it is stored in bundles under cover till all the other summer work is done, and autumn brings leisure. Then the flax camp, as it is called, is built—a big house of spruce boughs; walls, flat roof, all of the green spruce boughs, thick enough to keep out rain. This is usually in the heart of a spruce grove. Thither the bundles of flax are carried and stacked in piles. In the centre of the inclosure a slow fire is lighted, and above this on a frame of slats the stalks of flax are laid for their last drying. It is a difficult and dangerous process to keep the fire hot enough and not too hot, to shift and turn and lift the flax at the right moment. Sometimes only a sudden flinging of moist earth upon the fire saves it from blazing up into the flax, and sometimes one careless second's oversight loses the whole—flax, spruce-bough house, all, in a light blaze, and gone in a breath.

The McClouds' flax camp had been built in the edge of the spruce grove where the picnickers had held their dance and merry-making on that June day, memorable

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to Donald and Elspie and Katie. It was well filled with flax, in the drying of which nobody was more interested than Elspie. She had big schemes for spinning and weaving in the coming winter. A whole piece of linen she had promised to Katie, and a piece for herself, and, as Elspie thought it over, maybe a good many more pieces than one she might require for herself before spring. Who knew?

It was October now, and many a Sunday evening had Elspie walked with Donald alone down to Spruce Wharf, and lingered there watching the last curl of steam from the *Heather Bell* as she rounded the point, bearing Donald away. Elspie could not doubt why Donald came; soon she would wonder why he came and went so many times silent; that is, silent in words, eloquent of eye and hand—even the touch of his hand was like a promise.

No one was defter and more successful in this handling of the flax over the fire than Elspie. It had sometimes happened that she, with the help of one brother, had dried the whole crop. It was not thought safe for one person to work at it alone for fear of accident with the fire. But it fell out on this October afternoon, a Saturday, that Elspie, feeling sure of Donald's being on his way to spend the Sunday with her, had walked down to the wharf to meet him. Seeing no signs of the boat, she went back to the flax camp, lighted the fire, and began to spread the flax on the slats. There was not much more left to be dried—"not more than three hours' work in all," she said to herself. "Eh, but I'd like to have done with it before the Sabbath!" And she fell to work with a will—so briskly to work that she did not realize how time was flying—did not, strangest of all, hear the letting off of steam when the *Heather Bell* moored at the wharf; and she was still busily turning and lifting and separating the stalks of flax, bending low over the frame, heated, hurrying, her whole heart in her work, when Donald came striding up the field from the wharf, striding at his greatest pace, for he was disturbed at not finding Elspie at the landing to meet him. He turned his head toward the spruce grove, thinking vaguely of the June picnic, and what had come of his walking away from the dance that morning, when suddenly a great column of smoke and fire rolled up from the grove, and in the same second came piercing shrieks in Elspie's voice. The grove was only a few rods away, but it seemed to Donald an eternity before he reached the spot, to see not only the spruce boughs and flax on fire, but Elspie tossing up her arms like one crazed, her gown all ablaze. The brave, foolish girl, at the first blazing of the stalks on the slats, had darted into the corner of the house and snatched an armful of the piled flax there to save it, but as she passed the flaming centre the whole sheaf she carried had caught fire also, and in a twinkling of an eye had blazed up around her head, and when she dropped it, had blazed up again fiercer than ever around her feet.

With a groan Donald seized her. The flames leaped on him too, as if to wrestle with him; his brown beard crackled, his hair, but he fought through it all; throwing Elspie on the ground, he rolled her over and over, crying aloud, "Oh, my darlin', if I break your sweet bones, it is better than the fire!" And indeed it seemed as if it must break her bones, so fiercely he rolled her over and over, tearing off his woollen coat to smother the fire; beating it with his tartan cap, stamping it with his knees and feet.

"Oh, my darlin'! make yourself easy. I'll save ye! I'll save ye if I die for it," he cried. And through the smoke and the fire and the terror Elspie answered back:

"I'll not leave ye, my Donald. We're gettin' it under;" and with her own scorched hands she pulled the coat flaps down over the smouldering bits of flax, and tore off her burning garments.

Not a coward thread in her whole body had little Elspie; and in less time than the story could ever be told, all was over, and safely; and there they sat on the ground, the two, locked in each other's arms; Donald's beard gone, and much of his hair; Elspie's pretty golden hair also blackened, burned. It was the first thing Donald saw after he made sure danger was past. Laying his hand on her head, he said, with a half sob—he was hysterical, now there was nothing more to be done: "Oh, your bonny hair, my darlin'! It's all scorched away."

"It 'll grow!" said Elspie, looking up in his eyes archly. Her head was on his shoulder, and she nestled closer; then she burst into tears and laughter together, crying: "Oh, Donald, it was for you I was callin'. Did ye hear me? I said to myself when the fire took hold, 'O God, send Donald to save me!'"

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"An' He sent me, my darlin'," answered Donald. "Ye are my own darlin'; say it, Elspie—say it!" he continued. "Oh, ye bonny bairn, but I've loved ye like death since the first day I set eyes on your bonny face! Say ye're my darlin'!"

But he knew it without her saying a word, and the whispered, "Yes, Donald, I'm your darlin', if you want me," did not make him any surer.

There was a great outcrying and trembling of hearts at the farm-house when Donald and Elspie appeared in this sorry plight of torn and burned clothes, blackened faces, scorched and singed hair. But thankfulness soon swept away all other emotions—thankfulness and a great joy too, for Donald's second word was, turning to the old father,

"An' it is my own that I've saved; she's gien herself to me for all time; an' we'll ask for your blessin' on us without any waitin'!" Tears filled the mother's eyes. She thought of another daughter. A dire instinct smote her of woe to Katie.

"Ay, Donald," she said, "it's a good day to us to see ye enter the house as a son; but I never thought o'—" She stopped.

Donald's quick consciousness imagined part of what she had on her mind.

"No," he said, half sad in the midst of his joy, "o' course ye didn't; an' I wonder at myself; it's like winter weddin' wi' spring, ye'll be sayin'. But I'll keep young for her sake. Ye'll see she's no old man for a husband. There's nothing in a' the world I'll not do for the bairn. It's no light love I bear her."

"Ye'll be tellin' Katie on the morrow?" said the unconscious Elspie.

"Ay, ay," replied the equally unconscious Donald; "an' she'll be main glad o't. It's a hundred times in the summer that she's been sayin' how she longed to have you in the town wi' her. And now ye're comin', comin' soon, oh, my bonny. I'll make a good home for ye both. Katie's the same's my own too, for always."

The mother gazed earnestly at Donald. Could it be that he was so unaware of Katie's heart? "Donald," she said, suddenly, "I'll go down wi' ye if ye'll take me. I've been wantin' to go. There's a many things I've to do in the town."

It had suddenly occurred to her that she might thus save Katie the shock of hearing the news first from Donald's lips.

It was well she did. When, with stammering lips, and she hardly knew in what words, she finally broke it to Katie that Donald had asked Elspie to be his wife, and that Elspie loved him, and they would soon be married, Katie stared into her face for a moment with wide, vacant eyes, as if paralyzed by some vision of terror. Then, turning white, she gasped out, "Mother!" No word more. None was necessary.

"Ay, my bairn, I know," said the mother, with a trembling voice, "an' I came mysel' that no other should tell ye."

A long silence followed, broken only by an occasional shuddering sigh from Katie; not a tear in her eyes, and her cheeks as scarlet as they had been white a few moments before. The look on her face was terrifying.

"Will it kill ye, bairn?" sobbed the mother at last. "Don't look so. It must be borne, my bairn—it must be borne."

It was a shrill voice, unlike Katie's, which replied: "Ay, I'll bear it; it must be borne. There's none knows it but you, mother," she added, with a shade of relief in the tone.

"And never will if ye're brave, bairn," answered the mother.

"It was the day of the picnic," cried Katie; "was't not? I remember he said she was bonny."

"Ay, 'twas then," replied the mother, so sorely torn between her love for the two daughters, between whom had fallen this terrible sword. "Ay, it was then. He says she has not been out of his mind by the night or by the day since it."

Katie shivered. "And it was I brought him," she said, with a tearless sob bitterer than any loud weeping. "Ye'll be goin' back the night?" she added, drearily.

"I'll bide if ye want me," said the mother.

"I'm better alone, mother," said Katie, her voice for the first time faltering. "I'll bear it. Never fear me, mother; but I'm best alone for a bit. Ye'll give my warm love to Elspie, an' send her down here to me to stay till she's married. I'll help her best if she's here. There'll be much to be done. I'll do't, mother; never fear me."

"Are ye countin' too much on yer strength, bairn?" asked the now weeping mother. "I'd rather see ye give way like."

"No, no," cried Katie, impatiently. "Each one has his own way, mother; let me have mine. I'll work for Donald and

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Elspie all I can. Ye know she was always like my own bairn more than a sister. The quicker she comes, the better for me, mother. It 'll be all over then. Eh, but she'll be a bonny bride!" and at these words Katie's tears at last flowed.

"There, there, bairn! Have out the tears; they're healin' to grief," exclaimed her mother, folding her arms tight around her and drawing her head down on her shoulder as she had done in her babyhood.

Katie was right. When she had Elspie by her side, and was busily at work in helping on all the preparations for the wedding, the worst was over. There was a strange blending of pang and pleasure in the work. Katie wondered at herself; but it grew clearer and clearer to her each day that since Donald could not be hers, she was glad he was Elspie's. "If he'd married a stranger it would ha' broke my heart far worse—far worse," she said many a time to herself as she sat patiently stitching, stitching, on Elspie's bridal clothes. "He's my own in a way, after a', so long's he's my brother. There's nobody can rob me o' that;" and the sweet light of unselfish devotion beamed more and more in her countenance, till even the mother that bore her was deceived, and said in her heart that Katie could not have been so very much in love with Donald, after all.

There was one incident which for a few moments sorely tested Katie's self-control. The spray of white heather blossom which she had worn to the June picnic she had on the next day put back in her box of flowers for sale, hoping that she might yet find a customer for it. The delicate bells were not injured either in shape or color. It was a shame to lose it for one day's wear, thought the thrifty Katie, and most surely she herself would never wear it again. She could not even see it without a flush of mortification as she recalled Donald's contempt for it. The privileged Elspie, rummaging among all Katie's stores, old and new, spied this white heather cluster one day, and snatching it up, exclaimed: "The very thing for my weddin' bonnet, Katie! I'll have it in. The bride o' the master o' the *Heather Bell* should be wed with the heather bloom on her."

Katie's face flushed. "It's been worn, Elspie," she said; "I had it in a bonnet o' my own. Don't ye remember I wore it to the picnic? an' then it didna suit, an' I put it back in the box. It's not fit for ye. I've a bunch o' lilies-o'-the-valley, better."

"No; I'll have this," pursued Elspie. "It's as white's the driven snow, an' not hurt at all. I'm sure Donald 'll like it better than all the other flowers i' the town."

"Indeed, then, he won't," said Katie, sharply; on which Elspie turned upon her with a flashing eye, and said:

"An' which 'll be knowin' best, do ye think? What is it ye mean?"

"Nothing," said Katie, meekly, "only he said, that day I'd the bonnet on, it was no more than sticks, an' not like the true heather at all."

"All he knows, then! Ye'll see he'll not say it looks like sticks when it's on the bonnet I'm goin' to church in," retorted Elspie, dancing to the looking-glass, and holding the white heather bells high up against her golden curls. "It's the only flower in all yer boxes I want, Katie, and ye'll not grudge it to me, will ye, dear?" And the sparkling Elspie threw herself on the floor by Katie, and flung her arms across her knees, looking up into her face with a willful, loving smile.

"No wonder Donald loves her so, the bonny thing!" thought Katie. "God knows I'd grudge ye nothing on earth, Elspie," she said, in a voice so earnest that Elspie looked wonderingly at her.

"Is it a very dear flower, sister?" she said, penitently. "Does it cost too much money for Elspie?"

"No, bairn, it's not too dear," said Katie, herself again. "The lilies were dearer. But ye'll have the heather and welcome, if ye will; and I doubt not it 'll look all right in Donald's eyes when he sees it this time."

It was indeed a good home that Donald made for his wife and her sister. He was better to do in worldly goods than they had supposed. His long years of seclusion from society had been years of thrift and prosperity. No more milliner-work for Katie. Donald would not hear of it. So she was driven to busy herself with the house, keeping from Elspie's willing and eager hands all the harder tasks, and laying up stores of fine-spun linen and wool for future use in the family. It was a marvel how content Katie found herself as the winter flew by. The wedding had taken place at Christmas, and the two sisters and Donald had gone together from the church to Donald's new house, where in a day or two everything had settled into

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peaceful grooves of simple industrious habit as if they had been there all their lives.

Donald's happiness was of the deep and silent kind. Elspie did not realize the extent of it. A freer-spoken, more demonstrative lover would have found heartier response and more appreciation from her. But she was a loyal, loving, contented little wife, and there could not have been found in all Charlottetown a happier household, to the eye, than was Donald's for the first three months after his marriage.

Then a cloud settled on it. For some inexplicable reason the blooming Elspie, who had never had a day's illness in her life, drooped in the first approach of the burden of motherhood. A strange presentiment also seized her. After the first brief gladness at the thought of holding a child of her own in her arms, she became overwhelmed with a melancholy certainty of her own death.

"I'll never live to see it, Katie," she said, again and again. "It 'll be your bairn, an' not mine. Ye'll never give it up, Katie?—promise me. Ye'll take care of it all your life?—promise." And Katie, terrified by her earnestness, promised everything she asked, all the while striving to re-assure her that her fears were needless.

No medicines did Elspie good; mind and body alike reacted on each other; she failed hour by hour till the last; and when her time of trial came, the sad presentiment fulfilled itself, and she died in giving birth to her babe.

When Katie brought the child to the stunned and stricken Donald, saying, "Will ye not look at him, Donald? it is as fine a man-child's was ever seen," he pushed her away, saying, in a hoarse whisper: "Never let me see its face. She said it was to be your bairn and not hers. Take it and go. I'll never look on it."

Donald was out of his reason when he spoke these words, and for long after. They bore with him tenderly and patiently, and did as they could for the best, Katie, the wan and grief-stricken Katie, being the chief adviser and planner of all.

Elspie's body was carried home and buried near the spruce grove, in a little copse of young spruces which Donald pointed out. This was the only wish he expressed about anything. Katie took the baby with her to the old homestead. She dared not try to rear it without her mother's help.

It was many months before Donald came to the farm. This seemed strange to all except Katie. To her it seemed the most natural thing, and she grew impatient with all who thought otherwise.

"I'd feel that way myself," she repeated again and again. "He'll come when he can, but it 'll be long first. Ye none of ye know what a love it was he'd in his heart for Elspie."

When at last Donald came, the child, the little Donald, was just able to creep—a chubby, blue-eyed, golden-haired little creature, already bearing the stamp and likeness of his mother's beauty.

At the first sight of his face Donald staggered, buried his head in his hands, and turned away. Then, looking again, he stretched out his arms, took the baby in them, and kissed him convulsively over and over. Katie stood by, looking on, silently weeping. "He's like her," she said.

"Ay," said Donald.

The healing had begun. "A little child shall lead them," is of all the Bible prophecies the one oftenest fulfilled. It soon grew to be Donald's chiefest pleasure to be with his boy, and he found more and more irksome the bonds of business which permitted him so few intervals of leisure to visit the farm. At last one day he said to Katie:

"Katie, couldn't ye make your mind up to come up to Charlottetown? I'd get ye a good house, an' ye could have who ye'd like to live wi' ye. I'm like one hungry all the time, I'm out o' reach o' the little lad."

Katie's eyes fell. She did not know what to reply.

"I do not know, Donald," she faltered. "It's hard for you having him away, but this is my home now, Donald. I've a dread o' leavin' it. And there is nobody I know who could come to live with me."

A strange thought shot through Donald's brain. "Katie," he said, then paused. Something in the tone startled Katie. She lifted her eyes; read in his the thought which had made the tone so significant to her ear.

Unconsciously she cried out at the sight, "Oh, Donald!"

"Ay, Katie," he said, slowly, with a grave tenderness, "why might not I come and live wi' ye? Are ye not the mother

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o' my child? Did she not give him to ye with her own lips? An' how could ye have him without me? I think she must ha' meant it so. Let me come, Katie."

It was an unimpassioned wooing; but any other would have repelled Katie's sense of loyalty and truth.

"Have ye love for me, Donald?" she said, searchingly.

"All the love left in me is for the little lad and for you, Katie," answered Donald. "I'll not deceive you, Katie. It's but a broken man I am; but I've always loved ye, Katie. I'll be a good man t' ye, lass. Come and be the little lad's mother, and let me live wi' my own once more. Will ye come?" As he said these words, he stretched out his arms toward Katie, and she, trembling, afraid to be glad, shadowed by the sad past, yet trusting in the future, crept into them, and was folded close to the heart she had so faithfully loved all her life.

"I promised Elspie," she whispered, "that I'd never, never give him to another."

"Ay," said Donald, as he kissed her. "He's your bairn, my Katie. Ye'll be content wi' me, Katie?"

"Yes, Donald, if I make you content," she replied, and a look of heavenly peace spread over her face.

The next morning Katie went alone to Elspie's grave. It seemed to her that only there could she venture to look her new future in the face. As she knelt by the low mound, her tears falling fast, she murmured:

"Eh, my bonny Elspie, ye'd the best o' his love. But it's me that 'll be doin' for him till I die, an' that's better than a' the love."

SUMMER'S DECAY.

WHEN my first roses shed
Their petals, and lay dead,
I knew my foe Decay
Had struck at my sweet day
Of summer breath and bloom.
I heard my knell of doom
In the soft sighing breeze
That scattered their dead leaves.

And then and there I seemed
To see as one who dreamed
A long procession pass
Across the springing grass—
Sweet ghosts of the dead flowers
That bloomed in last year's hours.
And stately at the head,
All clad in white and red,

Shedding their dewy scent,
My fair June darlings went;
And following after stept
My lilies, who had kept
Their garments white as snow,
While their warm hearts did glow
With all the golden fire
That summer suns inspire.

All blooms and blossoms fair
Followed and followed there,
Until I did behold,
White as the stars, and cold,
My pale chrysanthemums pass;
And then I knew, alas!
The end had come; and knew,
While still the warm winds blew,
My darlings of to-day
Like this were on their way
To join the ghostly throng;
Like this would move along,
Pale visions, dead and dear,
To haunt another year.
Shuddering, I moaned and wept,
And in that moment crept

Shadows of storm and night
Across my summer light.
"What is my summer pride?"
Moaning, I wept and cried,
"Why do I hold my way,
If only to decay?"
Then suddenly I heard
Amid my boughs a bird

Lifting a heavenly voice.
"Rejoice, and yet rejoice,"
He sang; and sang again:
"Out of this earth-bound pain,
Out of this dread decay,
I lift my heavenly lay."
Higher and higher still,
Sweet with a sweeter thrill,

Lifted that heavenly song.
Borne on its wings along,
I saw the bloom and birth
Of the new heaven and earth,
And all my flowery host,
Each sweet departing ghost,
Seemed in my ears to sing,
"No fair and beauteous thing,
Nothing of precious cost,
Nothing we love, is lost."

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SUMMER'S DECAY.

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I.—FROM THE COAST TO THE VOLCANOES.

WHAT a magnificent panorama was that which burst on our sight through the early morning mist, as our ship, the Pacific mail steamer from San Francisco to Panama, came to in the roadstead off San José! A long line of beach foam, the dense forest of deepest green coming down to the very water line, the unbroken inland as far as the vision extended, and two colossal peaks towering in the eastern sky, azure on orange. All along down the coast we had glimpses and views of the shore scenery, everywhere beautiful, impressive, and oftentimes grand, but nothing so beautiful, impressive, and grand as what lay before us now. Seventy-five miles inland lay those volcanic piles, yet in the clear air seemingly not three leagues away.

But we had little time in which to dwell upon this scene, for as soon as the ship dropped anchor all was bustle and confusion. Over two miles away lay the landing, which was to be reached only by small boats and lighters. The Pacific coast from Acapulco to Panama has not one good harbor. The land, so mountainous only a few leagues inland, is shoal on the sea line, and the sailor gives that coast a "wide berth" as a dangerous and treacherous passageway for commerce. Landing, therefore, from ocean steamers is a serious matter indeed, if the weather is at all unpropitious, and it not infrequently happens that passengers for ports north of Panama can not be landed at all, so are compelled to go on to the end and try for a landing on the up trip.

Steamer day is the one busy day in that little port of San José (Istapa). Everybody is then awakened from the habitual siesta and lethargy of that *tierra caliente* climate, and for a while the excitement is general. Wharf owners, customs officers, boatmen, fruit venders—all put out in small boats to eventually swarm over the vessel's bulwarks. The first to appear is the port officer—*Señor Capitan del Puerto*—he also is *Capitan del Resguardo* —customs officer—who, smiling and bowing, quietly disappears with the purser, and after a seemingly long retirement re-appears, decidedly unsteady on his legs; but he goes through his official formalities of signing landing permits. Then the lighters and boats to convey passengers ashore are permitted to approach, and the pandemonium commences. All manner of tropical fruits, Indian wares, cigars and cigarettes, etc., are urged upon the passengers; boatmen make their blandishing offers for a trip ashore and back again; the passengers to land, with their baggage, get aboard the lighters, and then for shore! That ferry is not always pleasant or safe, for, despite the sinewy oarsmen and their evident skill, what with winds, waves, eddies, and strong currents, their heavily loaded yawl (keel boat) will drift and get into trouble, and often baggage and passengers are thoroughly drenched before the landing is made.

And that landing has its spice of danger as well as novelty. The wharf, an iron structure, stretching far out over the shallows to reach the proper depth for those light-draught boats, is covered with a shed looking like a gigantic hood. On the farthest end is a huge iron basket swung over the water from a pulley. The lighter comes carefully beneath this basket, and, tossed by the sea, the uneasy boat is unloaded into this swaying, swinging, bobbing cage. To board it, of course, requires nerve and skill. To drop into the water, swarming with sharks, means something more than a bath; but we all succeed in safely crawling into the cage; the dummy-engine begins to wheeze and puff in the shed above, and we are lifted to the wharf, to be drawn in by strong hands and dumped on the floor with a resounding thump, glad to escape without broken bones, even into that sweat-box, as it proved to be, with the thermometer at that hour at 100° in the shade.

In this shed we undergo custom-house surveillance and thorough search for any dutiable articles in our possession or baggage. The Spanish officials, I will say, are very gentlemanly and reasonable, and we soon found ourselves in the "city," ready for the journey to the Guatemalan capital, seventy-five miles away, from the sea-level to the altitude of 5000 feet, therefore a steady climb, through an almost continuous forest such as only the tropics can produce.

As preliminary to this start we must have breakfast, so proceed to the *hotel*, kept by an Irishman married to a native. It was a queer conjunction, Celt with low-

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LANDING AT SAN JOSÉ.

caste Guatemalan; but it was not a success in a high-art sense, although a pre-Raphaelite might have found an *embarras de richesse* in the "realism" of the surroundings and adjuncts. Everything was *au naturel* to the farthest possible limit in the way of disorder, dirt, and disregard of the proprieties of a "house of entertainment." The floor of the "dining-room" was littered with dead insects; great cockroaches travelled up and down the wall, mysteriously active; all manner of flies swarmed in the air and over the filthy linen of the table, with its broken crockery that evidently had not been washed for a month; at the table legs were tied with rawhide strings two game-cocks, which sought incessantly to get at each other; in and out of the room ran pigs and chickens, while parrots stalked around, making the air hideous with their croaks and cries.

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A CENTRAL AMERICAN HOTEL.

But, despite all this, we really did enjoy this our first meal in Guatemala. The coffee, served in Central American fashion, was the best I ever drank. Then, for the first time, I knew what good coffee was. It was simply the *essence* of the berry—a dark brown, thick liquor, kept in a close-stoppered decanter. Taking a tea-spoonful or two of this essential liquor, you add hot water from a native Indian earthen jug that looks very much like an old Etruscan or Egyptian product. That cup was, indeed, "worthy of the gods"—something never dreamed of even in Paris, where good coffee is the rule. In explanation of this superiority, it is stated by the coffee growers that the berry loses much of its peculiar evanescent flavor by sacking and sea transport.

The rainy season was now near its close; so of course the one road, or old Span-

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ish highway, to the interior, was in frightful condition for coach travel; but as that was the only method of transit, we all crowded into the Concord stage, which was driven by a stalwart Missourian—two mules for the wheelers, and then a string, tandem, of five Mexican *broncos*. Curious to know what could have induced the North American to become a stage-driver on that route, I soon learned his story. He came down from Texas with a drove of mules purchased there by the stage company, and was induced to take a driver's seat on the line.

The country is densely wooded. No North American forest can give any idea of what the wood wilderness is in Central America. So impassable are these vast stretches of commingled trees, vines, and undergrowth that to this day whole regions are absolutely unexplored. The trees include mahogany, ebony, campeche, and cinchona, which, owing to their inaccessibility, are yearly rotting and being smothered in vast numbers by the stupendous parasitic flora. One species, called by the Spaniards the *mata palos* (tree-killer), begins as a slender vine to wind its way up some monarch of the forest, and in time its growth becomes so strong that it has squeezed and smothered the very life out of the tree. This dying, rapidly decays, and leaves the now powerful vine to its own development. It then assumes most wonderful shapes, not unlike the intricate stone-work of a Moorish stairway or Gothic window.

These forests are also the native homes of the orchids, whose variety seems absolutely endless, and whose perfume is oppressive.

Not the least anomaly of this immediate region is a race of Indians wholly dissimilar in habits, physical characteristics, and intelligence from any tribe in the whole Cordilleras range in either continent. The only race to associate them with is the Papuan, and their existence here is an ethnographic problem of exceeding interest. To many investigators they have seemed to sustain their claim to the name of the primitive people, the true aborigines. The men are of medium size, going naked or nearly so at all seasons.



IN THE RAINY SEASON.

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They have the small calves, powerfully developed chests and arms, and strongly retreating facial angle that instinctively make the observer look for a caudal extension of the vertebral column, so nearly allied are they to the simian type. When to their physical appearance we add their modes of life, this relationship to the ape is an almost inevitable inference. Their children are so many little apes. They dwell in families, seldom more than three or four in a "village," which is always located in some very secluded spot. This "village" it is which re-asserts the simian claim of the dwellers, for it is *in the tree-tops*. They select a group of cocoa-palms, and thirty or forty feet above the ground build a platform with a thatched roof. On this platform they reside—veritable tree-dwellers. This floor is of course reached by climbing, which feat men, women, and children perform with the ease and celerity of monkeys, although the trees, after long use, become as smooth as glass. The great toe is extraordinarily developed, and to its prehensile power is due their agility in climbing. This power, indeed, is such that they substitute the foot for the hand to a surprising degree.

These Indians will not take to civilization. They are genuine savages—shy, treacherous, and averse even to traffic. Their arms are the weapons of the pristine races, the bow and arrow, which they use with almost marvellous skill.

These are the "coast Indians"—the savages of the *tierra caliente*, as far removed from the Indians of the highlands in intelligence and civilization as the Hottentot is from the Bedouin.

The road inland is such a highway as would set a Kansas bushwhacker crazy. Every few minutes the straining coach comes to a stand-still, mired in some seemingly bottomless quagmire, or pauses to let pass a cart train half a mile long, coming down from the interior, loaded with coffee, sugar, cacao, indigo, raw rubber, etc., etc., for shipment at San José. These trains are a picturesque sight. Oxen with lolling tongues; drivers in all manner of costumes, with long prods, shouting, swearing, and singing; carts of rudest construction, with great wheels that make unearthly music as they turn on the ungreased axle.

Passing out of the *tierra caliente* at Esquintla, you strike the table-land, where the climate becomes more healthful; the natives at once show the vigor and development of a temperate clime; the industry and energy of trade and agriculture are apparent; coffee, sugar, indigo, and cacao plantations begin to open out; you seem to have passed, in that one day's ride, through thirty degrees of latitude.

Esquintla is reached about midnight, after a sixteen hours' dreary, exhausting journey, that is now accomplished in two hours by the newly opened railroad.

Our coming having been heralded by the one telegraph wire, we are treated to supper and a bed, or rather a stretcher underneath a greasy mosquito netting. Great bats flit through the room, hunting the blood-filled mosquitoes and the chincherras—an immense fly with a force-pump apparatus at the end of his mandibles. Scorpions and centipedes also abound.

At 4 A.M. we are aroused by the sound of music—a trumpet or bugle and a band (what a horrible band it was!) playing a waltz; so we all "turned out." While waiting for the coach, a stroll through the "city" was not unwelcome. It was all on one silent street. There loomed the cathedral, shattered and cracked by successive earthquakes. It stood out in dark silhouette against the morning sky, the fading crescent of the moon as a silver censer behind it. Tall cocoa-palms greeted the dawn with the rustle of their fan-like leaves. A drove of mules was browsing on the grass in the "square." In front was the cuartel, or barracks. The soldiers, twenty in number, were drawn up, the band was tooting, while the commander-in-chief was stretched out in a hammock, smoking a cigarette. It was at once a ridiculous and melancholy spectacle.

From Esquintla the country begins to rise rapidly. We now have a solid and substantial road, built by the Spaniards, and still kept in repair by Indian labor. These mountain Indians are powerful fellows, who work in decidedly primitive methods, each bearing his burden of stone on his back, the stone held in place by a strap passing around the forehead. It is stated that in this manner they will bear two hundred pounds' weight over the rough mountain paths, making thirty miles a day for days and days together. In fact, where mule convoys can not be used, these carriers do all the interior transportation. Cut and torn as all the roads and paths are by the torrents that fall during the wet season

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ON THE ROAD TO THE CAPITAL.

(nearly half the year), it is next to impossible to keep highways in repair for vehicles of any sort, so these burden-bearers will for a long time to come continue to be the planter's main dependence—first to raise his crop, and then to get it to market. They are too few in number, and a chief drawback to any great development of Guatemalan resources is the absence of a true working-class. The Indian is the inferior race by virtue of his subjugation, but he is no dependent; he loves his

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freedom, and to a degree maintains it. He lives in his own village, has his own family, pursues his own avocations, and only gives to the white man what labor he chooses to bestow for a stipulated price. He is not lazy; on the contrary, he is both industrious and ingenious. He is a natural pottery-maker; he raises chickens and fruit and vegetables; he trades and traffics; nor do the six months of rain intimidate him from making his not infrequent pilgrimages to the capital with his pottery and products. It is therefore a not uncommon sight to behold a multitude of this class coming down out of the mountains—men, women, and children—all "going to town," both for a holiday and for trade.

With such a race for its main dependence in working its plantations, mines, and forests, Guatemala's immediate future is not especially promising. Her capacity and resources are all that a state can desire, but her ability to utilize them is greatly restricted. The coffee culture alone should enrich her. All the conditions of climate, soil, and seasons are exceptionally favorable, and the various grades of the berry attain to exceptional perfection. Even under the conditions that prevail, of difficult transportation and want of hands, the culture is temptingly profitable, and wealth is disseminated to a degree wholly unknown in Mexico or any South American state. It is no uncommon thing to be told that the ox-cart driver you meet on the highway has a coffee and indigo farm of fifty acres, and is worth his fifty thousand dollars. This popular prosperity is due to the comparative state of peace which fortunately Guatemala enjoyed under its late President, to the restriction of the power of "the Church," which, long after the overthrow of Spanish rule, fairly ate the heart out of the country, and reduced its Indian population to a peonage and serfdom at once monstrous and debasing, and to the rapid dissemination of "new ideas" among the people. Can the same wise home policy be pursued for a full generation, peace and liberty be assured, and foreign interference with Guatemala's commercial polity be forbidden, the little republic will become a veritable Arcadia, embowered in cocoa-palms, redolent with the aroma of coffee, tinted with indigo and cochineal, and palaced in ebony and mahogany.

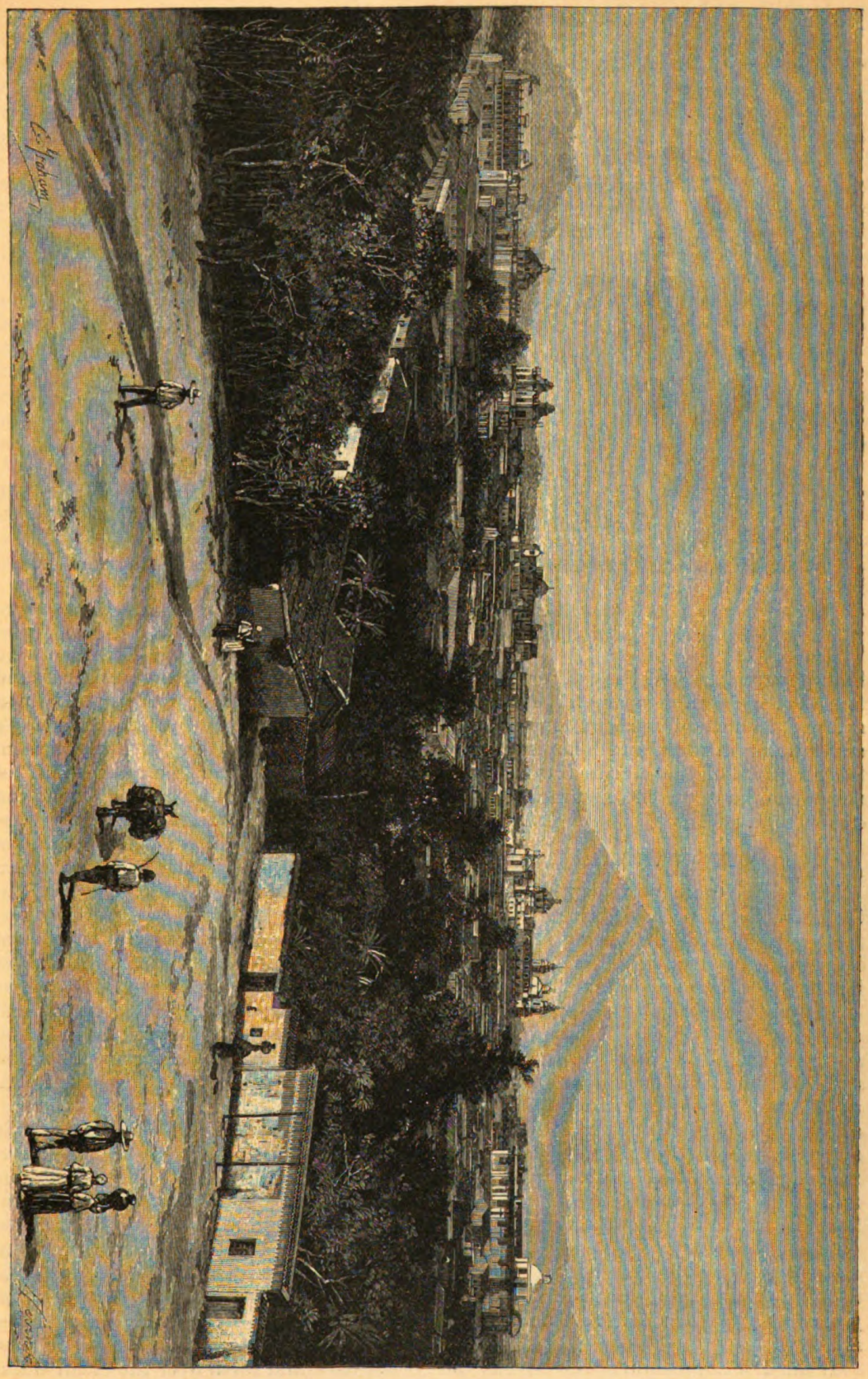
The mount from Esquintla is rapid, and as the weary mules and broncos toil up the steeps we have ample time to study the surrounding scenery. Volcanic agencies now show their ancient presence, while occasionally we have glimpses of the two colossal peaks, Volcan de Agua and Volcan de Fuego, whose majestic forms we beheld from the sea. Now we are nearing them, and their mightiness begins to grow upon us.

A few miles more and we reach *the divide*, a long table-land stretching away before us, and on which, in the distance, we behold, outlined against the sky, the domes of the capital, the New City. Then our enthusiasm is aroused. Those of the passengers who are nearing their homes and friends are wildly excited. The Spaniard is nothing if not demonstrative upon occasions, so we have a Babel of commingled exclamation, song, and protestation. As we approached the city, coaches and riders began to meet us, for the telegraph wire had announced our individual names, and every one having a friend in the coach would have been wanting in courtesy and regard not to have gone out to the meeting. This throng of carriages and riders increases as we advance, and we make the grand entry to the city with a considerable cavalcade as escort. The arrival of the stage is the one great event of the mountain-locked capital.

Approaching by the gates of Yniensi, the view was indeed splendid. An avenue of stately amali-trees leads to the gate. Fort St. Catarina frowns on our left; a large public laundry is opposite, where chattering señoras are scrubbing and washing; donkeys and mules are everywhere; strangely dressed Indians, with huge crates and baskets at their backs, are shouting and laughing. The usual morning two hours' rain has made all things sweet and clean, and a flood of rich sunlight is over all. The far-away mountains seem very near, so pure is the radiant air. The great domes and spires of cathedral, public building, and pious domicile rise over the low residences like sentinels.

We alight at length at the International, one of several fine hotels that are a credit to the capital, to find that our host is none other than a gentleman who years ago shared many a triumph with Ronconi in the New York Academy of Music. How the fascinating barytone became an innkeeper is a little romance

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VIEW OF GUATEMALA.

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MARKET-PLACE, GUATEMALA.

that is scarcely worth the telling, but the fact that the Italian opera has furnished a large number of barbers, music teachers, dancing masters, and hotel managers for all parts of the civilized world is a queer comment on the assumed "influences" of music.

II.—GUATEMALA.

We are in Guatemala's capital, the New City, five thousand feet above the sea; in the tropics, yet, by the elevation and Andean surroundings, in an atmosphere delightfully temperate and inspiring. And it is a quaint, queer city, with suggestions of two worlds—of the old past, and the new present. It is Spanish, with a tinge and taste of the Moorish-arabesque in its architecture; its low residences inclosing courts, with fountains ever rippling, transport you to southern Spain; its motley crowd, gayly habited soldiers, muleteers, priests, sun-flooded air, recall Cairo or Bagdad; while its streets, laid off in mathematical squares, its well-ordered hotels, and the presence of North Americans in their unpicturesque dress, assure you that you are not so very far from home, after all.

If the first impression of the city, as you behold it at a distance and gradually approach it, is one of exciting and profound interest, so the place grows on you as you study it in detail, and after but a day's participation in its complex life you seem conscious of a new sensation—that of sharing an old civilization of which you are not a part. Here are stately, sedate Spaniards, the real descendants of the proud hidalgo; beside him the Indian whose progenitors built the palaces of Palenque; in the shops, on the streets, everywhere, the native Guatemalan, who is of blood so questionable that his race is lost in variety; while coming and going as servants, laborers, venders, artisans, and agents are faces and physiognomies and costumes and languages and customs that are indeed a study for the ethnologist, anthropologist, philologist, and antiquary.

It is Sunday, in the afternoon, when we reach the city, and we proceed, by direction of our operatic hotel-keeper, to the Plaza de la Concordia, which is on that day the rendezvous of the inhabitants. An excellent military band discourses music from four to six o'clock, the hours of promenade. In their best costumes appear all classes of people. The señoritas, accompanied by their mothers or *dueñas*, walk back and forth over the clean walks to observe and be observed. Very fine

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eyes they have, but not particularly beautiful features. At thirty they deem themselves *old*, and as wives and mothers almost cease to be, save in their households. On the promenade you pass the grave merchant, the richly dressed officer, the various college and military school students, all in uniform; then the servants, with bright silk ribbons in their black tresses dangling down the back, large rings in the shapely ears, crinoline under the gay skirt, and bright kerchiefs on the shoulder. Indians stand aloof, looking on and looked at, in the infinite variety of their garb, each village having its distinctive costume and assortment of colors. This whole assembly is grave and sedate in demeanor, differing greatly from a French, English, or American throng. Very few children are there, and these evidently of foreign parentage. The North American is conspicuous by his usually stalwart frame and free and easy manners.

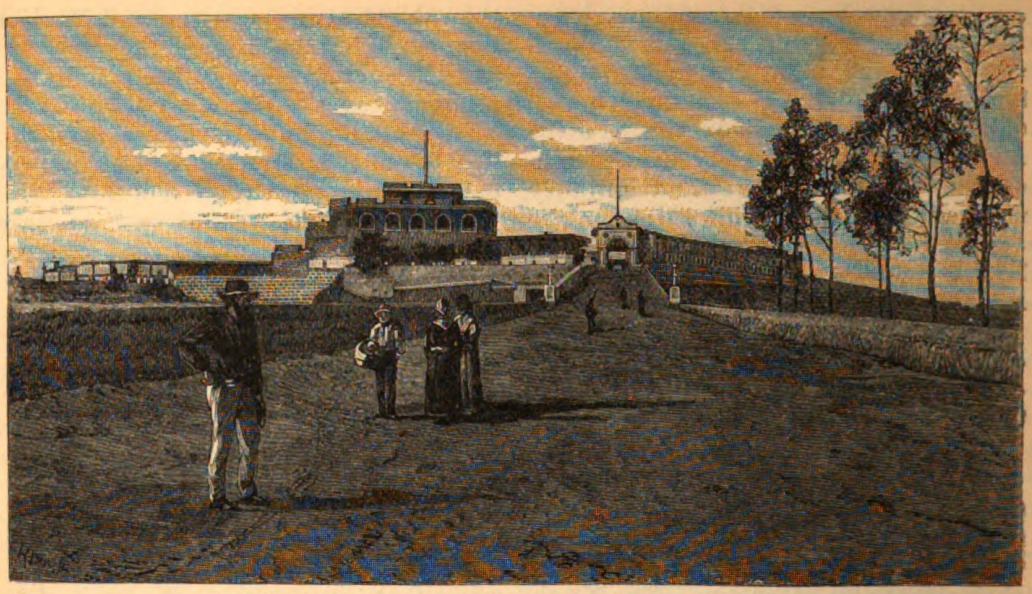
The native Guatemalan of the better class we find to be well-behaved, well-educated, cautious, and reserved in demeanor, quite a contrast to the ordinarily received idea of the fiery-tempered Spaniard. Indeed, I think almost any other race of Europeans has more animation than the Central American and Mexican, Spanish by descent though they are.

The general aspect of the city itself is a pleasant one. You are not confronted by the squalor and wretchedness of a Mexican town. The streets are clean and well paved, while numerous fountains greet the ear and eye as you pass along, fed by a splendid aqueduct fifteen or sixteen miles in length. The Spaniards learned from the Moors the art of carrying water in abundance, and of the purest kind, into their cities, and in the New World they had but little to do in order to adapt the ancient structures of the Indians to their own uses. In the United States we can not boast of such water conduits as we meet in the old Spanish colonies for the use even of their villages. So fond is the Spaniard of this limitless supply of pure water that in every town there is a public laundry, open to the use of all, wherein the dusky matron and maid are ever to be seen scrubbing and slashing at their soiled garments, and chattering like magpies over the affairs of the neighborhood. In Antigua (old capital), seven miles distant, there is a laundry where hot water is running alongside the cold—the furnace fires of the near volcanoes literally keeping the pot boiling.



YNIENSI GATE, GUATEMALA.

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FORT OF SAN JOSÉ.

A stately cathedral fronts the Palacio Nacional, the other two sides of the plaza being arcades of shops and stores. In the adjoining street is the President's palace. Bustle and stir are there ever present. Soldiers on guard; officers in costumes of gaudiest color and great waving plumes hurrying to and fro; a group of mountain Indians in their picturesque garb—men and women—squatting along the sidewalk waiting for audience with the "tata," the President, who has to settle some slight difference or quarrel among themselves. Black coats and stove-pipe hats mingle with these children of the land. It is an Oriental scene.

From this plaza we enjoy one of the most imposing of sights in the early morning. The streets are then silent and almost deserted. The cathedral bell tinkles and calls the few early risers to mass. They pass us and disappear in the huge portal of the massive church. A sleepy sentinel stands at the door of the National Palace. A few mules are browsing the grass that is springing up between the pavement stones. A floating gray mist is over all, when suddenly the first rays of the rising sun drive the thin vapor away, and a flood of light fills the atmosphere. The air is so transparent and opalescent that the stupendous mass of the Volcan de Agua appears as a cone of intense blue on the yellow-greenish sky, and seems not more than a mile away, when, in reality, it is thirty to the cone's base. This clearness of the atmosphere excels that experienced in Colorado or Nevada, for even the smallest shrub or rock is visible at the top of mountains ten to fifteen thousand feet in height! In clear weather it is possible to distinguish a flag planted on the top of the Volcan de Fuego from a distance of six to eight miles.

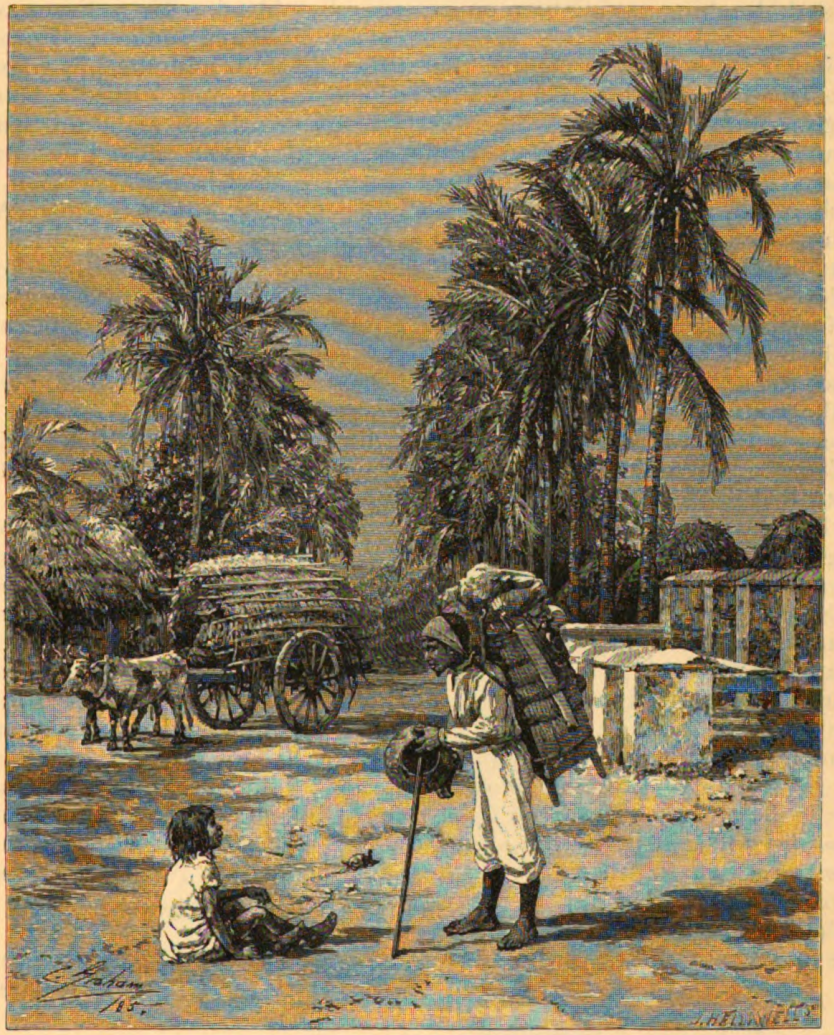
Bells ring and bugles sound from daybreak or sunrise until midnight. Sober and staid and severe as the Guatemalan is, he apparently loves the din of bell and the music of band, which on holidays is simply deafening in all parts of the city. On saints' days there are, besides vespers, orisons, and special high mass, processions bearing the sacred Host, sacred relics, sacred paintings, on visitations from church to church—a solemn farce which marks the superstitious veneration and abiding ignorance of the masses of the people, white and red.

The number of these holy days and holidays constitutes more than *one-third* of the days of the year aside from Sundays! No power of a stern Barrios or advancing intelligence among the lower orders, or distress of the state at this tremendous waste of time, can wrest from the Church the potency which these feast and fast days bestow; and Guatemala, in common with all her sister states, must long feel the paralysis of mediæval religious bondage.

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The Convent of San Domingo, now the School of Engineers and Mechanics, in its magnitude and elegance of appointments illustrates the late wealth and power of the priesthood in Guatemala.

It is church, cloister, residences, stables, servants' quarters, store-rooms, and laundries all in one. Amid large halls, shady corridors, bubbling fountains, snug chapels, and hospitable reception and eating rooms dwell the Dominican fathers, nearly two hundred in number, each one of whom has separate quarters equal to a moderate-sized house, with ample provision for his saddle horse or mule. The community own, or had assumed ownership of, the great surrounding plantation of cacao, coffee, and cochineal, from which it derives a princely revenue. Almost all its labor is the enforced work of peon and Indian. The whole vast building is one of architectural elegance, full of rose-wood carvings and paintings of much interest. Its gold and silver service, its magnificent vestments and altar trappings, are a wonder to see.



ON A COFFEE PLANTATION.

This palace, to the Guatemala that was, was a resting-place of monks, the haunt of idlers, the paradise of gluttons; to the Guatemala that is, it is a nursery of intelligence, a college of eager students, a gathering-place of practical philanthropists.

A marked trait of all the Central Amer-

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ican republics, as well as of Mexico, is fondness for military display. Small as the army is, it seems to make up for paucity in numbers by the gorgeousness of the officers' attire, which, to our more practical taste, is simply fantastic. The rank and file are well clad in blue cloth with red facings, but during the hot season linen and cotton outer garments are worn, and not infrequently the "trade-mark" is conspicuously displayed—the preliminary washing and bleaching having been omitted.

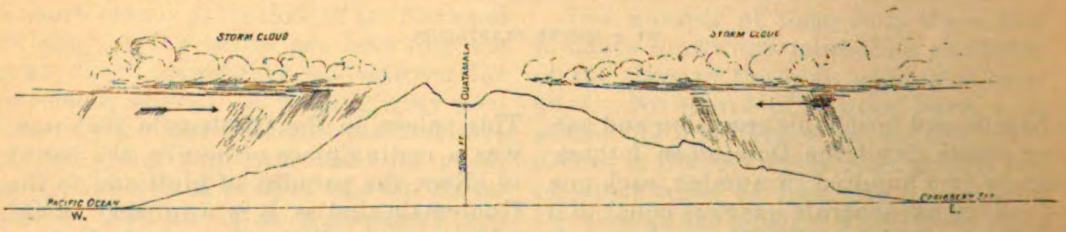
The climate is such as to compel the wearing of woollen goods by residents during a large portion of the year. The native Indian looms produce a woollen cloth of excellent quality, closely resembling the Scotch tweed, very durable, and popular with the working classes, but the trade and upper classes prefer English and French cloths and under-garments, which are therefore imported in large quantities, much to the benefit of English and French trade, since the return pay is in the products of the country, and thus a double profit accrues to these enterprising nations. Every dollar of this trade ought to be controlled by the United States, and will be when American ships and capital are brought into direct competition with the foreign, as they surely will be by closer commercial relations.

The rainy season having nearly reached its close, the mornings until eleven o'clock are serene and cloudless. With clock-like precision the thunder-storm begins at this hour and lasts for two hours; then the sky quickly clears, and the atmosphere is delightful. Death by lightning is so very frequent at this season that those who can afford to leave the capital do so, and go to the old town (Antigua), where, although but a few miles away, the local conditions are entirely different.

period of the year: owing to a junction of currents from opposite sides of the Andean chain, the New City happening to be in the very spot of contact.

In all of Central America, as well as in Colombia, the direct descendants of the conquering Spaniard—the "blue bloods"—are the great landed proprietors and merchants, sometimes both in one, while the small traders and government officers are mostly Metis—Spaniards with a strain of Indian blood. The artisans and laborers are Metis and Indians. Formerly the titles of Count and Marquis were in high consideration, and formed a bond which assisted greatly to maintain Spanish supremacy. When these titles and dignities were abolished by law, soon after the independence of the Spanish-American colonies was conceded, the titled families, by common consent, formed the aristocracy proper, and being the largest landed proprietors, maintained a political and social supremacy which is tacitly acknowledged to this day in all the Central American states.

Business in Guatemala is carried on in a manner wholly peculiar. Stores are opened at eight o'clock in the morning with almost solemn deliberation. The heavy, old-fashioned padlock is unclasped with its huge iron key, and the massive shutters are swung back on heavy hinges or lifted to the ground. This lets in the light, and announces that the *tienda* (store) is ready for business. You find there, under one roof, and usually in one room, dry-goods, groceries, hardware, saddlery, stationery, liquors, cigars, etc., etc., in fact every imaginable article to meet the demands of customers. Specialty in trade, common in all Northern cities, is unknown in Guatemala. At the hour of eleven the heavy shutters are replaced and padlocked, and employer and clerks go to breakfast, and only re-appear at one



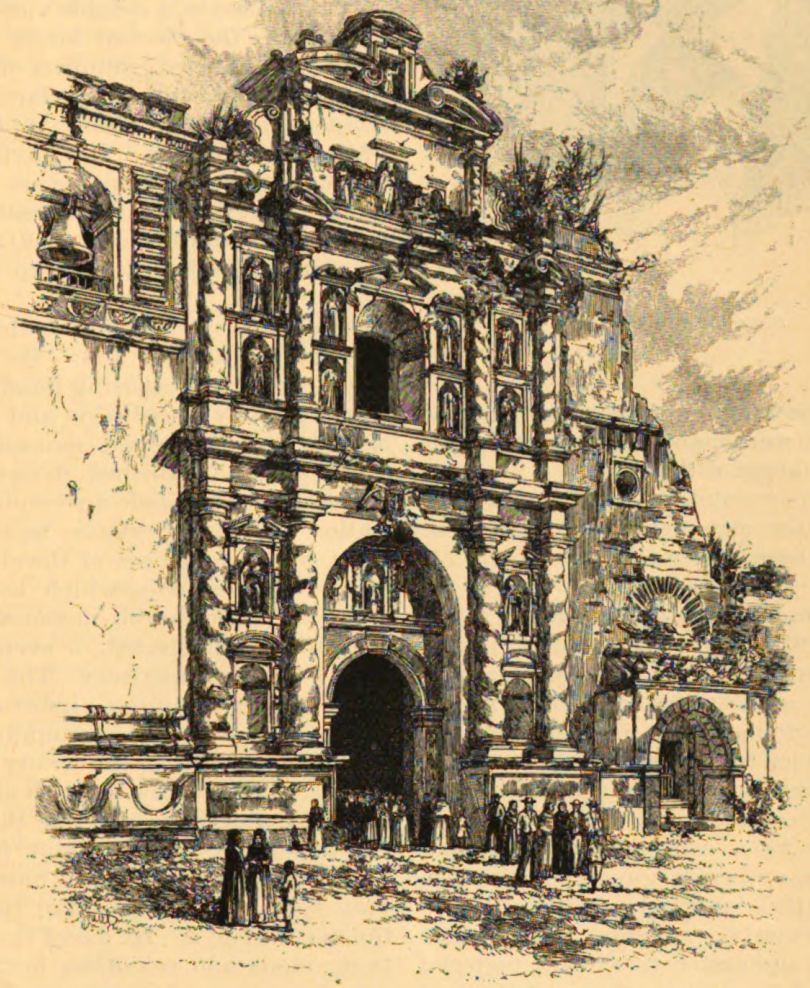
The above diagram will show why this storm moves so near the altitude of the capital, and breaks over it for so long a

o'clock, to re-open for trade until four o'clock, when all business ceases.

At nine o'clock, or even before, the

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streets are quite deserted. There being few theatres or places of public amusement, the home circle or club-house is the usual place in which to pass the evening. The police and military patrol make their rounds. The night watchman, in big Spanish cloak, with lantern and halberd, calls out the hour and announces the state of the weather. If you pass at a late hour, he demands an explanation, and if you refuse to give one that is satisfactory, he will certainly give you a night in the lock-up, but a polite answer wins from him a polite "good-night" as he goes on his way.



CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCA, GUATEMALA LA ANTIGUA.

In striking contrast is all this peace, security, and advancement with the condition of government, society, and commerce under the old tyranny. And that this is largely if not wholly due to the stout heart, iron will, and patriotic sway of one man, Rufino Barrios, must be conceded

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JUSTO RUFINO BARRIOS.

even by the enemies of his administration —and they were many and powerful, from the very nature of the case.

Up to the revolution of 1872, which resulted in the ascendency of Barrios, the state had been under the rule of the old Castilian aristocracy, behind whom was the Church, and a malign rule it was. The Church literally was the state. Priests swarmed and fattened on the revenues. Convents, monasteries, churches, so absorbed the domain that the best lands, the most productive plantations, passed into their control or absolute possession, and the soil-tillers were in a state of complete serfdom. As a consequence, extortion, wickedness, and gross ignorance prevailed. The beautiful land was drifting into a religious vassalage at once degrading to the people and destructive of the material interests of the state. Many of the best citizens were imprisoned or banished, their estates confiscated, and their families placed under Church ban, for the high crime of daring to protest against the extraordinary tyranny, power, and corruption of the Church.

The end of this dire affliction came in the year 1872. Garcia Granados, a lawyer and man of large wealth, had been banished for his "liberal" sentiments and hostility to the clerical party. Securing two thousand good Remington rifles and necessary ammunition, he landed at the unimportant port of Champeriso with a mere body-guard of followers, which, however, soon became a regiment, and then an army, so gladly did the long and sorely oppressed people welcome a deliverer. The march to the capital was almost unimpeded until the heights of Santa Lucia were reached, about twelve miles from the capital. There the government troops were encountered, and an all-day battle resulted in a notable victory for the deliverers; the clerical forces were scattered and disarmed; numbers of the troops joined the patriots, and Garcia entered Guatemala city in triumph, to be at once proclaimed dictator. But having no ambitious ends to subserve, he ere long abdicated his perilous and disagreeable office, first nominating his able coadjutor in the revolution, Rufino Barrios, to the Presidency.

Under this stern soldier's rule the country sprang to new life. He dealt out justice with an unsparing hand. Regardless of priestly malediction and protesting bishops, he suppressed monasteries and nunneries; he banished dangerous religious orders; he made a sweeping sequestration of Church estates; he turned the right royal residences of the clerical dignitaries into schools, which he liberally endowed with Church incomes. Education, so long neglected, or even prohibited, was made compulsory. The great convent of San Domingo, almost a town in itself, with a splendid surrounding estate, was converted into a university.

This was a seemingly harsh and cruelly arbitrary procedure, but, like the knife in the resolute surgeon's hand, the cancer was to be destroyed only by cutting to the very bone, and this plebeian Barrios had the nerve to do it. He dared the Church's tremendous and relentless hostility, and defied its array of all the elements of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition which were at its command; but, sustained by all friends of progress, he overcame seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and Guatemala rapidly became a potent factor in the politics and commerce of Central America, under the severe Presidency (or dictatorship, as it virtually was) of this rough and resolute soldier.

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CHAPTER XIX.

WINTHROP had literally made no answer to Garda's speech; he had only looked at her.

After a moment the girl went on, gently enough: "If I don't care about you, I think I ought to tell you; you will feel more free. Don't you think it is better that I should tell you?"

"Certainly. If it is true."

After her first greeting, Garda had moved away a step or two; she now stood leaning back against the firm little trunk of one of the orange-trees, playing with a small branch of the bright leaves as she talked. At this answer of his, her gentleness turned to anger. "If it is true! And why shouldn't it be true? Do you think it impossible for anybody to stop caring for you? *I* have stopped. And very completely. I care no more for you now than I do for that twig." And she threw it away with a little toss of disdain.

Winthrop's eyes followed the motion. But he did not speak.

"*Still* don't you believe it?" she asked, in surprise. "You look as though you didn't. I think that very rude."

"On the contrary, it seems to me that my being slow to believe it, Garda, is the best honor I can pay you."

"Oh, how could I ever have liked you! How disagreeable you can be when you try!" Tears shone in her eyes. "Everybody in the world seems to tell lies but me," she went on, hotly. "And everybody else seems to prefer it. You yourself would like it a great deal better, and think it nicer in me, if I should tell you lies now, pretend that this was the beginning of a change instead of the end, make it more gradual, pretend to have other reasons, and everything of that sort. Whereas I tell you simply the truth. And then you are angry."

"I am not angry."

"You are ever so much surprised, then, and that's worse. I call it insulting for you to be so much surprised by what it seems to *me* perfectly natural to do. I think I'm as good a judge of what's natural as you are. Have you never heard of people's changing? That is what has happened to me—I have changed. But I don't see that I am to blame for it. And I tell you the whole truth about it, just as I told you the truth when it was different—when I cared for you. For I did care for you once, ever so much. Didn't you believe it? Didn't you *know* that I cared for you that night on the barrens?"

A slight red rose in Winthrop's cheeks. After a moment he answered, humbly enough, "Yes, I thought you did."

"Of course you thought I did. And why? Because I *did*. That night, and for some time afterward, I adored you, Evert. But I don't see why you should color up about it. Wasn't it natural that I should be delighted to be engaged to you when I adored you? And isn't it just as natural that I should wish to break it off when I don't? You can't want me to *pretend* to care for you when it's all over?"

"No, no," said Winthrop, his eyes turning from her.

"I do believe you are embarrassed," said Garda, reverting to her usual good temper again. Then she broke into smiles. "You ought to thank me, for, really, you never cared for me at all." As she spoke she had pulled one of the roses from her belt, and now she threw it at him lightly.

The harmless missile touched his cheek. "I dare you to tell me that you ever really cared for me, even when I cared so much for you," she continued, in smiling challenge. "What you would answer if you spoke the truth (as I do), would be—'I did my duty, Garda.' As though I wanted duty! You ought to fall down on your knees in the sand this moment and thank me for releasing you. For you are much too honorable ever to have released yourself: you are the soul of honor. Just supposing we had been married—that we were married now—where should we be? I should have got all over caring for you, probably (you see I have got over it without being married), and you never did really care for me at all. I think we've had a lucky escape."

"Perhaps we have," Winthrop answered.

"No 'perhaps.' It's a certainty. And yet," she went on, looking at him with musing eyes, "it might have had a different course. For I adored you, and you could perhaps have kept it along if you had tried. But you never did try. The only thing you tried to do was to 'mould' me! You made me read things; or, if you didn't, you wanted to; you have treat-

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ed me always as if I were a child. You have had an idea of me from the first (I don't know where you got it) that wasn't like me, what I really am, in the least. And you never found out your mistake because you never took the trouble to study me, myself; you only studied your Idea. Your Idea was lovely, of course (so much the worse for me, I suppose, that I am not like her). Your Idea would have been willing to be moulded; and she would have read everything you suggested; and then in due course of time—*when she should be at least eighteen*"—interpolated the girl, with a ripple of laughter, "she would have gratefully thanked you for admitting her to *some* of the privileges of being 'grown up.' Why, you didn't even want me to care for you as much as I did, because your Idea wouldn't have cared so much for anybody, of course, when she was only sixteen."

Winthrop flushed fiercely. Her mocking eyes met his full of mirth. Then he controlled himself, and stopped where he was. He did not answer her.

"You are the best man in the world," said Garda, coming toward him and abandoning her raillery. "With your views (though I think them all wrong, you know), you could say the most dreadful things to me. Yet you won't, because—because I'm a woman. You engaged yourself to me in the first place because you thought I cared for you (I did, then), and now, when I tease you because you have made the mistake of not understanding me—of having, that is, a higher idea of me than I deserve—you don't answer back and tell me that, or anything else that would be true and horrid. That's very good of you. But I believe you're always good like that. I wish I could have gone on caring for you! But I don't, I can't. Isn't it a pity?" She spoke with perfect sincerity.

Winthrop burst into a laugh.

"Don't laugh in that way," Garda went on; "I assure you I know perfectly that—that the person I care for now isn't what you are in many ways. But if I do care for him (as I cared for you once—you know what that is), shouldn't I be true to it, and say so?"

"The—the person?" said Winthrop, looking at her inquiringly, a new expression coming into his face.

"Yes, Lucian, of course."

"Lucian!"

"Oh, very well, if you take *that* tone! And after I have said, too, that I knew he wasn't as—that he wasn't like you in many ways. It seems to me that I have been very reasonable and considerate."

"Very," replied Winthrop. Then his voice changed; it grew at once more serious and more gentle. "I hardly know, Garda, how to take what you say. I don't think you know what you are saying. You stand there and tell me that you care so much for Lucian Spenser—a married man—"

"He isn't married now," said Garda.

Winthrop turned from her. It seemed as if he were going to leave her.

But Garda ran after him. "I didn't mean it. Listen: I didn't mean it, really; I only said it because I happened to think of it, that's all. Very likely I shall not see Lucian for ever and ever so long, and very likely he won't care for me when I do. He has never given the least sign that he cared—don't think that." And, clasping her hands round his wrist, she looked up in his face in earnest appeal. "Nothing has ever been said between us—not one word. It is only how *I* have felt."

"Whom are you defending now?" asked Winthrop, as coldly as a man may when a girl so beautiful is clinging to him pleadingly.

"Lucian," responded Garda, promptly.

The mention of his name seemed to give her thoughts a new direction. Disengaging herself, she came round to stand in front of her companion in order to have a good position while she told her story. "Don't you remember that I began caring for Lucian first of all? You must remember that? Then I got over it. And next I cared for you. Then, when he came back, I began to care for him again—you have no idea how entertaining he is!" she said, breaking off for a moment, and giving him a smile which seemed to be confident that it would meet comprehension and sympathy. "Well, I should have told you all about this long ago, only Margaret wouldn't let me; she has made me promise her twice, and most faithfully, not to tell you. You see, Margaret thinks you care for me, and that therefore it would hurt you to know it. I have told her over and over again that you don't care at all, and that I don't care any longer for you. But it doesn't make any difference; she can't understand it.

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She thinks that if I cared once, as I told her I did, it must last still; because that is the kind that Margaret is herself—if *she* cared, it *would* last. So she can't believe that I have really changed; she thinks (isn't it funny?) that I am mistaken about myself, that I don't know my own mind. And then, too, to change from you to Lucian—*that* she could never understand in a thousand years."

Winthrop had had his hands deep in the pockets of his morning coat during this history. He stood looking steadily down, perhaps to keep her from seeing his expression.

But she divined it. "You needn't have such a cold face. I am sure everybody's very good to *you*. Here I've released you from an engagement you didn't desire, and Margaret, the dearest woman in the world, cares so much for your feelings—what she supposes them to be—that she has done her best to hold me to you just because she thinks you would mind. Of course, too, on my own account a little, because she thinks it would be good for me to marry you, that it would be safe. Well, you know you *are* safe, Evert." And the rippling laugh broke forth again, meeting this time decided anger in Winthrop's gray eyes as he raised them to meet hers.

"There, you needn't crush me," Garda resumed. "And you needn't mind me, either—my laughing. For, of course, I know that if I could have cared for you, that is, gone on caring, and if in the end you could have cared for me, it would have been better for me than anything that could possibly happen, and I should have been happier. You ought not to be angry with a girl who tells you that?" And taking his arm, she looked up in his face very sweetly.

"But the trouble was that you didn't love me. If you had, there would have been less about books I must read, and less about 'waiting'; you wouldn't have stood off so, and you would have been quicker to see—a good many things! But it's all the more honorable, then, that you kept to your engagement: I appreciate that. You took me, and tried to do your best."

She had begun to stroll down the aisle toward the rose garden. "But there's something else I want to speak to you about, and that's Margaret. Why is it that you have such a wrong idea of her?—she is so noble as well as so sweet. She promised my mother to be like a sister to me. But, Heaven knows, few real sisters would have been as patient as she has been. You have been supposed to be engaged to me; yet what have you done for me or been to me in comparison with what she has done and been? Nothing. I have never seen any woman like her. I didn't know a woman could be like that, so clear and true; for we are not at all true to each other—women, I mean; that is, not when we care for somebody. Then we pretend, we pretend awfully; we tell things, or keep them back, or tell only half, just as we choose; and we always think, too, that we have a perfect right to do it. But Margaret's different; she isn't like that at all; Margaret's *wonderful*. Yet none of you, her nearest relatives, do her the least justice; it is left to me, a girl not at all her equal, to appreciate her, to see what she is. Leaving Mrs. Rutherford out, this is more stupidity, Evert, than I can possibly understand in *you*."

"Men are all stupid, of course," Winthrop answered.

"What makes all she has done for me the more remarkable," Garda went on, not heeding his tone, "is the fact that she doesn't really like me; she can not, I am so different. Yet she goes on being good to me just the same. There is *one* other thing that influences her in that (besides her own goodness and her promise to mamma), and that is her interest in you; I verily believe that she took charge of me in the first place, when mamma begged her to, more on your account than on anything else, because she thought you liked me even then. And since I have been engaged to you, I am perfectly sure that she has tried to make me wiser and nicer because it would be an advantage to you in the end."

Winthrop made an impatient movement. "Suppose we don't talk any more about Mrs. Harold," he said.

"I must talk about her, when I love her and trust her more than anything."

"Don't trust her too much."

She drew her arm from his, indignantly. "One night she came 'way down the live-oak avenue after me, with only slippers on her poor little bare feet, to keep me from going out in the fog with Lucian—sailing, I mean. What do you think of that?"

"I don't think anything."

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"Yes, you do; your face shows that you do."

"My face shows, perhaps, what I think of the extraordinary duplicity of women," said Winthrop.

"Duplicity? Do you call it duplicity for me to be telling you every single thing I think and feel, as I have done to-day?"

"I was speaking of Mrs. Harold."

"A saint, an angel," said Garda.

"I can't discuss her with you, Garda." They had reached the end of the orange walk; he left it and went out into the sunshine beyond.

But Garda followed him. She came round, placed her hands on his shoulders, and pushed him with soft violence back into the shade. "Why do you speak so of her? You *shall* tell me. Why shouldn't I trust her? But I do and I will in spite of you!"

"Do you mean to marry that man, Garda?" asked Winthrop at last, as she stood there holding him, her face near his, her eyes on his, thinking of her no longer as the child-like young girl of his fancy, but as the woman.

"I don't know," answered Garda, her tone altering; "perhaps he won't care for me."

"But if he should care?"

"Oh!" murmured the girl, the most lovely, rapturous smile lighting up her face.

Winthrop contemplated her for a moment. "Very well, then, I think I ought to tell you: she cares for Lucian herself."

Garda's hands dropped. "It isn't possible that you believe that—that you *have* believed it! Margaret care for Lucian! She doesn't care a straw for him, and since *I* have begun to care for him again, I verily believe that she has detested him. He knows it too. Margaret care for him! What are you thinking of? *I* care, not Margaret; I've done nothing but try to be with him, and meet him, and I've seen him more times than she knows. Why, it gave her that fever just because she had to do something for him. That last afternoon before he went away (I promised her I wouldn't tell you; but I don't care; I shall) I had asked Lucian to meet me at the pool in the southeastern woods, and then I thought that I would rather see him at the house, after all, and so I started a little earlier, and was on my way to Madam Giron's, when I came upon Margaret. I had to tell her, because she wanted me to go home with her, and of course I couldn't. And then suddenly we saw Dr. Kirby coming, and I knew it must be for me—he had found out in some way my plan—and I knew, too, that it would be dreadful if he should meet Lucian; I was afraid he would shoot him. And I was going to run over and warn Lucian—there was just time—when Margaret said she would do it, and that *I* had better go back up the path and stop the Doctor, keep him away from there if possible, which was, of course, the best plan. So I did. And she went to Madam Giron's; she appeared there all alone at that hour (it was late), and as she wouldn't mention my name, wouldn't implicate me, and as she didn't believe there was any real danger—*she* doesn't know the Doctor as I do—don't you see that she had to let Lucian fancy that it was all her own idea—the coming, that she was as devoted to him as that! You know how proud she is? I am convinced that it was the cause of her illness—it was so disagreeable to her to have to pretend anything, and to pretend to care for *him*, to be mixed up in such an affair at all!"

Garda had poured out this narrative with all the eloquence of the warm affection she had for her friend. Now she moved away a step or two. "She doesn't like Lucian because she doesn't understand him," she said. Then she repented. "No, it isn't that; he isn't the person for *her*. He will do for me. But not for Margaret." And she looked at Winthrop with one of her sudden comprehensive glances, clear as a beam of light.

But he did not respond. "When you met her that afternoon, Garda, where was she?" he asked. He seemed to be thrusting Garda and her affairs aside now.

"I told you. In the southeastern woods."

"Yes. But where?"

"In the eastern path, at the end of that long straight stretch beyond the pool—just before you get to the bend."

"And then?"

"Then I went back up the path to meet the Doctor. And Margaret went down the path and across the field to Madam Giron's."

At this instant appeared Celestine. She had gone to the entrance of the aisle which was nearest the house, and looked in; then, seeing that they were at the far

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end, she had left it and come round on the outside.

For something forbade Celestine to walk down that long vista alone. They would probably hear her and turn; and then there would be the necessity of approaching them for fully five minutes step by step, with the consciousness that they were looking, and nothing to support her, as it were; she could not stare back at them, and yet neither could she look all the time at the sand at her feet—which would be dizzying. Celestine always took care of her dignity in this way; reticent as she was, she had a fixed regard for herself as a decent Vermont woman. You could see that in the self-respecting way in which her large neat shoes lifted themselves and came down again when she walked.

"Mrs. Rutherford would like to see you, Mr. Evert, if you please. She isn't so well, she says."

"Nothing serious, Minerva, I hope?"

"I guess there's no occasion to be scairt, Mr. Evert. But she wants you."

"I will come immediately."

Celestine disappeared.

Garda and Winthrop turned back toward the house through the orange path.

"Mrs. Rutherford has never known, has she, that we have been engaged?" asked Garda.

"No."

"There is no need to tell her at all, then; she isn't fond of me as it is, and she would detest me forever if she knew there had been any chance of my becoming in reality her niece. I should like not to trouble her any longer with even my unseen presence; I should like to go away."

"Where?"

"It doesn't make much difference where. It is only that I'm restless; and as I have never been restless before, and don't like the feeling at all, I thought that perhaps if I should go away for a while it would stop."

"Yes, you want to see the world," said Winthrop, rather vaguely. His mind was not upon Garda now.

"I don't care for 'the world'; I leave you 'the world,'" the girl responded. "*I* only care for the people in it."

Then, in answer to a glance of his as his attention came back to her, "No, I am not going after Lucian," she said; "don't think that. I am almost sure that Lucian will go abroad now; he always said that he wanted to see the—the Adriatic." (She pronounced this word in much the same tentative way in which a New York girl would try "Brahmapootra.") "But I think I might go to Charleston—the Doctor could take me; he has a cousin there, Mrs. Lowndes; I could stay with her. Margaret will oppose it, because she will think that we ought not to be separated. But the Doctor is my guardian too, you know; and I hope you will take my part. Of course I should rather go with Margaret anywhere, if she could only go. But she can not; you know Mrs. Rutherford would never let her. So she will feel called upon—Margaret—to oppose it. There's one reason, though, that may make her consent"—and Garda stopped, struck by her new idea. "She will believe—she won't be able to help believing—that I *must* be miserable because my engagement to you is off; of course, then, I need a change, especially since you are to be about here all the time, to increase my misery."

They had now come to the end of the aisle. "Promise me to take my part," said Garda. Then, perceiving that his attention had left her again, "See what I am reduced to!" she confided to the last orange-tree.

Winthrop brought himself back. "I don't see any reason why you shouldn't go to Charleston if the Doctor will take you," he said; "you must speak to him about it."

"Well, good-by. I see you want to go."

"All the same, you know, I liked you," she called after him as he went out in the sunshine.

He glanced back, smiling.

But Garda looked perfectly serious. She stood there framed in the light green shade. "I should like ever so much to go back to the time when I first cared for you!" she said, regretfully.

Winthrop found Mrs. Rutherford much excited. Betty, tearful and distressed, met him outside the door, and in whispered words confessed that she had inadvertently betrayed the fact of his engagement, to dear Katrina. "I can't imagine, though, why she should feel about it as she does," concluded the friend, plucking up a little spirit at the end of her confession, and wiping her eyes.

"She won't feel so long," said Winthrop; "you can take comfort from that. My engagement is broken."

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"BROKEN?"

"Yes; by Garda herself, ten minutes ago." And leaving Betty to digest this new intelligence, he went in to see his aunt.

His aunt had had herself put into an arm-chair: an arm-chair was more impressive than a bed or lounge. "I feel very ill, Evert," she began in a faint voice. "I never could have believed that you would deceive me in this way."

"Let me undeceive you, then. My engagement—for I presume it is that you are thinking of—is broken."

"Did *you* break it, Evert?" pursued Aunt Katrina, still in affliction.

"No. Miss Thorne broke it. Ten minutes ago."

"A forward minx!" said the lady, veering suddenly to heat.

"It is done, at any rate. I suppose you are glad."

"Of course I am glad. But I should be gladder still if I thought I should never see her face again."

"That is apropos—she is anxious to go to Charleston."

"Let her go!" said Aunt Katrina, with majesty.

"She is afraid Margaret will object."

"*I* shall object if she stays. But, oh, Evert, how could you have been caught in such a trap as that, by a perfectly unknown, shallow, mercenary girl?"

"Unknown—for the present, yes; shallow—I am not prepared to say; but mercenary? If she were mercenary, would she have let me off? Would she have broken the engagement herself, as she did ten minutes ago?"

"I wish you wouldn't keep repeating that 'ten minutes,'" said Aunt Katrina, irritably. "Who cares for ten minutes? I wish it were ten years." Then her mind reverted to Garda. "She has some plan," she said.

"I don't think she plans. And now that this trouble is off your mind, my dear aunt, will you excuse me if I leave you? I have still only just arrived, and I was up at dawn. Shall I send Celestine to you?"

"Celestine is busy; she is refolding some lace. Flemish church."

"Your Betty, then."

"My Betty has behaved in the most *traitorous* way."

"When she was the one to tell you?"

"She should have told me long before."

"Why she, more than any of the rest of us?" asked Winthrop, rising.

"Because *she* must have made a superhuman effort not to; because *she* must have fairly kept herself in a strait-jacket to prevent it—in a strait-jacket night and day. For eight long months has Elizabeth Gwinnet done that!"

"Don't you think, then, that you ought to have some pity for her?" suggested Winthrop.

He went out. And then Betty, who was sitting, dazed and dejected, on the edge of a chair outside the door, hurried in, handkerchief in hand, to make her peace with her dearest Kate, her long limp black skirt (all Betty's skirts were long) trailing in an eager, humble way behind her.

Winthrop had said that he wished to go to his room. The way to it was not through the drawing-room. Yet he found himself in the latter apartment.

Margaret sat there near one of the windows sewing, sewing with that even motion of hand and arm and absorbed gaze bent on the long seam which he had told himself more than once that he detested. The heavy wooden shutter was slightly open so that a beam of light entered and shone across her hair. The rest of the room was in shadow.

Winthrop came toward her. He had closed the door upon entering. She gave him her hand, and they exchanged a few words of formal greeting—inquiry and reply about his journey and kindred matters.

"Garda has broken her engagement to me: I presume you know it," he said.

"I knew she intended to do it."

"She tells me that you have tried to dissuade her?"

"Yes; I thought she did not, perhaps, fully know her own mind."

"We must give up the idea that she is a child," he said. "We have been mistaken, probably, about that all along."

Margaret sewed on without answering.

"You are very loyal to her. You don't let me see that you agree with me."

"I didn't suppose that you meant any disparagement to her when you said it."

"She tells me that she doesn't care for me any more." He took a book from the table beside him, and looked absently at its title. "We must allow that she has a great facility as regards change."

"She has a great honesty."

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Winthrop sat down—until now he had been standing; he threw aside the book. "You certainly can't approve of it?" he said.

He did not pay much heed to what he was saying; he was absorbed in the problem before him. Face to face with Margaret, he was asking himself, and with more inward tumult than ever, why she had been so willing to have him think of her as, after what he had seen, he must think. During his two weeks of absence —the evening before on that long pier in the rain—he had felt a hot anger against her for the unconcern with which she was treating him. But now that he knew the real history of that last afternoon, now that he knew that it was Garda who had planned the meeting with Lucian, Garda, not Margaret, who had been on her way to that solitary house, the problem was more strangely haunting than before.

She had saved Garda from compromising herself in the eyes of the man to whom she was engaged—yes. But she had done it at the expense of compromising herself, Garda, meanwhile, remaining ignorant of the greatness of the sacrifice, since she did not know, as Margaret did, that he, Winthrop, was sitting there in the wood beyond the bend.

Certainly this was an immense thing for one woman to have done for another; you might say, indeed, that there was nothing greater that a woman could do.

Then came again the galling thought that possibly Margaret had not found the task difficult, simply because she was indifferent as to what his opinion of her might be. *She* knew that she had not been in any sense of the word to blame —that was enough for her; what he knew, or thought he knew, troubled her little.

But no, that could not be. Margaret Harold was a proud woman—you could see that, quiet as she was, in every delicate line of her face. It was not natural, therefore, that she should willingly rest in the eyes of any one under such an imputation as that. Surely now that Garda had, of her own accord, broken off her engagement, and confessed (only Garda never "confessed," she merely told) that her old liking for Lucian had risen again, surely *now* Margaret would throw off the false character that rested upon her, would hasten to do so; there was nothing to be gained for Garda by bearing it further.

She had made the girl promise not to tell him any of the events of that last afternoon. Didn't this mean—wouldn't it be natural that it should mean—that she wished to tell him herself? The girl had broken her promise. But Margaret did not know that. Probably, therefore, she would speak. He would give her every opportunity.

But still her hand came and went above the white seam. And still she said nothing.

He waited a long time—as long as it was possible to sit there without speaking. Then he went back to his last remark—which she had not answered; annoyed by her silence, he went from bad to worse. "I shall be surprised if you approve of it —you have such a regard for appearances."

She colored. "I am not very successful in preserving them then, even if I have such a regard."

"Oh, you don't mind *me*," answered Winthrop, in a tone which in spite of himself was openly bitter.

She looked up; he could see that she was much moved. "We must do everything we can for Garda now," she said, rather incoherently, her eyes returning to her work.

"You have done altogether too much for her as it is. I don't think you need trouble yourself so constantly about Garda. You might think for a moment of your other friends."

He was absolutely pleading—he could scarcely believe it of himself. But he wanted so to have her set him right. He wanted her to do it of her own accord, show that she was glad to be able to do it at last. There was no longer any question of saving Garda; Garda had, in her own eyes at least, saved herself. He waited for his answer.

She had given him a frightened glance as he spoke, the expression of his face seemed to take her by surprise, and break down her self-control. She rose, hastily murmuring something about being obliged to go to her room.

"You are sure you have nothing to say to me, Margaret?" he asked, as she went toward the door.

"Say? What do you mean?" She was evidently trying to collect herself.

"I am giving you a chance to explain. I long to have you explain. I find myself unable to believe—" He stopped.

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Then began again. "I am sure there is some mistake, some solution—"

She tried to pass him. But he would not let her.

"If I have not always liked what you have done in—in other matters, at least I have never thought *this* of you."

She did not answer. Her face was set.

Then he thought he would try her to the utmost. To do it, he must play a part himself. "You know what I witnessed that afternoon as I sat there at the edge of the wood? One word will be enough—tell me what I must think of it—and of you."

The hot color rushed now over Margaret Harold's face in a flood. Then it receded. "You must think what you please," she answered, in a low tone.

Then she escaped. She had opened the door. Now she went down the hall toward her room.

He stood gazing after her. If he had not known that she was innocent, he should have set down her tone to defiance; it was exactly the sort of low-voiced defiance which he had expected from her when he had supposed—what he had supposed; that is, *made* himself believe it after what he had seen.

But his suppositions had been entirely false. Did she still wish him to believe that they were true?

It appeared so.

ALCYONE.

1. AMONG the thousand, thousand spheres that roll,
Wheel within wheel, through never-ending space,
A mighty and interminable race,
Yet held by some invisible control,
And led as to a sure and shining goal,
One star alone, with still, unchanging face,
Looks out from her perpetual dwelling-place,
Of these swift orbs the centre and the soul.

Beyond the moons that beam, the suns that blaze,
Past fields of ether, crimson, violet, rose,
The vast star garden of eternity,
Behold! it shines with white, immaculate rays,
The home of peace, the haven of repose,
The lotus flower of heaven, Alcyone.

2. It is the place where life's long dream comes true:
On many another swift and radiant star
Gather the flaming hosts of those who war
With powers of Darkness; those strong seraphs, too,
Who hasten forth God's ministries to do;
But here no sounds of eager trumpets mar
The subtler spell which calls the soul from far,
Its wasted springs of gladness to renew.

It is the morning land of the Ideal,
Where smiles, transfigured to the raptured sight,
The joy whose flitting semblance now we see,
Where we shall know as visible and real
Our life's deep aspiration, old yet new
In the sky splendor of Alcyone.

3. What lies beyond we ask not. In that hour
When first our feet that shore of beauty press
It is enough of heaven, its sweet success,
To find our own. Not yet we crave the dower
Of grander action and sublimer power;
We are content that life's long loneliness
Finds in love's welcoming its rich redress,
And hopes, deep hidden, burst in perfect flower.

Wait for me there, O loved of many days!
Though with warm beams some beckoning planet glows,
Its dawning triumphs keep, to share with me;
For soon, far winging through the starry maze,
Past fields of ether, crimson, violet, rose,
I follow, follow, to Alcyone.

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AN OTTER HUNT IN THE HEBRIDES.

IN the stern of a stout-built coble, which with every swell of the morning tide grated its keel on the pebbly beach of an island of the Hebridean group, sat three under-sized, solemn-looking dogs. They were Skye terriers—Scart, Connis, and Coulock by name; and as they sat posted on their tails, silent but observant, they wore an air of grave dignity that was ludicrously impressive. Their low bodies and sturdy bent legs proclaimed their unstained descent from the original Simon Pure of their race, and their long osseous noses and deep-set eyes imparted to them an appearance of strength and wisdom altogether at variance from their physical proportions. They uttered no sound, and made scarcely a motion, save an occasional turn of the head or a wag of the tail, as they watched with manifest interest our movements on the beach, for although the cunning little wretches knew they were going on an otter hunt, experience, training, and an innate gravity of disposition characteristic of the breed constrained them to suppress all signs of excitement.

"Now, then, Ian," said my friend the laird, the leader of our expedition, after we had all taken our seats in the coble except the bare-legged gillie addressed—"Now, then, Ian, give her a shove off and jump in."

Obeying this order, Ian pushed the boat into knee-deep water; and having got us fairly afloat, sprang lightly on the gunwale, and sat down to tug at the oars in company with his young clansman, Kenneth Ban. Our little party was made up of four besides myself: first, the Highland laird, whom I was wont to address familiarly as Mac; also Ian More and Ian Beg, who, standing in the relation to each other of father and son, were for distinction's sake called by names which, interpreted in English, mean simply Big John and Little John; and lastly, there was a fair-haired, blue-eyed lad, Kenneth Ban. The laird and I shared the sternsheets with the terriers, Ian More sat in the bow with a boat-hook in his hand and a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and the two lads, Ian Beg and Kenneth, plied the oars, not certainly after an approved and graceful style of rowing, with a low feather, a long stroke, and a quick recovery, but with a measured and determined pull that promised work and endurance.

The scene which lay unfolded before us, as we sailed slowly down from the head of the loch on which we were afloat, had all the wild grandeur peculiar to the region, and all the fading beauty of the autumn season. The few hardy trees which take root and grow in that sterile insular soil and northern latitude still rustled their brown and scanty foliage. A heavy evaporation rested on the water, and on looking far westward a group of islets could be seen hanging, as it appeared, in a golden haze between sea and sky, while on either hand the land stretched boldly into the Atlantic, and terminated on the far horizon in a truly Scottish promontory. There happened to be an abundance of herring fry in the loch, and all the enemies of these poor little silvery fish were in hot pursuit of them. Occasionally a whale rose to the surface, frightening them out of their native element, and would plunge again madly through their shining masses, while the sea-gull swooped successfully down and carried off its squirming victim to breakfast on it in mid-air. A seal was fishing about half a mile off, and we bore down in his direction in the hope of getting unperceived within gunshot; but the wary and keen-sighted animal detected our manœuvre, and diving, took the precaution to give us a very wide berth ere he again rose to the surface. Instead of the seal, we shot a cormorant, and found its crop gorged with the herring fry; for in that stern and lonely region every living thing within ken, from man himself downward, seemed absorbed in the pursuit and destruction of weaker creatures.

"By-the-way, old fellow," said the laird, as tiller in hand he steered our craft to a distant point on the southern shore of the loch, "you will discover before the sun goes down, I hope, that hunting the sea-otter in the Hebrides is very different sport from hunting the fresh-water otter on the Border. *There* it is a chase, sometimes for miles, up stream and down, in the water and out of it—a game of hide-and-seek behind rocks and under shelving banks; but *here* it is a battle, which begins and ends within the radius of a few yards. Scart and company here are fit for all the fighting that will be required to-day, I think. Just look, will you, how the little beggars prick their ears, as if they understood every word I uttered."

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Our boat was now so near the land that we began to scrutinize with the eyes and hopes of sportsmen the hidden places of the rock-bound coast, which one by one were revealed to us as we glided past. From a distance the shores, though everywhere rocky and precipitous, had seemed to extend quite round the loch in a line unbroken either by igneous disruptions of the land or by gradual encroachments of the sea; but appearances are proverbially deceitful, and this apparently continuous unbroken coast was found, on a closer inspection, to be in some places worn by the action of the waves into little bays, and in others torn asunder into deep dark trenches, where, in some early convulsion of nature, the earth had cracked and let the ocean in. Here, then, among these rugged solitudes, where few sounds were ever heard save the roar of the sea and its accompaniment, the scream of the gull —here, among remote cairns and concealed crevices, were the solitary haunts of the sea-otter.

The coble swung before the entrance to a little cove once occupied, we supposed, by a seam of sandstone, which in course of time had been scooped out by the waves, while older and harder rock formations on which the sea could make no impression had been left standing in their obduracy to guard its entrance. The laird said there were some good otter cairns in this sheltered bight; but by the advice of Ian More we held on our course to a more likely spot.

Half an hour's steady rowing transported us to the Bight of Barroness, another huge rift in the primeval rock; but though confined on all sides by precipitous bluffs, the blessed sunshine struggled in somehow, and the seals occasionally landed to bask upon the rocks. Enormous scales of rock had freed themselves from the perpendicular cliffs, and had come tumbling down to the water's edge, where they lay shattered into mighty fragments, and tossed together in all conceivable positions. Under these fragments the otter occupied an adamantine citadel which seemed secure and impregnable.

"Now not a word!" said Mac, as our boat glided noiselessly under the shadow of the cliff. "Be careful, lads, in dipping your oars, and when I raise my hand, stop pulling. Land us at that flat rock, Ian More; and when all is made fast, each of you lift a dog, and follow me. If there be an otter in Barroness, we'll have his skin this day."

Cautiously landing, and scrambling over the scattered bowlders with as little noise as possible, we made our way to the nearest cairn, and our canine auxiliaries having been set down to begin the hunt, my friend and I posted ourselves on prominent pinnacles of rock, from which we could command every outlet from the lair. The two lads were sent to guard some other cairns at a short distance; but Ian More remained with us to handle the dogs, and render assistance in any case of need. We cocked our fire-arms as Scart and his fellows, with a few premonitory yelps, eagerly entered the cairn from different points—my friend being furnished with a rifle, and I with an old and favorite single-barrelled gun, which took a three-cornered charge of a dozen buckshot, and which threw close and killed far. The terriers had scarcely disappeared ere they gave tongue in accents which our listening ears knew well how to interpret. *The otter was at home.* The king of the cairn had been found at his head-quarters by our canine ambassadors, who were now paying their respects to him in a succession of short fierce barks, which must have satisfied him of the urgent nature of their business. Confused sounds of battle issued from the cairn, and were echoed from the precipice of rock which frowned darkly on the other side of the narrow gulf of sea-water. We could hear also the rushing to and fro of the terriers in the dark passages of the otter's lair, the growl and hiss of the besieged as he showed his white and formidable teeth, and the sound of an occasional scuffle when the combatants got into close quarters. The battle raged unwitnessed under our very feet, with an attendant clamor and commotion which never for a moment ceased, and which seemed terribly out of place among the solemn rocks. The terriers ran about like spiteful little demons, barking as if their hearts would burst, sometimes popping out at one hole and sometimes at another, and often in danger of being shot instead of the enemy. The otter, assailed in the innermost recess of his lair, made a desperate defense of that last refuge, knowing well that if his flank were turned he would be compelled to evacuate the cairn, and run the gauntlet of human foes, more dreaded than Skye terriers, before he could reach sea-water

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and safety. A position more harmlessly exciting there could hardly be than was the top of that cairn during the ten or fifteen minutes in which Scart and company struggled to expel the otter from his stronghold. Several times I was deceived into raising the gun to my shoulder, with my finger on the trigger, only to discover in the nick of time that the object on which I was drawing a deadly bead was dog, not otter. But if the otter was desperate, the terriers were plucky, and it soon became evident from the sounds in the cairn that although the brute was disputing the ground inch by inch, he was gradually but surely being driven into daylight. The evacuation took place suddenly, and neither the laird nor I was prepared for the final rush with which the otter emerged from his den and scuttled rapidly over the rocks toward the water, with one of the terriers hanging on his flank. I did not fire, for I was afraid of shooting the dog, and the same dread seemed to restrain my friend; but having a better view of the otter than I had, he at last took the risk, and sped a bullet, which, although it did no execution, had nevertheless the effect of checking the animal's career at the very brink. With a lightning movement of his long lithe body the otter turned, and looked the very incarnation of ferocity as, with his round flat head thrust forward, his white array of teeth bared, his little round eyes scintillating, and the claws of his powerful webbed foot unsheathed and uplifted to strike, he prepared to dispose of the gallant little Coulock. In an instant he beat off his single assailant; and then, and as the two remaining terriers issued from the cairn and hurried to take part in the encounter, darted once more toward the water. At that moment, seizing the fleeting opportunity, I discharged my gun, but without any apparent effect, for as the smoke cleared away I saw the otter, with Connis hanging on his flank, plunge into the gulf and disappear. In disappointment I turned to the laird and Ian More, who were both intently gazing where a few circling ripples marked the spot of the otter's dive.

"Connis, Connis, ye messan! I thought you were meat for the fishes," said the laird, joyfully, breaking a somewhat anxious interval of silence, as the terrier emerged from the water and shook his dripping shaggy coat after the manner of his kind.

"'Deed, it will be well for her she is on dry land, and no' at the bottom o' ta loch wi' ta otter," added Ian More, with a smile grimly expressive of the satisfaction he felt at the dog's escape from destruction.

"Then you think we have seen the last of the otter, Ian?" I asked, disconsolately.

"Weel, Ian's no' so sure aboot that. Blood's on ta water, and I rayther think ta beast is wounded sore; and if she'll no' tak hold o' ta weeds at ta bottom, she'll come up again like a cork."

As Ian finished speaking he pointed to the incarnadined surface of the water, where a few air-bubbles were making their appearance, and where presently, as if to fulfill the Celt's prediction, the body of the otter was seen to float buoyantly, but lifeless. When Ian drew the carcass ashore with his boat-hook we found the head and limbs to bear numerous traces of the dogs' teeth, while in the body was the death wound made by the buck-shot.

"Isn't he an ugly customer, this king of the cairn?" said the laird, surveying the otter's dimensions; "but he fights a plucky, brave battle, and his skin, which sheds the water so admirably, may be turned to many dainty uses. But the lads have another specimen incairned, if I am not deceived. Let's see."

We did not need the assurance of Ian Beg and Kenneth, on reaching the pile of rocks which they had been guarding, that an otter was intrenched within it. The dogs, which had come out of the late conflict very little harmed by their formidable foe, proclaimed the presence of a new antagonist the very instant they entered the cairn. The contest within was a very short and lively one, for the cairn was speedily evacuated, and the combatants issued into daylight engaged in a close and sanguinary struggle, in which canine yelps of pain and fury were mingled with the indescribable purrings and spittings of the otter. In this instance our fire-arms were useless, as any attempt to shoot the otter would certainly have resulted in the murder of one or more of the dogs. Ian More therefore advanced with his boat-hook to administer the *coup de grace* at a fitting opportunity, but the laird restrained him.

"Let them alone," he said. "I have heard many an argument about the prowess of the sea-otter, and I wish to see whether three stanch terriers are not a

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match for it. By Jove! look how the brute claws the poor little devils."

"I don't think the otter has the best of it, though."

"Faith, no! Scart seems to have a grip of him near the jugular, and holds on like a weasel. But do you see what trenchant strokes the brute makes with those webbed feet of his, drawing blood every time, too? Really, Ian, if I didn't know that the little beggars like this work, I would let you use your boat-hook."

"'Deed, there'll be no call for't, anyhow. She'll no' fight more'n tree meenits, for Scart has a sore hold on her weasand."

At this juncture one of the dogs limped out of the fray with a piteous howl, and squatting on a rock, began to lick an ugly wound on its fore-leg, where the otter had left many cruel tooth-marks. Relieved of one assailant, the brute struggled with new desperation to shake off the remaining two, and in this he was partly successful, for Scart was compelled to relinquish his hold, while by one powerful stroke of the webbed foot Coulock was knocked sprawling into a cranny. The otter then turned in the direction of the water, but Scart opposed his progress, and gamely contested every inch of the ground, until the momentarily confounded Coulock and the crippled Connis again rushed in to take part in the final rally. The otter's last chance of life was gone. After a few unavailing struggles he gave up the battle, turned over on his side, and suffered passively. In a minute more his limbs relaxed, his jaw dropped, and he was dead.

"The victory is bought somewhat dearly, I fear," said the laird, contemplating the terriers as they sat, hot and panting, covered with blood, and licking their bruises. "The skin has been pretty well raked from Coulock's phiz, Scart has lost an ear, and Connis is badly crippled—a frightful list of injuries."

"Hoot-toot!" ejaculated Ian More, in a tone of indifference. "The bone isna brokken o' Connis's leg, and 'deed they'll be none o' them very sore hurt at all."

"Well, well, let us get to the boat," said the laird, briskly, "for the tide is running out, and the lads will have a tough pull round the Barroness. We ought to be satisfied with our sport, for two otters are not to be had every forenoon. Have the skins stretched, Ian, and set to dry this very day."

"And what use will you make of the skins?" I inquired.

"Why, we might stuff 'em, like those you have seen in my house; but in this case we will turn them into a pair of hunting caps, or some trifles of that sort, so that when you cross that wide Atlantic that rolls away westward for three thousand miles, you may carry with you some slight souvenir of an otter hunt in the Hebrides."

THE FAMILISTÈRE AT GUISE, FRANCE.

THE fourteen years which have elapsed since the first notice of the Social Palace appeared in April, 1872, in this Magazine, and the changes that naturally have occurred among the two thousand inhabitants of the Familistère, as well as those in France itself, justify us in again calling attention to this important social and industrial undertaking. The children of fifteen years ago are grown men and women to-day, and, thanks to the social culture by which they have been surrounded, and to the education they have enjoyed, are fitted by experience and by training to comprehend the possibilities of an industrial life founded upon justice, which still to the majority outside seems an impossible dream. Never since their earliest recollections have they known the pinch of poverty. The building in which their days and nights have been passed has been absolutely free from the make-shifts of want from which the children of industry are obliged to get their first impressions of the life they are growing up to lead. From their earliest childhood they have been surrounded with the atmosphere of love and the culture of abundance. The lessons of respect for the rights of their little comrades, constantly impressed upon their infancy in the nursery, accompany them as in their growth they extend their investigation of this marvellously constructed habitation in which they find themselves. The passages and halls through which they pass are so scrupulously neat and clean that unconsciously they find how closely personal cleanli-

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ness is allied to godliness; the stairways up which their small limbs clamber have so easy a tread that they naturally suppose all stairs are made like them, nor dream, until years have passed, that this ease of ascent was thought out for their comfort by the gray-haired, elderly man whom they have learned to love and reverence as the founder of the Familistère.

Through the whole course of their educational career lessons of reverent respect for the divine power that set in operation and sustains in action the machinery of life fit them, when they reach the period of matured activity, to comprehend how much they owe to the good fortune of being born in the Social Palace; and what a privilege it is to try and repay this debt by their life-long devotion to its progress.

In only the briefest and most general way will it be possible to describe here the plan of the Social Palace. The former article gives details which it is unnecessary to repeat.

The controlling thought which presided over its plan and construction was that, as a habitation, it should be adapted to the needs of the human beings who were to live in it, so that the simple fact of residing in it, of taking part in its daily life, and being one of the active forces relied upon to support its collective life, should be a constant means of social and individual culture. If the domestic arrangements of the construction were the source of annoyance to those trying to live in it, this fact suggested, not that the inhabitants should be urged to adapt themselves to the house, but that the construction should be so altered as to afford the right conditions for comfort and convenience.

That Mr. Godin built wisely in this respect is shown in the fact that during the twenty-five years that the Familistère has existed there has not been a single lawsuit or police case among its inhabitants, and it must be that during that time the population has nearly trebled. In 1860, when the central quadrangle was finished, there were about six hundred who rented apartments in it, and as the need for more homes increased, the Palace grew, the adjuncts being essentially the completion of the original design. The harmony that has always existed among the inhabitants of the Familistère proves that both the architecture and the social organization were results of accurate prevision. Mr. Godin, together with the chief managers, engineers, artists, and artisans engaged in the extensive works, lives in the Familistère. They find that the constant intercourse of human beings never prevents any one of them from doing all the good he can, and frequently prevents those who would otherwise do evil from accomplishing it. The unitary home is for the majority a great benefit. The constant circulation prevents suffering from being overlooked or ignored, while for the prompt and unfailing attention of the mutual assurances, in which all are united, and for the children, in whose constant progress all are interested, there could hardly be a more favorable arrangement.

In the first account given in this Magazine, in 1872, it was remarked that Mr. Godin intended and desired to form an association with his workmen, but found that the law did not in France, any more than in this country, recognize or make provision for legalizing such an association. The law in all civilized countries is simply for the regulation of existing institutions, and as an association of industry and capital existed nowhere in civilization at that time, there was no law regulating this relation. It was founded during the period when Napoleon III. was Emperor, and as he had tried to gain a reputation as an inventor of small houses for workmen, the government set its face against any conception like that entertained by Mr. Godin. Actuated by this spirit, at the World's Exposition of 1867 in France, while the prize was awarded the Emperor for improved workmen's homes, no plan, drawing, or model of the Social Palace was permitted to be exhibited; and subsequently, after the overthrow of the empire, when the establishment of the republic opened the police records to public inspection, in the police books at Guise was found appended against Mr. Godin's name this note: "*Honest, and in consequence the more to be feared.*"

At the establishment of his iron-works at Guise, Mr. Godin had instituted among his workmen a system of mutual insurance, to which they each contributed regularly, and to the fund thus raised the works made a yearly donation. In time a considerable fund for the support of this insurance, and belonging to the workmen, had gathered, and finally Mr. Godin proposed associating with himself as partners the owners of this fund. It was not, how-

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ever, without long and careful explanations that the workmen could be convinced of the advantage of the plan proposed. For some months Mr. Godin held weekly conferences with such as could be sufficiently interested to attend, and with unwearied patience and a persistence of well-doing that can not be too highly praised, he listened to objections, repeated and re-explained what was not understood, urging time and again the importance and the need of their agreeing to the proposed partnership. When finally the proposition was voluntarily accepted, there was of necessity a long time devoted to drawing up the articles of association, with the rules for its management, so that it was not until 1880 that they were signed, registered, and deposited with the officials of the state. The business name of the association is Godin and Co.

The rules of the association are published in a volume of 275 pages, entitled *Mutualité Sociale.* The work is divided into two parts, the first containing the "statutes of the Society of the Familistère at Guise, a co-operative association of capital and labor," while the second part relates to "the mutual assurances" of the association, the whole being preceded by a preliminary study of the relations of capital and labor. These statutes form really an admirable manual for the practical association of labor and capital. A partial translation of them, printed in small number by the Woman's Social Science Society of New York, and another, also incomplete, printed serially in the Chicago *Sentinel*, a leading greenback journal, are the only attempts that have been made to introduce them to the English-speaking public. To reproduce them here is manifestly impossible, but the following abstract will give an idea of their scope and character:

The society has at its head an Acting Administrator, who is assisted by a Council of Administration, a Council of Industry, and a Council of the Familistère. These councils are formed from members of the association who have reached the rank of associates, and are chosen for three years at a general meeting of the associates. The heads of the principal services of the establishment are members of the councils by virtue of their position.

A Council of Observation, composed of Associates, is yearly elected by the general assembly. The elected counsellors are reeligible. The Acting Administrator is Mr. Godin, who has this position for life; his successor will be elected by the associates, and will also hold his position for life, unless he is suspended by a general assembly in the manner provided for by the statutes.

The associates who desire to become members of the Council of Administration must have been for a certain time auditors to the councils of Administration and of Industry. These positions are obtained by means of written and oral examinations, in which the candidates give proof of their theoretical and professional capacity.

The heads of the departments and of the workers are named by the Acting Administrator. When they are chosen from those living in the Familistère, the Administrator chooses them among those who have proved by their written and oral examinations that they possess the requisite knowledge. When an employé asks an increase of his pay, the demand is not met unless he shows that he deserves it.

The manufactory is divided into a certain number of workshops; each workshop has a variable number of sections. The workshops are directed by chiefs, and the sections by overseers. No liquor-seller in Guise or any adjacent village can become the chief of a workshop. The chiefs receive the material to be worked up from the heads of departments; they distribute it to the overseers, who see that the workmen use it. Inversely the work done returns to the chiefs, who account for it.

A day's work is ten hours, and is paid for according to a tariff which the workers themselves have accepted. Any objection on this matter is first examined by a committee of delegates elected by all the workers of all kinds. The Council of Administration decides upon the report of this committee.

Mr. Godin has thus formulated the law for the participation of each of the factors in production, and applied it in the distribution of the profits of the industry: *Every producing element should participate in the profits, in proportion to the services it has rendered.*

The three factors which concur in the production of all wealth are:

1. The earth and the natural resources, joined with the utilities furnished gratuitously by society.
2. The active labor of individuals.

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3. Capital or labor economized, the passive agent.

The resources furnished by nature and those furnished by society constitute the right of the poor and the helpless, and it is in the name of these resources that society should assure existence to each of its members.

Active labor constitutes the right of the workman to the results of his labor.

Capital, the passive element, constitutes the right of the lender to remuneration for the service rendered.

The association of the Familistère is based upon these fundamental principles, which are thus put in action. The portion of the profits equitably belonging to the factors of production, capital and labor, should be proportioned to the amounts paid them: to labor in wages, and to capital in interest. Thus in the industries in which twice, three times, ten times more is paid to labor as wages than to capital as interest, the share of the profits coming to labor should be twice, three times, ten times larger than that accorded to capital.

In the Familistère the participation of labor is eight times larger than that of capital, as the yearly wages paid amount to 1,888,000 francs ($377,600), while the interest upon the capital amounts to only 230,000 francs ($46,000).

The share which comes to labor in general being then fixed, the share of individuals is easily calculated, since each one has a right proportional to that which he has received, during the year, in wages and interest.

In founding this association Mr. Godin found that among his employés there were some who had been in his service, aiding to build up his fortune, ten, twenty, twenty-five or more years, capable workers, whose labor was more valuable from their experience than that of those more recently engaged, and to recognize these differences he made the following classification, which is still in force:

1st, the associates, numbering 68; 2d, the societaries, numbering 95; 3d, the participants, numbering 573; 4th, the auxiliaries, numbering 258; 5th, the interested, numbering 286.

An *associate* must be at least twenty-five years of age, and have resided at least five years in the Familistère, have been engaged at least as long in its works, able to read and write, be possessed of at least five hundred francs of the social capital, and have been admitted to the general assembly of the associates. This body of selected persons makes up the General Assembly of the Association, and selects its new members.

The statutes provide that the *associates* shall in the division of the profits count twice their wages.

The *societaries* are such as fulfill the following conditions: to be at least twenty-one years old, and free from military service in the active army; to have worked for the association for three years at least; to live in the Social Palace; to be admitted by the Council of Administration and by the Acting Administrator.

The *societaries* count in the division for one-half more than their wages.

The *participants* must fill the following conditions: to be at least twenty-one years old, and free from military duty in the active army; to have worked at least a year in the service of the association; to be admitted by the Council of Administration and the Acting Administrator.

The *participants* count in the division for the wages they have received.

The *auxiliaries* embrace all those who work under any title, except those above specified, for the association. They do not share directly in the division; they have a claim only upon the mutual assurance.

When the distribution is made at the end of the year, after twenty-five per cent. is accorded to the administration and the councils, the remaining seventy-five per cent. is divided among these different categories according to the ratios indicated.

The portions coming to each are transformed into certificates of savings stock, and the capital which these certificates represent is destined to repay the money advanced to inaugurate the undertaking.

The whole profit made upon the work of the auxiliaries is turned over to the fund for insuring the pensions of various kinds.

The *interested* are persons who possess by inheritance, purchase, or any other way a portion of the social capital.

There is also a certain number of young persons, children of members, for whom the association makes a special provision, with the view of early interesting them in the general prosperity of the Familistère. Each year an entry of participation, similar to those of the participants, is credited to each of them; but it is understood that

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they are not given possession of their certificates of savings unless, after serving their term of military duty, they return to the Familistère to work.

As fast as the workers become capitalists they acquire the advantages accorded to capital, and participate proportionately according to the whole of their savings stock and their wages.

The giving of twenty-five per cent. of the profits to talent and administrative ability rests upon the following considerations:

Daily experience shows that among industries of the same kind, equally equipped with capital and machinery, drawing their supplies of material from the same sources, getting their workmen from the same locality, and placing their products in the same markets, some meet with failure and others with fortune. Observing this, Mr. Godin concluded that the prosperous enterprises owe their prosperity to the single element which is not common to all industries, namely, to the directing element of talent; and wishing to found a lasting enterprise, capable of contending victoriously in this era of competition, he has assured to this element a participation equal to its preponderance in the observed facts, by giving it an exceptional share in the profits.

The Familistère at Guise gives twenty-five per cent. of the profits to its directing and administrative talent, dividing this amount thus:

	Per cent.
To the Acting Administrator	12
To the members of the Council of Administration	9
To the members of the Council of Oversight	2
To the Council of Administration for exceptional services	2
	25

When in 1880 Mr. Godin definitely organized the society of the Familistère and registered it officially, he had already organized a savings fund for the benefit of the best and most regular workmen in his employ. When the association was formed he converted these savings into certificates of property. They amounted to the sum of 172,266 francs ($34,453); and the fund put aside for the support of the various insurances was 90,000 francs ($18,000).

To-day the workers own, by their participation in the profits, 1,969,000 francs of the social capital ($393,800).

From this it is evident that it will not require a long time before the workers shall come to own the entire plant of the Familistère. When they do this, Mr. Godin will have been re-imbursed for all that he has advanced, and the association of the Familistère will own a property worth 6,600,000 francs ($1,320,000), without estimating in any way the commercial value of the business.

The system of mutual assurance in the Familistère is so completely organized that its divisions correspond with the general needs, and bid fair to provide a complete security to about five hundred families living in the Social Palace, with security for the morrow for all its workmen outside. The institutions created by this system of mutuality may be thus divided:

1. The assurance of all things necessary to support life, and a pension for old age.

2. Assurance for men in case of sickness.

3. Assurance for women in case of sickness.

4. The provisions for medical appliances and care.

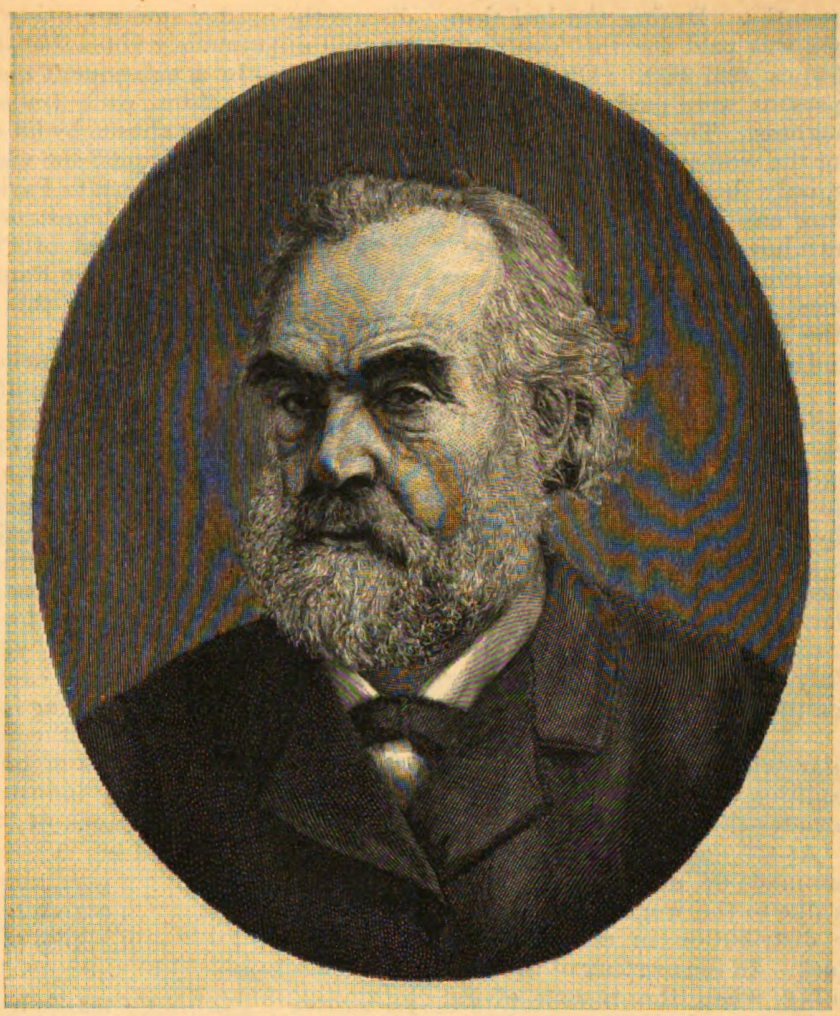
Since the 1st of July, 1880, the expense of these four services has amounted to 264,459 francs ($52,891). The greater part of the income which supports these institutions is obtained from charges and discounts such as in ordinary enterprises are used to increase the profit of the capitalist.

These assurances are managed by special committees elected by the votes of those interested in their management. The members of these committees are rewarded according to the time they devote to the service.

The first of these assurances, in the favor of the most needy families, is not empirically managed, letting favoritism arrange the distribution. A table in the regulations, made up from the values of the most necessary things, indicates the sum needed for supplying the necessities of the aged, the adult, and children of different ages. When all the wages a family receives does not amount to enough to supply the things necessary, the association pays the difference. This assurance is the consecration of the right to life.

The pensions are accorded after long service in the association, or after injury by accident in the industry rendering the recipient unable to work. These assurances are supported by the payment of two per cent. on all the wages paid by the association, and by the profit made on the

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JEAN BAPTISTE ANDRÉ GODIN, THE FOUNDER OF THE FAMILISTÈRE AT GUISE, FRANCE.
By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co.

work done by the auxiliaries. Their expense during the past three years was 91,426 francs ($18,285). The number of pensioners in 1884 was 43, of whom the larger part, 24, resided in the village of Guise and its vicinity. The fund for supporting the assurances is now over 500,000 francs ($100,000). It is evident that in a few years this fund will so increase that its income alone will support the charges upon it. All right to a pension is forfeited by its recipient if, without the authorization of the Council of Administration, he accepts a situation with wages outside of the association. This was done in order to prevent the introduction among the *personnel* of the Familistère of a custom grown up recently among the large employers of Paris, of reducing the wages of those they hired, when it was found that they had regular wages elsewhere.

The assurance for the sick is supported by the fines laid for infringement of the workshop rules, deductions from the pay of those who break or injure in the making the materials intrusted to them, and the regular assessment of two per cent. on all wages paid. If these resources are not sufficient, the deficiency is made up, half by the association and half by the mutualists. By this means each mutualist is led by his self-interest to watch the economic use of the fund. This assurance pays the doctor's visits and the daily allowance to the patients, fixed at twice the amount of the monthly contribution for the first three months, at once and a half for the next three months, and once during the

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next six months. During the last three years there was paid for this assurance 139,405 francs ($27,481). During 1883 708 sick persons were paid during 17,035 days of sickness. The assurance against sickness for the women is organized in the same way, only those living in the Social Palace being entitled to it. For the last three years it has cost 16,607 francs ($3321.)

The two committees chosen for these services meet together twice a month to draw up the list of allowances, name the visitors, and transact other necessary business.

The medical fund is raised by a payment of ten cents from each person living in the Familistère, and by an equal contribution paid by the association. This fund pays for the medicines ordered by the doctor or the midwife, the baths, linen, and utensils necessary, and meets also the expenses of burial for those who are mutualists.

From July 1, 1880, to June 30, 1883, for this service there was spent 17,009 francs ($3462).

A singular evidence of the force of routine and tradition was offered by the action of the associates the first year of their association. At the end of the year the accounts were made up, and the portions of the profits due to the workers were made ready for distribution in certificates of savings stock. In the meeting of the general assembly, when the reports of the business had been read, the owners of these certificates were given notice of their existence, and invited to come forward and receive them. The assembly, however, dispersed without anybody presenting himself to claim his certificate. Mr. Godin made no movement of surprise. His experience had prepared him for even this seeming contempt. He put the certificates in his safe, and reported in a few months that they had all been taken away by their owners. They are probably more surprised to-day at the ignorance they showed than Mr. Godin was, and with him are pleased to see the recent evidences that the importance and the methods of the institutions inaugurated in the Familistère are beginning to excite public attention.

The most striking of these is the fact that the Municipal Council of Paris appropriated 1500 francs to pay the expenses of a committee of workmen from the trades-unions of that city to visit the Familistère. Forty-five trades-unions of Paris met to discuss the need of such a visiting committee, and unanimously voted that there was need for it. In a subsequent meeting of three delegates from each trades-union, fifteen unions were chosen by lot to nominate the visitors, who paid the visit in October, and on their return to Paris reported in favor of the idea of constructing the suggested new habitations of Paris for workmen on the plan of the Familistère. Their report at the time of this writing has not been made public.

A recapitulation of the financial results of the five years' association will not be amiss. There has been no strike among the workmen, while their wages have been constantly superior to those of other like industrial establishments. Nor has capital been treated unjustly. Before any profit is given to labor, Mr. Godin has received five per cent. upon the capital he loaned. Besides this, since the foundation of the society he has drawn a yearly interest of six per cent. on the capital confided to them, without counting his pay as manager and his share in the profits as laborer. In the five years of association the total profits of the industry have amounted to 5,119,000 francs ($1,023,200).

The founder has had—

As General Manager.....	333,000 fr.	$66,000
As capitalist.....	1,005,000 fr.	201,000
	1,338,000 fr.	$267,000

The workers—

For teaching.....	133,000 fr.	$26,600
Assurance.....	790,000 fr.	158,000
Reserves.....	1,339,000 fr.	267,800
Savings.....	1,242,000 fr.	248,400
Interest and dividends on savings.....	277,000 fr.	55,400
	3,781,000 fr.	$756,200

By adding together the share of Mr. Godin and that accorded to the workers, we have the total profits of the five years.

A glance at the process of the year's accounting will probably give the most suggestive idea of the associative method, as compared with that in general use in our industries. When the accounts are made up, and the profits of the year's industry are known, the first thing done is to set aside the sum needed for continuing the education of the children, then the sum needed for the assurance of the next year, then that necessary for keeping the buildings in order, and when these are set aside from the gross profits, the division of the remainder is made as has been indicated.

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SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—A COMEDY.



ACT SECOND.—(*Concluded.*)

SCENE—*An Old-fashioned House.*

Enter TONY *and* MISS NEVILLE, *followed by* MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* HASTINGS.

TONY. What do you follow me for, Cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

MISS NEV. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

TONY. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you, Cousin Con, it won't do; I beg you'll keep your distance, I want no nearer relationship.

[*She follows, coquetting him to the back scene.*

MRS. HARD. Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There is nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

HAST. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

MRS. HARD. O! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighboring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do is to enjoy London at second-

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"EXTREMELY ELEGANT AND DÉGAGÉE, UPON MY WORD, MADAM."

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hand. I take care to know every *tête-à-tête* from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked Lane. Pray how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

HAST. Extremely elegant and *dégagée*, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

MRS. HARD. I protest, I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum-book for the last year.

HAST. Indeed! Such a head in a side-box at the play-house would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a city ball.

MRS. HARD. I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

HAST. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress. (*Bowing.*)

MRS. HARD. Yet, what signifies my dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle: all I can say will never argue down a



"LIKE MY LORD PATELY."

single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over like my Lord Pately, with powder.

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HAST. You are right, madam; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

MRS. HARD. But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a *tête* for my own wearing.

HAST. Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

MRS. HARD. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

HAST. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

MRS. HARD. Seriously. Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

HAST. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of samplers.

MRS. HARD. And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

HAST. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

MRS. HARD. My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

TONY. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself, but the stable.

MRS. HARD. Never mind him, Con, my dear, he's in another story behind your back.

MISS NEV. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

TONY. That's a damned confounded—crack.

MRS. HARD. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

TONY. You had as good not make me, I tell you. (*Measuring.*)

MISS NEV. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

MRS. HARD. O, the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

TONY. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

MRS. HARD. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

TONY. Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the Complete Housewife ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through Quincy next spring. But, ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

MRS. HARD. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

TONY. I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

MRS. HARD. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No,

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"O LUD! HE HAS ALMOST CRACKED MY HEAD."

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Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

TONY. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

MRS. HARD. Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart; I see he does.

HAST. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

MRS. HARD. Well, I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation: was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy?

[*Exeunt* MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* MISS NEVILLE.

HASTINGS, TONY.

TONY, *singing.*

"There was a young man riding by, and fain would have his will. Rang do didlo dee."—Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together; and they said they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

HAST. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

TONY. That's as I find 'um.

HAST. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty well-tempered girl.

TONY. That's because you don't know her so well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantackerous toad in all Christendom.

HAST. (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

TONY. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

HAST. To me she appears sensible and silent.

TONY. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmate, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

HAST. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

TONY. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

HAST. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty.—Yes, you must allow her a little beauty.

TONY. Bandbox! She's all a made-up thing, mum. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

HAST. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

TONY. Anon.

HAST. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

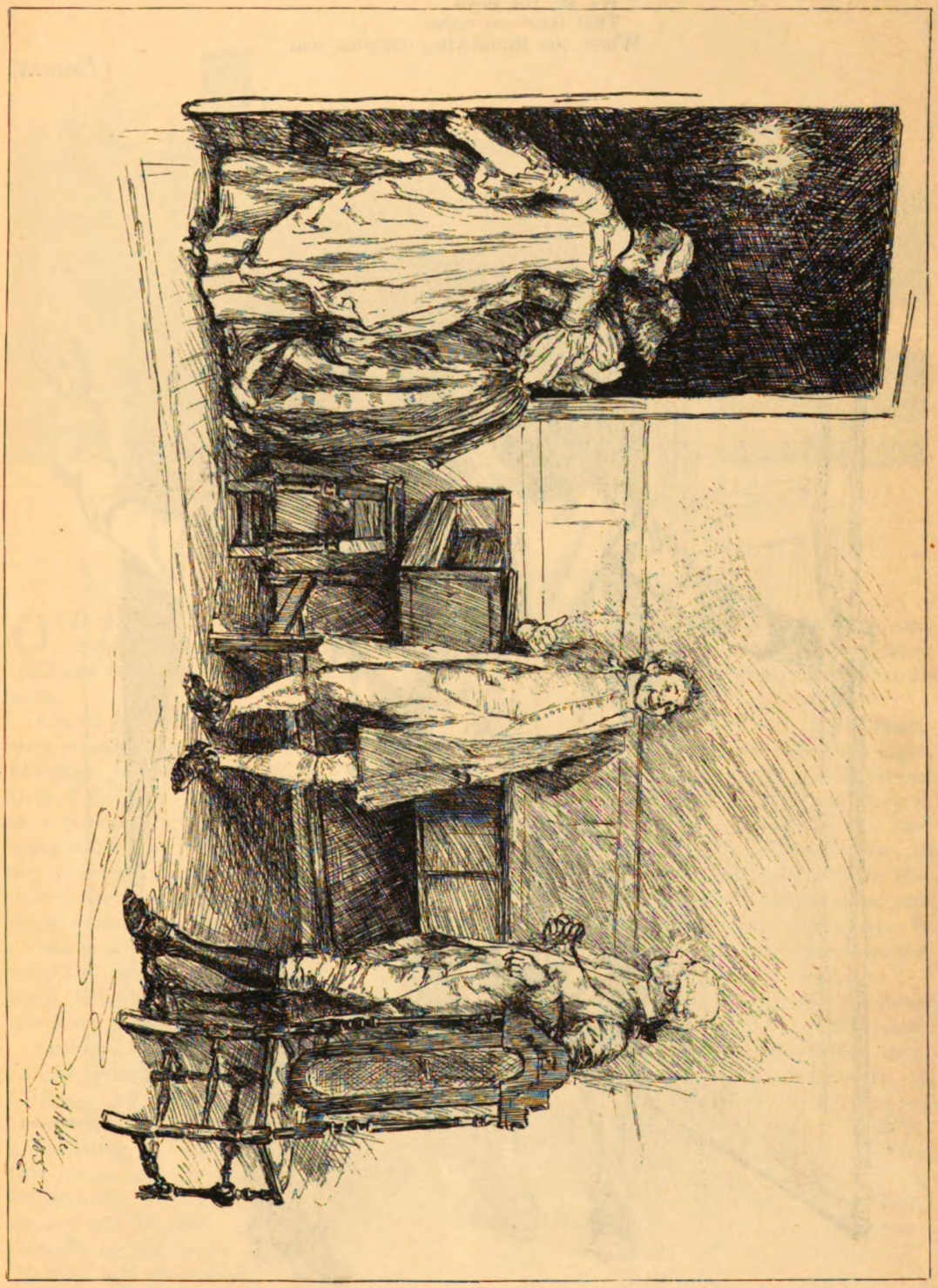
TONY. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

HAST. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

TONY. Assist you! Ecod I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and maybe get you a part of her fortin beside in jewels that you little dream of.

HAST. My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

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"DEAR MADAM, PERMIT ME TO LECTURE THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN."

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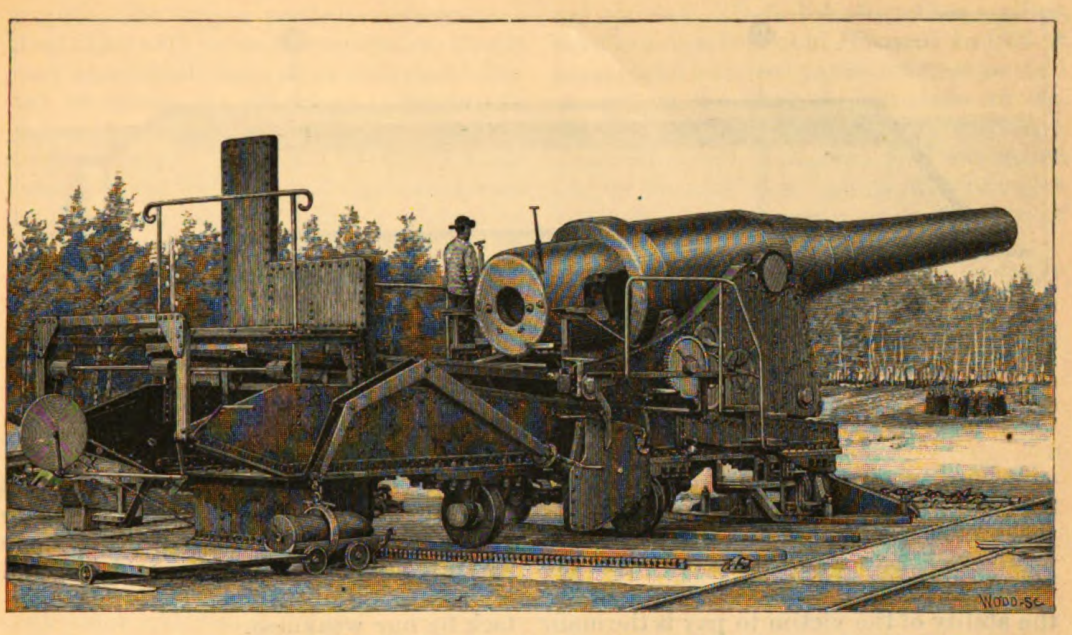
TONY. Come along, then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. (*Singing.*)

"We are the boys
That fears no noise
Where the thundering cannons roar."

[*Exeunt.*



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KRUPP'S SEVENTY-ONE TON GUN.—[SEE PAGE 934.]

THE DEFENSE OF OUR SEA-PORTS.

OUR extended sea-coast, except where adequately protected by the art of the military engineer, is everywhere vulnerable.

Let us for the moment regard the question whether its defense should be made adequate, if not already so, as a mere question of dollars and cents. Is it wise, then, in a business sense, for each of us to pay a premium, say of twenty cents a year for six or seven years, to permanently insure ourselves against such a calamity as the destruction or holding to ransom of one or more of our sea-board cities, or to prevent the hostile occupation of the Mississippi River, and the possible plunder of the towns upon its banks?

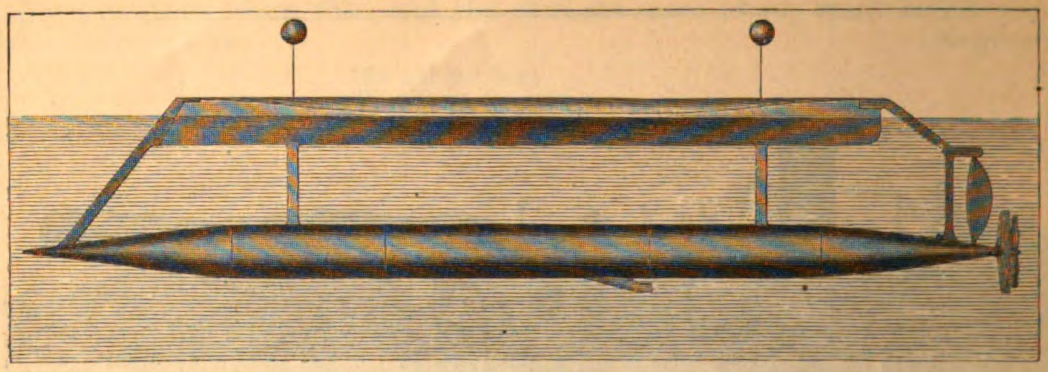
Sufficient answer to this may be found in the recollection that the loss at the Chicago fire was estimated at $200,000,000, the losses of insurance companies alone amounting to nearly $97,000,000; while the losses at the Boston fire exceeded $80,000,000, the insurance losses being nearly $53,000,000. In both these cases, notably in the latter, by no means all of the city was consumed.

Or view the matter in another light. The census of 1880 gives the assessed value of the property exposed to destruction or contribution in the ports of Portland, Portsmouth, Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco at, in round numbers, thirty-three hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars.

But this estimate does not in all cases, notably at New Orleans, include the neighboring country at the mercy of a power holding the specified harbor, nor does it allow for the great growth of the last five years. Again, the assessed value is almost invariably considerably below the actual value. Though it is therefore certain that the valuation given above is much too low, yet for the purposes of argument let us assume it to be correct.

Now (disregarding the small fractions of absolute accuracy throughout this paragraph) it is estimated that sixty-one millions of dollars—one and eight-tenths of one per cent. of this value—would render all of these ports impregnable. This expenditure would necessarily be distributed over six or seven years, since the work could not be completed in less time. Thus the annual premium of insurance against the danger of destruction or ransom by an enemy would amount to but three-tenths of one per cent. on this inordinately low valuation for say six years; and thereafter to but the comparatively nominal cost of keeping the works in repair.

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THE SIMS TORPEDO.

It has become a custom of modern warfare, too convenient to fall into disuse, for the victor to estimate his past and prospective expenses, and collect the bill of the vanquished. It is unnecessary to add that the ability of the victim to pay is the main factor in stating the account, and that this "execution" may not be "returned unsatisfied." The danger is not one which addresses itself to him alone who may dwell within the reach of such exaction. No settler who cultivates the soil or rounds up his cattle on the remotest frontier, no shoemaker who hammers his last in the most secluded inland village, but would feel the blow, and indirectly, if not directly, suffer such loss as would more than make good his proportion of the annual cost of preparing and maintaining an adequate defense through a lifetime. Rejecting, then, altogether the national humiliation of such a disaster, it must be plain to the meanest understanding that true economy requires ample provision against this danger, if such provision be practicable.



END VIEW OF FISH TORPEDO.

To-day the horizon is without a cloud, and we have at least the apparent friendship of all nations. The policy of non-interference in the political affairs of the Eastern continent is bred into our very bone; but side by side with it has grown a no less fixed determination to have a controlling voice in the affairs of this continent. Fair as is now the prospect, what conscientious student of the past could guarantee the certainty of peace even for the next six months, much less for the six or seven years which all agree will, even with the most lavish expenditure, be required to make good our past neglect? Common-sense dictates that we credit other nations with at least some small modicum of military enterprise and ability, especially when we invite the attack by our weakness.

Now let us see what is our actual condition in this matter, or, in other words, with what means and with what hope of success we could oppose a naval attack upon our sea-board cities.

The main stay and reliance of the optimist is the torpedo. An excellent and sure defense is the torpedo, but always provided it is in, and is kept in, its proper place—that is, under an enemy's bottom. For it may explode by the thousand in any other place than that, and be a thing of "mere noise, signifying nothing."

For our purpose torpedoes may be divided into two classes—those which move to meet the enemy, and those which await his approach.

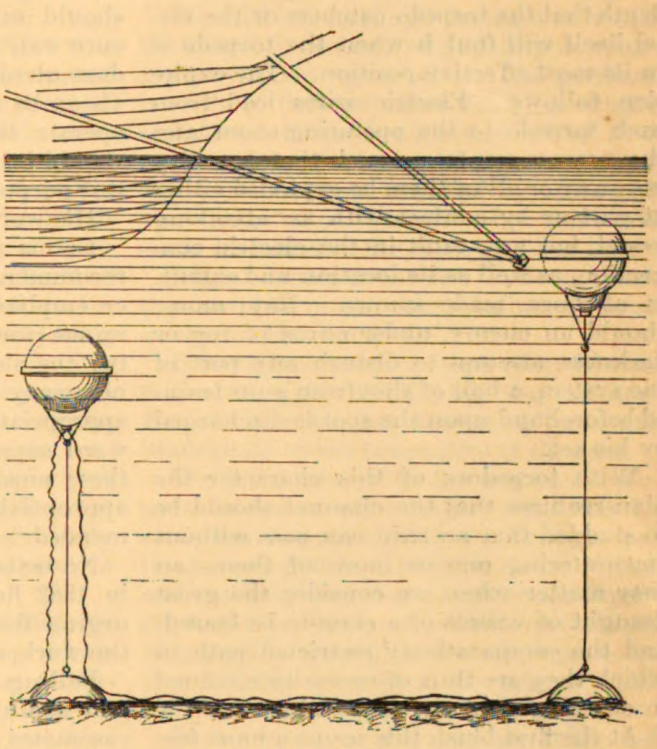
The former are generally known as fish torpedoes. Impelled by a propeller driven either by power stored up within the torpedo or conveyed to it by suitable electric connection, they advance to the attack at a greater or less distance below the surface of the water, bearing a heavy charge of some powerful explosive in their bow. Their course is governed by the direction given them at the moment of launching, or is controlled by an operator concealed in and protected by a bomb-proof ashore. Their extreme range of efficiency may be taken at something less than one mile.

Perhaps the Sims torpedo will best serve us as a type, since it is apparently the favorite of our army officers, who have been experimenting with it now for some four or five years.

In the illustration above given of this

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torpedo, the upper portion represents a float filled with buoyant material, so that it may be riddled like a sieve with shot without impairing its efficiency. Suspended below it, and six feet under water, is the torpedo proper, a spindle of copper some twenty-eight feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, bearing a heavy charge of dynamite, gun-cotton, or explosive gelatine. All but the latter explosive are well known. It consists of nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton, and camphor so combined as to form an amber-colored jelly stiff enough to be cut with a knife. It is safe to handle, as explosives go, but latent within it lies fearful destructive energy. The bows of the float and torpedo are united by a sloping metal cut-water calculated to divide ropes or netting defenses; or, if the obstruction is of too substantial a character to be thus disposed of, its form is such as to ride the float under water. Thus the torpedo dives below the defense, and continues on its destructive mission. Its motive power is derived from electricity generated ashore, and is sufficient to drive it at the rate of over ten miles an hour; and as long as the operator can see the balls projecting above the surface of the float, or otherwise locate its position, he can control its course at will. He also determines whether the charge shall explode by impact or by his own action. Of these torpedoes we have a very few, probably less than six.



FIXED TORPEDO.

Promising as this torpedo seems, until it has been well tried against an enemy, prudence requires that it be regarded but as an additional defense, and by no means as warranting the omission of any other proved provision. Those who are familiar with the hurry and excitement of actual battle know that about seventy-five per cent. should be discounted from the efficiency of the practice ground to arrive at the probable result under these more trying conditions.

Careful research discloses the use of no fish torpedo except the "Whitehead" in actual conflict. It failed altogether against the Peruvian iron-clad *Huascar* in 1877 at some eight hundred yards distance, as well as against the Turkish iron-clads off Batoum in the same year, in two trials at a hundred yards distance; and succeeded in the locality last named in sinking a Turkish revenue vessel at a distance of less than a hundred yards.

Torpedoes to be operated from torpedo-boats, though strictly speaking they fall within our classification, are here excluded from consideration. They are weapons of attack rather than defense, and are primarily designed for service other than that of harbor protection.

Of fixed torpedoes, those which are discharged by electricity are alone worthy of consideration, since they may be so arranged as to permit friendly vessels to pass over them with impunity, while by a turn of the finger they can be made ready to oppose an enemy with all the energy which within them lies.

Our system is ingenious and complete, and reflects the greatest credit on those who, with facilities doled out to them with a most niggard hand, have brought it to such perfection.

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The preceding illustration represents such a torpedo.

The explosive is placed in an iron case anchored well below the surface of the water, or even upon the bottom itself if the depth is moderate, so that the torpedo catcher, which it may be safely presumed will project from the advancing enemy, may pass over it in vain. At a proper distance from the torpedo is submerged another case, but only to such a depth that the torpedo catchers or the vessel itself will foul it when the torpedo is in its most effective position. The explosion follows. Electric wires lead from each torpedo to the operating-room, and the arrangements are such that not only may any or all of them be exploded either at will or by contact with an attacking vessel, but any fault in the electric connection, as well as its location and extent, is at once made known. Nay, more: should an enemy, under cover of fog or darkness, attempt to disturb any part of the system, a hail of shot from guns trained beforehand upon the spot is discharged by his act.

With torpedoes of this character the plan requires that the channel should be so studded that no ship can pass without encountering one or more of them—an easy matter when we consider the great draught of vessels of a class to be feared, and the comparatively restricted path to which they are thus of necessity confined in entering even our deepest harbors.

At the first blush this seems a most formidable—nay, an impregnable—defense. But let us examine into it a little.

It is at once apparent that the efficiency of the entire system, both of fish and fixed torpedoes, is as dependent upon the integrity of their electrical connection as upon the presence of an explosive in the torpedo itself. Clearly the wires where they emerge from the water, their path to the operating-room, as well as the operating-room itself, must be absolutely secure against the heaviest projectiles. Otherwise a single well-directed shot may paralyze the whole defense in an instant.

Now what is our present condition in this respect?

In 1880 the Chief Engineer of our army urged, among other things, the necessity of the electric, to the exclusion of the mere contact torpedoes of our civil war, and that provision be made for the protection of their electric connections. For this purpose "a casemate must be selected and prepared or built, a mining gallery must be driven under the foundations of the fort, and extended at least to low-water mark. This requires time, and if delayed until the breaking out of hostilities, the enemy will probably sail through the channel before the mines [torpedoes] can be made effective to bar the way. For these reasons it is important that those upon whom rests the responsibility for national defense should understand .... that no dependence can be placed even on the torpedoes already in store unless timely provision be made for preparing our forts to operate them. Not less than $200,000 should be made immediately available for this purpose."

His words fell upon unheeding ears.

In his report of 1881 he reiterates the recommendation, with perhaps even greater emphasis: "It is useless to provide mines [torpedoes] without also constructing the shafts, galleries, and bomb-proofs necessary for their efficient service. An appropriation of $200,000 would go far toward supplying all our chief forts with these most necessary additions, and the appropriation of that sum is again recommended."

No better fortune attending this effort, in 1882 he returns to the charge, again urging the length of time necessary for the work, and deprecating delay.

Failing in 1882, he tries again in 1883, and again in 1884, reiterating that "the casemates, galleries, etc., could not be constructed quickly enough for use in any sudden emergency." He has exhausted the resources of the language, as far as the decorum of a military report will permit, to impress upon those who must make the appropriation its absolute necessity.

But at least we are well provided with torpedoes and the appliances necessary for their use?

Alas! no. We are better off, it is true, than in the matter just discussed, but, compared to what should be done, only a little.

The system has been worked out in all its details, including a form of torpedo and everything requisite for its successful use. This material may remain in store indefinitely without deterioration, while the charge may be supplied and introduced when occasion requires; nor until nitroglycerine ceases to be explosive is there the slightest probability that this material would become useless for the purpose for

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which it is intended. Not in one, nor in two, nor in six, nor in many months could these absolutely necessary cases and their appurtenances be supplied in the required quantity. Time, that most important element in all military operations, is essential for this as well as all other provisions for defense; and however great our resources of all other kinds and descriptions, we may be as sure as of the continued rising of the sun that this will not be allowed us in the event of a foreign war.

In 1880 an appropriation of $50,000 was available for this purpose. An increased amount was "urgently" asked for the next year, but only $50,000 was obtained, spent chiefly in purchasing torpedo cases, etc., for Boston Harbor. The report for 1881 comments on this as follows: "A much larger sum could have been judiciously expended in providing for other important harbors now quite neglected; and an increase in this appropriation for the coming year is urgently to be recommended. The material is not liable to deteriorate in store; and in the present condition of our coast defenses and of their armaments an ample supply of torpedoes is a necessity which can not be ignored without risk of disaster. Not less than $100,000 should be annually applied to this purpose for several years to come."

For 1882–3, an appropriation of $100,000 was obtained for this purpose, which was spent chiefly in the purchase of torpedo cases for San Francisco Harbor. "The prompt expenditure of not less than half a million of dollars in the purchase of imperishable torpedo material" is recommended. For 1883–4, $75,000 was obtained: $50,000 of this was spent mainly as before and for the same purpose, and $17,000 in the purchase of two fish torpedoes. For 1884–5, $300,000 for torpedo material, $200,000 for the casemates and galleries heretofore alluded to, and $50,000 for fish torpedoes was asked: $75,000 for fish torpedoes and $10,000 for those of the fixed description was obtained. It is clear that we have no ground for self-congratulation here.

Now let the reader (whom we assume to be unfamiliar with this subject, for only to such is this paper addressed) place himself in imagination in the presence of abundant torpedo cases and their appurtenances, together with an ample provision of explosives; and let him picture himself as ordered to charge, plant, and make the electric connections required to render them a means of defense.

Appreciating the fact that they must be placed so close together that no enemy may pass unscathed, yet not so near that the shock of the explosion of one will discharge the others, he will at once perceive that no little preliminary instruction and training is required to do this at all, much less to do it properly. Clearly it must be the work of experts.

We will not again go through in detail the annually reiterated and impotent appeals of those upon whom the perilous burden of defense must fall. A single sample quotation from the report of 1883 must suffice: "At present not more than one hundred men qualified by technical knowledge to be intrusted with the work could be found in the country."

England maintains more than five times this number in the comparatively trivial harbor of Halifax alone.

It is understood that some relief in this respect was granted during the last session of Congress, but, as usual, it was quite inadequate to the necessities of the case.

We have gone into the matter of torpedo defense at some length, since it is in some sense a popular idol. Though we, the general public, surmise in a sort of dim and shadowy way that our forts are superannuated and that our artillery consists of pop-guns, we are under the impression that all this may be made good by torpedoes.

We venture to say that no unbiassed student of this matter, foreign or native, can be found who will not unhesitatingly pronounce this a pernicious delusion.

Torpedoes in warehouse have no terrors. Only those which bar a hostile approach, and only so long as they do bar that approach, are available for defense. How long does any man in his senses think a hostile fleet will permit these obstructions to exist if it is in its power to remove them? To place the torpedoes in position is not enough. They must be kept there despite the utmost exertions of the enemy. There are no two opinions among experts in this matter. The engineer officers of all civilized countries are herein quite in accord.

The requisites are:

1. A sufficient supply of torpedo material on hand.

2. Bomb-proof shelter for the means and men employed to operate the torpedoes when in position.

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3. A sufficient force of well-instructed men to charge and plant the torpedoes before the approach of the enemy's fleet.

4. A number of well-protected guns of moderate size, as modern guns go, to prevent the removal of the torpedoes by the boats and lighter vessels of a hostile fleet.

5. A number of the heaviest known guns, under impenetrable cover, to prevent the approach of the enemy's iron-clads, lest they crush with the superior weight of their fire the lighter batteries assigned to the defense of the torpedo system, and thus open the way to their boats and smaller vessels to remove the torpedoes with impunity and success.

Thus protected, a harbor is impregnable; with less, it is not; and that our more important harbors on every shore should be thus protected, is beyond question.

This brings us to the question of guns and defensive armor.

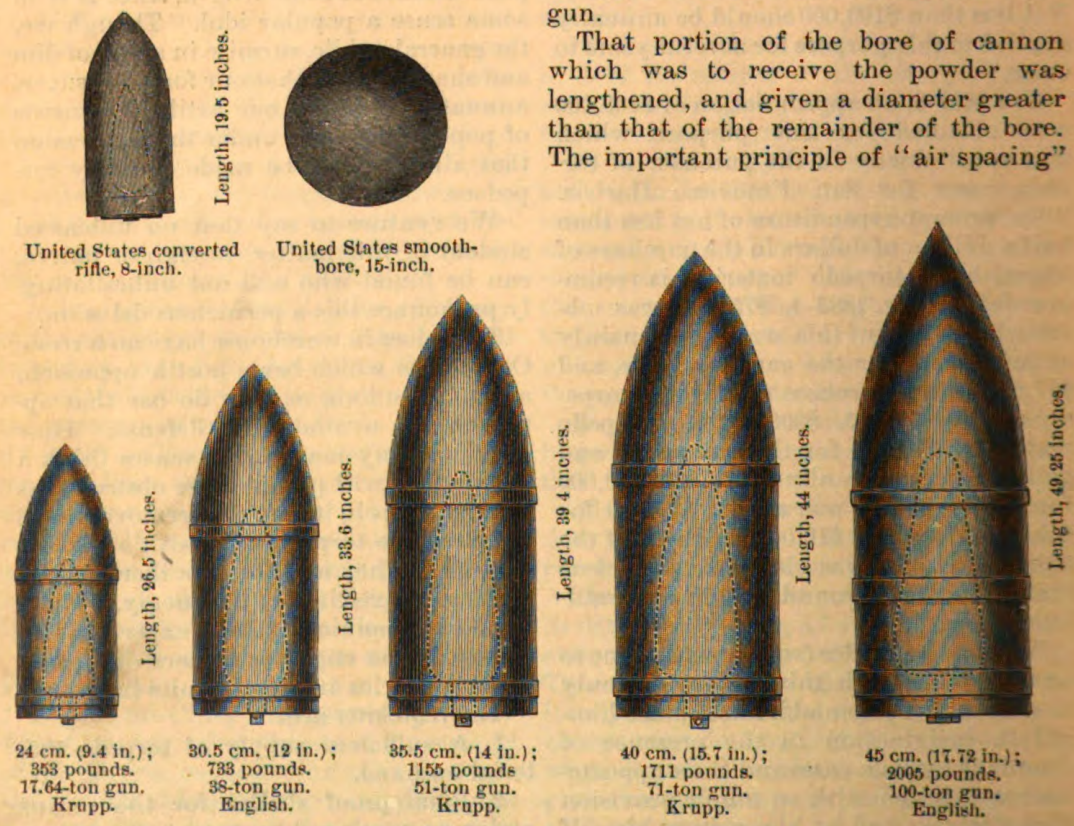
As before, so it is not our purpose in what follows to enter upon disputed questions. We deal with admitted facts alone, facts which every citizen should know, facts which every citizen should carefully weigh, if he has any regard whatever for the safety and welfare of his country.

At the end of our war we were possessed of the most powerful artillery the world had ever seen.

Peace came at last, and we sank into that condition of repose which nature demanded after the fearful struggle we had waged for so many years.

But it was not so with other nations. The lessons of our war they took at once to heart, and one and all strove to improve their means of attack and defense in every way they could devise. Gunpowder was no longer used in comparatively small grains, but in compressed masses as large as a child's fist. Nor was improvement confined to form alone, or to increase in density. Changes in its composition also were introduced, using less sulphur, and a charcoal which, compared to the former practice, was much under-charred, thus producing the so-called "brown" or "cocoa" powder of the Germans. This powder is said to give less smoke than the ordinary variety, and, while possessed of abundant energy, to develop the same gradually, and in a manner most favorable to the integrity of the gun.

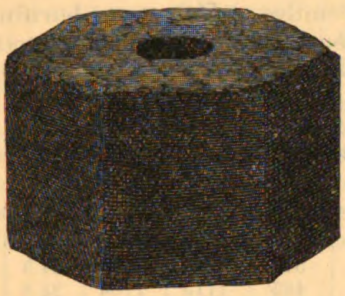
That portion of the bore of cannon which was to receive the powder was lengthened, and given a diameter greater than that of the remainder of the bore. The important principle of "air spacing"



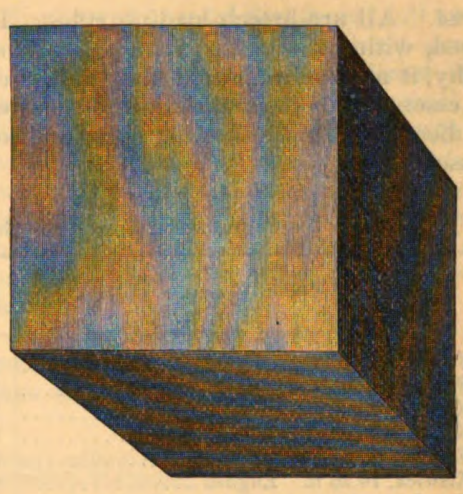
COMPARATIVE DIMENSIONS OF FOREIGN AND UNITED STATES PROJECTILES.

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was discovered; that is, but partially filling the powder chamber, thus leaving a vacant space therein—the air space.



POWDER FOR KRUPP'S HEAVIER GUNS.

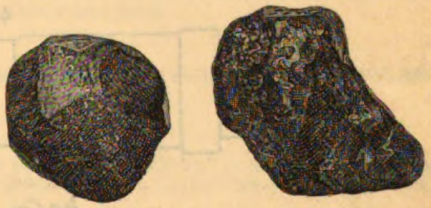


POWDER FOR 100-TON ENGLISH GUN.

Sometimes the powder charge is introduced in two or more separate parcels, but one of which is ignited by the act of discharge, the subsequent combustion of the others successively adding their impulse to the already moving projectile. By thus, through these various devices, starting the projectile with a moderate pressure, and following it with persistent energy until it leaves the bore, it is found that while the strain upon the gun is at all times moderate, velocities can be imparted to the shot before unheard of. No longer is the charge for rifled guns confined to one-tenth the weight of the shot, as was the rule during our war; one-fourth, one-third, one-half that weight, and even more, is now employed with safety, and with an advantage apparent at once upon consideration of the following rough-and-ready rule for computing the penetration of iron armor: A pointed shot of proper construction will perforate its diameter of iron for every thousand feet per second of its velocity at the moment of impact; *i. e.*, 2000 feet a second velocity will perforate a thickness of twice the diameter of the shot.

Thus one thing reacted on another, till it has culminated in the production of a gun of 110 tons, 17.7 inches calibre, 33 feet length of bore, burning 550 pounds of powder behind a 2110-pound projectile, which is estimated to be able to perforate thirty and a half inches of iron at 1000 yards.

Excluding those of the navy, of heavy guns, we have, it is believed, but two 20-inch guns, both muzzle-loading smooth-bores of cast iron, 315 15-inch guns of the same description, and 140 muzzle-loading 8-inch rifles altered from 10-inch cast-iron smooth-bores by the insertion of a wrought metal tube. Two 12-inch and one 10-inch rifle are under contract. Our other guns, if considered as a defense against modern iron-clads, are beneath notice.



POWDER FOR UNITED STATES 8-INCH RIFLE AND 15-INCH SMOOTH-BORE GUN.

The 15-inch gun, when loaded with 130 pounds of powder and a 450-pound chilled shot, will, it appears, penetrate ten inches of iron at 1000 yards distance. The 8-inch rifle, with a 183-pound chilled shot and 35 pounds of hexagonal powder, will penetrate eight inches of iron at the same distance.

These are our most efficient guns.

Compare them with those against which they would be compelled to contend, and how pitiable must be the result. Krupp's new model high-power 48-ton 12-inch rifle, 35 feet long, takes 356 pounds of powder and a 1000-pound projectile, and will penetrate 29.5 inches of iron at the muzzle, and 21.4 inches at 3500 yards, and gives a range of six miles at fifteen degrees elevation. Rifles of 80 and 100 tons have been mounted on ship-board.

The following table gives the condition of gun construction abroad up to June,

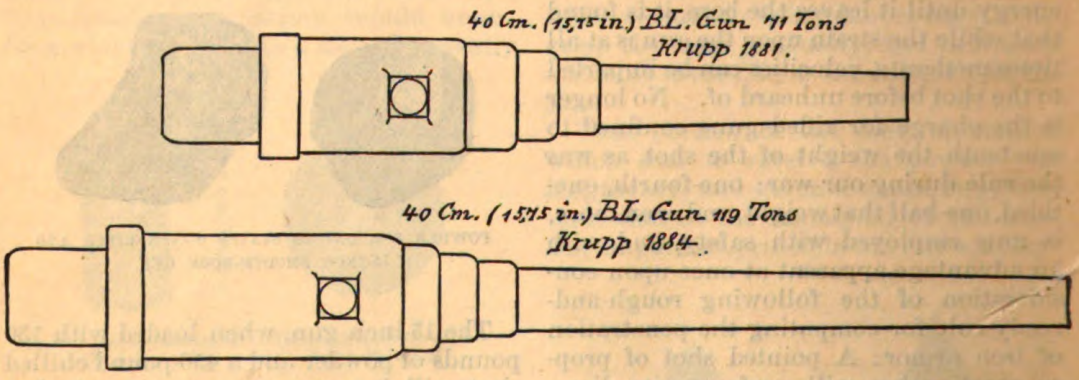
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1884. All are breech-loading rifles. Indeed, without entering upon the reasons why, it may be remarked that this system is essential to obtain the enormous powers indicated. Muzzle-loading rifles are now obsolete.

Comparative Powers of Breech-loading Guns of 1881–1884.

Nature of Gun.	Date.	Weight of Gun.	Weight of Charge.	Weight of Projectile.	Muzzle Velocity.	Perforation of Iron at 1000 yd.	Energy per Ton of Gun.
		Tons.	Lbs.	Lbs.	Ft. sec.	Inches.	Ft.-tons.
French, 34 cm. (13.38 in.)	1881	52	362	926	1968	22.9	478
French, 37 cm. (14.56 in.)	1884	71	546	1180	1955	24.5	440
Krupp, 40 cm. (15.75 in.). German	1881	71	485	1715	1703	23.8	486
Krupp, 40 cm. (15.75 in.). German	1884	119	615	1632	2017	29.2	387
Elswick, 17 in. English	1882	100	772	2005	1832	28.5	460
Elswick, 16.25 in. English	1884	110	900	1800	2020	30.5	513
Royal Gun Factories, 13.5 in. English	1884	63	695	1250	2050	28.6	569
Royal Gun Factories, 9.2 in. (wire). English	1884	19	330	380	2520	23.2	880
Elswick, 9.2 in. (wire). English	1884	18	200	380	2200	20.0	709

But perhaps the accompanying illustration will more vividly convey to the reader the direction of advance in gun construction than does the table.



The smaller of the two guns represents Krupp's 71-ton gun of 1881. The illustration at the head of this article shows that gun, and if we note therein the man standing on the carriage, we see at once it is by no means an infant. The larger gun is Krupp's 1884 "high-power" gun of the same calibre, drawn so as to show the relative size of each. The projectile remains about the same, but the increased length permits an addition of 130 pounds to the powder charge. This is the heaviest gun in the world—119 tons. Four are being made for Italian coast defense.

When one reads of guns capable of penetrating 30½ inches of iron at 1000 yards, the question naturally arises as to the possible range of guns of such fearful power. The determination of this question by actual trial is hedged about with difficulties, and it is believed that it has never been attempted. The extreme theoretical range of the best of them is between ten and eleven miles. But guns burning such enormous charges of powder recoil with tremendous power. As long as this recoil is in an approximately horizontal direction, it can be encountered and gradually overcome by the use of various well-known devices. But the gun must be elevated to increase the range. The shock of the recoil is then downward in a greater or less degree, increasing with the elevation. This brings a strain upon the gun-carriage, rapidly augmenting in intensity as the elevation of the gun and the consequent range of the projectile is increased. Thus the strength of the carriage and the endurance of the platform upon which it rests restrict the elevation at which these guns may be fired—at all events on shipboard; and anything over six miles from the muzzle of the guns of a ship of war may be considered quite safe from their fire.

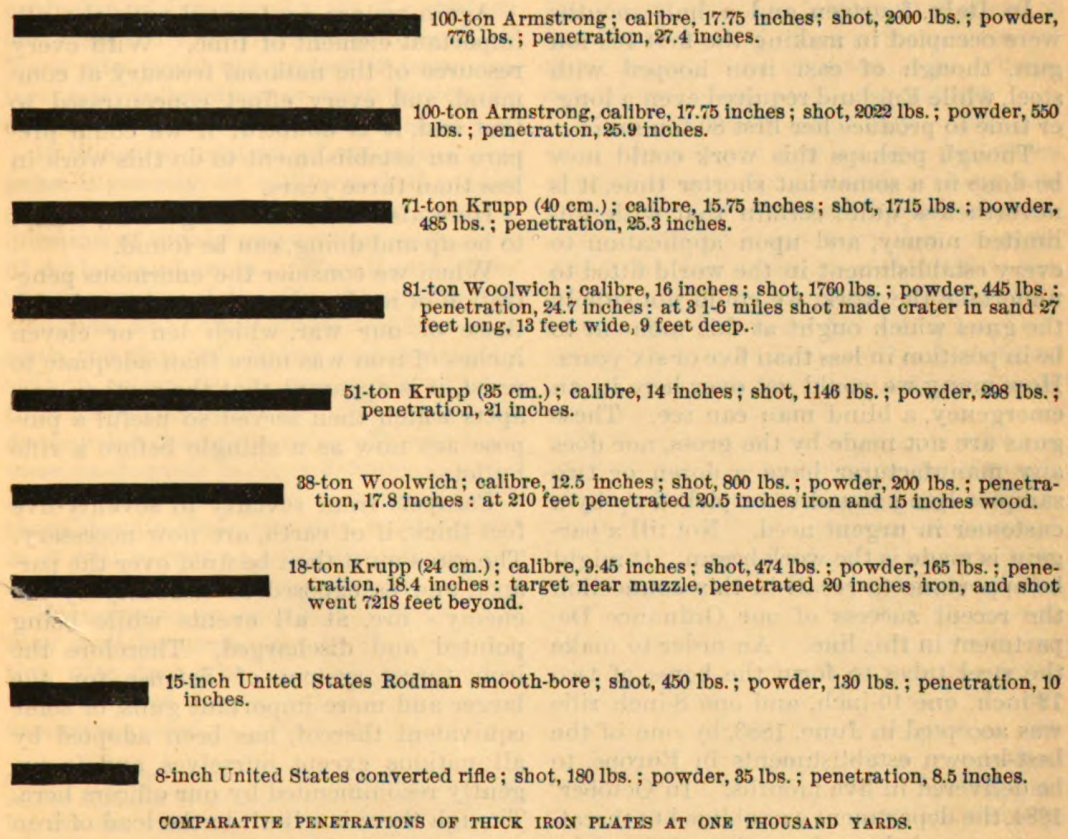
It is admitted that the proper defense of our more important harbors requires guns capable of penetrating at least twen-

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ty-four inches of iron at the distance of a mile. Though improvements in the manufacture of compound plates (those of wrought iron upon which a steel face has been cast) may give still greater resistance without increase in weight, still there is little probability that guns sufficiently powerful to effect the above result will not be ample to cope with any iron-clad that can be made to cross the ocean. In the long struggle for supremacy between guns and floating armor, the guns now seem destined to have decidedly the better of it.

is discharged upward that it may fall more or less vertically upon the object aimed at—has not the accuracy of direct fire, particularly if the target be in motion. Therefore the liability to miss should be made up by an increased number of efforts to hit—that is, by bringing a large number of pieces to bear. It is believed that no iron-clad afloat would care to remain long under the fire of such a mortar battery.

For this service we have practically no provision whatever. It is believed we have one 12-inch and two 10-inch rifled



COMPARATIVE PENETRATIONS OF THICK IRON PLATES AT ONE THOUSAND YARDS.

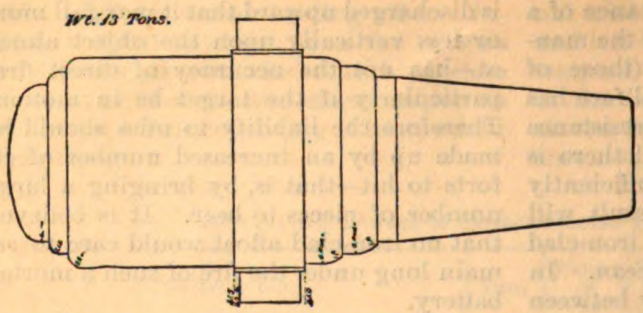
But if twenty-four inches of iron armor is about the practicable limit of load that even a partially armored vessel can carry on her sides, it is quite clear she can by no means thus protect her decks in addition. This is the vulnerable part of the modern iron-clad, and a vertical fire which will penetrate four inches of iron will make things very interesting even for the best of them. For this purpose numbers of heavy rifled mortars for each of our more important harbors are required. Vertical fire—that in which the projectile

mortars, all experimental and under trial. Herein it is true we might be a little, but clearly not much, worse off than we are.

Again the all-important question of time rises to the front—that most precious of commodities in all hostile operations.

These guns must be provided for before, and long before, the emergency arises in which they are needed. It took sixteen months of uninterrupted work, night and day, with all the resources of his gigantic establishment at command, for Krupp to

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12-INCH RIFLED MORTAR.

make his first 14-inch rifle and its carriage.

In Italy, fourteen and a half months were occupied in making the first 100-ton gun, though of cast iron hooped with steel, while England required even a longer time to produce her first 80-ton gun.

Though perhaps this work could now be done in a somewhat shorter time, it is nevertheless quite certain that with unlimited money, and upon application to every establishment in the world fitted to undertake the work, we could not supply the guns which ought at this moment to be in position in less than five or six years. How many we could get over here in an emergency, a blind man can see. These guns are not made by the gross, nor does any manufacturer have a dozen or two samples lying round to be picked up by a customer in urgent need. Not till a bargain is made is the work begun. It might be opportune to recall in this connection the recent success of our Ordnance Department in this line. An order to make the steel tubes to form the bores of two 12-inch, one 10-inch, and one 8-inch rifle was accepted in June, 1883, by one of the best-known establishments in Europe, to be delivered in five months. In October, 1884, the department was obliged to threaten to cancel the order unless the articles were delivered by the following December, eighteen months after the order was accepted, and over a year after the appointed time of delivery.

Obviously in an emergency we should be obliged to depend upon our stock on hand and our own resources.

But what are our resources? The foundation of all of these heavy rifles is a steel tube, by re-enforcing which in various ways the gun is built up. We have not a single establishment in this country which is capable of producing the tube for anything larger than an 8-inch rifle. Everything, including the ability to produce gun steel equal, if not superior, by actual test, to the very best foreign material, we have, except the special tools and appliances peculiar to this work. These form a very expensive plant, and since this is useless except for gun construction, of course no private establishment can afford to provide it—certainly not unless assured of sufficient work to at least make good the outlay.

Again we are confronted with the all-important element of time. With every resource of the national treasury at command, and every effort concentrated to that end, it is doubtful if we could prepare an establishment to do this work in less than three years.

Here also little encouragement, except to be up and doing, can be found.

When we consider the enormous penetration of modern guns, as compared with those of our war, which ten or eleven inches of iron was more than adequate to resist, it is apparent that the earthen parapets which then served so useful a purpose are now as a shingle before a rifle bullet.

Parapets from seventy to seventy-five feet thick, if of earth, are now necessary. The guns must then be fired over the parapet, and be exposed to disability by the enemy's fire, at all events while being pointed and discharged. Therefore the iron turret system of defense for the larger and more important guns, or some equivalent thereof, has been adopted by all nations except ourselves, and is urgently recommended by our officers here. Though there is a limit to the load of iron a vessel may float, the solid earth will bear a mountain. Turrets thirty-six inches thick are proposed, and if some years hence guns should be produced capable of penetrating even this enormous mass of armor, more can be added to the outside to meet them.

It is unnecessary to state we have done absolutely nothing as yet in this direction.*

* It would be unjust in the extreme to hold our Ordnance Department in any manner responsible for the deficiencies herein pointed out. Not only does the maximum result possible with its scanty resources seem to have been attained, but it is diffi-

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Again we encounter the question of time, for obviously such turrets can neither be imported from abroad, nor improvised in a day.

In short, examine it as he will, the conscientious student of this question must, however reluctantly, assent to the conclusion of the Chief of our Engineers: "If the near approach of war should find our coast in its present condition, there would be no probable chance of resisting a modern naval attack made, as the interest of an enemy would dictate, with force and celerity."

To-day a million of men, armed with a profusion of every appliance of a modern first-class army, and intrenched about New York city, could not protect it from capture and destruction or contribution by even a second-rate European naval power.

It is not a question of courage, enterprise, ingenuity, or military skill. It is simply a question of cause and effect, a question of timely preparation, a question of dollars and cents. We all remember the encounter of the *Merrimac* with the *Congress* and *Cumberland*, and how they sank, the flag still flying and their guns still in action as the waters closed over their blood-stained decks. What man can do they did, though in vain. Their means were inadequate to their defense, and the law of cause and effect operated against them, despite their virtues, as inexorably as it will sooner or later operate against us if we persist as we have begun.

Economy is an excellent thing; but it may well be questioned whether the action of a man who in a burglar-infested neighborhood should decline to spend the money required to provide his front door with a lock would be generally considered a very striking example of that virtue.

With our abundant revenue we can well afford to spend ten millions a year for this purpose; indeed, the question is, rather, Can we afford to refrain from so doing? Six or seven years of this course (and less time would not serve, though we began to-day) would go far to make our coast impregnable, and leave us in a condition to face future emergencies with perfect confidence.

We will not dwell upon the fact that the noted bruiser is treated by all men with the most studied courtesy, nor upon the lesson which it teaches, that there is no so sure method of preserving the peace as to inspire your opponent with wholesome dread of the result of a contest.

The time, too, is propitious. Our revenue exceeds our needs; our industries are depressed; our laborers seeking employment. However questionable the wisdom of him who advocates that unnecessary work be devised to render aid to the one or employment to the other, still, when necessary public work involving large expenditure must be done, and the pecuniary means are at hand, is such not an opportune time to give it out?

Nothing can be accomplished without money, and money can only be had through Congress. That every man's business is no man's business is perhaps the cause of its apparent indifference in a matter seemingly so vital to the future welfare of the country. But let the cause be as it may, upon our national legislature rests the responsibility, and a fearful responsibility it is. It, and it alone, must determine whether we make timely preparation for our future defense, or continue an apathy which must, if persisted in, ultimately overwhelm us in national humiliation and disaster.

cult to see how it could have been more diligent in calling attention to our present danger, and in pointing out the method and soliciting the means by which it might be obviated.

TO NIGHT.

"Hesperus brings all things back
That the daylight made us lack."—SAPPHO.

BEND low, O dusky Night,
And give my spirit rest.
Hold me to your deep breast,
And put old cares to flight.
Give back the lost delight
That once my soul possest,
When Love was loveliest.
Bend low, O dusky Night!

Enfold me in your arms—
The sole embrace I crave
Until the embracing grave.
Shield me from life's alarms.
I dare your subtlest charms;
Your deepest spell I brave.
O, strong to slay or save,
Enfold me in your arms!

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AN ART STUDY.

THE engraving on page 941 is of Murillo's famous picture of Queen Isabel (Elizabeth) of Hungary washing the head of a leprous beggar, which belongs to the Spanish government, and is now in the Academy of San Fernando at Madrid, where it has for a pendant the beautiful



STUDY BY MURILLO FOR HIS PICTURE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

one known as "The Roman Senator." Both were originally painted for the hospital of La Caridad in Seville, Murillo's home and birth-place.

The "Queen Isabel" is one of Murillo's recognized chief masterpieces, and was one of the pictures carried off by Napoleon to Paris among his *spolia opima* of victory, restitution of which was exacted by the Allies after his overthrow. It is well known through engravings, but is considered to have suffered seriously from the fell touch of the destroying restorer. In the cosmopolitan interest of art it is perhaps a pity the canvas was not left in Paris. Determined, however, to possess a great Murillo by unimpeachable title, France afterward paid 613,000 francs (the highest price ever paid for a painting), at the auction of the Soult collection, for the great "Assumption of the Virgin" which is now the most superb treasure of the Louvre.

The small outline sketch on this page, of what is evidently the same picture in substance, presents Murillo's *original (painted) design or composition* for the St. Elizabeth of Hungary. It belongs to an American gentleman who had the good fortune to find it about thirty years ago in Lisbon, where he then resided as minister of the United States. Nothing was known about it beyond the circumstance that it had come out of the dispersed gallery of an old Portuguese nobleman long deceased. As our countryman was something of a connoisseur, with a special enthusiasm for Murillo, whom he had thoroughly studied at Seville, he bought it on the spot for the price asked, though it was an unheard-of thing in Lisbon to pay for any art work more than half the sum at first demanded. Recognizing it for what it clearly was—a Murillo, and the master's first intention for the great picture at Madrid—he had not the conscience to beat down by a counter offer, and would have been glad to pay (could he have afforded it) forty times the price ($125) at which it was thus honestly secured for America. The picture is an old panel, or hard wood, of small cabinet size.

In the broad classification of the painters as *colorists* or *designers*, Murillo is generally ranked among the former, as Raphael among the latter. But though each is transcendent in the class to which he is for that reason assigned in the French Delaroche's great picture, universally known through engravings, this by no means implies inferiority on his part in the other class or school. If Murillo's carefulness and masterhood in design and composition needed defense, the comparative study of these two pictures side by side would suffice to prove his full understanding of the best rules of composition, and his skillful care in their application. Every negligent defect in composition in the first design will be found to be by himself corrected in the matured large canvas.

A dozen instances of this may be pointed out, and to do so is the object of our

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present article. The comparison of the two is equivalent to standing by the great master at his easel and to listening to a lecture on composition from his own lips, illustrated by the work of his own pencil in the emendation of the faults confessed by himself in a first design, and the conversion of them into new beauties. For this reason the first design should always be accompanied, on the walls of its possessor, by an engraving of the matured and perfected work; and the pleasure of such an instructive study, to every artist or connoisseur imbued with the spirit of art, adds a new element of interest and value to the *first intention*, which more than compensates for the faults attested by the emendations. We have never seen nor heard of a first design for a great work, subsequently perfected in the maturing of the conception in the mind of the master, which possesses this element of interest and value in an equal degree with this work of Murillo. The alterations are so numerous, so important, so instructive, while the reasons for them are so manifest, that they make of this little cabinet picture a gem and curiosity of art quite unique, and seldom attainable by even a Rothschild or a Vanderbilt. It ought to belong, not to a private individual, but to some national gallery (above all others to that of Spain), or to the collection of some art academy, where it would repeat to successive generations of students its lessons in the principles of composition, and on the duty of the painter to spare no pains of labor and patience in amending the faults of a first more crude conception. In this aspect, as a unique historical curiosity, and instructive lesson in art, we are not surprised that intelligent artists have expressed the opinion that they would rather possess such a faulty work as this, of so great a master, than a flawless one before which criticism must be dumb. Man often loves his idol more for her little defects than for a cloying perfection of a regular beauty beyond all criticism.

In another point of view, too, is the possessor of such a picture to be envied. Not only does he own a curiosity of art unique in the world, and beyond the reach of royalty or millionaire power, but it is one whose authentic genuineness, as from the sacred hand of the master himself, is beyond all possible reach of question or cavil. It is self-evidential; it demonstrates itself, as no correspondence of style, manner, and touch, no corner signature, not even any tradition or record of long possession (except in the cases of a few famous pictures belonging to national galleries or historical collections of great noble families), can prove the genuine originality of a square of canvas or copper or wood. The skilled experience of a true expert may recognize the touch of a painter as the expert in writing the signature at the foot of an important document, yet the art of forgery has often baffled the keenest expertism, and many a man has been deceived as to the genuineness of his own alleged writing. Indeed, commerce could scarcely be conducted on the evidence of mere signatures, were it not for the collateral proofs of honesty usually concomitant with the presentation of written documents of much value. The writer of this paper lost a large English estate through the successful forgery to a will, in which the signature, though written six or seven times at the foot of the several pages, was certainly a forgery. It has recently been discovered that the high prices paid (chiefly by Americans) for the works of the modern French fashionable painters have given rise to a large trade in Paris in copies or imitations of their works, in some cases the painter himself not having been able to distinguish his own work from that of the consummate copyist or imitator. Of the many pictures now existing in this country purporting to be by the great old masters, the cases are few in which the owners, however unwilling to believe it, can know for sure—still less can prove—the real genuineness of the "treasures" they are so proud of.

A skeleton of doubt—at least unprovability—always lurks in his closet, however he may keep it under lock and key. But in the case of the picture here in question, no such element of uncertainty can by possibility exist. Its very faults, when compared with the subsequently matured picture, are the conclusive evidence of its genuineness, and of its having necessarily *preceded* the other picture, of which it is the first intention and design. Take, for instance, the case of the seated beggar in the left foreground, who has just taken off a rag from a sore on his shin, and who is looking down at the sore. In the first design the attitude, as he sits upright, is such that he really can not see the sore he is looking at; his knee hides it from him, or, at best, his line of vision runs from

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above straight down the line of his shin. This defect is corrected in the enlarged and matured work by bending his body forward and turning the knee outward, so that now he can fully see it. This alone is absolutely conclusive as to which of the two preceded the other, and which was a revisal and matured emendation of the other. The substantial identity of the two pictures proves them to have been from the same hand, and therefore writes the name Murillo over every square inch of the small as of the large one.

Both in illustration of what has been above said, and also to help the eye of the reader in his comparison of the two pictures, we will conclude our remarks on this interesting subject by an enumeration of the points of difference between them. Omitting some trifling ones, they are as follows:

1. The one already mentioned, in the case of the seated beggar in the left foreground.

2. The suppression of the group of beggar spectators on the right background, of whom one only is retained, while changed in attitude, namely, the one on crutches. Several reasons combined in favor of this alteration. One is that every figure in a composition ought to express a distinct idea, and there were too many figures representing, with too much uniformity, the single idea of beggar spectators—an idea already indicated by the man and woman seated in the foreground. The only one retained is the one whose crutches signify a different form of suffering—lameness. Moreover, this group, masterly and perfectly Murillesque as it is in the picture itself, overcrowds the picture, and oppresses the mind with too much of beggar misery and squalor. By sacrificing it the master makes room for an airy and elegant architecture, befitting the palace of a queen, which elevates the tone and gives an element of nobleness to the scene. A disagreeable defect is thus converted into a signal beauty.

3. The *three straight parallel lines*, formed by the long staff resting on the shoulder of the seated woman and the crutches of the beggar just above her, were a fault, finely converted into a merit by turning the latter round and making him a very picturesque figure.

4. The two children following the one under the hands of the saint were also superfluities, adding nothing to the idea sufficiently expressed in the first one, excepting the circumstance of one of them scratching his leprous head. Murillo suppresses them, while retaining that circumstance expressive of the leprosy by converting the child into a grown youth on the other side of the picture, who presents the further feature of idiocy.

5. The suppression of the two superfluous children also gives room for the introduction of a second attendant lady with a golden ewer of water—a necessary element to the whole composition, the other lady bringing only a small tray of medicinal objects. The addition of this beautiful figure greatly improves the picture.

6. The old duenna in the rear is much reduced in conspicuousness by this addition, and wears simply fixed spectacles, while in the first composition she holds up movable glasses to her eyes.

7. Murillo's appreciation of the pyramidal idea in grouping is curiously manifested in his improvement of the composition. This had been forgotten in the first intention, but in the matured work the queen's head forms the apex of pyramidal lines, while that of the idiot youth is the apex of a sub-pyramid on the right. Comparison of the two shows this at a glance.

8. Too much of straight lines and square forms is objectionable in composition. Observe how much he has reduced in size and prominence the platform and box which support the basin in which the work of charity is being performed.

9. The main idea of the whole is, of course, the *charity* of the sainted queen. Observe how felicitously this idea is enhanced by a slight alteration. In the one she is looking down upon the task she is performing. In the other the revolting painfulness of the work to her delicacy of feeling is indicated by the turn of her head, while still her hands *do* that which her eyes shrink from the sight of.

10. It was not an infrequent practice of the religious old masters, in a picture representing a particular action of the saint in whose honor it is painted, to introduce obscurely in the distant background (so as not to make it an absurd intrusion into the main scene) a subsidiary presentation of the same saint in some other characteristic action of his or her life. Thus in the extremely distant background on the right the saintly queen is seen serving the poor at a table.

11. The drapery of the lady bearing the

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ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY CLEANSING THE HEAD OF A LEPROUS BEGGAR.

After a photograph by Ad. Braun and Co. (Editeurs photographes officiales du Louvre et des Musées Nationaux), Paris.

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tray is entirely changed by suppressing the *cloak*, of sombre color, and adding a broad sash tied on one side in front, with a broad ribbon of bright color, evidently for the purpose of enlivening the general effect.

12. Though it can not appear in the black and white of engraving, it is worth mentioning that in the first intention the seated old woman has a blue bodice, a red petticoat, and a brown cloak thrown over her lap. In the large picture both bodice and petticoat are blue, and the cloak red.

Enough has thus been shown to justify what was said at the outset of this unique and curiously interesting picture. It is to be hoped that it will remain in America, and that it will find its way sooner or later into some appropriate public gallery.

THE SINGULAR CASE OF MR. SAMUEL SPOOLIN.

I HAVE been much pressed to give the public some account of the facts in this case, and I have at length consented, though I think that the proper person for such an undertaking is Mr. Spoolin himself. It would be useless, however, to try to persuade him to describe his experiences, and since he has no objection to my doing so, I shall endeavor to tell faithfully all I know about it, but I am so unused to writing for publication that I hope all mistakes will be kindly excused, or I am sure I should never have the courage to begin at all.

The first time I ever met Mr. Spoolin (but it comes so much more natural to call him Samuel, if I may) was at some penny readings given in the school-rooms connected with the Congregational chapel which we both attended. I was asked to play the accompaniment for a little song he sang, which was sweet, but a little bit too high for his voice. Afterward he recited a piece about a desperate house-breaker brought to bay in a back alley, and I remember being much pleased by the way he made the house-breaker, all through the recitation, have such particularly polite manners; but it was very nice altogether, and Samuel made himself quite hot over it. It came on to rain hard that night, and Samuel chanced to be leaving the school-rooms just as aunt and I did, and on finding that we had come out without umbrellas, he very attentively offered us some of his, which was a good large one, and as our roads lay in the same direction, we all walked home under it together. That was the beginning of our acquaintance, for we often met at chapel, where Samuel joined the choir (I was in the choir), and we led the singing out of the same hymn-book. We found out that Samuel boarded with a very respectable woman, who only lets off two of her rooms as a great favor, and that she spoke well of him as a very steady and respectable young man, and so he seemed to be.

When, about a year ago last spring, he asked me to be engaged to him, I had felt it coming on for some time, and had no objection; and as for aunt, she said to me, solemnly, as soon as I told her, "Susan Chadwick, I consider you a very fortunate girl," and I thought so myself.

The post which Samuel occupied under government was not lucrative enough to enable him to marry, and I was quite prepared for a long engagement; still, I was content, for Samuel came to tea and to spend the evening regularly twice a week, when we would sometimes talk, and sometimes play "Loto," or "The Royal Game of Goose," to which Samuel was exceedingly partial; often, too, he would bring his flute, and on the whole I felt that I could wait years for him.

Now and then, as the summer advanced, he took me to the Fisheries Exhibition, but we never staid for the illuminations in the evening, on account of Samuel's being afraid of the night air for his throat.

All the time I never dreamed that our happiness was likely to encounter a single cloud, for I noticed nothing in the least peculiar about Samuel, and it was not until late in the autumn, after we had come back from spending a week at Littlehampton, that I first perceived anything wrong.

Never shall I forget that dreadful evening; the whole scene is imprinted indelibly upon my memory. It was a Friday, and we had asked a few old friends in to tea and a little music afterward. We had Mr. Drozer, our minister, and Mrs. Drozer, Mr. Caddy, who is an eminent tea merchant in the city, but such a dear, good man, and Miss Danks, who teaches the

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piano, and plays the organ in chapel, and of course Samuel.

All through tea-time it struck me that Samuel seemed strangely restless and feverish. He drank a large quantity of tea, and would insist on passing the things round and round long after we had all had quite enough, so I chose my time afterward and asked him quietly if he felt at all unwell.

He stared at me in what I thought rather a vacant manner, and then said, yes, he did feel rather uncomfortable; he couldn't think why, unless it was that he had lunched that day on porridge and a Scotch scone, and had then been so imprudent as to take a bottle of "orange ale" upon what he had eaten, which at the time seemed to me to account for everything.

Then we sat down to some music. Dear Mr. Drozer sang second in a sacred trio with Mrs. Drozer and Miss Danks, and I played my last piece, and then I asked Samuel to give us something, for I knew he had brought his instrument.

He always seemed to me to blow more into his flute than ever quite came out in the form of melody, and that evening he played with more energy and less volume than ever. I was accompanying him as usual, when all at once he turned round on me, and said, in a hoarse, rough voice, quite unlike his ordinary one, which is silvery, "Stop, can't you!"

I stopped at once, and asked if he wished to repeat the slow movement. And then Samuel said—how can I word it without participating in his sin?—he used a wicked expression, which never before had I heard fall from his lips, concerning the slow movement.

No one heard it but me, but I was so startled that I cried out, "Samuel!" quite loud, and everybody looked up and found that the music had stopped.

"What was our young friend Samuel observing?" asked Mr. Drozer, who is slightly deaf on one side.

"Your young friend Samuel was observing," was his shameless reply, "that he has had enough tooting for one evening, and thinks it high time to unscrew the sackbut and shut up the shawm, and begin to enjoy ourselves."

"And when," said Mr. Drozer, severely—"when you have closed for us the piano, if that is the instrument you have alluded to as a 'shawm' (a purely Biblical term, by-the-way, as I should not need to remind you), when you have done that, do you propose any substitute for our entertainment?"

"Yes," said Samuel, in a dreadful thick voice, "I propose to drink."

"To drink!" we all exclaimed, in horror. "Why, you have only just had tea!"

"Oh, that wash!" he said. "I want something I can *taste!*"

"I have made tea for many years," said my poor aunt, who was deeply hurt, "and never till now have I heard any complaints."

"If I am any judge," said good Mr. Caddy, with a reproving glance at Samuel, "it was excellent tea, and I ought to know."

"So it was!" said Samuel, eagerly—he seemed to think he had gone far enough—"excellent tea, and I enjoyed it, Susan; you know I did. Why, I drank three cups, Miss Badger."

Aunt told him sharply not to talk to *her*.

Samuel seemed to collapse at that for a moment, but presently he drew himself up and said, very coldly and clearly, that he was beginning to see he had made a serious mistake in coming where he was.

"It is a pity," said Mr. Drozer, "you did not discover it earlier."

"I came in without taking any precautions or making inquiries," continued Samuel, as if Mr. Drozer was not there. "I took it for granted that I was going to find amusement, and that a young man would be at no loss for means of passing a festive evening. And this is the kind of thing I am let in for—boxed up in a hot little room with a few old fossils—a set of confounded musical rooks, by gad!"

"Samuel—young Mr. Samuel," said Mr. Drozer, "this tone, from a professing member, is most unbecoming!"

"None of your sermons, if you please," said Samuel; "you get your turn on Sundays, you soapy old soporific;" and he proceeded to call him several other dreadful names—"a bladder-headed old divine" was the least offensive of them—and next he turned upon us and insulted us all, one after the other, till poor Miss Danks ran to the bell and pulled it violently, though I don't believe she had the least notion what for, and all the rest of us were struck dumb by so awful a revelation of Samuel's depravity, and shrank gradually away from him, till he was left alone at one end of the room.

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"I thought I should paste you all up against the wall before I'd finished," he said, sneeringly, and almost directly afterward he had the unparalleled impudence to "hope he had not said anything he ought not to have."

"Beware of him," cried Mrs. Drozer, who was quite hysterical; "there is guile upon his front."

"You can't expect every front to be as candid as yours, you see," returned Samuel, sharply; and Mrs. Drozer, whose curls, I must say, are not at all likely at her age, did not interfere again.

"Samuel Spoolin," cried aunt, "I wonder you can behave in this brazen manner!"

Instantly Samuel seemed to make a hypocritical pretense of penitence. "I'm sure," he protested, "I never meant to be brazen, and can't imagine how—" Here he broke out again. "Is no one going to bring me meat and drink? *Do* you suppose a poor" (he used a word next that I shall have to omit) "can last out a whole evening on muffins and seed-cake? If I don't get something soon, you will all be sorry for it."

"If you think you'll get anything more here," said aunt, now thoroughly roused, "you're much mistaken."

"Dear Miss Badger," put in Miss Danks, who was greatly alarmed at Samuel, and afraid of what he might say or do next, "don't you think—a little something—just to quiet him? There's that nice home-made lemonade he used to be fond of in his better moments; try him with that."

"Samuel," I said, "will you go away quietly if I get you something to eat and drink first?"

He gazed at me with mild reproach. "Thank you very much, Susan," he said, "but I have had an excellent tea. I couldn't swallow another morsel, indeed."

"Then what *does* the man want?" cried aunt, completely puzzled.

"A grilled bone and brandy!" shouted Samuel, so unexpectedly that I jumped.

"After that," said Mr. Drozer, "I can remain no longer. I tell you, Mr. Samuel, that you have forced your pastor to withdraw."

"Never make a statement like that without proving it," said Samuel, and directly afterward he had the audacity to beg Mr. Drozer's pardon.

"Ask it on your knees, Samuel, if you are sincere," aunt said to him.

"Kneel to that doddering old owl!" he screamed; "not exactly. And when am I to have the bone and the brandy, eh?"

"When?—never in this house," said aunt. "Samuel, I took you for a good, steady young man, but you have raised the mask to-night; my eyes are opened."

"You will open all your eyes wider still," he retorted, "if you provoke me much more."

"That's enough!" she cried, in a towering rage. "Leave this house directly, and never enter it again. Susan, my dear," she added to me, "*you* don't wish him to stay after this, do you?"

"That I don't," I said; for he had allowed himself to allude to me as "a flat-footed piece of propriety," and I was wounded to the quick, for, at any rate, my feet are considerably smaller than Samuel's. "Go away this minute," and I pushed him out of the room. He went unresistingly; he was almost moved to tears, and in the passage he stopped and said:

"Are you going to turn me out-of-doors? What have I done?—oh, what *have* I done to deserve this?"

"What have you done, indeed?" I said (I was frightfully angry). "What *haven't* you done? Oh, Samuel, *how* wicked you've been this evening!"

"Have I?" he said. "I believe I have; but, oh, Susan, it all slipped out of me somehow. *I* don't know how."

"I do," I told him. "Now go home as straight as you can, and never exceed like this again. To-morrow you will go and take the strongest pledge you can get them to administer, and keep it."

"But it *isn't* that, Susan," he said, earnestly; "it's—oh, it's coming on again!" and without any warning he broke out into a series of barks (for healthy laughter it was not) on the very door-step. I slammed the door upon him, and I heard him yelling all down the street.

We had a long consultation in the sitting-room about Samuel that night; aunt and Mr. Drozer advised me to give him up there and then, but I stood out and told them plainly that I was sure Samuel was not his true self that evening, and if I found out it was his first fall, and he were to come to me and show a proper sense of his misconduct, I should pass it over. I said that when two people are really fond of one another I saw no sense in standing too much on one's dignity, and I was sure most young men were much worse than

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"WHEN YOU HAVE HEARD WHAT I HAVE TO TELL, YOU WILL NOT BLAME BUT PITY ME."

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poor dear Samuel. They said I was blind and obstinate, and would be sorry when it was too late, and then I left them and went to bed.

I did not see anything of Samuel till the next day but one, which was Sunday, and when I came into the choir gallery, there he was, just as usual; he looked very penitent as I sat down, but I only bowed to him very distantly, though I thought it a good sign that he had come at all, and I let him look over me during the first anthem.

But almost immediately I was horrified to find, when the singing began, that Samuel was not singing the proper words—in fact, those he was singing sounded quite the reverse.

I nudged him sharply, and he colored up, and seemed to be trying to keep to the text for a little while, but very soon he was as bad as ever. So I allowed him to have the book to himself, and asked Miss Perkin, on my other side, if she minded my looking over her, and when I glanced round as we sat down, Samuel's seat was vacant, and I was almost glad of it.

I said nothing about it to aunt, but all that Sunday I was tormented by a new fear: could it be that Samuel's extraordinary conduct was due, not to dissipation, but to a disorder of his intellect? And if this were so, what a mournful reflection was this for his affianced bride!

On the Monday evening I was alone in the house, aunt having gone out to one of her mothers' meetings, when I heard a ring at the bell, and our Ann came to say Mr. Samuel was at the door asking to see me.

I was rather frightened just at first, but I soon felt that, even if Samuel was really mad, he would be quite a mild kind of maniac, and I knew I could manage him; so I said he might come in.

He came in, looking very sorry for himself indeed. "Now, Samuel," I began at once, "if you are going to misbehave as you did last time, I shall go away."

"Susan," he said, "when you have heard what I have to tell, you will not blame but pity me."

"I shall see about that when you have told it," was my answer.

"My conduct on that fatal evening," said he, "must have surprised and shocked you all; but there was one who was even more shocked and surprised, and that was I myself. I am sure when I heard myself insulting our beloved minister, as I am afraid I did, and being so rude and unkind to you, Susan, I could have cried."

"Then," was my natural answer, "why did you go and do it?"

"Ah!" he groaned, "I did not know then; and now I have the explanation, I am no happier. But I must break it to you gradually or you will never understand. It began while I was playing my flute, didn't it, Susan?"

"You know (or ought to know) best how it began," I told him.

"I made use of some scandalous expressions," he continued.

"You did indeed, Samuel, and more shame to you!" I replied.

"Yes, but wait," said he, earnestly. "Do you remember the voice I said them in—was it like my own?"

"The voice was as horrid as the words, as far as that goes," said I.

"And when I insulted Mr. Drozer, was it the same then?"

"It was quite as disagreeable; but now I come to think of it—yes, it *was* different—harder and clearer."

"That," said Samuel, slowly, "was because Bimbo was speaking that time. Puddock began it."

"What are you talking about, Samuel?" I cried.

"Susan"—he brought it out in a sort of burst—"I am the most miserable being on earth. How it happened I don't know, unless from that trick I have (of which you have told me so often) of going about with my mouth wide open; but as certain as I sit here talking to you, they have taken possession of me."

"They!" I cried—"who? What do you mean?"

"Two devils," he answered (with an apology for using such a word in my presence); "two evil spirits, Susan."

"Two evil fiddlesticks!" I said, angrily. "Samuel, I'm not going to believe that nonsense. Tell me the truth, and say you inadvertently took more than was good for you, and are sorry for it, and I may forgive you. But don't try to impose upon me. I'm not a fool, Samuel."

"Whether you believe me or not, it's the awful truth, Susan. You would be convinced at once but for the fact that at the present moment the twin demons within me are dormant. I succeeded in allaying them for the time by procuring some cherry brandy at a confectioner's

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—for even they could not force me to enter a public-house. But the slightest thing may shake them up again, and then —oh, my goodness, Susan, you would *have* to believe me then! The reason I left chapel so abruptly yesterday was because I felt that if I staid I should be irresistibly compelled to *dance*."

This from Samuel, whom I had never known to stand up in a quadrille even, did strike me as very serious.

"I kept my landlady and myself up all Friday night," he continued, "by my barking and howling. I was afraid it was hydrophobia till I had nearly emptied the water jug. And at last *those two*" (he shuddered here) "spoke out and revealed their names, and I knew the nature of my disorder. Why should you doubt me? Cases of demoniacal possession have been recorded even in modern times; they are said to be quite common in Germany, and whether that is so or not, Susan, I am quite certain that a couple of evil spirits have managed to enter *me*, and I don't see any prospect of ever getting them out again!"

He was so genuinely distressed and grieved that I was decidedly impressed, especially as I had never found Samuel out in an untruth. "Have you tried anything?" I asked.

"I went to the chemist's, but he only mixed me a cooling draught; I told him that would never do any good. Then I got my landlady to make me a stiff tumbler of mustard and warm water—"

"And did that have any effect upon the —the persons?" I asked.

He shook his head sadly. "It only seemed to *stimulate* them, Susan," was his reply.

"Why don't you consult a doctor?" I suggested.

"I have," he said. "I went on my way home from the office; but the demons are so artful, they kept perfectly quiet, and even his stethoscope detected nothing, so he simply laughed at me and advised me 'to seek distraction'—as if I wasn't distracted enough already!"

When Samuel left me that evening I was almost convinced that I had been misjudging him cruelly, and that his strange symptoms were really due, as he assured me, to a supernatural cause, but, as will be easily understood, there was little consolation in this.

And the next day Samuel came to me while the demons were rampant, and my last unworthy doubts vanished when I had an opportunity of hearing them for myself.

I almost hesitate to describe what I learned in the course of that interview, so great is my fear that no one will believe my statements, but I have undertaken to give this account, and I suppose I must.

It seemed, then, that two demons had undoubtedly effected an entrance into my poor Samuel: "Puddock" was the name of the one who used the worse language, and insisted upon Samuel's taking stimulants; and the sneering one called himself "Bimbo" (though very likely it was not his real name), and he was extremely particular about what Samuel ate. Bimbo asserted that in a former life he had been a noted wit and diner out, but we could not discover whether Puddock had been in any business, though from expressions he let fall, we rather thought he might have been a boot-maker. They were constantly struggling, roughly but amicably, for the top place in Samuel, and when Puddock got uppermost, the most shocking profanity streamed from Samuel's unwilling lips, while as often as Bimbo obtained precedence, poor Samuel made remarks which I hear were considered brilliant and witty, though I could see nothing in them myself but ill-nature and rudeness.

I was terribly alarmed when I realized the sad state he was in, and I told him that the only thing to be done now was to get himself exorcised without delay.

"Is that painful?" asked Samuel.

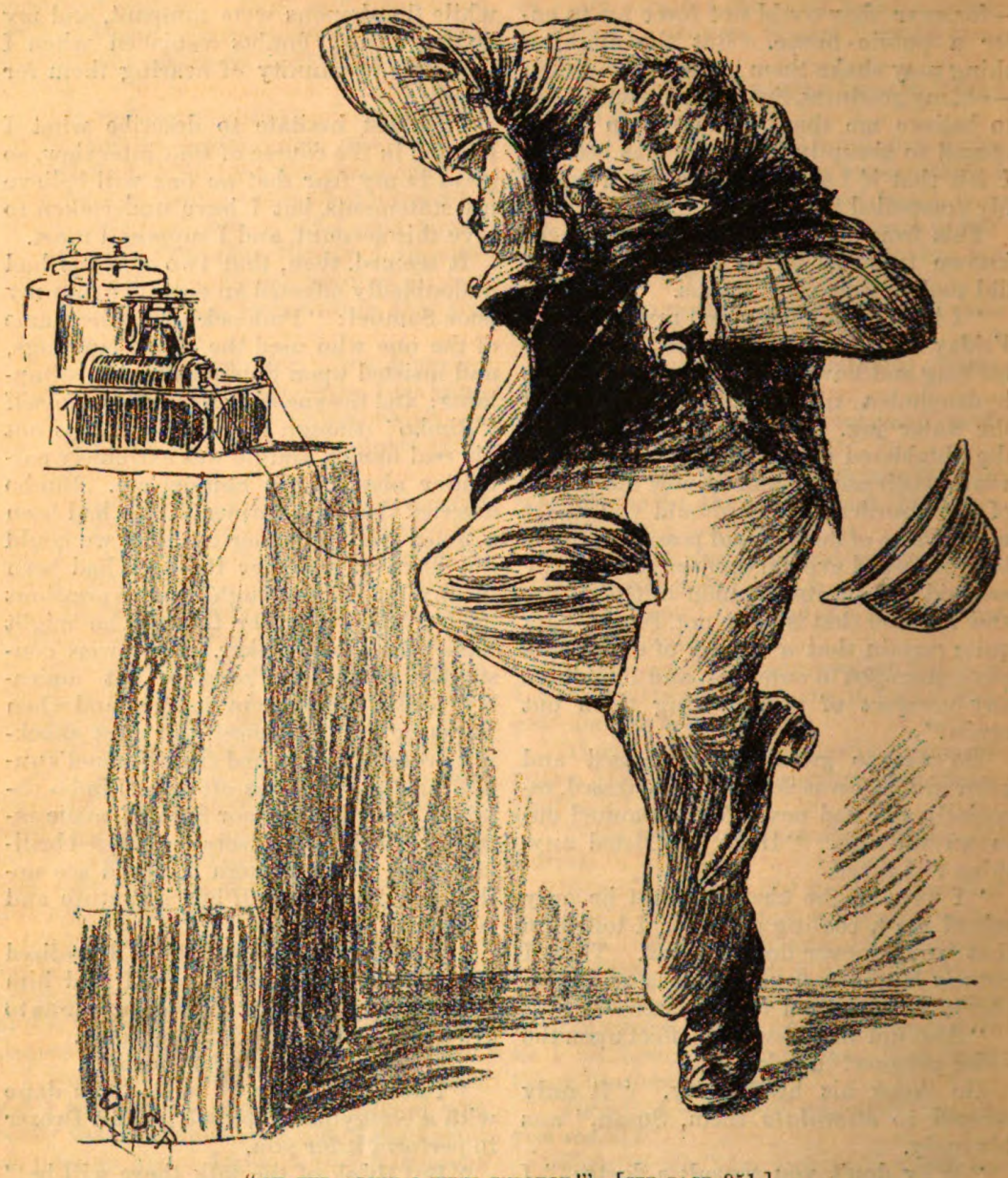
"I don't think so," I said; "it's done with a clergyman: we will get Mr. Drozer to perform it for you."

"But think of the talk there will be!" objected Samuel, who, I could see, shrank from the ignominy and scandal of being publicly exorcised; but I said it could be done very quietly, and it was the only course; so at length he gave way.

Mr. Drozer, however, refused to interfere, declaring that he had no reason to believe that such a fearful affliction had befallen Samuel at all, and that he could not take part in what he considered would be an impious travesty; but I have always believed that the real reason was that he was afraid to go near Samuel.

At last we found some one who consented to do what was wanted—an old scholar who had formerly been in the ministry, and

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"OH, THE AGONY I WENT THROUGH!"—[SEE PAGE 951.]

had discovered an ancient formula which he believed would meet the case.

He was shut up alone with Samuel for two hours in our back parlor; when he went in, his hair was iron-gray, and when he came out, it was snowy white; but he produced no impression whatever upon the demons, except making them a little livelier.

After that things went worse and worse. It appeared that the wicked spirits were annoyed at having entered such a good young man as Samuel, and so they set themselves to force him to gratify their inclinations, and it makes me shudder now to think of the horrors my unfortunate Samuel must have endured.

They always threatened to break out with him in office hours, and to avoid this (which would have been his ruin) he was willing to submit to a great deal; to keep them in a good humor he was forced to give up his simple bun and milk luncheons, and take his demons to expensive restaurants; and as they constantly complained of feeling dull, he had to go out

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to concerts, and even (I blush to say it) to the play, for their diversion.

If he had not been so thoroughly steady and regular, he must have contracted bad habits from these new courses, and as it was, the alteration could not have been altogether good for him.

At the office, however, the only outward change was caused by Bimbo, who kept forcing him to utter witticisms till he gained quite a reputation for them, and nothing showed me more clearly than this the fearful transformation that had been wrought in Samuel, one of whose chief charms had been that he had never, like so many young men, tried to be funny or amusing. The chief of his department got in time to hear of Samuel's new powers, and must have spoken about him to his sister, a Mrs. Lyon Damer, who was a rich widow with a fondness for collecting brilliant worldlings about her, for she sent Samuel an invitation to dinner.

I wanted him to refuse, for I could not bear the idea of my lover disgracing himself at a fashionable table; but the demons both insisted upon his going—Puddock, because he thought the wine would be good, and Bimbo, to gratify his taste for costly viands and intellectual society; so in the end Samuel had to accept.

It was strange, but badly as the spirits had made Samuel behave with *us*, at Mrs. Damer's they were propriety itself—except that, as Samuel confessed to me afterward, he kept the whole table in roars of laughter by the things Bimbo uttered through him; but Mrs. Lyon Damer took a great fancy to him, nevertheless, and often invited him again; what she was particularly charmed by, she used to say, was the contrast between Samuel's appearance and his manner—it was so "deliciously piquant."

It was getting too piquant for me. Whenever we were together (which was not often now) I had to endure the most abominable language from that horrid Puddock, while Bimbo turned everything I said and did into ridicule. It was all very well for Samuel to assure me of his unaltered devotion in the pauses, but I was being worn out by the worry of it.

As I said to aunt, who now knew all, what security or repose could I feel so long as I and Samuel made up a perpetual quartette? I really did not see that, as a right-minded and self-respecting girl, I could be expected to put up with it; and aunt fully agreed with me, though we were both truly sorry for poor dear Samuel.

So the next time we met I spoke out plainly, taking an opportunity when his tormentors were lulled for a season. "These nasty demons are drifting you apart from me," I told him, "and you don't even make an effort to struggle against them; you give way to them in everything; you will soon be as bad as they are, and I tell you, once for all, that I have had enough of it. I see no chance of things improving, from the way you go on now, with your balls and parties. And you must be spending all the money you saved up, too."

"Do you think I enjoy myself?" he said, bitterly. "Ah, Susan, I had more real enjoyment over those quiet games of goose than in all the glitter and gayety Puddock and Bimbo plunge me into."

"I don't believe you," I said. "If you didn't like glittering, you wouldn't go and glitter as you do. And I'm tired of it, Samuel; and there must be an end of it."

"Do you mean to our engagement?" he asked.

"Yes," I said; "at all events, till you are yourself again."

"Understand this, Susan," he told me: "If you abandon me now, you lose me forever."

"Samuel," I cried, aghast, "those horrid things are not *killing* you, are they?"

"No," he replied, conscientiously; "they don't seem to affect my health; but Bimbo is making me more and more agreeable to Mrs. Damer, and I can see I am producing a decided impression upon her; I pay—or rather *Bimbo* pays—her such outrageous compliments, and Puddock is cunning enough to leave it all to him, for of course they would both like me to marry a rich widow."

"Haven't you any voice in the matter?" I said. "But perhaps you care about this Mrs. Damer?"

"I can't bear her: she frightens me horribly, Susan," he answered; "but now that your saving influence is about to be removed, I may hear myself propose to her any day."

This made me reflect. After all, was it not my duty to make one more effort to save poor Samuel from being sacrificed to a rich and handsome widow? I thought that it certainly was, and just then a new plan occurred to me, from which I hoped much.

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"If I give you one more chance, Samuel," I said, "will you faithfully do what I tell you?"

He said he would.

"What are you going to do this evening?" I asked.

"Mrs. Damer is getting up some charades," he said, awkwardly. "Bimbo is very quick at charades."

"You must come and have tea with me instead, and spend a quiet evening," I said.

"Bimbo will never stand that," he objected, dubiously.

"Then Bimbo can stay away—he is not wanted. Come, Samuel, this is your last chance."

"I will come, Susan, if I am allowed," he said; and though I am afraid it cost him a terrible struggle, he did get to me at last that evening.

As he came in he glanced with surprise at the table. "What have you got out all those books for, and that cup?" he inquired.

"It is part of my treatment," I told him. "Up to this time, Samuel, you have tried humoring your demons in everything, and it hasn't answered. I want you to show them that you mean to be the master of your own interior. Instead of laying yourself out to please the two persons within you, your course should be to make yourself as unattractive an abode for them as ever you can. I don't think Bimbo would be likely to relish useful information—do you? Well, I am going to read aloud to you out of *Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge*, and some of the travels from *Pinkerton's Voyages*, which Uncle Benjamin willed to me: *you* like having your mind improved, and if Bimbo doesn't, that is his fault, not ours, and so much the worse for him! As for Puddock, if he makes himself unpleasant, you must take a sip of what is in that cup—it is only senna tea. I know you don't mind the taste of it, but I am sure he will."

"Susan," cried Samuel, gratefully, "I do believe you will drive them out of me, after all."

And at that time I felt confident of doing so; we had a turbulent time of it, for Bimbo was considerably vexed at having to give up the charades and spend the evening with me and Maunder, and several times he broke out into scathing abuse; but it was much worse when Puddock came uppermost (for he was far the coarser of the two), though whenever dear Samuel could get a word in on his own account, he apologized for the pair of them.

I tried not to mind, and kept on reading steadily, until at last Bimbo saw that it was no use, and took to sulking, leaving the interrupting to be done by Puddock. We kept *him* in order with the senna, which proved more effectual than we could have hoped, because it was equally unpalatable to both demons, and as Bimbo chose to throw all the blame of it upon his companion, a violent quarrel sprang up between them, in the course of which they romped with Samuel about the room, and broke some of aunt's best china.

I am obliged to confess that my treatment did not seem to loosen them to any extent, but still—thanks to the senna—the seeds were sown that evening of a dissension which kept them from ever combining to annoy Samuel in future. Whenever the one attempted to disgrace him by an outburst, he was instantly suppressed or thwarted (out of pure spite) by the other; and though, of course, Samuel's internal sufferings were rendered even more severe by this state of things, it did enable him to remain at his duties in the office without causing a public scandal, which was something to be thankful for.

In other respects we did not seem to be advancing at all. Samuel took my advice, and insisted on going to lectures and chapels as before, and lived chiefly on water gruel and bread and butter; but still he could not starve either of his demons out.

He told me that, as far as he could ascertain their sentiments, they had separately come to the conclusion that although he was not all they could desire as a residence, he was clean and comfortable and well kept; and, upon the whole, the nasty selfish things thought they might do worse than stay where they were.

But this calmer period did not last long. There was a grand fancy bazar being got up, in which Mrs. Damer was to take a stall, and both the evil spirits insisted upon Samuel's going to it. I knew something would happen if he did, and tried all I could to prevent him, but Samuel said both the demons had made such a point of it that he did not dare to irritate them by staying away, and so he went.

That evening about nine o'clock I heard Samuel's ring, and ran to let him in myself. I saw at once that something *had*

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happened, he looked so frightfully flabby and limp. "What did I tell you?" I cried. "I *knew* harm would come of it; but you *would* go. Tell me the worst."

"Do not blame me, dearest," he said. "I hardly know how to tell you; but it is *good* news." And then he sat down opposite me and told me all. At the bazar he had been for a time—quite against his own inclinations—the life and soul of the place; he had put into raffle after raffle, and won everything, from a patent lawn tennis marker to a dressed doll. But this good fortune had only filled him with terror, for he knew there was a diabolical agency in it.

Then Puddock had risen and driven him to the refreshment stall, where he ate half-crown ices and drank champagne at five shillings a tumbler till he felt ill, and after that somebody persuaded him to go and be electrified for twopence at a galvanic battery in a side tent.

"Puddock and Bimbo both tried to dissuade me," said Samuel, "but I remembered your counsels, Susan, and I insisted. Oh, the agony I went through as the electric current pervaded me, and how those two cursed! I assure you there was not a lady to be seen anywhere after the first five minutes. But I couldn't let go, and there I was, rolling about, screeching and barking—it really was awful, Susan, and I was so ashamed! And then all at once *out came Puddock!*—he had come up top for the refreshments, you see, and the battery must have taken him unawares. I felt the relief instantly; it was a precious moment—"

"And you got Bimbo out next?" I cried. "Oh, how glad I am!"

Samuel seemed disconcerted. "No, I didn't get *him* out," he said; "he is holding on still."

"But why didn't you keep on?" I said, feeling vexed that Samuel should have missed such a chance of dislodging the two together.

"I could not stand the torture any longer," he said. "I *had* to let go. And I would not go through it again for any earthly consideration. I should die on the battery."

And though I tried hard, I could not get Samuel to go and be electrified again; he seemed panic-stricken by the very idea, and even the certainty of ejecting the remaining intruder failed to overcome his unwillingness.

Still I felt more hopeful—for a time; there was only one demon left, and he was probably discouraged, and we were two to one. Surely we should prevail in the end.

So I kept on, and now when Samuel came to me in the evenings, instead of Maunder or travels, I chose the *Fairchild Family* to read aloud from; it is a pretty and moral tale, and I did hope that parts of it would come home to the demon and soften him.

But I could not discover that this was the case, for Bimbo, though he made his horrid scoffing remarks from time to time, seemed to follow the story, and I could almost fancy that he was *amused* by it.

This disheartened us both, and particularly Samuel, who lost confidence altogether, and said he was certain his case was a chronic one. One evening he came in looking very low indeed, and told me that Bimbo had been disturbing him all day, and he fully expected to be torn asunder if I persisted in reading aloud much longer.

Under the circumstances I really did not think it would be prudent to go on with the treatment, for that evening at all events, and so I proposed that we should talk instead. But at this Bimbo protested violently, declaring that he could stand anything but my conversation, and that if he had any more of that, he should feel compelled to rip Samuel up.

This horrible threat frightened me so much that I was tempted, just for that once, to propitiate the fiend. It happened that, somehow or other, a little book containing a collection of humorous sayings and comic anecdotes had got into the house, and I had seen it lying about, and thought of it at this crisis as a possible means of quieting the unruly spirit.

I had grave doubts whether I was not acting wrongly in thus bowing before Rimmon, but nevertheless I got the book and began to read out of it.

I could not have read more than a dozen pages or so before Samuel suddenly commenced flinging somersaults round the room, and uttering between every revolution the most heart-rending howls. They brought aunt in from the next room, where she was knitting, as usual, but I told her that Bimbo seemed a little fractious that evening, and read on, thinking that I should be certain to calm the demon in time if I only persevered.

But seeing that Samuel continued to bound until he must have been bruised all

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over, I began to think I ought to stop, and asked him if he did not think so too.

"No," gasped Samuel. "Keep on. It's *fetching him out, Susan;* I'm sure of it. I can feel him coming."

I just had time to read one more anecdote, about a person called Sheridan, when I looked up, and there was my beloved Samuel lying twisted up in a kind of lovers' knot under my sewing-machine, with a solemn smile of unspeakable relief on his poor pale face.

For some mysterious reason the fiend had suddenly departed from him—he was untenanted at last.

I pass over our deep thankfulness at this unexpected release, and Samuel's fervent vows that he would never again afford such an opening to any evil spirits. Those readers who have ever passed through similar experiences (and I hope they are few) will understand what we felt: it would be vain to try to describe it for others.

Mrs. Damer asked Samuel to dinner soon after his happy recovery, and I allowed him to go, but, singularly enough, she has never been at home when he has called since, and altogether it does seem as if Samuel was not nearly so sought after now as he used to be. But there is one person at least in the world who prefers him in his natural state, and that is his wife, for I am happy to say that I possess Samuel all to myself now.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD HOUGHTON.

I FIRST met Lord Houghton on board the French frigate *Magenta* at Biarritz, where the imperial court was spending the month of September in 1866. The Emperor, who, for a variety of reasons, some political and some domestic, was anxious to make this watering-place fashionable, had directed some of his most formidable vessels of war, including the *Magenta*, the *Flandre*, and the *Magnanime*, to rendezvous at this point, which at an enormous expense he was then trying to make a shelter for his Atlantic squadron. The 26th day of the month was selected for their Majesties to go on board the flagship *Magenta*, and invitations to accompany them were extended to a number of the visitors and to all the legations then represented at Biarritz, including, besides the American, Dolz, the Prussian ambassador to the French court, Château Renard, a French diplomatist, Mercier, at that time the French ambassador to Madrid, two gentlemen attached to the Spanish embassy in Paris, and Baron Werther, the Prussian ambassador at Madrid. Among the unofficial guests on this occasion was Lord Houghton. The Emperor turned the opportunity to political account by dispensing several decorations among the more meritorious officers and crews of the fleet. On our return to the wharf, Lord Houghton and I walked together to our lodgings. Our conversation naturally turned upon affairs in America. The rupture between President Johnson and leading Republicans had already assumed serious proportions, and talk of his impeachment was already rife in the press. I remember Lord Houghton's remark that he thought Johnson's position was substantially right, and it was to be regretted, he thought, that he did not know how to maintain it with more dignity. I was favorably impressed by the general sobriety and catholicity of his judgment, and the range and fullness of his information about European and American affairs. This impressed me the more at the time as I had till then known of him only as a poet.

A few days later we arranged to make an excursion into Spain to visit the birthplace and tomb of Ignatius Loyola at Aspetia. We left Biarritz on Tuesday evening, the 2d of October, for Saint Sebastian, where we slept, and where I recollect that we were compelled to occupy the same chamber. He had been thrown with Prosper Mérimée, who was residing with the imperial household at the Villa Eugénie, at Biarritz, and commenting upon life at the villa, he said Mérimée had told him that there were no books there, nor any one who would have ever read a book if there had been. The Emperor had been taken very ill the night after his visit to the *Magenta*, and as many as three hot baths a day had been prescribed for him. This desperate treatment Lord Houghton told me had been accompanied by equally heroic political measures. In anticipation of a fatal termination of his illness, a commission had been made out and placed

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in the hands of Fleury, who was in attendance upon the court, appointing him Minister of War, so that in case of the Emperor's death Fleury could have the control of the army before the event would be permitted to transpire in Paris, and the Empress was to be proclaimed Regent simultaneously with the announcement of her widowhood. As a curious confirmation of this story, not a single member of the cabinet was at Biarritz. Even Fould, the Minister of Finance, was not sent for, though he was at his country place at Tarbes, a comparatively short ride from Biarritz. How fortunate for the Emperor had this proved to be his last illness!

The following morning, after a cup of chocolate and a bit of brown-bread, we took the train at eight o'clock for Zumaragua, where we arrived about eleven. Our road lay through a hilly and extremely picturesque, and for the most part highly cultivated country. At Zumaragua, which is a place of only about one thousand inhabitants, we proceeded to arrange for a carriage to take us on to Aspetia while our breakfast was preparing. We got the best conveyance we could find, which was a sorry affair, and then took our breakfast, which was very good.

We were about an hour and a half on the road to Aspetia, through a country somewhat more wild and hilly than that through which we had passed during the morning, but substantially the same in culture and general appearance, reaching the convent about half past one. I say convent, for such we now found it to be. The house in which Loyola was born is there substantially as he left it. But in the latter part of the seventeenth century it was inclosed by a superb edifice or *santuario*, and dedicated to the uses of a Jesuit college. The designs were furnished by Carlo Fontana, and the money by Marianne of Austria.

A man was selling skins of some kind to one of the friars as we entered, and a number of poor people were coming out with supplies of one sort and another furnished from within. We were put in relation with a friar some sixty years of age, who spoke French fairly well for a Spaniard, and who offered to be our cicerone. He first called our attention to the walls of the house, still standing, in which Loyola was born, and then took us into the *santuario*, or temple.

It is a singularly pleasing piece of architecture, and every way worthy of the fame of the designer, especially the cupola sustained by pillars. Jaspers taken from the contiguous hills, marbles, and mosaics abounded wherever they could add to the general effect. But of all the ornaments of this superb structure a silver statue of our Saviour, about three-quarter size, as it appeared to me, standing upon the altar, was the object to us of the greatest interest, for its adventures were an epitome of the history and vicissitudes of the Jesuit society. With every one of the three or four revolutions to which it had succumbed, this statue had been dethroned and made the spoil of the enemy, for it was of solid silver, and of great pecuniary value. Strangely enough, however, it had always found its way back again to its home, its value unimpaired, in this respect singularly typifying the fortunes of the society, so often cast down, but never destroyed. Ascending a flight of steps, we were next shown a long low room, in which we were told that Loyola was born, and which had since been converted into a chapel. It was into this room also that he was borne after he was wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, and here he was successfully treated by St. Peter, who came down from heaven on purpose to prescribe for him, as we are informed by his earliest biographer. It occurred to me that as Luke was the only one of the apostles to whom any special skill in medicine has ever been attributed, it would have been most natural for him, if any of the apostles, to have offered his services on this occasion. However, it would have looked in us so much like questioning the truth of the legend to have invited an explanation of this apparent slight put upon the professional merits of St. Luke that I kept my troubles strictly to myself. This chapel was decorated with carvings, some gilded and some painted, illustrating the miraculous and marvellous events of the illustrious patient's life. In the wall of the original structure is a stone slab, from which I took the liberty of copying into my note-book the following inscription:

Casa Solar de Loyola.
Aquí nació St. Ignacio en 1491.
Aquí visitado por S. Pedro y la SS Virgen.
Se Entrego á Dios en 1521.*

* The year 1521 refers to the epoch when he was wounded, which he regarded as the period of his new spiritual birth, not of his death.

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Over this inscription was another plaque in rough stone, with a design upon it of the rudest workmanship. What this barbarous piece of sculpture could signify or emblematize we could not even form a conjecture. Our guide proved to be no wiser than ourselves. As it had probably been in the wall over four hundred years, it must be presumed to have represented something more than the state of the arts at the period it was put there, to have held its place so long.

It was while lying in this room, having his wounds looked after by St. Peter, that Loyola, after poring for weeks and weeks over the legends and lives of the saints, conceived the scheme of spiritual knight-errantry to which he consecrated the rest of his life, and planned the foundations of the extraordinary organization which still subsists in comparatively unimpaired vigor, the object at once of the most blind devotion and the most intense hostility of any organization that has ever existed among men. Two women were saying their prayers when we entered. The only movable memorials of its most illustrious occupant which were shown us in this room were what was represented to us to have been the curtains of Loyola's bed, which a border, some ten inches wide, of worsted and gold, rendered conspicuous, and the original patent or charter for the establishment of the college, bearing the autograph signatures of Loyola and his secretary. The premises, which had ceased to be used for collegiate purposes for many years, were now occupied by about sixty priests. Our guide informed us that this was one of the only three Jesuit monasteries permitted in Spain, and they were exclusively devoted to the preparation of missionaries for foreign service.

A fine garden lay in the rear of the convent, watered by a noisy mountain stream, then somewhat swollen by recent rains. The mountain which lies between the convent and the sea is the only one I saw in all our journey not fully covered with verdure. This was entirely bald.

After our curiosity about the interior was satisfied, we lingered outside to contemplate the tranquil valley before us, in which the convent was set as a precious gem, and the picturesque hills which bounded our vision on every side—valleys in which Loyola in his childhood must have played and hills which he must have climbed. Both, in their "endless infancy," looked to us to-day just as they must have looked to his youthful eyes four centuries ago. My companion and I had nothing to say, for each was absorbed by his own meditations. What were the thoughts passing through his mind I had no curiosity to learn, for I was wholly preoccupied with the reflection that at the time when Loyola was cradled in this obscure and lovely valley, Columbus was concluding his preparations for the expedition which was to give to Europe a new continent and to the world a representative government. After spending some two hours on these premises, I sauntered away to our carriage, wondering whether any two events were ever initiated in the same state and chronologically so near to each other which exerted a more important influence, humanly speaking, upon the destinies of the human race than the discovery of America and the establishment of the Society of Jesus.

Our carriage was drawn by a horse and a mule, their owner evidently having not been trained under the Levitical law. The mule, for reasons best known to himself, was not at all pleased with the idea of returning to his stable at Zumaragua. It was plain enough that he wished to tarry with the Jesuits. The driver, unwilling to spare the rod and spoil the mule, beat him unmercifully, which the mule resented with the weapons which nature had put into his legs, and it was at one time a question whether he would kick himself or our vehicle to pieces, either of which catastrophes would have been sufficiently embarrassing to us, as we must have travelled some distance to procure any other transportation "than the tandem that nature gave us." The unpleasant differences, however, between the mule and the driver were finally compromised upon some terms—what they were we could not learn, as neither spoke a language we could understand—and we managed to reach the railway station just as the train swept in. We were so grateful to have been spared a night at the posada of Zumaragua that, instead of grumbling at our driver, we congratulated ourselves upon being the most fortunate of travellers.

Some of Lord Houghton's remarks on this trip have lingered in my memory. He said Disraeli—he was not yet Lord Beaconsfield—despised books and literary men, and never had a literary man at his

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table.* He thought Bulwer's *Lost Tales of Miletus*, then recently published, his best. Mrs. Dickens was very stupid and very good. Dickens treated her badly. Froude's *History of England* was very fine and very sound; Henry VIII. was the greatest of British sovereigns. Elizabeth had been overrated, and is going down. Froude had said to him that it was a source of melancholy reflection that no one would help him build up the character of Henry, while every one was delighted to have him pull Elizabeth down.

Speaking of the then recent defeat of the Liberals, and of the accession of a Tory ministry in England, he said he would vote against any reform bill the Tories might bring in. To my inquiry why he would refuse to accept reform at any party's hands that would offer it, he replied that they might bring in a good bill, and if they should do so it might keep them in power for twenty years. I asked him how he could vote against a measure he had himself advocated, or ever again support such a measure after voting against it. "Oh," he said, "we would tack some amendment on to their bill which would compel the Tories to vote against it."

I next met Lord Houghton at dinner in Albany in the winter of 1876–7, where he was the guest of Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer. The ten intervening years had told upon his personal appearance, but more upon his manner. He seemed very fidgety and nervous. He was constantly doing something that did not then need doing; he was either pulling at his wristbands, or at the sleeves of his undergarments, or trying to get some new effect from his shirt collar. His head struck me as too low on the top to answer the purposes of a man of a very high order of character, or to win love and respect in any great degree, but his pure blue eyes were as striking and attractive as ever. No one could look into them a second time and not see that they were the eyes of no ordinary or commonplace man. He laughed frequently and explosively, apparently as a matter of politeness rather than because he was amused. His talk was agreeable, and his manner that of a man who had no concern about the impression he was producing—the perfection of high breeding. He made one statement after dinner of more than transient interest; one of the company having remarked that a cousin of Lord Houghton had to his sorrow invested in the Confederate cotton loan of 1863, another gentleman present remarked that Gladstone had some of that too. "Oh yes," said Lord Houghton, laughing. "What," said our host, "is that so?" "Yes," replied Lord Houghton, "but not a great deal." This recalled to my memory the fact that when the London press copied from the New York papers a list of the subscribers to the Confederate cotton loan, among whom Gladstone was down for a few thousand pounds, many prominent persons enumerated on the list published cards denying that their names had been placed there with their knowledge or by their authority. Mr. Gladstone, however, was not of the number. He made no denial, but the London press very considerately forbore any subsequent allusion to the subject. Lord Houghton told another story, which he repeated two or three times in my hearing, from which I infer that in his eyes it represented a larger measure of truth than it would express to the average of his audiences. A child asked her mother if she expected to go to heaven. "Yes, my child," was the reply, "I hope I may." "Am I going there too?" asked the child. "I hope so, my dear, if you are a good girl," replied mamma. After a brief pause, the child hesitatingly said, "Mamma, if you wouldn't mind, I would rather go to the dogs with papa, it is so nice."

In October I accompanied Lord Houghton to Roslyn to visit Mr. Bryant. One evening the two poets yielded to the solicitation of some of the guests, and each recited selections from his own poetry—a violence to his modesty to which I doubt if Mr. Bryant, at least, had ever submitted before. He began by reading "October," afterward assigning as a reason for the selection that it was the shortest of all his poems, but later, yielding to the persuasion of his audience, he read "The Death of the Flowers," and "The Fringed Gentian." Lord Houghton read, as nearly as I can remember, "Half Truth," "Strangers Yet," and "Passed Friendship." As we sat listening to these white-haired, venerable bards reciting their own verses it required no effort of the imagination to fancy ourselves transported back to the Middle Ages, to the time, if not to the court, of Richard of the Lion Heart,

* The late Lord Lytton once told me that Disraeli never read any books.

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"When ladies' suit and minstrels' strain
By knight were never heard in vain."

I was so much interested in watching the poets that what they recited became of secondary interest. Two men more unlike in their theories of human life, its legitimate purposes and results, could hardly be imagined; yet both had in common venerable age, exquisite literary culture, and undisputed social prestige. It was apparent from the first that each was trying to entertain two very distinct audiences—one the rival poet, and the other their common listeners. It was somewhat more difficult for Bryant than for Houghton to yield to our appeals. He had a constitutional aversion to being the hero of his own comedy, and it was not till refusal would seem to "dull the edge of hospitality" that he surrendered himself a cheerful victim. There was a pretty strife of modesty between them, neither wishing to betray his own estimate of his verses by his manner of reading them, nor yet indifferent to the impression they would make. The poems they selected might have been rendered more dramatically and more melodiously by a reader who had not to strive with the responsibilities of authorship, but by no one else so effectively. All who heard them felt that the lines recited by these two venerable scalds on this occasion were thenceforth more to them than they ever had been or could be to those who had only read them.

During my visit to London, in 1877, with Governor Tilden, an invitation to dine with Lord Houghton, on our arrival in London, awaited us at Queenstown. We were also his guests one evening at the Cosmopolitan Club, which more than any other club in London, I believe, is the resort of literary men on Sunday evenings, or rather on Monday mornings, for its members rarely assemble before midnight.

As a poet it is easy to underrate Lord Houghton, and it is equally easy to overrate him. He was of the epicurean faith. With him it was all of life to live, if not all of death to die. To such the richest fountains of poetical inspiration are never opened. It may be doubted whether any poet of his time, however, more adequately expressed what and all of what he felt and wished to say. Persons of doubtful positions and things of a more or less disorderly character had a strange fascination for his muse as they had for himself. He felt as lively a curiosity to know a phenomenally bad man as a phenomenally good one, partly, perhaps, because according to conventional standards the latter are the rarer. Nothing human or inhuman lay beyond the range of his curiosity—a peculiarity which I once heard illustrated by the following story. Whether true or not, there is nothing improbable about it. A criminal was to be hung at nine o'clock, the event to be announced to the public by the firing of a gun. Some one at Houghton's breakfast table remarked that it was after nine and the gun had not been fired; the execution, therefore, must have been postponed. "Oh no," promptly replied his sister; "the man has surely been hung, or brother would have had him here at breakfast." Whether from a spirit of generous toleration, or charity, or love of fair play, or sympathy for the weaker party, or a curious taste for the paradoxical, or all these combined, his muse seemed to have been consecrated to the defense of people and conduct that were on the defensive. Though not ranking with the great poets of the world, Lord Houghton long before his death had secured for himself an enduring place among the poets of England.

Society has sustained even a greater loss than literature by Lord Houghton's death, for he has left few, if any, behind him who command his resources for agreeable and memorable conversation. His treasures of knowledge and anecdote, collected from a personal intercourse with the notable people of all civilized countries, as well as from their literatures, were inexhaustible. Yet he was not the least of a gossip, and never a bore. Few men ever said less that they would wish not to have said, or said what they had to say in a better manner, and few men with so large an acquaintance have ever lived all of whose talk was so well worth preserving. He richly deserved a Boswell. His interest in people and things that were "off color," though much criticised, sometimes exhibited him in a most attractive light. A person had robbed him and was arrested. Houghton went to see him, and questioned him about his motives for committing the crime with which he was charged. The man confessed that he was known to the London police as a thief, and there was no other way for him to get his living but by stealing, for as soon as he got work, the police warned his employers,

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and they dismissed him. Houghton asked him if he thought he could live honestly if he were established where he was not known. The man said that if he could get to Australia he was sure he could get on there without difficulty. Houghton took the man at his word, paid his passage, gave him quite a large sum of money—I think it was £100—and took the trouble to go down to the ship to see him off. The man went out to Australia, prospered, wrote frequently to his benefactor, and Lord Houghton, whom I once interrogated about the truth of the story, told me that the last time he heard from the man he was holding an important and responsible local office, to which he had been elected by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens.

This was only one of the multitude of

> "His little nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love,"

which have disposed Lord Houghton's vast acquaintance to place a generous and charitable construction upon his numerous eccentricities. That he had many eccentricities he would have been the first to admit, for he had no occasion to be ashamed of them. They were the eccentricities of a manly nature, and of a most gifted and accomplished gentleman. With his uncommon good sense and rare accomplishments, if he had been a little more ambitious, or if his aims in life had been set to a little higher key, there is hardly any place of dignity in England too exalted to have fallen within the range of his legitimate aspirations. But faith in the future of humanity is essential to the higher forms of life.

The world's highest honors do not fall to those whose whole philosophy of human existence is summed up in the following Horatian verses, written by Lord Houghton as early as 1831:

CARPE DIEM.

Youth that pursuest with eager pace
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race:
Then stay! O stay!

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
Loiter; enjoy!
Once past, thou never wilt come back again,
A second Boy.

The hills of Manhood wear a noble face
When seen from far;
The mist of light from which they take their grace
Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know,
And how it leads to regions never green,
Dead fields of snow.

Pause while thou may'st, nor deem that fate thy gain
Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
A Man at last.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE moralists are fond of pointing out the unimportance of a single human life, and Addison, in his "Vision of Mirza," pictures the world as a bridge through which the passengers suddenly disappear, while the constant throng pours on unheeding and apparently undiminished. Thackeray often muses in the same vein. The *siste, viator*, he says, scarcely holds the traveller's foot long enough for him to say "poor fellow," and pass on; for it is observable that even in Christendom, whose doctrine is that this world is but a vale of tears, the instinctive exclamation upon hearing that some one has left it is, "Tom gone! poor fellow."

The uncertainty of life is so evident that it seems only in accord with the idea of a beneficently ordered universe that no individual should be essential to the course of events. Yet historically the individual appears to be of the utmost importance. The great forward movements of the race and of civilization are identified with a man or a few men, without whom success would seem to have been doubtful. This impression is hardly to be removed by saying that such men are but representatives of a general tendency. For however true this may be, the special representative was apparently necessary, and it is not clear that without him the work would have proceeded.

Charles Sumner made an interesting collection of intimations in literature and speculation of the probability of a western continent long before the time of Columbus, which he called *Prophetic Voices*, and in a recent speech John Bright, alluding to the book, wonders that he did not include in it, as prophetic of our national greatness while we were yet colonies, Hume's remonstrance with Gibbon, who proposed to write his history in French. Hume begged him to write in English, because the British establishments in America promised superior strength and stability to English history. There was, undoubtedly, this vague forecast of the western world before it was revealed, and there were voyagers long before

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Columbus who had sailed over the western horizon. The legends of the visits of the Northmen to the coast of New England are not all fable. But yet except for Columbus the New World would not at that time have been discovered, and all that depended upon the discovery at that time would have been otherwise. It is in this way that the individual seems to be essential to the precise world that we know.

The same truth is shown in another way by the action of John Adams in the Continental Congress. Take that one man out of that assembly, and, while it can not be said that the American colonies would not have gained their independence, yet the course of events would have been different, and it is equally impossible to see exactly what the difference would have been. It was the individual combination of qualities in John Adams that made him, as Jefferson called him, the Colossus of Independence. The Colossus was indispensable just at that time; but except for John Adams he would not have appeared.

Another blameless hero of this century, whose service to humanity was very great and memorable, is Sir Samuel Romilly, whose firm but gentle persistence ameliorated the penal laws. They were curiously inhuman. It is incredible that, at a time so near our own, English gentlemen and statesmen could have sustained and defended them. They were, indeed, condemned by many, and their modification was demanded. But public opinion, to be effective, must be concentrated. The arrow, to stick fast, must be brought to a fine and penetrating point. A cause must have its pioneer, and until he appears it is impossible to say in whom the necessary qualities will be united. But when he comes there is no question. If Romilly had dropped through the bridge while he was still hesitating whether to follow his father's trade of jeweller, the work that he did would not then have been accomplished. The penal laws undoubtedly would have been mitigated. But the relief would have come later, and all the suffering, pain, and wrong of every kind resulting from the unchanged laws during the period from their reform under Romilly to their probable reform had Romilly died early were saved to England and to humanity by him. Was his individual life of no moment?

In our own later history results might have been very different, and the national situation to-day other than it is, had Lincoln and Grant fallen through the bridge of Mirza's vision while one was a small shop-keeper in Illinois and the other a cadet at West Point. The Union probably would have been maintained, but the value of such a head and such a hand in maintaining it is incalculable. A little more selfishness, a little more ambition, a little less magnanimity and simple rectitude—the least swerve of the current, a twig or a tuft diverting it, and the course of the river had been different, and instead of the rich and peaceful meadow there had been an arid desert. In any other men the same precise combination would have been improbable. There would have been the little more or the little less, and the individuality of these two men accounts for the exact result that we see, like that of Washington in the Revolution.

Is the individual life, then, of such unimportance? Does everything go on as before when any single wayfarer drops through the bridge? Is the course of events unaffected, whoever may live or die? Or would not some great wrong have been sooner righted, some forward step have been earlier taken, some cruel and wide-spread suffering relieved, if the youth, now forever nameless, who vanished yesterday from our side, had lived out the threescore years and ten?

In the courts of law *ex parte* testimony is not very persuasive, and a man accused of murder will be in danger of hanging if he can produce no witness of his innocence but himself. So, in any society of intelligent persons, the man who celebrates his own virtues and extols his own heroism, and generally blows his own trumpet, is not regarded as a saint or hero, but rather as a swashbuckler and Bombastes. There is an invincible conviction that merit is modest, and that the boaster is Ben Jonson's Captain Bobadil, who easily kills his thousands of foes "by computation," but slays none at all by count.

Yet there have been undoubtedly men of great qualities, like Lord Chatham, who were very vain, and everybody who has seen many famous persons recalls among them absorbing egotists, who engrossed the conversation and talked about themselves. There is a good story told of a distinguished man who had been ill at a time when public attention was concentrated upon important public events, and when he was asked eagerly by a friend who supposed him to know what was likely to happen, "Well, what is the news this morning?" he replied, "Thank you, I think that I feel rather easier than I did yesterday."

This, however, is to be said of the egotism of many distinguished men, that if their conversation be egotistical, their association with other distinguished persons and with important events has been often so close and intimate that their talk is very interesting. If they are the heroes of their own tale, yet the tale is well worth the telling, although it is undeniable that the hero would seem to be more heroic if he were less conscious of heroism. It is, indeed, possible for a man to tell the story of which he is the central figure so modestly that he seems more than ever heroic. This is the kind of simplicity with which Robinson Crusoe narrates his adventures. He is solely intent upon the story, not upon himself.

Dr. Kane, the arctic explorer, had the same simplicity. Just after his return, and before he had written his book, the Easy Chair heard

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him tell the tale of his voyage at a little dinner at the Century Club. Thackeray was one of the guests, and indeed the dinner grew out of Thackeray's wish to see the doctor. The tale and the telling were equally delightful, and as the brave little man paused in speaking, Thackeray arose from his chair to his full height and gravely asked the giver of the feast whether Dr. Kane would probably permit him to kneel down and kiss his boots. Kane himself was as much surprised as any one of the guests, and laughed as gayly at the droll homage of the Englishman.

But this canon of good-breeding, which requires that a man shall not celebrate himself, is evidently suspended in the case of newspapers, which do certainly blow the most prolonged blasts upon their own trumpets, and in the most resonant manner tell a listening world of their enterprise and public spirit, and their superiority to all competitors. We learn from the papers themselves of the immense interest which their articles awaken, and of the general recognition of the fact that their news is fresher and more spicy than that of any rival, and that the social or other movement which they have initiated is proceeding prosperously to triumph, and that the President, or the Governor, or Congress, has wisely heeded the advice which they have given. The excellent journals attest their own fidelity to principle and religion, and give us their word that they act upon the highest motives.

Now the boaster, as we have already seen, may be the hero that he describes. The Gascons gave their name to gasconade, but they were doughty fellows notwithstanding, and if Pinkney was solicitous about his frills and cravats, he was none the less peerless in debate. The journal which trumpets its own energy, enterprise, and prosperity may be merely telling the truth; and there is one consideration which seems to absolve the proprietor or the editor as such from the obligations of social comity which rest upon him as a man. The same person who, as editor or proprietor, brags and boasts like a quack doctor or cheap jack upon the comic stage, shall be in private intercourse a very Mercutio, the most urbane and modest of gentlemen. He brags professionally, not personally. He swaggers and dogmatizes not as Snug the joiner, but as the lion, in the play that he has undertaken to perform. As your guest he would shrink and blush to assert truculently that he is superior to anybody at the table. But as the editor or proprietor he does not hesitate to announce in the most strident type, so to speak, that he altogether outstrips all his comrades of the press.

Why does he do it? Simply because nobody else will do it for him. It is essential for the success of his journal that its character should be known. But beyond quarrelling with it as an esteemed contemporary, and complimenting it upon a new font of type, one journal takes little notice of another. They are rivals, and as their profits arise largely from the receipts for advertising, they do not advertise each other for nothing, and consequently each must advertise itself. All the blowing of the journal's trumpet in honor of its own energy, enterprise, superiority, etc., etc., is advertisement. The brag and boast are merely professional, like the swagger of the actor in his part; and as the player lays swagger aside with the costume of the character, and appears to you, as he essentially is, the most quiet and retiring of men—like the admirable comedian Finn, for instance, fifty years ago—so the editor leaves the robes of his flaming self-puffery behind him in his office, and emerges the most genial and simple of men.

It is plainly as unjust, therefore, to suppose that the editor who celebrates his paper so exuberantly is the most ridiculously conceited and ill-mannered of men as to suppose that, because Mr. Jefferson is Rip Van Winkle upon the stage, he is constantly sitting about upon tables in private life, and drinking your health and your family's in ever-renewed bumpers.

A GRANDFATHER recently revisiting Mount Vernon after more than a half-century's absence, and recalling the trees and every detail in the landscape, upon speaking to his grandson, who was with him, of certain events in Washington's life which were perfectly familiar to him when he first came as a boy to Mount Vernon, was surprised to find that his grandson evidently knew little of them. Yet there was nothing which in his younger day the father knew better than the story of Washington's life and times. One of the books which the stripling Abraham Lincoln read by the light of the fire, as he lay upon the floor in his father's Indiana cabin, was Weems's *Life of Washington*—the source in great part of the Washington domestic legend and of most of the fable—and Lincoln pulled fodder for two days for the owner of the book as satisfaction for some injury done to it.

If the uncertainty of the lad at Mount Vernon in regard to Washington shows a decline of interest in our history, it is fortunate that attention is turning to it more generally than ever, and that such uncertainty will have an excuse no longer. The modern school of French historians—Mignet, Michelet, Thierry, Martin, Thiers, Louis Blanc, and the rest—was quickened into life by the revolution of Italy, and since our civil war our literary talent has shown itself nowhere more positively and distinctly than in its contributions to American history. Bancroft, Hildreth, Prescott, Irving, and Motley are the great group of our earlier historians, and more recently Parkman and Gay and Schouler and McMaster and Higginson and Fiske have enriched the story of the United States with the results of the latest research and the new material, and with admirable vigor, picturesqueness, and raciness of style. To these must be added, even in the most general survey, Von Holst's *Constitutional History*, the diaries of John and John

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Quincy Adams, and the series of biographies of American statesmen, with such memoirs as Lodge's *Cabot*, and Henry Adams's *Gallatin*.

Undoubtedly this historical industry and acumen will result in a more general and adequate knowledge of our history, and also in a revision of the popular and traditional judgment of some of the most eminent fathers of the republic. Of the latter result the last year furnishes three striking illustrations in Mr. Gay's memoir of Madison; the second volume of Mr. McMaster's *History of the People of the United States*, which treats the administration of Jefferson; and the third volume of Mr. Schouler's *History of the United States under the Constitution*, which comprises the administrations of Monroe and of John Quincy Adams. It is understood, also, that Mr. Henry Adams is writing a history of Jefferson's administration which will be thorough and complete, and the great value of which may be inferred from his *Life of Albert Gallatin*.

In the three works that we have mentioned, the view taken of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe is very different from the familiar view. In the clear light of historic truth, it is apparently probable that Jefferson will appear to be more of a mere partisan and demagogue than has been supposed; Madison's conversion from Federalism to Anti-Federalism will be more distinctly understood, and will not deepen respect for his political character; while Monroe may emerge with something of the lustre which would tend to justify John Quincy Adams's high estimate of him, but which has been generally invisible to students of our history. Monroe's figure is usually that of very dull and colorless respectability. But Mr. Schouler gives it a brightness, and credits Monroe with an ability and sagacity of statesmanship which have all the charm of novelty and surprise.

These later estimates are presumptively more accurate than the earlier for two reasons: that the material for just judgment is now much more ample; and that the verdict is less affected by party feeling. Thus Randall's *Jefferson* is very interesting and full of valuable material, but it is a partisan special plea; the reader feels the necessity of reserving his opinion until he has seen the other side. In other words, he is conscious of the want of the judicial historic sense in the biographer. It is, indeed, objected that this impartial and apparently judicial attitude produces an impression of coldness, or of want of sympathy with liberty, progress, and humanity, which is the defect of a historian like Prescott, while the warm blood of the advocate and partisan which courses through Motley's page is both the charm of the historian and the credential of his fidelity. Would not Macaulay's history lose half its fascination if it were not a Whig pamphlet? Is Hume less attractive because he is plainly a Tory? Does Lingard's ecclesiastical sympathy with Rome or Froude's with Protestantism harm their story?

The answer to the question is another question—doesn't it? It is a question of degree. No man who is truly competent to write a history touching any part of the great controversy of liberty in modern Christendom but will feel his heart swell with sympathy, and will tell his tale accordingly. But the reader soon feels the difference between Motley describing the revolt of the Netherlands and Froude describing the conflict in Ireland at the close of the last century. To view a historical contest with sympathy for one side, and to describe it as a partisan, are very different attitudes. Goldwin Smith is certainly not an Irish partisan, but no picture of wrong done to a people is more vivid and instructive than the glimpses of the Irish situation in his lectures upon William Pitt.

Mr. Schouler's view of Monroe's administration is exceedingly interesting and animated. His picture of society and of the condition of the country is graphic and unquestionably truthful. His work, which has reached the administration of Jackson, will probably be completed in three more volumes, and it is well worthy of attention as an admirable and satisfactory treatment of the period since the adoption of the Constitution. He finds some resemblance in the spirit of the Washington and of the Monroe administrations, and it is undeniable, because both Washington and Monroe thought government without party possible in this republic—a view which was natural to the only two Presidents who were elected virtually without party opposition, and in Mr. Schouler's picture Monroe is not the mere impassive figure-head of a cabinet seething with the conflicting and bitter ambitions of its members, but a statesman whose views upon one great domestic and one great foreign policy, that of internal improvements, and that of the recognition of the South American republics, were comprehensive and sound, and his own.

Monroe thought government practicable without party because he rose to the Presidency when party issues had expired by their practical settlement. It was an interregnum when politics were wholly personal, because new policies were as yet undefined. But nothing could be more misleading than the phrase applied to the Monroe period, an era of good feeling. Personally toward Monroe it was such. But among all the other leading and conspicuous figures of the time feeling was ill to the last degree. These figures are skillfully and picturesquely drawn by Mr. Schouler. They are faithful but wholly free from the demoralizing glamour with which the historian and the biographer often invest their character.

History, indeed, betrays its trust when it depicts men "as gods walking." Legend will do that, and as distance touches with romantic light even the peaks and heights to which no verdure actually clings, tradition will supply the romance of character and life which the imagination demands. But the historian

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is faithful only when he shows our ancestors to have been of like passions with ourselves, and reminds us that the golden age glittered only along their backward horizon as it gleams upon ours.

THE choice of New York as the burial-place of General Grant produced a strong and general protest throughout the country, which implied, and indeed expressed, no friendly feeling toward New York. The source of such a feeling is evident. General Grant was especially and symbolically a national man. His grave and his monument should be national. But New York is not a national city, and Grant was not born there, and his association with it is the most painful of his career. Why, then, should he be buried in New York, asks this feeling, except that his family, obliged to decide immediately and under circumstances which precluded a deliberate and comprehensive view of the whole situation, not unnaturally selected for his burial-place the site officially offered by the city in which he had been treated with especial kindness, and to which they were, for the same reason, warmly attached?

There is undoubtedly a strong conviction that the family feeling in regard to the burial-place, natural as it was, and not at the moment to be resisted, should be at last overruled, and that the national hero should be finally buried in national ground. To this conviction is due in part the want of general response from without the city to the request for subscriptions toward a national monument in New York. But in part, also, and in large part, the want of response was due to the absence of warm feeling toward the city. This indifference, or even hostility, took form in the expression that if New York succeeded in withholding the dust of a national hero from national guardianship, it need not lift up its voice as a beggar in entreaty and appeal to the rest of the country, but might put its hands into its own pockets. There are fifty men in New York, it was said, who can put their hands in their pockets and take out all the money that is needed for a great memorial, and since it is decided that it shall be a New York work, and not national, why should they not do it?

This feeling, or something akin to it, was so evident soon after the project was announced that the committee determined that New York alone should be prepared, if necessary, to raise the monument. They also decided that the sum to be collected should not be less than a million of dollars. Before that sum is wholly subscribed there will be time carefully to consider what form the memorial should take, and the other question which the death and burial of General Grant have brought prominently forward, whether there should not be a common national ground, a *campo santo*, in which the great heroes should be buried, and which would become at once a shrine of national pilgrimage and an ever-renewing fountain of national union and patriotism.

There is one obvious objection to such a scheme, which is that the claims of distinguished citizens to such national sepulture must be determined by Congress, and the result would be almost inevitable that mere partisan feeling would largely determine a question which such feeling can not justly decide. There is to be considered, also, the advantage of the distribution of such national shrines throughout the country by the burial of every great citizen at his home. Mount Vernon is a temple and a monument which even the Capitol would not be if the dust of other great Americans were deposited in its crypts. Like the battle-fields of the Revolution, which are scattered over the old thirteen States, and each of which is a consecrated field of patriotism, the graves of famous Americans cherished amid the local scenes of their lives would be altars of ennobling patriotism everywhere in the land.

It is objected, indeed, and very forcibly, that they are not cherished, but fall often into most unseemly neglect. Wherever this is true, it is a caustic reproach of the neighborhood or of the family. But it is hardly a reason for national interment that a great man's kindred are negligent of his grave. The more pressing and immediate question is of the character of the Grant monument. Shall it be a temple, a vast mausoleum, a military museum?

In a little town among the hills of western Massachusetts there is a monument to the "ever-living memory" of the sons of the town who died in the service of the Union. It is not a shaft, nor a statue, nor a pyramid; it is a granite fountain, the stone forming a low and modest monument, while the water flows from the four sides into convenient basins, and upon the square sides of the stone superstructure are engraved the brief inscription and the names of the soldiers. It stands in the midst of the village street, and the man who stops to drink and to water his horses reads the names and the inscription, and man and beast resume their journey refreshed, the man perhaps reflecting that even so the self-sacrifice of the soldiers refreshed the strength of his country and of mankind striving for still higher and truer liberty.

May not a memorial of Grant be of a kind which by its practical benefits to his countrymen may recall and symbolize his immense and modest and magnanimous services to his country?

THE Easy Chair has only recently seen a striking tribute to the late Professor Tayler Lewis, of Union College, who formerly presided over a serious feast which was spread every month in this Magazine in its earlier days, and called the Editor's Table. It was designed to furnish, among the airier and dainty dishes which are served at this repast, a more solid bite, a piece of resistance, for the graver guests to try their teeth upon. The tribute is an address delivered in 1882 before "the New

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York Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society" at Union College. The mystic words mean that it was the first association in New York of some of those collegians who believe philosophy to be the guide of life, and who on the 5th of December, 1776, at William and Mary College, in Virginia, organized themselves into a parent society.

The discourse was delivered by George Alexander, and is well called "The Conservative Scholar." Professor Lewis was a "Grecian" of great accomplishment, a firm believer in the classical curriculum in college, and a man who held that a scholar must not cease to be an active citizen. He was something of a humorist in the sense of a man who indulges his own fancies, a disposition which leads to independence of action, and there is no more striking and admirable passage in the discourse than that which describes the essential reason of Professor Lewis's conservatism:

"He believed in progress because he believed that some things are settled as the basis of progress.... Never would he assent to the adage *Vox populi, vox Dei.* The *vox populi* is fickle, discordant, ambiguous; he was listening reverently for 'the still sad music of humanity.' Underneath the confused echoes of the *vox populi* he heard that deep, stable, majestic note the *vox populorum.* He was content to be at variance with the spirit of the age while conscious that he was in harmony with the spirit of the ages."

That is an ideal which may well be pondered in a country and an age when the fiat of the majority is accepted as a divine law. But a majority has no moral value. It has no value whatever except as a convenience. It is a *modus vivendi.* It is a device of civilization to avoid endless altercation and disorder. The decision of a majority means merely that upon the question proposed a larger number hold a certain view, and as they have the power to enforce their view, it is the part of commonsense for those who do not agree to yield, unless the case is of such high importance that they prefer to try conclusions and abide by the consequences. That is what moral pioneers and martyrs do.

A majority makes things easy for those who conform, but it settles finally no truth in thought and no policy in affairs. The *vox populi* in the Church told Galileo that the sun went round the earth, the *vox Dei* in his own knowledge assured him that the sun stood still. Could the majority have settled the matter, it would have branded truth as a liar. Presumptively truth is with the minority, and it is the minority that moves the world forward. The head always goes first, and Talleyrand's famous saying that everybody knows more than anybody, does not mean that the *sans-culottes* who slew Madame Roland were wiser or more patriotic than she. It does not mean that a mob of barbarians is wiser than Solon or Lycurgus. It was a phrase to justify the majority. Its real significance is that in the long-run the common-sense of mankind accepts as true what the majority branded as false when it was first uttered, and does now with a unanimous shout what formerly it hung or crucified one man for doing.

But there is a conservatism which thinks that the *vox populi* of the past is the *vox Dei.* The opinion or the custom which was popular and universal, the accepted ancient order, is for that reason held to be good and true. What was good enough for the fathers is good enough for me, is a familiar strain of conservatism. But that is only to say, in another way, *vox populi, vox Dei.* It is simply the preference of the voices of dead men to those of men still living. Hold fast by the old ways, cries conservatism. Why? There is but one reason to be given. Because they were the ways of a majority wiser than ours. But was yesterday so much wiser than to-day? If the majority shall determine, why should it be the younger majority of a hundred years ago? Why not the majority of to-day enlightened and warned by the experience of yesterday's majority?

It is not holding by the old ways, nor satisfaction with the thoughts and habits of the fathers, that makes a wise conservatism. Amber preserves a fly, and the hardened mud the foot-print of a lizard. But true conservatism is not an indiscriminate preservation. It retains and cherishes the best thought and the best spirit of the past. It co-operates with the best aspiration of the present, but not with the wish of the majority because it is the majority.

Tayler Lewis was a religious man, a man of profound faith in God, and doubtless he would have reverently acknowledged that one with God is a majority. He was also an American patriot, and if his pupils had asked him, How is one with God a majority? he would have answered, Because the truth that one sees all will at last receive; and it is not because the majority is necessarily wise, but because the multitude is capable of willing loyalty to the wise, that popular government is good government.

Editor's Literary Record.

MORE than thirty years have elapsed since the publication of the *Writings of Alexander Hamilton,*[1] edited by his son, John C. Hamilton. Since then new generations have come upon the stage, of whom thousands take a deep interest in political and public affairs, and a large

[1] *The Works of Alexander Hamilton.* Edited by HENRY CABOT LODGE. Large Octavo. Vol. I., pp. 582; Vol. II., pp. 529; Vol. III., pp. 509. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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number have definitely entered upon public life in one or other of its forms. Owing to the facts that the original edition has been long exhausted and out of print, and that rare copies of it are only to be found in a few public and private libraries, a comparatively small number of our citizens of these new generations, who take an active and intelligent part in politics, or who are in training for or are performing the functions of statesmen, have it in their power to consult, much less to own and study, the political thoughts of the great statesman who, after having actively aided in framing and in procuring the adoption of our Federal Constitution, was the first to put the machinery of our government in operation, to organize its departments, to devise its entire system of administration, and to announce and reduce to practice those principles of revenue, credit, and finance, and those maxims of interpretation and of internal political economy, which have generally prevailed from his day to the present hour.

There have been political economists who were profounder in the closet and study than Alexander Hamilton, but there have been few who were sounder than he in the provinces of revenue, credit, and finance, and fewer still who equalled him in the faculty of reducing his principles and theories into practice, and in so applying them to the entire operations of a new government as to avoid friction and casualty, and insure the most enduring and successful results. And if this be true, no student of American constitutional history, no statesman, and no one intending or in training to be a statesman, can afford to dispense with a study of Hamilton's political writings. Even where we dissent from his political principles and practice, the wealth of suggestion, instruction, and practical lessons applicable to the problems of the present day that we may derive from a study of those of his reports, speeches, and papers in which he elucidates his views of government and administration is amazing, and besides their practical value in this respect, they have a high historical value. So that, in America at least, the equipment of any public man who aims to become an intelligent legislator or administrator, or to exert a potent and wholesome influence in either of these capacities—especially on subjects connected with revenue and finance, debt and credit, currency and distribution, protection and internal improvements, constitutional interpretation and the relations of the States and the Federal Union—will be incomplete from which Hamilton's works are excluded.

It is with great satisfaction, therefore, that we invite attention to a new and more perfect edition of *Hamilton's Works* than that of 1851—more perfect, inasmuch as it excludes much immaterial or purely formal matter that needlessly swelled the proportions of the former edition, while it is enriched with much valuable material that is not to be found there. Among the matter which Mr. Lodge, the editor of the new edition, has judiciously excluded are letters written by others to Hamilton, official circulars, reports on claims, statements of accounts, estimates, letters written during the Revolution containing merely the current news of the day without opinion or comment, the letters of Washington written by Hamilton in his capacity of secretary, and routine letters generally. And among the valuable materials with which this edition has been enriched are the *Federalist*, the famous Reynolds pamphlet, which is Hamilton's own account of a melancholy but very important episode in his life, in which he triumphantly vindicates his honor and purity as a high public official, while sadly but manfully confessing his frailty as a man; a number of hitherto unpublished letters of Hamilton, which add materially to the completeness of his private correspondence; his speeches in the Convention that framed the Federal Constitution and in the New York Convention; and an address to the electors in 1789, now reprinted for the first time. To use his own phrase, Mr. Lodge has now brought together "under one roof" all of Hamilton's writings which throw light on his opinions, and on his character and abilities as a man and as a statesman. Mr. Lodge's arrangement of Hamilton's letters and papers is faultless. These, with the exception of the *Federalist*, which will deservedly occupy a distinct volume, and except also the private correspondence, are arranged by subjects, the subdivisions being in turn arranged chronologically. The editor's notes are few, very brief, and inserted simply to explain the occasion of the letter or essay to which they are appended, to define some occurrence or personal allusion, or to trace the subsequent history of a policy which Hamilton originated. This fine edition will consist, when completed, of nine large octavo volumes, superbly printed from pica type on luxurious paper, and will be limited to 500 sets. It will also contain portraits engraved on steel from the paintings by Trumbull and Robertson. The volumes now published are the first, second, and third—the first, containing Hamilton's letters, speeches, communications to the press, resolutions, and addresses in defense of the Revolution; the second, his earlier and also his later and more famous papers, addresses, essays, and reports on taxation and finance; and the third, a continuation of his celebrated papers on taxation and finance, together with others on a national bank, on coinage and the mint, on industry and commerce, and on commercial and foreign relations. The first volume is embellished with a portrait of Hamilton, engraved by Wilcox from the painting by Trumbull.

IN the concluding volume of his *History of the French Revolution*,[2] M. Taine has proved

[2] *The French Revolution.* By HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE, D.C.L. Translated by JOHN DURAND. In Three

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himself to be the most voluble of historians. His command of language is marvellous. Words and epithets flow from his pen in torrents, and create a temporary bewilderment in the mind of the reader. This is only momentary, however, for, when once accustomed to the rush and rapidity which characterize this author's style and method, the reader finds that the disorder and confusion which at first perplexed him are only apparent, and that each word has been carefully premeditated, is pregnant with meaning, and plays a definite part in the remarkable historic panorama that is unfolded before him. The present volume is devoted to a view of the French Revolution during the fourteen hideous months from the establishment of the revolutionary government by the Jacobins to its end; and it comprises a contrast between the weakness of former governments and the despotic and destructive energy of the new government; an outline and analysis of the Jacobin programme, including a summary of the frightful consequences to humanity, to the people of France, and to the institutions and the social and industrial interests of the nation, that resulted from its application and enforcement; a series of elaborate sketches of the *governors* of France under the Jacobin ascendency, with accounts of their faculties, pretensions, excesses, ferocities, personal and intellectual character, and characteristics generally; a view of the *governed* under the same *régime*, and a recital of the rapine and exile, the murders, spoliations, confiscations, oppressions, and other untold wrongs and sufferings to which they were subjected by their Jacobin rulers; a vigorous picture of the financial and economical distress, the universal arrest of production in every form, the decrease of the means of subsistence, and the poverty and famine that ensued and devastated the land; and it concludes with a history of the reaction against the terrorists, which, after a further crop of murders, transportations, and unspeakable crimes and excesses of every kind, finally resulted in the downfall of the revolutionary government, the end of the Jacobin republic, and the appearance upon the stage of the famous soldier who, under the semblance of a liberator, protector, and restorer, first restored order and law to France, and then grasped the government in his own hands, and used it for his own advantage, while adding to the national glory and renown.

M. Taine has certainly succeeded in giving us a nearer and more microscopic view of the French Revolution than we have been afforded by any other historian of that stupendous cataclysm. He plants his readers in the midst of it. We see it in operation around us. We enter the arena, and behold the victim and the executioner. We hear the sighs and groans of the one, and are admitted to the inmost mind of the other. Everything is spread out before us in hideous detail, and the whole is supported by conclusive evidence, so that every throb of the national heart is audible, and we are made familiar with every phase of the national agony. M. Taine's style has the glow and fierce heat of a stream of lava. Bitter wit, savage irony, poignant satire, and incisive denunciation scintillate on every page, together with storms of epigrams, analogues, and vituperative epithets. Such a procession of monsters, such a maelstrom of wickednesses, perfidies, cruelties, licentious orgies, butcheries, and murders, are depicted that the imagination reels, and we are forced to exclaim with the historian that never before was such a pandemonium let loose on earth as that which was let loose on France by its mob of Jacobin rulers. Especially worthy of notice are the portraitures in this volume in the chapters devoted to the "governors," of Marat, Robespierre, Danton, St. Just, Barère, and Carnot; and scarcely less lurid or less brilliant are the author's characterizations of the Revolution and its ruling bodies (at pp. 168, 169), his description of the character and cost of the Revolutionary Committees (at pp. 244–246), or the numerous paraphrases of the writings, speeches, and sayings of the principal Jacobin actors in the Revolution, which he has woven into his historical narrative, and which have been derived from letters, pamphlets, ordinances, reports of speeches, and other contemporary documents of unquestionable authenticity, and give us a clearer conception of their motives and principles, and of their public and private lives and characters, than has been hitherto possible.

Volumes. Vol. III., 8vo, pp. 509. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

It has been reserved for a clergyman of the Church of England, in his capacity of missionary and traveller, to give English readers the most full and minute account that has yet been published of Russian Central Asia. A few years ago this gentleman, the Rev. Henry Lansdell, D.D., published a work entitled *Through Siberia*, which attracted unusual attention in literary, scientific, religious, and political circles by the extent and variety as well as the novelty of much of the information contained in its exceedingly full and graphic record of a journey of more than eight thousand miles, prosecuted by the author in 1879, from the Urals to the Pacific and along the great rivers of Siberia. In this record Dr. Lansdell introduced the reader to portions of Asia that previously were comparatively unknown in Western Europe and America, and as the result of his personal visitation and observation, presented some very close views of the people of Siberia, including among these the indigines, the exiles and penal colonists, the agricultural and other settlers, and the military colonists from Russia. While the value and authenticity of Dr. Lansdell's statements concerning

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the resources, natural history, and productions of the country were very generally and cordially acknowledged, there were some adverse criticisms of his descriptions of its jails and penal institutions by Prince Krapotkine and other Russian revolutionists and Nihilists, and also by English and French writers antipathetic to Russia, who insisted that these descriptions were entirely too favorable to Russia, and that the Siberian jails, prisons, and penal institutions had either been prepared beforehand for Dr. Lansdell's visit and inspection, in obedience to orders from St. Petersburg, and their real condition thus hidden from him, or that he had "whitewashed" their horrors. This last criticism was insinuated rather than deliberately avowed, and was so evidently the coinage of violent and irresponsible partisans that it fell harmless. And in the two volumes on Central Asia[3] now before us, the author's supplementary account of his visits and the circumstances attending them, taken in connection with his conspicuous candor and dispassionateness, furnish the most satisfactory evidence that the alleged previous preparation for his visits by the Russian authorities was morally impossible, and that his descriptions were the reliable results of visits, for the most part unexpected, to more than forty prisons all over the empire, while the experience of those who dilated upon the horrors of the Russian jails and prisons was confined to two prisons in St. Petersburg only.

Soon after the publication of *Through Siberia*, Dr. Lansdell was invited to the pastoral charge of an important parochial district in England. While considering this and other inviting proposals he was seized with an unconquerable desire to revisit Asia before resuming permanent pastoral or other duties at home, to journey through its central and comparatively unknown provinces belonging to the Russian Empire, and while taking notes of his travels among its population of nearly five millions, to supply its schools, hospitals, barracks, and prisons gratuitously, and its people, either gratuitously or at a nominal price—the latter on the idea that what costs something is valued most highly—with copies of the Gospels, the New Testament, the entire Scriptures, and other religious reading, translated into the vernacular of the people of the various provinces. His desire becoming known, the pecuniary means necessary for the expedition outside of his own personal expenses were soon provided by societies and philanthropic individuals, and the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society, besides contributing pecuniary aid, made ample grants to him—the former of versions of the Scriptures in whole or in part, and the latter of religious books, tracts, and other literature in the different Asiatic tongues. Thus fully equipped with material to be used by him in his capacity as a missionary and philanthropist, Dr. Lansdell left London in June, 1882, and having secured the sanction of the Russian authorities at St. Petersburg, and the hearty assistance of Russian officials and savants, he set out on his journey of more than 12,000 miles through portions of Central Asia, of which some had never been previously penetrated by Englishmen. The results of this extended journey are set forth in the volumes before us, and comprise an extremely full and highly interesting account of the Russian possessions in Central Asia. The provinces traversed by Dr. Lansdell, or covered by his volumes, were Akmolinsk, Sempolatinsk, Semerechia, Kuldja (since restored to China), Turkistan, Syr-Daria, Amu-Daria, Kara-Kum, Ferghana, Zerafshan, Bokhara, Khiva, and Merv. The most of these he visited in person, and concerning all of them he has brought together a mass of information, collected from every available reliable source, bearing upon the people of the entire region, and introducing us familiarly to their habits, manners, customs, pursuits, characteristics, diversities of race and religion, and conditions generally. He also gives his readers an exceedingly clear and comprehensive idea of each of the provinces in the particulars of their extent, topography, geography, geology, meteorology, ethnography, physical characteristics, and their mineral resources and agriculture. As the author reaches the several provinces in the regular course of his journey, the more minute and detailed accounts which he gives of them are prefaced by succinct sketches of their early and recent history, of their geographical relations and limitations, of their political organization and administration under the Russian rule, and of the inevitable steps—whether by stress of conquest or internecine wars, of the jealousies and animosities of races, of the rivalries and ambitions or the revenge of khans and chiefs and sultans, of the oppression and exhaustion of peoples, or the imperceptible but sure agencies of commerce, diplomacy, and intrigue—by which they fell under the dominion of the Tsar and were absorbed into the Russian Empire, adding piece by piece to its already colossal proportions all the vast territory which stretches from the Caspian on the west to China and Thibet on the east, and from Siberia on the north to the present borders of Persia and Afghanistan on the south. Dr. Lansdell is not an ambitious or florid writer. His style is severely chaste and unartificial. He never pauses to indulge in flights of imagination or flowers of rhetoric. His narrative bristles with facts and information. He has much to tell that is intrinsically interesting, and he tells it graphically but without any flourishes, and with a straightforward earnestness which is alleviated by frequent touches of quiet humor. His descriptions of the vast steppes and deserts of Central Asia and of its

[3] *Russian Central Asia: Including Kuldja, Bokhara, Khiva, and Merv.* By HENRY LANSDELL, D.D., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S. With Maps and Illustrations. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 684 and 732. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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great lakes and towering mountain chains are very impressive, though his aim is to convey information rather than to produce literary effects. This is equally true of his accounts of the nomadic or sedentary peoples among whom he travelled, and in whose tents and cities—the latter sometimes of great extent and magnificence—he found a cordial welcome and hospitable entertainment. Although the work contains very little that is intended to have political significance, and although the author throughout looks upon Russia in the light of a rival and competitor rather than of an enemy of England, he makes the tendencies and consequences of Russian extension and acquisition in Asia seem very clear; and the testimony which his narrative affords of Russia's wonderful faculty for absorbing and assimilating the various Asiatic races and peoples, and for transforming them into loyal and contented units of the empire — in fine, for Russianizing them—is calculated to make a profound impression upon those who are now watching the movements of Russia and England on the arena that is doubtless destined at some day to witness a life and death struggle between those great powers.

DR. VON HOLST'S latest installment of his great work, *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States*,[4] constituting the fourth volume of the German edition, and the fourth and fifth volumes of the American translation, is a historical study which is no less remarkable for the minute elaboration of its details and the comprehensiveness of its generalizations than for the sagacity of its observations and reflections and the general dispassionateness of its judgments and deductions. As the indefatigable author advances in the prosecution of his task to the consideration of those periods in our political history which are comparatively close at hand, and which on that account are necessarily surrounded by conditions that render an unbiassed judgment practically impossible to those of us who participated in the grave events that he describes and passes judgment on, or who inherit the feelings to which those events gave rise, his freedom from prejudice and prepossession and his acute discernment become more and more pronounced. Naturally there will be many among those of all parties who shall read Dr. Von Holst's history of the political and constitutional evolution of the six eventful years —reaching from the compromise of 1850 to the election of Buchanan in 1856—that preceded and cleared the way for the civil war, whose feelings will be disturbed by his versions of causes and events and of the conflict and march of principles, and who will complain that he has rendered a harsh or an unjust verdict against men and parties for whose memory they entertain feelings of affection. But for the most part this will be sentimental merely, and it will be difficult for any save those who are morbidly captious to deny the prevalent candor and impartiality of the historian even where he hits the hardest, or to impugn the general accuracy of his statements and the fullness and validity of the evidence which he adduces in support of them. Equally difficult will it be to dispute the keenness, fidelity, and exhaustiveness of his analysis of the political and constitutional evolution of this interesting period. The key-note of the volumes now before us is the development of the "irrepressible conflict" between the North and the South with reference to slavery, and the facts that their author enunciates and illustrates throughout in them are these—that the professional politicians of the period were for the most part unconscious of the drift of the events in which they participated, and were utterly impotent in the presence of the progressive and sternly logical development of actual circumstances; that the want of reason, the passionateness, and the increasing demoralization which they exhibited were inevitably found in unintentional and even unconscious alliance with the powers of fate; that seldom has the essential in a process of development in the world's history and the life of a great civilized people been so little influenced by what the holders of political power have done or left undone as it was in the United States during these six years; and that what politicians, statesmen, and rulers did and what they let alone had a modifying effect only on the *how* of the process, and even on that in a small degree only, because the leaders themselves were a necessary product of those actual circumstances. These salient facts underlie the author's very elaborate history of the compromise of 1850, and the "finality" question to which that compromise gave rise, his still more elaborate history of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and the political ferment and convulsion which it occasioned, and his very full analytical outlines of the Presidential elections of 1852 and 1856, and of the political turmoils, complications, surrenders, and party demoralization which preceded and attended them, and which finally led to the crystallization of parties on new and hostile bases, and the removal of the "irrepressible conflict" from the arena of theory and debate to that of the battle-field. While cordially acknowledging the ability and the general accuracy and impartiality of this deep thinker, and the justice of the most of his deductions and conclusions, candor requires us to say that he occasionally descends from the position of a calm and dignified judge to that of a heated debater and declaimer, and that the testimony which he adduces is too often *ex parte*, and tinged with a forced and unwarrantable meaning. This is especially the case in his estimates and judgments of men, and in

[4] *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States.* By Dr. H. von Holst, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor. Vols. IV. and V. 8vo., pp. 462 and 490. Chicago: Callaghan and Co.

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his analyses of the motives that inspired them; and it is also painfully perceptible in his versions of some of the more important measures and his accounts of some of the more exciting events of the times he passes in review. In the main, however, his fairness is signal, and will be recognized more and more fully as we are farther and farther removed by time from the passionate excitements and tremendous issues of the period that his history illustrates.

The History of the Christian Church during the Middle Ages,[5] by Philip Smith, B.A., is a continuation and conclusion of the same author's excellent *History of the Christian Church during the First Ten Centuries.* The combined works form a very complete manual of ecclesiastical history from the advent of Christianity to the period of the Reformation in Germany, and embody in compact form, but with satisfactory fullness and symmetry, an orderly and consecutive view of all the important facts, movements, crises, and events which for sixteen centuries exerted an influence for good or evil upon religious thought and spiritual development on the one hand, or which acted or were reacted upon by ecclesiastical, politico-ecclesiastical, or civil organizations and institutions on the other. Mr. Smith unites in an unusual degree the qualities of a historian and of an encyclopædist. If he writes with exhaustive particularity, he has the art of doing so with the utmost economy of words, and without any sacrifice of the clearness and continuity that are essential to historical unity. He has also the rare editorial faculty of extracting from all sources the precise information that is needful or important, and of eliminating that which is spurious or worthless from that which is authentic and valuable, together with the editorial spirit which spares no pains in the search for materials. A tone of judicial candor and moderation pervades his estimates of men and events, of institutions and creeds; and without being indifferent and colorless in his opinions, he is habitually impartial. The volume before us covers the historical period from the climax of the Empire and the Papacy in the eleventh century, their conflict for the supremacy in the twelfth, and the end of the papal supremacy in the thirteenth, to the Reformation and its precursors in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. At suitable stages in the strictly historical narrative elaborate accounts are given, in intercalary books, of the constitution, worship, and doctrines of the mediæval church, of the progress and decline of the monastic orders and the mendicant friars, of the sects and heresies of the Middle Ages, of the Inquisition, of the state of ecclesiastical learning, the condition and office of the universities, and of the rise, culmination, and decadence, respectively, of scholasticism and of the mystical theology. Its thoroughness and accuracy and its rich encyclopædic character impart a high value to the work as a manual for theological students, and for use in high schools and colleges.

[5] *The History of the Christian Church during the Middle Ages.* With a Summary of the Reformation Centuries XI. to XVI. The Student's Ecclesiastical History, Part II. By PHILIP SMITH, B.A. 12mo, pp. 699. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE third volume of Mr. Schouler's *History of the United States,*[6] now just published, maintains all the characteristic good qualities that we pointed out in our notice of the first and second volumes in the Record for December, 1882, and manifests a sensible improvement in those points of which we were then unable to speak with unreserved approval. In the present volume the author's style is less obscure than it was in the former volumes; he avoids the use of the flippant or crude phrases and epithets and the imperfect metaphors and illustrations that detracted from its grace and dignity; and his narrative increases in interest and earnestness, while it loses nothing of its impartiality, as it advances more nearly to our own times. The general plan and treatment of the work, as set forth in our former notice, are adhered to in the present volume, and the author sustains the character for his history of a full, clear, compact, and unvarnished chronicle of the progress of the republic, its people and institutions, admirably adapted to the needs of that large body of our people, of plain but adult and vigorous understanding, whose time for reading is limited. The period covered by the volume before us is the fourteen years, from 1817 to 1831, which embraced the first and second terms of James Monroe's administration, the administration of John Quincy Adams, and the first term of Andrew Jackson's administration.

[6] *History of the United States under the Constitution.* By JAMES SCHOULER. Vol. III. 1817–1831. 12mo, pp. 539. Washington: William H. Morrison.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of September.—The following nominations were made by State Conventions: Iowa Democratic, August 19, Hon. C. E. Whiting for Governor; Mississippi Democratic, August 19, Hon. R. Lowry for Governor; Ohio Democratic, August 20, Hon. George Hoadly for Governor; Pennsylvania Democratic, August 26, C. B. Day for State Treasurer; Iowa Republican, August 27, Hon. W. Larrabee for Governor; New York Prohibition, September 9, H. C. Bascomb for Governor; Massachusetts Prohibition, September 10, Thomas J. Lothrop for Governor.

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Rev. Moses A. Hopkins, of North Carolina, was appointed Minister to Liberia September 11.

The white miners at Rock Springs, Wyoming, on September 2, assaulted five hundred Chinese miners at that place and drove them to the hills, killing fifty of them as they fled.

The contest between the English cutter *Genesta* and the Boston sloop *Puritan* for the *America's* cup resulted in a victory for the *Puritan*. Two races were sailed. The one on September 14 was from Bay Ridge through the Narrows to Sandy Hook light-ship and return —a distance of thirty-eight statute miles. The *Puritan* led the other boat by sixteen minutes and forty-eight seconds. The second race, on September 16, was from the *Scotland* light-ship, twenty miles to leeward and return, the *Puritan* getting home one minute and thirty-eight seconds ahead of her rival.

"Jumbo," believed to be the largest elephant in the world, was killed by a railroad train, near St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada, September 15.

Don Pedro Prestan, the destroyer of Colon, was hanged at Aspinwall August 18.

The Russian government has issued a decree making the Greek Church the established religion of the Baltic provinces. Protestantism will only be tolerated. Children born of mixed marriages are to be trained in the Greek Church.

General De Courcy, the French commander in Anam, telegraphed from Hué, September 5, that serious disorders had occurred in Quinhon. Many Christians had been massacred and a number of villages burned.

The boundary defined in the Anglo-Russian protocol coincides nearly with that proposed by M. Lessar. Russia gets the whole oasis of Penjdeh, including Ak-Tepe, Akrobat, and Puli-Khatun. Afghanistan gets Meruchak and the whole of Zulfikar Pass. Colonel Kohlberg will be chief of the Russian Commission, and M. Lessar next in command. Both Commissions will be much smaller than those headed by Sir Peter Lumsden and General Zelenoi.

The people of Philippopolis, the capital of Roumelia, rose in rebellion September 18, seized the Governor-General, deposed the government, and proclaimed a union with Bulgaria. A provisional government was established. Prince Alexander issued a proclamation announcing that in accordance with the wishes of the entire populace he assumed sovereignty over the two provinces of North and South Bulgaria.

Channong, adopted son of Tudoc, the ex-Emperor, was proclaimed King of Anam September 14.

Further advices relative to the death of Osman Digna, received September 20, say that he was killed after a crushing defeat of his force of three thousand Haderdowas by the Kassala garrison and friendly tribes. The latter, after the defeat of Osman, sent ample supplies to Kassala.

DISASTERS.

August 19.—Wreck of the British ship *Haddingtonshire* on the California coast. Eighteen men lost.—The German corvette *Augusta*, valued at $1,750,000, wrecked in a cyclone in the Red Sea. Her officers and crew, 238 men, lost.

August 25.—A bugalow loaded with pilgrims wrecked in the Gulf of Aden. One hundred drowned.—Cyclone at Savannah and Charleston. Many buildings wrecked, vessels driven ashore, and several lives lost. Damage at Charleston estimated at $1,690,000.

August 26.—Details of the great floods in China in June last received. Entire villages swept away, and 10,000 persons drowned.

September 2.—Wreck of the Allan Line mail steamer *Hanoverian* at Portugal Cove, near Cape Race.

September 8.—The town of Washington Court House, Ohio, swept away by a tornado. Several persons killed and others injured.

September 10.—Dispatch from Copenhagen reporting loss of British steamer *Auckland* in collision with the German gun-boat *Blitz*. Fifteen men drowned.

September 18.—Seventeen lives lost by collision in the North Sea between the steamers *Drenda* and *Dolphin*.

OBITUARY.

August 20.—In Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Hon. D. J. Morrell, a prominent manufacturer of iron and steel, aged sixty-four years.—In South Manchester, Connecticut, John Cheney, silk manufacturer, aged eighty-four years.

August 25.—At Jamestown, New York, ex-Governor Reuben E. Fenton, aged sixty-six years.

August 29.—In New York, Joseph Alden, D.D., LL.D., aged seventy-eight years.—In Greensburg, Pennsylvania, ex-United States Senator Edgar Cowan, aged seventy years.

September 3.—In New York city, ex-Senator William M. Gwin, of California, aged eighty years.—At Irvington-on-the-Hudson, Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, in his eighty-sixth year.

September 6.—In Waterville, New York, Major Aaron Stafford, the last surviving officer of the war of 1812, in his ninety-ninth year.

September 7.—In Albany, New York, George W. Clinton, Vice-Chancellor of the Board of Regents, aged seventy-eight years.

September 10.—At Morris Plains, New Jersey, Scott Lord, ex-Congressman, aged sixty-five years.—In New York, Rear-Admiral John W. Livingston, U.S.N., aged eighty-one years.

September 12.—At Ottawa, Illinois, Emery A. Storrs, a distinguished lawyer, of Chicago, aged fifty years.—In London, England, William Augustus Guy, aged seventy-five years.

September 15.—In Cincinnati, Colonel George Ward Nichols, President of the College of Music, in his forty-ninth year.

September 18.—In Rochester, New York, ex-Judge Henry R. Selden, aged eighty years.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE hotel clerk has disappeared, or is disappearing. The faithful chronicler must note this significant change in American life, for it means the passing away of a whole order of things. And he notes it with a certain sadness. For though this clerk was feared by the general public, he was the admiration of the humorist. There was never anything in the world before answering to this resplendent autocrat of sleeping accommodations, this darling of the flashing pin, perfumed locks, impudent eye, and lofty condescension. He was the one being in existence before whom the free-born American quailed. We have so little real aristocracy in this country that this dominating person stood out in relief: he had power to abase the proud, and to make the humble crawl into a hole. But his hour has struck, and he is passing away, not gone absolutely, for the traveller can still find him here and there, generally only in those gorgeous palaces where civilization is new and has the appearance of a lacquer, and is not of the substance of the life. He still may lord it in some smart cities, but can scarcely be found at all in the great watering-places, where he used to be one of the most wonderful features, if not a chief attraction. His place is generally taken by a person of more modest bearing, who seems to have a notion, often well defined, that he is in his situation in order to serve the public and to please it, and not to bully and frighten it.

There are many reasons for this change. Hotels of a good class are much more numerous than fifteen years ago, and competition is stronger, and probably the public is more difficult to please. Pleasure resorts, too, have increased in a marvellous manner. A few years ago there were not many to choose among. Now the traveller is invited by the most brilliant inducements in all directions. The development of recreative resorts in the United States since the war is one of the most curious things in modern life. Almost the whole Atlantic coast from Bar Harbor to St. Augustine is lined with gayly painted houses, hotels of impossible architecture, and cottages that represent both the dreams and the nightmares of the architects; great caravansaries have sprung up in the Northern forests, the St. Lawrence has become a river of pine and paint palaces, and the hills from New England to Virginia are variegated with the summer houses of the city man. With so much offered, the public has become fastidious, and will not go where it is snubbed. It wants to be served. Besides, everywhere the cottage life is supplanting the hotel life, and the landlord finds it profitable to take his hat in his hand and to put behind the hotel register a person less picturesque than the late autocrat. These are, perhaps, minor reasons. In fact, the kind of civilization that produced the hotel clerk is gone or is going also. He belonged to an era of smartness and pretension which the foreign traveller did not recognize as a growing development of character, but mistook for vulgarity. He belonged to what might be called the steamboat period, when the steamboat was as gorgeous and as beautiful as a barber's saloon, and its clerk had the fine manners and the striking attire of the gambler. He belonged to the era of the table in the hotel dining-room a quarter of a mile long, where the waiters were all drilled to move like clock-work at a signal from the first officer, who stood at the head of the table. We can see them now facing the table in a shining line, half wheeling at the signal, stretching out simultaneously over the heads of the submissive guests a hundred arms, seizing the tops of the vegetable dishes, and then, tramp, tramp, with the step of the soldier, going down the echoing floor, disappearing through swinging doors, and anon returning with the same military precision to deposit a plate that weighed two pounds, with a bang, before each awed occupant of a seat. As a military evolution it was nearly perfect, and the American people were rather proud of it. It was a magnificence which somewhat crushed them, but they felt they were somehow a part of it, and it is doubtful if any foreign potentate was ever served exactly in that way. It was very cheap at five dollars a day, and if there had been any dinner to match the evolutions, we might still be in that showy period of our national development. The hotel clerk had so subdued the spirit of the traveller that he had not perhaps much appetite, and rather preferred magnificence to comfort. But in time, with other standards of taste, this pageantry vanished, and the traveller began to assert his manhood.

That was the period also of the resplendent bar-room and the perfumed, bejewelled, and acrobatic bar-tender. He was scarcely less a personage than the clerk. Travellers told with wonder of his feats, how he would set a tumbler whisking across the long counter, and stop it just on the edge in front of the customer, how he would flip the change, and send it spinning to its destination in the same exact manner, and, above all, how he could keep a stream of mixed drink going from one tumbler to another in a long rainbow line over his head, behind his back, or from counter end to counter end, and never waste a drop. It was beautiful. It was not war, but it was beautiful. This elegant person in his shirt sleeves, with the cropped hair, still exists on the frontier, but there is not so much demand for his skill as there used to be in more refined resorts, and with exceptions here and there it is unnecessary that the bar-room should exhibit such barbaric splendor. The hotel clerk,

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the drilled army of plate bearers, the tumbler juggler—still to be found as anachronisms—belong to the era when most railway and other travel officials were surly and disobliging, and not only refused all information, but did all they could to humiliate the misguided wayfarer. Of course there are still traces left of the old civilization, and when the traveller finds them, they awake a train of reflections upon the singular development of democratic life in America.

A CORRESPONDENT heard the celebrated Tom Marshall at a hotel in Lexington, Kentucky, several years ago, relate an encounter in Congress with John Quincy Adams. It is hardly an incident, much less an anecdote, but it is worth printing as Marshall's impression of the eloquence of Adams:

"In my early days as member of Congress I had the temerity to make some kind of an attack upon the 'old man,' and after making what I then considered a rather good speech, took my seat in good-humor with myself; yet, from some indescribable sensation, my eye was riveted upon that part of the house where he always sat. In good time I saw him press both hands upon the arms of his chair and slowly rise to an erect position. His voice was low at first; but soon attaining its natural volume, he poured forth such a torrent of eloquence, aimed directly at me and my heedless attack, that long before resuming his seat the only feeling I recollect possessing was that the floor of the house might open to give me a chance of dropping out of sight. Why, the old man had forgotten more than I ever knew."

GENERAL SHERMAN is said to have related the following at a recent private gathering in St. Louis:

When Sherman's army was quartered at a certain point in 1864, the boys in blue appropriated a large number of chickens belonging to a lady who lived near by. The woman remonstrated with the men and officers for some time, but with no effect. Finally she laid the matter before General Sherman, and told him that she was a Union woman, or she would expect everything to be taken, but being a loyal person she thought she ought to be protected. The words were hardly out of her mouth, however, when a soldier rushed by with a rooster under his arm, while a son of the woman was in hot pursuit. Just as the boy passed his mother he yelled out: "Ma! ma! stop that man; he's got Jeff Davis under his arm."

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Fort Keogh, Montana Territory:

When the gallant Fifth Infantry first came to this part of the country, in 1876, they passed their first winter in huts built of rough logs. The weather was terrible for people who had spent several years in the latitude of Fort Leavenworth, and sometimes, to drive away the cold, kill time, or some other equally good reason, some of them would interview John Barleycorn.

Upon one occasion one of the old bachelor officers of the regiment, whom I will call Brown, and who is not now in the service, was wending his way homeward late at night after indulging a little too freely in fire-water, and owing to the similarity in appearance of the huts, mistook another officer's quarters for his own. Not being able to open the door, he commenced hammering upon it, and wakened its occupant, who got up and went to the door, when the following dialogue was indulged in:

"What do you want?"

"I want to get into my house."

"This is not your house."

"Whose house is it?"

"Smith's."

"Oh! well, good-night, Smith."

"Good-night."

After Smith had got comfortably settled in bed, and had smoothed down the goose-flesh a little, he heard a knock at his back door. Disgusted, he arose again, and rather gruffly asked,

"Who is there?"

"Brown."

"Well, what do you want now?"

"I want to come in."

"Now look here, Brown; I told you this was not your house, and I wish you would go home and not bother me any more!"

"Whose house is it?"

"Why, Smith's."

"Oh, good-night."

Smith had hardly closed his eyes before he heard another knock at his front door. Very angry by this time, he got up, and said:

"What do want out there?"

"Want to get in."

"Well, you can't get in. Go to your own quarters, and go to bed."

"Ain't these my quarters?"

"No, they are not."

"Whose quarters are they?"

"Smith's!" roared that now thoroughly irate officer.

"Well, Smith," said the completely bewildered man, "do you live all along here?"

WHILE the Americans at Constantinople were speculating upon General Wallace's successor, it was well known that one of them, an old Democratic consul, was working hard to secure the honor for himself. After the news of Mr. Cox's appointment was telegraphed, it was discussed a little in this Democrat's drawing-room.

A little sadly he remarked: "I had counted upon Mr. Cox to work for *me*."

"Ah," said a naval officer present, "you were probably his *second choice*."

AN only child, a boy three and one-half years of age, who, by-the-way, is the very best youth in the whole universe, was recently the pro-

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pounder of a puzzler to his fond parent which ought to go on record.

Just as the shades of night were drawing on, the child looked up into its father's face and said, "Pa, what is night for?"

Of course the reply was, "My child, it is something in which children can sleep and rest their little bodies."

But the little fellow said, "No, papa; night is for to-morrow."

Another boy, about the same age, was recently at a camp-meeting for the first time, and when taken into the big tent, exclaimed, "Oh, ma, see the church with a rag over it!"

In a Western city lives an undertaker by name of Brown, a great wag, and always ready to play a joke; also a doctor who is a joker, and is always ready to tell on himself; and a "monument-maker" who is of the same kidney.

One day the doctor was driving at full speed down a business street, when Brown spied him. Brown was in his wagon, with the sign of his profession on the side. Whipping up his horse, he came as close to the doctor as possible, and glancing round, he spied the monument-maker. Calling to the monument-maker to hurry up, Brown called out: "Go on, doctor, go on; we're coming."

The doctor looked round, and dismay was pictured on his countenance. He whipped up his horse, but all to no purpose, the undertaker and the monument-maker following closely. At last the ridiculous part of the thing struck him, and leaning back in his buggy he gave vent to his laughter, in spite of the thought, "What a sign for a prominent physician this is!"

THE MAJOR'S STRATAGEM:
A REMINISCENCE OF WEST AFRICA.

It was the fourth night after our shipwreck in Cestos Bay, on the 23d of July, 1885, and the two tall masts of the poor old *Corisco* stood gauntly up against the red sunset out of the sullen waters that had engulfed her hull, while the few shreds of rigging that had escaped the plundering Kroomen (whose canoes had been swarming around the wreck like gadflies all day long) looked unpleasantly like strips of flesh dangling around a half-picked skeleton.

But even with this dreary memento before our eyes we were as merry as men could well be who had hardly clothes enough to cover them, and whose only chance of escape from the swamps and jungles of this deadly region was the possibility of a passing steamer hearing the news and coming up to the rescue before they all died of fever. The jollity which would otherwise have been uproarious was hushed in deference to the presence of a sick lady in the next room, which had been courteously assigned to Mrs. Ker by the kind-hearted Dutchman who owned it, and whose ready hospitality made nothing of accommodating fifty-nine persons in a house originally built for two. But no one who looked at the bright faces and heard the cheery voices of the stalwart young fellows that gathered around the rough deal table from which our supper of beef, rice, and "damper" had just disappeared could easily have guessed that many of them had just lost all they had, and very nearly their lives as well.

I forget how it came about that we began to discuss feats of strength and nerve, always a favorite subject with the muscle-worshipping Anglo-Saxon. The talk was at its briskest—each in turn relating some athletic exploit which he had either performed or witnessed—when it was suddenly broken in upon by a startling proposal from Major V——, a veteran of the Zulu war, and now one of Stanley's best officers on the Congo, whither he was bound when the sinking of our steamer interrupted him so unseasonably.

"I can show you one trick of that sort which perhaps you mayn't have seen before. I'll spill some water on the table, and one of you can take my dirk and stab as hard as he likes at my hand while I wipe the water up, and I'll do it without his being able to touch me."

Every one laughed, supposing the offer to be merely a joke; but it soon appeared that it was nothing of the kind. Major V—— poured some water upon the table not far from the edge, and then produced his dirk, which was broad and keen enough to have satisfied Colonel Bowie himself.

"Now," said he, "one of you sit here on the table, with that white patch midway between his knees, and strike his hardest at my hand as I try to wipe it up."

The laughing faces began to look grave, and our stanch skipper, Captain Porter (with whom the Major was a special favorite on account of the courage that he had shown on the night of the wreck), called out anxiously:

"Don't do it, Major; I've seen that sort of thing before, and it always ends badly. *I* won't handle that knife, for one."

"Nor I," echoed three or four other voices.

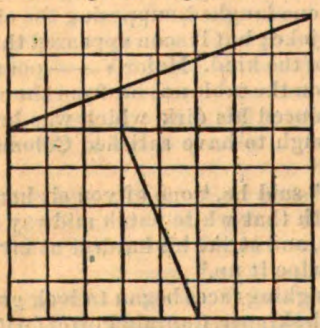
"Infirm of purpose, give *me* the dagger!" shouted Mr. F——, a roistering young trader from the Niger, seizing the dirk with a theatrical air. "Here's *one* volunteer for you, Major. What am I to do?"

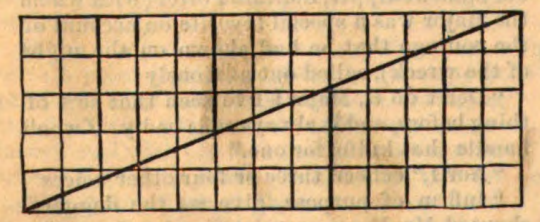
The Major's preparations for the performance were extremely elaborate. He seated his volunteer recruit on the table with outspread knees, measuring the distance from each knee to the spilt water as exactly as if he intended to make a reduced map of it on the spot. Then he carefully examined the point and edge of the dirk before handing it to Mr. F——. Finally he turned up his sleeves, and taking a dish-cloth from the cupboard, slowly extended his unprotected hand toward the spot where the stout table was quivering beneath a shower of stabs as swift and merciless as those of an Italian bravo.

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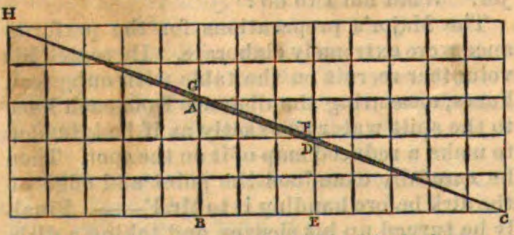
As the hand and knife approached each other, more than one looker-on turned away his face, and the indrawn breath of the excited watchers sounded like a hiss in that dead hush of expectation. Suddenly the Major clutched Mr. F—— by the feet and whisked him off the table on to the floor, right across the wet patch, which his clothes *wiped up* so thoroughly in passing that no trace of it was left; and there sat poor Mr. F—— in the middle of the floor, open-mouthed and knife in hand, a perfect statue of astonishment. There was a moment's pause of silent amazement, and then a roar of laughter that shook the whole house, and startled the prowling Kroomen outside in the darkness, announced the success of the Major's stratagem. ——— DAVID KER.

APROPOS to "The Sirdar's Chess-Board," in the Magazine for August, some of our readers appear to have been as much interested in the solution of the puzzle as in the story itself. The problem was to cut the original chess-board of eight times eight, or sixty-four, squares into four pieces, thereby making a board of five times thirteen, or sixty-five, squares. The original diagrams are here given:





From several interesting answers by our correspondents we select the following as being the correct mathematical solution:



(1.) The four pieces cut from the eight-inch square being placed on a rectangular parallelogram (the right angles coinciding) of 13″ × 5″, a deficit or open space will be found, represented by the figure HGFCDA.

(2.) This figure is composed of two equal and similar triangles, FDC and GAH, and the parallelogram GAFD, all of which have the sides GA and FD in common.

(3.) The length of this side is found by comparing the two similar triangles, ABC and DEC, viz.: AB is $\frac{3}{8}$ of BC, therefore DE must be $\frac{3}{8}$ of EC (which is 5″); therefore DE must be $1\frac{7}{8}$″, and FD must be $\frac{1}{8}$″.

(4.) The area of the triangle FDC is FD ($\frac{1}{8}$″) × half of EC ($2\frac{1}{2}$″) = $\frac{5}{16}$″, and the area of GAH is the same.

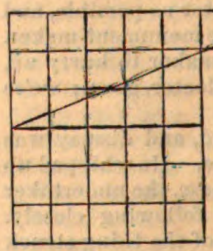
(5.) The area of the parallelogram GAFD is FD ($\frac{1}{8}$″) × BE (3″) = $\frac{3}{8}$″.

Thus—Area of FDC = $\frac{5}{16}$″
" GAH = $\frac{5}{16}$″
" GAFD = $\frac{3}{8}$″
" HGFCDA = 1″

Another simple solution (after having found GA and FD to be $\frac{1}{8}$″) is by taking the triangle HGA and joining it to the triangle FDC (HA coinciding with FC). This will make a parallelogram, measured by its base GA ($\frac{1}{8}$″) × its altitude BC (8″) = one square.



A lady correspondent offers a solution in which



she shows that by a different arrangement a chess-board of sixty-three, instead of sixty-four or sixty-five, squares is made.

A YOUNG lady who recently graced our social festivities was of peculiarly thin figure, and displayed very pretty but very prominent teeth. Being a stranger she excited some comment. Somebody asked Mr. Smith how he liked her. "Well enough; but she looks like a comb—*all back and teeth!*"

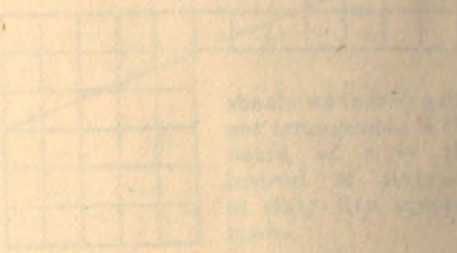
FOUR years ago, in a little town in Illinois, a band of hopeful politicians secured a brass cannon with which to celebrate the election of Hancock, and dragging it out to a spot in front of the village tavern, loaded it clear to the muzzle with a heavy charge of powder, rammed down with old rags, leaves, and sod. They counted on firing it but once, but proposed that the town should know when it went off. The hour fixed for action was eight o'clock, but at eight o'clock the news was unpleasantly suggestive of Garfield, and they postponed firing till nine. At nine things looked still more dubious. They waited till ten, and then they drew the cannon back under the shed till the morning's sure tidings should give opportunity to proclaim the Democratic victory. The morning decided Garfield's election, and sadly they sought the gun to unload it. The shed door opening revealed the defiant muzzle bearing this placard, "*A charge to keep I have.*"

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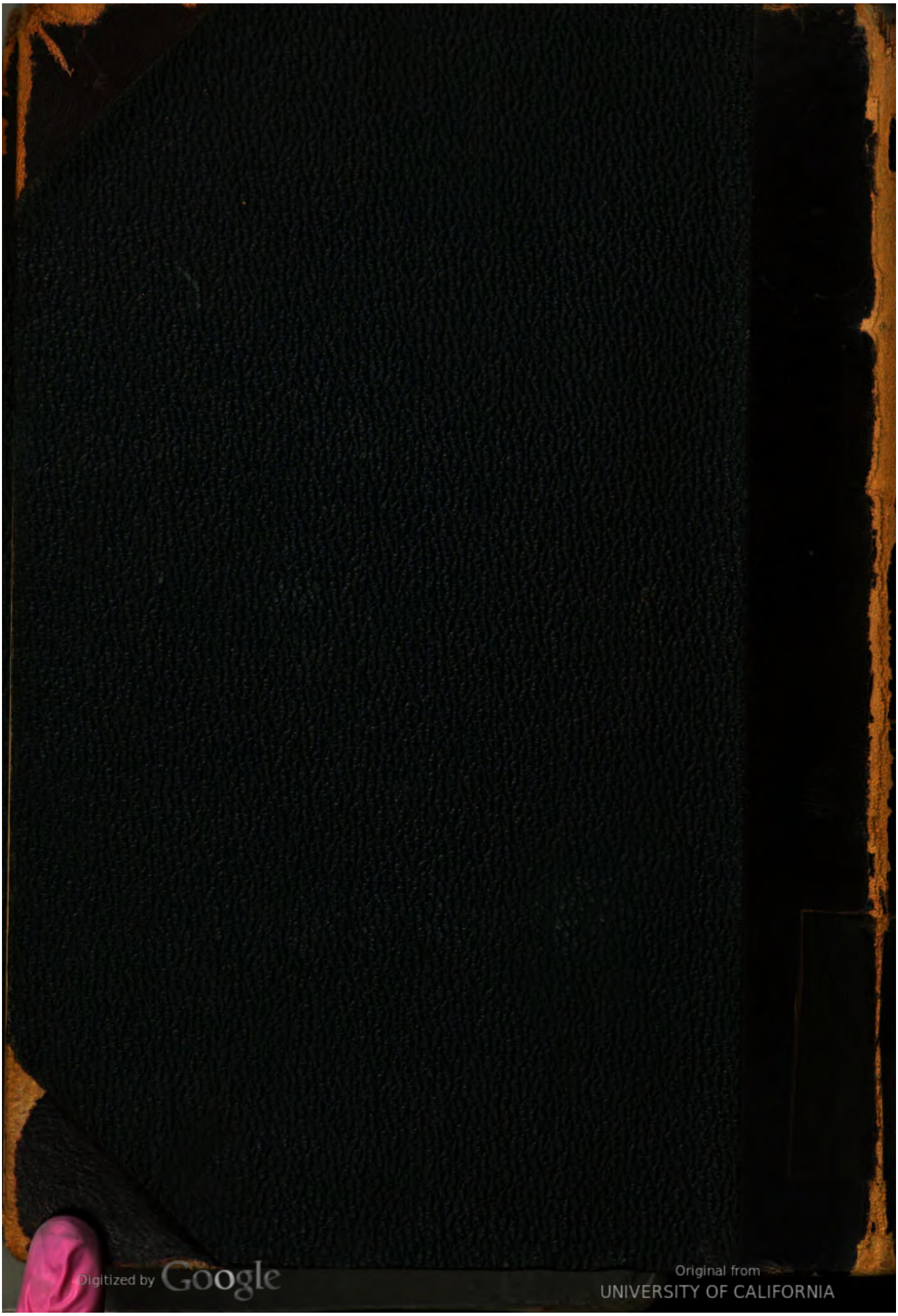
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